Dan And Phil- A History Of Two Spoons

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Dan And Phil- A History Of Two Spoons

by TheAlphaFox

Summary

It's usually Phil that takes the blame when accidents happen around the Howlter flat. He's clumsy and he'll take responsibility for it. But SERIOUSLY- is there any need for Dan to get so angry about it when Phil only wanted to help?

Notes

Hey cubs! Just a little insight into Phil (Amazingphil)'s head when he has another clumsy tumble. Bless him- we all know he means well, don't we? :)

...
This work was a response to a prompt I found online about Person A accidentally dropping paint on Person B. I can't find it anymore, so if you know where it is, please link the person to this so they can read it too :) 

Also, in case you haven’t noticed, I'm more British than the Queen. Tea, anyone? So for those of you from other countries, or who haven't heard of it before, B&Q is a large hardware store. I don't actually know if you have them overseas, but hey ho. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Phil didn't MEAN to drop the paint on Dan.

It's not like he set out to do it. And besides, Dan was wearing the black t-shirt with the eclipse on it that goes with his eyes. Phil would never deliberately destroy that! (And now, the only hope is a ridiculously expensive dry-cleaner that Phil rang in an attempt to placate his flatmate a bit)

It's not like he planned this. Dan was the one complaining that his room needed more brown, he started it!

Alright, yeah, Phil suggested a bit of decorating. But Dan was the one who pushed the trolley round B&Q! They wouldn't even have HAD the stuff if Dan had just shrugged and said his room looked okay the way it was. Phil was just trying to do something nice for Dan, to make him smile. Because his smile lights up the room, and Phil needs more of it in his life. (not that he'll ever admit that)

It wasn't Phil who made it a joke when they were setting out the paint brushes and failing miserably to put up a pasting table! Dan was the one who put Kanye West on the CD player and turned it up so loud the neighbours probably hated them. Dan was the one who "danced ironically" around the table whilst he tried to mix up some paste.

It was Dan who ruined the first batch, and even Phil couldn't comprehend how he'd made it so badly the paint brush he stirred it with couldn't even be salvaged.

Suppose, yes, it WAS Phil who sent Dan out for more wallpaper paste, which DID lead to him being in the stairwell when Phil tripped over his own feet, and YES the 3/4 full tin of pale brown gloss paint just so happened to go sailing out of his hands and over the banister... Really, though, there was no need for Dan to use that word. 99% of it washed out of his hair, and the 1% that didn't quite leave his fringe added a nice muddy brown tinge that matched his eyes almost as well as the t-shirt did.

Phil even cleaned the carpet. It's perfectly okay. (They can just buy a rug to cover that one bit)

However, never let it be said that Phil isn't a good person, and that he doesn't love Dan with every fibre of his being (it's a good thing this is his subconscious because admitting THAT to the Internet would be awkward beyond belief), and he wants to bury the hatchet now.

Annoyingly enough, he'll have to make the first move- or the fifth if you don't count the cup of tea Phil brought the grumpy so and so when he was editing, the washing up he did so Dan didn't have to, the new stuffed llama he left on Dan's bed, or the replacement t-shirt he's got fast tracked through online delivery.

Apparently it's going to take more than that to calm the situation down, so maybe a public declaration of Phil's own stupidity on the Internet will soothe Dan's ruffled feathers. That, and a promise to let him have first pick of the anime they're going to watch over tomorrow's breakfast.

So Phil's latest video starts with "Hey guys. So you know I'm always saying I'm clumsy?..."

The bear hug he gets later from his Bear makes it all worthwhile. And he promises never to walk around with paint again.

P.S: What happens next weekend with the half-cooked spaghetti is SO not Phil's fault. Dan is the
one who decides he wants Italian.
Chapter Summary

Dan really, REALLY didn't mean to send that to Phil, especially not when his flatmate is in the middle of an important meeting- bloody autocorrect!

Chapter Notes

If you haven't seen it, cubs, go and watch Dan's video about typos, it'll add a bit of context.

I hope you like this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dan hates his phone.

Dan hates his fat thumbs.

Dan hates his life.

He really, really, really wishes he hadn't attempted to text Phil, especially whilst Phil was in a meeting he'd spent three weeks preparing for. But he'd seen a new lion shirt, in Phil's size, and he couldn't resist. He just wanted to make up for being a bit of a spoon last week over the Paint Incident That Shall Not Be Spoken Of.

So when he went to send "I want to find you a decent gift because I'm sick of being angry and I want to make it up to you", he certainly wasn't prepared for his autocorrect to consider the language he normally uses and change it to "I want to fuck you a decent bit because I'm sick of being angry and I want to make it up to you"...!

He pressed send before he'd actually read it and then had such a big cringe attack he'd literally run out of the shop and spasmed all the way home, carrier bag bouncing against his leg. Oh, no no no no nooo...!

Dan isn't stupid, he knows Phil will probably realise it wasn't intentional. But what if he read it out loud to himself in the meeting before he realised what it said? What if he gets offended? What if he texts back to say he'll be home soon and he can't wait?

*Dan mentally slaps himself round the face for allowing that kind of thought into his head*

So now what? He's sent it and there's literally no choice but to text a hurried and very awkward "sorry, autocorrect fail", not helped by the fact that his phone informs him that Phil's already read the message and hasn't replied!

By the time Phil gets home half an hour later, Dan has curled himself up into a little ball of cringe under his duvet and is moaning to himself about how terrible he is at typing and how he should
just backspace his life.

"Dan?"
"Go away."
"Sorry?"
"I'll look like a tomato the moment I see you, Phil, go away."
"Dan, you're a complete spoon."

Dan pokes his head out of the covers to glare at Phil through his bed-head Hobbit locks. "I know!"
"But it made me laugh a bit and the meeting seemed to go quicker after that, so thank you for being a terrible texter."

Dan shrugs because it seems like the right thing to do. "Sure?"
"I'm curious, though, what was it meant to say?"

So Dan clambers out of bed in a rumpled shirt and black jeans to pad across the room and retrieve the lion shirt.

His day is made much better when Phil immediately puts it on with a great big smile on his face and refuses to take it off till the moment he goes to bed.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, cubs! Thanks for reading! Please leave a comment with anything else you'd like to see (though please bear in mind Dan and Phil are a bit shy in their affections so these little stories will be strictly fluff- nothing overly sexy or at all angsty allowed, I'm in my happy place!) Love you all :)
The Hamster (If Dan Asks, Phil Never Bought One)

Chapter Summary

When Phil happens to wander into a local pet shop one sunny day, he just so happens to saunter back out with a hamster to his name. And then realises he'll have to hide it from Dan for the rest of time. Whoops.

Chapter Notes

I couldn't resist- I know how much Phil wants a hamster and I thought hey, I'll give him one. He's got the most adorable smirk on his face now, cubs- just don't tell Dan!

I'd like to dedicate this to Suki, Dan's runaway hamster from his childhood. I hope she's had some epic adventures.

And perhaps she and Howell could be pals? Kindred spirits- just like a certain pair of flatmates I could mention!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Phil didn't MEAN to buy a hamster.

Yeah, yeah, nobody ACCIDENTALLY buys a hamster. But he didn't set out to get one, he just walked past the pet shop on his way to the phone store for a new SIM card. And yes, he did go in. But only because he wanted to look, that was all it was.

He just sauntered around casually, smiled at the cashier, and glanced into the cages.

That hamster called out to him, Phil swears it did.

Big, black eyes set in a soft toffee face, a Syrian hamster the size of a small tennis ball, sitting in the very front of his tiny cage and putting his little paw against the glass as if to cry "Help me, Philip!" From the very moment Phil put his fingertip against the hamster's foot from the other side of the glass, he felt a connection. This was HIS hamster. The universe decreed it.

He couldn't just leave him there!

So yeah, he paid £25 for a hamster and strolled out with a tiny box full of straw and sleepy hamster. And a new little cage. And a spinning wheel thingy. And a hamster ball. The carrier bag wasn't splitting, but it was just about at the limit.

By the time Phil walked home (completely forgetting his new SIM card) he had 20 minutes before Dan got home from filming with Joe and Caspar. So he did what he could- stuck the cage under his bed, put Howell inside (shut up, he had to name it! And Howell the Hamster sounded cooler than Lester the Hamster) and sorted out his accessories.

Dan's shout from the hallway nearly gives him a heart attack. "Phil!"
"Yeah?"
"I'm home."
"So you are."
"Did you get your new SIM?"

DAMN IT. Think fast, Phil!

"No... I mean, I picked it up but... When I was walking home I got it out to look at it and... A.... Er.... Seagull? Yeah, a seagull picked it out of my hand and flew off. It almost had my arm off!"

Dan's voice is rapidly taking on a 'pity the idiot' tone. "A seagull?"
"Yeah, they're vicious! Remember that Yorkie that got pecked to death? It was on the news."

Dan's voice is growing closer. "What have you done, Phil? Whatever it is, I promise I won't be TOO mad." Phil flings himself onto the bed and tries hard to look innocent, which just makes him look really, REALLY guilty. Dan opens Phil's door, and then furrows his brow to squint at his carpet. "Is that sawdust?"
"I bought a hamster please let me keep him!"
"What?" Dan asks, bemused. "Slow down."
"I... Bought... A hamster."

"Phil!" Dan snaps, eyes narrowing. "You know we're not allowed pets! Where is it?"
Phil miserably leans over to lift the edge of his duvet up and display Howell's cage to Dan. Dan rolls his eyes, walks over and crouches down.

"He's kind of cute, I suppose," he mutters, tapping a finger against the bars. "Reminds me of Suki. Hello, little hamster."
"Howell." Phil says sadly.
"Huh?"
"I called him Howell. Howell the Hamster."

Dan stares at Phil for a long moment before sighing. "Phil, I know you've probably grown more attached to this hamster in half a day than you have to me in however many years, but we can't keep him. The landlord will kill us."
"I can't take him back, Dan." Phil pleads, Howell's big bright eyes staring at him. "He looked so miserable in a cage."
"I have an idea." Dan says. "One in which you could still see Howell sometimes, and we won't get evicted for breaking the tenancy agreement. Sound good?"

As Phil nods his head enthusiastically, Dan pulls out his iPhone and taps "SprinkleOfGlitter".

"Louise?" he says, when she answers. "Hey, it's Dan. Would Darcy like a hamster?"

One thing is for sure- Howell's got a really good life ahead of him, even if he is rebranded Fluffy and bought a nice pink cage.

Phil still calls him Howell when he thinks Darcy isn't looking, picking him up in his clear plastic hamster ball and pressing the tip of his forefinger to Howell-Fluffy's tiny paw through the barrier.

Some bonds never break.

Phil swears to himself that he'll get a hamster one day, and that maybe he can call the next one Lester. Dan can't really complain.

It's only fair.
I hope you liked that! Please comment below with suggestions and opinions. Love you all, cubs, and I'll see you soon!
Why Dan Cannot Be Trusted With A Hoover

Chapter Summary

Phil can't get the blame for EVERY accident in the Howlter flat- and this one is definitely on Dan. Big time.

In every respect!

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! This is kind of a response to a request for more fluff... And because I'm a sassy British arse, I wrote this.

It's technically fluff anyway, so I hope you all like it!

... I'll show myself out, cubs, I do apologise :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Phil regrets so much.

He regrets spilling flour on the rug during their new baking video (how the hell he managed that when there was a closed door and ten feet of space between him and the rug, he'll never know).

He regrets allowing Dan to clean it up.

He regrets leaving Dan alone with their top of the range, brand new Hoover.

Dan regrets even more.

He regrets offering to clean it up. It was Phil's mess, after all.

He regrets not bothering to ask for help even though the new Hoover has controls resembling the Starship Enterprise warp drive.

He regrets putting it on the wrong setting.

He regrets standing next to it when it literally blows up in his face.

He's never screamed "SHIT!" so loudly in his life.

Phil's never run into the living room so fast in his life, terrified his Bear's properly hurt himself this time.

Dan's never been so utterly covered in fluff and flour.

Phil's never tried so heroically not to laugh.
Dan's never tried so heroically not to punch him in the face.

But it's okay. Eventually. Dan offers to pay for the new Hoover and Phil insists they go halves because he's lovely like that. And to top it all off, Phil spends most of his Friday night kneeling on the sofa, picking fluff out of Dan's beautiful, chaotic, ruined hair whilst said Dan sits beneath him on the floor and edits their baking video.

It's teamwork, them at their best, working hard to make it up to each other and still finding it kind of funny that Dan exploded a Hoover. Seriously, even Phil's never managed that.

So perhaps the best kind of fluff is the kind that sticks to your scalp, brings your best friend close enough to hug when they're not expecting it, and lets you buy a new Hoover that's actually vaguely understandable.

Oh, well. It makes for a good icebreaker when they're introduced to new YouTubers, anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Well, that was that! I hope you enjoyed that, cubs- please leave a kudos and comment what you thought, your opinions are golden. Love you all, and I'll see you soon- I'm off back to the burrow for now :) I'll update soon, vixen's honour!
Why Talk When You Can Internet?

Chapter Summary

Phil's gone too far this time, and Dan isn't standing for it.

Phil would probably be more worried if that's not what Dan said last time, and the time before that, and the time before that... You get the idea.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! I hope you like this! Inspired by a dear friend and the conversation we've just had... Hmm, guys, if you're sitting next to someone you care about and arguing or getting at each other over the phone, please put down your technology and tell them you love them, okay? It's more important :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To: Phil
From: Dan
Why do you insist on eating MY cereal and then not even replacing it???? I had to skip breakfast this morning because I didn't have time for toast.

To: Dan
From: Phil
Sorry, I didn't realise I'd finished it...

To: Phil
From: Dan
Well, I'm not talking to you.

To: Dan
From: Phil
You're sitting next to me on the sofa!

To: Phil
From: Dan
I don't care, I'm really annoyed, Phil. This isn't the first time and it certainly won't be the last.

To: Dan
From: Phil
Gosh, I'm sorry! I'll buy another box of stupid Cheerios if that'll make you happy. Okay?

To: Phil
From: Dan
Why bother? You'll only eat them anyway.
To: Dan  
From: Phil  
Would you calm down?? It's just cereal!

To: Phil  
From: Dan  
It's the principle, Phil. Just because you're my flat mate doesn't mean you can use all my stuff.

To: Dan  
From: Phil  
Do you want to play my Sonic on my Playstation? You know, that I let you use all the time? And maybe while you're at it you'd like some popcorn from my popcorn maker, the one we share. SHARE, Dan, is that an alien concept to you? >:(

To: Phil  
From: Dan  
Sorry for being a butt :(

To: Dan  
From: Phil  
Don't worry about it, Bear. You fire up the Playstation, I'll get the popcorn machine, okay?

To: Phil  
From: Dan  
You're the best flatmate ever, Philly, even if you do eat my cereal. You know that?

To: Dan  
From: Phil  
Yep :) Now go on, Sonic calls.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked that, cubs! Bit angsty but I think I pulled it back at the end. Please comment below with what you thought!

Stay safe, and tell someone you love them today, okay? It'll make a certain vixen very happy. Love you all!
Chapter Summary

Hey, cubs! I just found myself wondering what the some other Youtubers might think of Dan and Phil's blissful ignorance... Because I don't think even they have picked up on how well they fit together!

In case you didn't know, the usernames of the YouTubers mentioned are ThatcherJoe, Caspar Lee, Sprinkleofglitter, Zoella and PointlessBlog. And of course Danisnotonfire and Amazingphil!

Chapter Notes

I hope you like this, cubs! Let me know what you think about other Youtubers being involved in this series (it'll still be Dan and Phil primarily but I like the idea of bringing in other characters to mix it up a bit and keep Phan on their toes)... And if you've got a Youtuber you'd like to see mentioned, or spoken about more, let me know in the comments :)

Joe doesn't get Dan and Phil.

They argue all the time, just like him and Caspar, but they go from hating each other to giggling over some in-joke that nobody else gets, in the space of one sentence. It usually takes him and Caspar about an hour, and then some kind of peace offering, to get over one of them using the last of the milk, let alone anything else! It's cool, though, they're such nice guys that Joe never gets called on to mediate or offer advice, the arguments are over and forgotten about in seconds. He sure can live with that.

Caspar doesn't get Dan and Phil.

They spend every waking moment with each other, have done for years, and they're not sick of each other yet. He lives with Joe, and he's so often out that some days they don't even see each other besides breakfast- still, he's sometimes sick of the sight of that little pranking English arse. How Dan and Phil do it, he'll never know, but they're a thing now. Dan-and-Phil. One or the other is like pizza without a topping, playing a co-op video game alone, watching Joe's Sugg Sunday Specials when he's in South Africa. Odd, the constant ache of missing something. And hey, they're even funnier together, Caspar is more than happy to hang out with Dan-and-Phil whenever they're local.

Louise doesn't get Dan and Phil.

She knows them so well, she can see that they're both secretly harbouring a kind of sweet little puppy love for each other, an adoration even the two of them haven't picked up on. Sometimes she just wants to shove them in the direction of the bedroom and tell them to go shag it out. But she doesn't, because she gets the fear of losing someone you've loved for all that time. And hey, they
seem to work fine just as they are- and as long as her besties remain happy, she'll be happy.

Zoe doesn't get Dan and Phil.

They don't hang out with the Sugg-Deyes-Lee-Pentland crowd much, but when they do, they're inseparable. She doesn't mind, she likes them plenty and thinks they're cute, but she doesn't quite understand what they are to each other. Friends? Friends with benefits? Lovers? Secretly engaged? Maybe even already married? Her imagination can run wild, the Phangirls' certainly do, but she knows deep down that they're just as unaware of what they are as she is. It's okay, though- they are THE BEST FUN at parties. Especially as a duo.

Alfie doesn't get Dan and Phil.

He's seen Zoe puzzle over them so many times, they've spoken in private about it, wondered what they are to each other. He's well aware they're just "best friends". What he doesn't understand, however, is how they've managed to find such a great balance between themselves, like two parts of the same person. Dan brings the sarcastic wit and the shrewd views, the dark views of a comically depressed walrus and a smattering of superb puns. Phil comes in and counteracts it all with his adorable personality and his clumsiness and the way he just makes Dan smile. Alfie thinks it's great, personally. They're fine, just as they are.

Phil especially doesn't get Dan and Phil.

He knows they've been friends forever and they always will be, but he has yet to place why socialising without Dan feels like trying to run a three-legged race by growing a third leg himself. He just shrugs it off, puts it down to missing his Bear, and goes home to make popcorn with him every night he's away.

Dan especially doesn't get Dan and Phil.

He's not stupid, he gets that he's a complete troll to the universe. And he understands that when he hits an existential crisis, the day is ruined. Except it isn't. Because Phil's there. And Phil's smile, though. Dan intends to see it every morning for the rest of his life. He doesn't know why, but he knows he can't live without it.

It seems like nobody gets Dan and Phil. It doesn't matter, though. They've got each other, and that will never change.
Dan Doesn't Need To Know

Chapter Summary

Perhaps Phil is maybe a little bit too kind for his own good... But hey, if it makes Dan happy, he'll go with it.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs- long time no see! I will endeavour to update this series a bit more often so as not to keep you waiting. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Dan wants to go out, Phil certainly won't be the one to stop him. He likes it when Dan's tipsy, he's sweet like that, and he likes it when Dan passes out and sleeps on the sofa against Phil's chest, because then he won't remember it in the morning and Phil can just enjoy the moment.

But Phil hates clubs and he doesn't know all of Dan's oldest friends that well, so a lot of the time he'll stay at home whilst Dan goes out. He always assures the younger man he doesn't mind at all, and he doesn't.

So what if he makes two drinks accidentally most nights? He can drink one later, it's no big deal. Even if he does put extra sugar in the hot chocolate that's "Dan's"... Which makes it really disgusting for Phil but apparently Dan likes feeling his arteries clog up.

And hey, so what if Phil steals Dan's pillow whenever he's not there? Phil has a bad back from all the Internet browsing position marathons, okay, it's nothing to do with the way it smells of Dan.

Yeah, yeah, he does sometimes cook extra dinner and leave it in the microwave on a plate for Dan's midnight feast. That's not him being homely or desperate or anything, he's just being a kind flatmate.

Maybe it's just Phil's "adorable personality" that makes him bulk-buy rehydration tablets and tomato juice for the inevitable Zombie Dan Hangover Malfunction that always follows a lonely night. Did he say lonely? He meant peaceful. Yeah, he loves it when it's just him rattling around the flat on his own, watching whatever he wants on TV (usually one of Dan's DVDs), making popcorn (always sweet, Dan has a sweet tooth), and ignoring the drying up (though he'll do it before Dan returns because he hates the kitchen being messy).

It doesn't matter to Phil that Dan goes out.

He just sits on the sofa and pretends to himself that he's busy, whilst he listens out for the door and waits for his Bear to come home.

Chapter End Notes
I really hope you liked that! Please leave a comment telling me what you thought, it'll make my day :)

See you soon, cubs, and I love you all.
Do You Think We're Normal? (And What Is Normal Anyway?)

Chapter Summary

Even Dan and Phil have to admit that they spend an abnormal amount of time together. And have an absurdly strong mental connection.

They've never really thought about it before.

Chapter Notes

Okay... I'm writing this hugging a microwaveable toy fox (he's called Lestrade) because it's freezing in my room. Sadly, he's lavender scented. Fun fact, cubs, I'm rather seriously allergic to lavender. But I decided I'd rather be warm and have a headache than cold without one... Anyway, if this is terrible, that's my excuse XD

"Phil..." Dan begins from the doorway. Phil glances up from the Sims and puts down his headphones warily. "Yeah?"
"Are we normal?"

The question takes Phil utterly aback. He pauses Dil's merry little life, and takes a moment to contemplate the meaning of his own. "What do you mean?"
"I mean... Spending so much time together that everyone thinks we're dating. Making videos for millions of people we've never even met. Is it normal?"
"Normal? What's normal?"
"I don't know, universally accepted? Liked? Fitting in?"

Phil gives Dan a very serious look. "Never, ever be "normal", Dan, because being normal leads to sadness." Dan laughs, but the sound is a bit hollow. Phil can almost hear old wounds beginning to resurface and split open once more. "Hey, come here," he says, jumping up and meeting Dan on the sofa. They fit together perfectly, like puzzle pieces, so used to slotting as one that they can't even contemplate separation.

"We've been friends an awful long time now. And we've lived together for ages. So of course we're close. Yes, people think of us as one thing, Phan, but that doesn't have to be a bad thing. We work together well, we've written a book, created an app, cohabited for years. When you find something that works, Dan, you don't try and change it- you hang onto it with both hands. Okay?"
"Okay." Dan replies, laying his head against Phil's arm melodramatically. "I just wish all the fangirls would stop writing stuff about me screwing you."
"Why?" Phil asks, sounding too casual for his own good.
"It's distracting," Dan says lamely, pretending that the fanfiction doesn't make him mind-numbingly happy because that's what he's supposed to do. Isn't it?

"Bear. No matter what people say about us, to us and even for us, we're Dan and Phil. We'll always be Dan and Phil. Amazingdan, Philisnotonfire, Phan, Danandphilgames, Danandphilcrafts. We can
socialise apart and eat separate meals and travel alone sometimes, but ultimately we'll just come home because this is were we belong. Together."

Dan glances up at him appreciatively and smiles, a warm smile with no hint of existential crisis at all. "Someone should really make THIS moment a fanfiction." Phil grins too. "Yeah. Yeah, they should."

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you liked that, cubs! Please leave a comment letting me know what you thought (especially you, Amira, this one's for you). And kudos is always very much appreciated.

Love you all, and I'll see you soon!
**Writer's Block**

**Chapter Summary**

When they have no ideas for a video and a promised deadline fast approaching... There's nothing to do but drink heroic amounts of tea and hope.

**Chapter Notes**

Hey, cubs! I've got horrendous writers block right now so I thought I'd try and write about Dan and Phil having writer's block. So in a way I've found inspiration in not having any inspiration.

Slightly late birthday shout out to my bestie of a decade, Georgie, who has pretty much no idea what AO3 is but is a lovely supportive person none the less. Please say hello to her in the comments, I'm dying to see her reaction... Anyway, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Daaaaaaaaaan..." Phil whines from his bedroom, where he's curled up on his bed with his laptop. "Whaaaaaaaaaat?" Dan mimics from the living room, where he's in the Browsing Position on the sofa.

"I promised my viewers a new video by Tuesday and I have no idea what to do!"
"Me neither... I've got another week but I honestly have no clue. No ideas, no interesting tags, nothing annoying or embarrassing has happened in life that I can comment on. For once I actually want to be hit by a flaming sword or have a friend spoil a TV show for me, just so I can rant..."

"Do you want a tea?" Phil suddenly says, heaving himself off the bed and ambling through to the living room. "It's not like I'm getting much work done, Dan, I may as well make one."
"Yes, please." the Danosaur says, frowning at his laptop as if it's done him some great personal wrong. "Oh, god, Phil, look at this! They're all tweeting me saying 'Can't wait till the new video!' and 'Bet it'll be awesome!' I can't let them all down! Most of them are 12 year old girls!"
"Easy, Dan, I know... But what can we do? Like you said, there's nothing interesting to talk about."

BUZZ.

"Can you stop humming?" Dan frowns. "It's hardly helping." "I'm not!" Phil replies, looking a bit bemused. "Is there a fly in here or something?"

BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ.

Dan lunges across the room to grab his phone from the coffee table, and answers it on the last ring. "Hello? Tyler! Great to hear from you."
"Tell him I said hi." Phil butts in playfully.
"Phil says hi... Tyler says hi back."
"Okay. I'm off to make the tea."
"Thanks, Phil. No, no, Tyler, I'm listening... So you'll be here tomorrow? And you want to collab? With both of us?"

Phil pops his head in from the kitchen with a joyous look on his face. "Oh, he's a lifesaver."

Dan grins. "Yeah, sure, Tyler, we'd both love to. Uh huh, I'll tell him. Safe journey. Bye for now. Bye. Bye!"

"Tell me what?"
"He says he's in the mood for being cheeky. And also that 'Dan without Phil is like pancakes without bacon. Good, but not complete'." Phil resists a giggle, as his own phone buzzes in his back jeans pocket.

Phil frowns at his screen and then smiles even wider. "PJ says check out Shane Dawson's channel, something about miracle berries? A new tag. I bagsy it!"
"Don't worry, Philly, I'm going to play Never Have I Ever with Tyler." Dan decides.

"Dan?" Phil says casually, as he walks back to the kitchen to make the tea. "Yeah?"
"Let's never, EVER put ourselves under a deadline again, okay?"
Dan giggles then, so Phil does too. The sounds go well together. "Amen to that!" he gasps between snorts.

So they keep the pressure off themselves. Until the next time.

And the next.

And the next.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked that, cubs! Please comment and leave kudos, it helps me work out what you like and what to do more of. And I won't bite, promise (vixens aren't all vicious!), if you'd like to comment and tell me what you thought. Love you all, and I'll see you soon!

(But seriously, please mention Georgie in the comments. She'll be amazed and I'll find it very funny xxx)
Chapter Summary

What makes a house a home? Dan and Phil, that's what.

A response to "I do have one request, just a little drabble about their domesticity, like, how they've made their flat a home of some sorts." :)

Chapter Notes

This is for ofwanderlustandwandering, who needed a reason to smile. I hope this helps, and please know that I'm always happy to take requests. And I'm also here if you want to talk about anything :) Keep smiling, because (as the quote I live by states) your track record for getting though the crap days is 100% so far. And that's pretty damn good :)

That goes for all of you, cubs. I've got your back, if ever I'm needed.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dan really isn't sure how he feels about the fifteenth goddamned house plant Phil has brought home.

It's... Nice. Sure. But really, there's only so much emotion you can conjure up over a bloody fern. And Phil... stupid, wonderful Phil... has already bought five of them. In varying shades of green, he insists (Dan can see no difference whatsoever in any of them, but hey, whatever keeps his Lion happy).

Actually, thinking about it, their little flat is starting to get a bit more homely. It was a bare shell when they moved in, not them at all- there were weights underneath Dan's bed. Weights! At least nowadays, there's (mainly ridiculous) features of the place that make it theirs. Property of Dan and Phil.

Even the bloody house plants.

There's Dan's beautiful amber lamp, glinting in the light, the way he falls asleep to such glowing warmth across his walls. That holds memories of family holidays long since past, it makes it easier for Dan to sleep when he's imagining demons grabbing his ankle.

Hidden Wombat still resides in the kitchen- he never fails to make Phil chuckle, when he glances up from eating/possibly stealing Dan's Cheerios to find a pair of beady eyes staring down at him from the top of the cupboard.

There's also half-melted candles scattered everywhere, making the whole place smell unique, a
mix of Fresh Linen, Hot Chocolate, Himalayan Pine, Earl Grey, and an Open Window one that Phil bought just to laugh at Dan's incredulous face. What is open window supposed to smell like anyway? Plastic and glass?

Stupid candles aside, Dan still can't get over the fantastic fridge walrus that they got in Japan—there's something hilarious about being shouted at in Japanese every time he goes for the milk. The little golden glint in the fridge door reminds him a bit of the adorable glimmer in Phil's eyes when he gets praised for doing something well. Like buying a new house plant, for instance. (That's a vicious circle if ever there was one. Dan likes seeing Phil happy so he pretends to like the house plants... And then Phil goes out to buy more house plants. Nightmarish scenario)

 Granted, they've had their house-destroying moments too, especially in the kitchen. There was The Wine Bottle Incident, and the time Phil dropped the kettle, and the Unspeakable Wok Accident... So there are three cracked floor tiles. Dan likes to tell himself that it just makes the place look lived in, which helps the slightly guilty feeling he gets now whenever he tries to cook Chinese food. Stupid heavy wok.

 All in all, though, Dan's favourite part of the house has to be Phil. The way he sprawls across the sofa so there's literally nowhere for Dan to sit down, the way he always makes two drinks now without even asking if Dan wants one, the way he leaves the bathroom mirror all steamed up with faces and messages drawn into it for Dan to find, the way he is CONSTANTLY having mishaps to keep Dan on his toes...

 Dan likes being kept on his toes. So he really, really likes living with his Lion.

 Phil just keeps him smiling.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that! Okay, another random fact, cubs, I'm actually recovering from quite severe depression myself, after a decade of being as low as it gets. So if you ever need someone to talk to, or you've got a prompt you think will make you smile, I'm here for you. Always. Just remember that you've got a friend in a certain British vixen :)}
Chapter Summary

God damn it, Dan, you're a spoon.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! Here we go once again- they're adorable in their own stupid way, aren't they?

This one is pretty much based on me- I constantly lose everything and panic completely until I realise I've left it somewhere safe... Like the time I spent ten minutes searching for MY earphones before I realised that I had my iPod in my hand and the music was still playing in my ears... Not my finest moment, cubs, I was still wearing them. Maybe the author is an even bigger spoon than the characters!

The flat was actually quite tidy at 10am this morning.

That was before Dan realised he couldn't find his earphones.

"Are you SURE they're not under your bed?" Phil calls from the living room, his voice echoing from under the sofa where he's peering into the gloom.
"Yes!" Dan says, throwing pillows out of his room into the hall with dull thuds. Phil stops for a moment to count them.
"When have you had that many pillows?" he asks in amazement.
"Since now. Seriously, Phil, I can't live without these earphones." Dan protests, coming into the living room with a pile of jackets in various shades of black.

"What are they for?"
Dan sighs at his flatmate wearily. "They could be in a pocket somewhere, and I can't remember when I last saw them... I've worn all of these to go out recently, they need to be checked." And with that, he dumps the whole lot in the middle of the living room floor and starts opening pockets.

Phil groans at the ache in his neck, stretches, and walks off to go on a quick check of the flat once more. He wanders into the kitchen, where every cupboard door is open (though this time it was Dan, not Phil), and there's what looks like cinnamon powder scattered all over the floor. Apparently the condiments didn't know where the earphones were, then. Next, he check Dan's bedroom, or where he thinks Dan's bedroom is. It's now more of a massive pile of black possessions behind a door, which Phil promptly closes before it can multiply and invade the world. The bathroom has every bottle, packet and box jumbled up in the bath (Dan obviously chucked them over his shoulder whilst searching the cupboards), and the mirror is covered with shaving foam. Who even knows?

Phil is genuinely scared to check his own room, but when he plucks up the courage, he's relieved to
know that Dan took him at his word that they weren't in there. It's the only place in the flat that's immediately recognisable. His Totoro gives him a strange look as he leaves, almost asking him what his Saturday morning has come to. Phil can't answer that question with any degree of sanity, so he turns his back on the toy and walks into the living room to see how Dan's getting on.

Said Bear is leaning over the pile of crumpled black material, his trousers halfway down his backside, showing off his neon orange pants. Phil has to laugh—only Dan, with his "lack of hip trouser predicament", would choose to wear the most eye-catching pants in the world on the off-chance they might be seen. "What?" Dan mutters, leaning further forwards.

Phil just stares.
"Dan."
"What."
"DAN."
"WHAT?"

Phil takes a very slow, very deliberate step forwards, and pulls a long white wire out of the back pocket of Dan's black skinny jeans. "Oh." Dan says weakly, as a pair of ear buds follow it. "Were they there all along?..."
"Yes." Phil says, giving him an extremely exasperated look. Dan gives him an apologetic one.
"Sorry..."

They keep eye contact for a full minute before Phil bursts out laughing, tackling Dan into the pile of jackets and tickling his neck until he screams. God only knows what the neighbours must think.

They roll around on the floor for a long time in their own mess, Phil poking Dan's neck, Dan flapping helplessly and attempting to bite Phil's shoulder in self-defence. They could stay there all day, if not for the sudden crackling noise that makes them both freeze.

"Was that..." Phil asks, looking completely done. In answer, Dan merely rolls over, revealing a pair of broken ear buds crushed into the carpet.
"Un-fucking-believable." Dan mutters, frowning. Phil sighs.
"Come on, Bear. We'll go and get you some new ones." Dan grins.
"Thanks, Philly, you're the best."

Suddenly, Phil darts up and legs it out of the flat, shouting back to Dan, "Last one downstairs has to tidy the flat when we get back!"

Dan's never flown down a flight of stairs so fast in his life— and so what if his shoes don't match?

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that, cubs! I'll be updating very soon, I have a little something planned for you. Please comment letting me know what you thought, and kudos will make a certain vixen very happy indeed. Love you all, and I'll see you all soon!
Chapter Summary

PJ, Chris, Dan and Phil, all in an elevator- what could possibly go wrong?

Chapter Notes

... I just had another idea, you lucky things. That, and I'm desperately putting off my maths homework!

This one features PJ (KickThePJ) and Chris (crabstickz) as well as Dan and Phil, but they're all really good friends and I couldn't resist having a snapshot of their terrible luck and ineptitude at socialising! Oh, also, I have no idea if Chris is actually scared of lifts, but if he's reading (I don't know why he would be, but hi, Chris, if you are), he is now. For plot purposes.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The universe is not smiling on the Fantastic Foursome today.

Oh, it started off so well- just one meeting, and then the day was theirs. Dan had suggested going out to a local bar for lunch, PJ had seconded it, Phil had thirded it, and Chris had kind of shrugged and agreed.

It was all going swimmingly, the meeting was a success, the weather was warm- until they got into the lift.

"Ground floor, from floor 25... hold onto your hats, chaps!" PJ says, grinning, and pressing the 'G' button.
"Ugh, I hate lifts..." Chris groans theatrically.
"Well, do you want to walk down 25 flights of stairs and meet us?" PJ asks amusedly, as the lift begins to zip downwards.
"No way, Jose." Chris replies hurriedly.

With a laugh, Dan looks up from his iPhone. "Damn, I've lost signal in here." Phil smirks. "It won't kill you, Dan, you'll just have to make conversation."
Dan deadpans. "But you're all peasants."

They all chuckle at that one, and relax. Chris leans into Dan's arm, Dan slips his phone into his pocket, Phil stretches his arms out and PJ leans back against the wall.

"Don't-" Dan says quickly, reaching out for PJ, but- SCREECH.

The lift judders to a halt, making them all gasp, and a tinny voice announces "Emergency stop
Activated. Please remain calm, the alarm has been sounded. Emergency stop activated. Please remain calm, the alarm has been sounded. Emergency stop activated. Please remain calm, the alarm has been sounded."

"Oh, shit..." PJ mutters, staring back at the big red button he slammed his elbow into. "Sorry, guys..."

Chris's eyes go very wide and very scared. "No, no, no...."

"Easy, Chris, it'll be okay." Phil says, sounding more sure than he feels. "They'll get us out."

"It's bloody hot in here, isn't it?" Dan observes, shrugging off his black jacket and letting his rucksack fall to the floor. The thud it makes sends Chris jumping out of his skin, and glaring at the resident Bear. "Jesus, Dan, can you not?"

"Sorry." Dan replies, looking around at the five foot squared space. "How long d'you reckon we'll be in here?"

"Who knows..." Phil says quietly.

"I don't want to die in here if it's all the same to you." Chris says shakily. PJ sighs.

"We'll just have to eat the first casualty to survive, then." PJ says lamely. Chris narrows his eyes.

"Lunch is on you, then, Peej?"

"Yeah." PJ agrees, valuing his life. "Yeah, it is."

As it turns out, there's quite a few things you can do when confronted with a stopped lift and a terrified friend.

Four rather interesting videos came out of that lift, plus a game of I-spy that ended quite abruptly after "Dan", "Phil", "PJ", "Chris" "Rucksack" and "Wall". They even managed to play a half-decent game of "I went to the shop and I bought...".

"I went to the shop and I bought a gun to shoot PJ."

"I went to the shop and I bought a gun that I won't be using to shoot me, and a big box of chocolates to say sorry to Chris for getting him stuck in the lift."

"I went to the shop and I bought a gun, a box of chocolates and some water because it's boiling in here!"

"I went to the shop and I bought a gun for Chris to kill PJ, a box of chocolates for PJ to give Chris so he won't kill him, some water for Dan so he stops moaning (although it's his own fault for wearing so much black, no wonder he's boiling), and the knowledge that taking a lift with you three is a terrible idea. Next time, it's the stairs, I don't care what you all say."

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

It takes an hour and 47 minutes (not that Chris was counting) to get them out of the lift. And after a few hugs (and some jabs to the ribs), they all make up again. That's just what they do.

And yes, PJ pays for a (very late) lunch for all of them, Dan drinks four glasses of water with his meal, Phil makes a mental note to avoid lifts at all costs, and Chris decides against buying a gun to shoot PJ. Just about.

And when Dan and Phil finally make it back to their flat in one piece, after waving goodbye to PJ and Chris, they are both amused and astounded to know that it's not just them that these things seem to happen to.

Or are they just the common factor?
I really hope you liked that, cubs! Two updates in one day, you lucky things- actually, I'm writing this immediately after the last one. Please comment with thoughts and opinions, and leave a kudos if you liked it- I'd like to see the kudos raised in relation to the views. I'll update again (again!) soon, vixen's honour.

And also, let me know if you liked the addition of supporting characters, to liven it up a bit. If there are any you'd like to see more featured in future Dan and Phil ficlets, let me know, and they can make an appearance. I'm thinking of doing Pewdiepie and Marzia with Dan and Phil next, if you like that idea :)

Laters!
Chapter Summary

The kitchen has been the epicentre of Dan and Phil's lives for a while now- it never changes. Their every crisis, argument and worry- all solved over a cup of tea, sitting at the breakfast bar.

Chapter Notes

Just another bit of fluff for you (honestly, I think I've forgotten what sleep is!), and I hope you like it, cubs!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The floor tiles are still cracked from the wok disaster, the wine bottle massacre and the kettle incident. Hidden wombat still perches up on the cupboard, surveying their comings and goings. He's seen a lot in this kitchen.

There's been the odd fight, mainly stolen cereal based, when they've shouted a bit and then hugged because cereal is in no way a reason to be angry at each other. There's been hundreds of midnight fridge raids, from both of them, the little night owls that they are. There's been food from every country imaginable cooked and reheated, with every degree of success ranging from friends requesting the recipe (Phil's fajitas) to Dan near-sobbing down the phone to the takeaway (see The Wok Incident as to why Dan is never allowed to cook Chinese unsupervised again).

There's been a million drinks made- squash in plastic tumblers grabbed whilst filming, hot tea with sugar and lovely fresh milk on a lazy day, extra strong coffee with half a tonne of sugar when they need to stay awake for some deadline or another, and the odd milkshake. There's certainly been some good ones over the years- those were mainly the ones that consisted of half a tub of ice cream and a chocolate bar of choice being murdered in the blender.

There's been hundreds of sleepy breakfasts, slumped against the breakfast bar with plates of toaster waffles, watching anime and giggling through the exhaustion.

Baking videos have been born here, in every shape and form, from their intense Easter nests to the crappy cupcakes they made at Halloween (that actually turned our to taste better than they looked, thank the lord!).

There's been plenty of hugs, too. Phil hugging Dan when he sat down in front of the cooker and cried about where his life was going, until he decided uni wasn't his thing. Dan hugging Phil triumphantly when Phil perfected his fajita recipe after 12 attempts (in three months, yes, they had fajitas 12 times- god, was Dan getting sick of the things, even though Phil's laughing made it all worthwhile in the end).

The most important thing that hidden wombat has observed, however, is the tiny acts of kindness that Dan and Phil seem to perform automatically these days. Phil making two coffees in the
morning before Dan's even out of bed. Dan deliberately cooking too much so they can freeze it and Phil can have a night off cooking when they reheat the leftovers. Phil sorting out the dishwasher so Dan could finish filming. Dan buying extra Cheerios just so there'd be enough for Phil to steal (although he complains, it's still a tiny bit cute).

Yes, the kitchen is the epicentre of the Phan flat lifestyle- but these boys are too close to ever be shaken too much.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, again, cubs. Please comment and let me know what you thought, and also please feel free to request- either on this fic or an idea for another, I'm always open to suggestions. Kudos is much appreciated too <3

Love you all, and I'll see you soon!
"Phan-Flu"... or The Common Cold On Steroids

Chapter Summary

When Dan was sick, Phil tried to nurse him back to health. What happens now Phil's caught Dan's "man-flu" and Dan isn't well enough to return the favour?

Phan-flu. That's what happens.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! So I'm currently sick as a dog- or a vixen, I suppose- with the mother of all colds. To be honest all I want to do is sleep but it's been a while since I've updated so here we go. My plague inspired chapter ;)

Phil feels like crap.

Yeah, he's regressed to swearing. Whatever. There's no other word for it.

His head is heavy, his eyes are hazy, every time he lies down he can't breathe, his nose is constantly blocked, his throat feels like sandpaper and he just aches all over.

Dan's been complaining of the exact same symptoms for a week now, and Phil's done his best to get his Bear up and prowling again. Soup, anime, Totoro plushies, Tumblr, enough new films to keep Odeon afloat for a year... And hugs.

In retrospect, the hugs were an awful idea because now Phil's got Dan's "man-flu" and his Bear is still far too sick to do anything, let alone take care of Phil.

So they just lay there miserably on the sofa, all curled up into a sad little Phan pretzel, and snuggle under the massive fluffy blanket they keep in the airing cupboard in case of just such emergencies.

There is no kind of movement from either of them, not for days, excluding shuffling to the bathroom, the kitchen to replenish the mugs (though they make bloody great flasks of tea and carry them through to the living room, to minimise the need for activity), and their respective bedrooms to be insomniacs into the small hours.

It's hell on earth, sure. They both feel awful. And no, there are no videos filmed, because that requires thought and it's hard to plan some decent content when your brain has turned to cotton wool.

There's one thing that makes Phil's day, though, and when he reads it to Dan, they both laugh. A hollow imitation of a laugh that turns into a cough, but a laugh nonetheless.

To: amazingphil
From: sprinkleofglitter
How's the Phan-flu coming along?

Somehow it's worth being sick just to have such amazing "mad bants".

Phil's going to let Dan get away with that stupid Lad saying, just this once. Because he's too ill to reach across the sofa and tickle him, mainly.

Hey, it's easier to hug him and fall asleep instead.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs!

Okay, so, I've written you another chapter even though I'm currently coughing my lungs out of my face (drama queen? Me? Never.), so I'd really appreciate a comment letting me know what you thought.

And it's a well known fact in the medical profession that every kudos reduces the cold recovery time by 10%...

Love you all, and I'll update soon, hopefully being a bit less ill!
Phil-ling The Void

Chapter Summary

Dan can't explain the feeling- sometimes it comes unexpectedly, sometimes it stays for weeks on end.

For years he struggled, but now there is a cure.

And it takes the form of Phil

Chapter Notes

Okay, cubs... This chapter is directly taken from the way I feel right now, having had a slight depression relapse... I'll be fine, I promise, I always am- I'm just a bit low at the moment. I suppose I need someone to talk to.

Hey ho, life goes on, and there's always someone worse off.

And if Harri's reading this, I'm sorry I didn't tell you I was feeling crap, I didn't want you to worry. Love you x

This one is as dark as it'll get on this fic, cubs, I swear. And I'll try my best to turn it into fluff, too. Just needed to get some feelings out :)

And if you don't have depression, or you've never experienced a friend or loved one with depression... This is just what mine is like. It manifests differently in different people, but please, if someone tells you they have depression, don't do what my mother did for 10 years and say "just cheer up" (because funnily enough, that DOES NOT HELP). Say that you love them and you're proud of them and that one day they'll look back and not regret a thing, because experiences in life make us who we are xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

No matter how much of a sunny, Winnie The Pooh exterior Dan has always maintained, he's always felt a little bit empty.

It's never had a name for him- Depression sounded too clinical, Having A Bad Day just didn't cover it after the first year, let alone the next 10, and Anxiety made him sound scared of it. And he's not scared... Just accepting that some days he just cannot see the good in life.

It's an existential crisis on the day he just wants to be happy, the effort it takes to smile for a video when suddenly all he wants to do is cry- and no, he doesn't know the reason, if he knew the reason he could fix himself, but he's... Sad.

He just wears black a lot because it makes him feel a bit better, laughs as honestly as he can, and pokes fun at everyone to try and get them smiling: it's better when somebody is, even if he can't.
It's not every day, that's what nobody understands. It's not like he wakes up every single morning wanting to stay in bed and hide from the world. It's just completely random, like he'll have a nightmarish month or the odd day or even an hour where it comes and goes in the most stupid way imaginable, just tormenting him. In those hours, days, months, he can't look in the mirror without a voice- his own voice, but colder- telling him he looks like shit, he can't enjoy his passions because all he can think is that he should be better at them, better at making videos so he doesn't let the fans down, better at everything.

Constantly comparing himself to the biggest YouTubers, the ones with more subscribers than anything, and telling himself he should do better... It's exhausting, trying to beat everyone else when he's busy beating himself behind closed doors.

It's not easy, it's never been easy, but Dan has something now he didn't aged 14.

He has Phil.

Phil, who gives him shout outs on his channel all the time to promote his content even when Dan's secretly worrying it's crap.

Phil, who always seems to compliment Dan most on the days Dan feels awful when he hasn't even mentioned it to his Lion, when Dan's avoided the bathroom as best he can to hide from the "you're ugly" thoughts. It's funny how a simple "You look cool in that shirt, like a llama king or something," can make it all go away.

Phil, who makes sure the house is always full of chocolate for Dan to stress-eat, and hugs him randomly from behind when he's staring at his face in the mirror, and plays really loud Sh** pop music to drown out the voices.

The way Phil's blue eyes sparkle and look into Dan's demon-filled brown ones, it gives him hope. So that when he wakes up or thinks too much or ends up face down on the carpets, when the voice creeps in and whispers a cold "you're worthless" in his ear, Dan can sit up and wipe the tears away and say, as loudly as he dares,

"So what? I've got Phil."

What he doesn't see is behind the closed door to the kitchen, or sitting on the sofa, or even hugging Dan tightly, Phil's gentle face breaks into the biggest smile you've ever seen. Yeah, he's got Dan. He's got him and he won't surrender his Bear without one hell of a fight.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that, cubs! I'm sorry if I've lowered your spirits a bit, I tried to make it chirpy at the end but it's not easy sometimes :)

Okay, so if you could leave me a comment or a kudos, it'd make me feel so much better. I'm just feeling really under-appreciated in my day to day life right now and knowing you guys like what I'm writing just makes it all better somehow :)
Hospitals (And Why Do They Always Smell So Odd?)

Chapter Summary

Dan needs a checkup after his 'minor operation', and Phil accompanies him. Dan freaks out, the receptionist despairs and Phil can't work out what the corridors smell of...

Chapter Notes

Okay, cubs, if you haven't read the comments I replied to on the previous chapter, I suppose I should tell you. I went to see a hip specialist today (I've had many problems with my pelvis over the years, and I had an operation to reconstruct my left hip when I was 2 years old). Recently my right hip has been playing up too, so I've been tested rigorously- and today I'm told I'll likely need "major surgery" again on my right hip because the socket is underdeveloped and it won't stop clicking.

It's constantly painful and loud and quite frankly it's getting on my tits, as Dan would say... ;)

Not at all a happy fox, but you can have a chapter out of my medical rage. Never say I don't spoil you all! <3

Dan and Phil aren't used to this kind of environment, really.

Hospitals are so... Ugh.

There was the time Phil took Dan to A&E for his 'stomach grumbles', which turned into Phil waiting for Dan after his 'minor operation', which later became Phil 'forcing Dan back to their local hospital for his outpatient checkup'.

That's today.

So here they are, standing at the reception desk, and there's a very unimpressed blonde lady glaring up at them. "Can I see your admission letter, please?" she says briskly, tapping her false nails against her keyboard in a scarily efficient manner. Dan hands over a crumpled piece of paper, which she frowns at and then says "Sir, this simply says 'Buy me some more cereal, Phil, preferably Cheerios'."

"Oh! Sorry, I left that on the table as well..." Dan mutters, going bright red, as he produces the right document for scrutiny. Phil stares at his shoes, black against the weird greyish-blue of the floor tiles, and frowns a little at the woman's tone. Nobody has the right to speak to his Bear like that.

"Up the corridor and to your left, please." The woman dismisses them with a wave of one manicured hand and goes back to typing like an electrified demon. TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP...
So Dan and Phil amble off down the corridor together, gazing around at the hospital decor. "Dan?" Phil asks, looking puzzled. 
"Yeah?"
"Do you know why the seats in the corridors fold up? And why are they bolted to the wall?"
"So chavs can’t steal them, I guess." Dan jokes, grinning. "I don't actually know, maybe so they can wheel beds down here easier... It kind of looks like a bus shelter though, doesn't it?"
"Yeah." Phil agrees, mystified. "It's all so... Blue. Blue's the colour of the NHS, isn't it?"
"I don't think the NHS have patented a colour, Phil."
"Shut up! I know, but everything is a shade of blue in most hospitals I've ever been to."
"I suppose, you spork."

They walk along in silence for a while longer (Christ, mile long corridors much) as Dan twists his hands and tries to pretend he's not nervous. Phil goes to say something reassuring, meaningful and clever, but opens his mouth and suddenly says "My nan's house."
"What the fuck are you on about?" Dan says, giving him a very surprised and pitying look. "That smell!" Phil says, raising his nose to sniff the air. "It reminds me of my nan's house, the way it smelt as a kid."

Dan inhales deeply. "No, no, it's more familiar than that... It's like... Er..."
"It's something, isn't it? Something well-known..." Phil agrees.
"Er..."
"Hmm... No, Dan, she said left here, that's right..."
"Oh, yeah. What's this bloody smell?..."

They're still thinking about it as Dan reaches his consultant's office, walks in and sits down with Phil in the chair next to him.

When Dan suddenly shouts "Chicken soup!" halfway through the consultant asking him if he's had any more symptoms, and Phil high-fives him, the doctor looks utterly bemused.

But Dan is discharged anyways, with a clean bill of health, leaving him and Phil to go to the hospital café and get some lunch.

Unsurprisingly, they avoid the chicken soup.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry for ranting.. Just a bit fed up, is all. Please comment and let me know what you thought, I'd really appreciate it.

Love you all- stay safe, cubs, and avoid pelvic-related injury wherever possible! (Because trust me, it sucks.)
Phil doesn't get why Dan has such a thing about his laugh. Howell laughs like a young witch on crack, sure, but it's also the warmest and most endearing thing Phil knows. He loves the way Dan tilts his head back, the way his dimples come out when he smiles, the "fuck it" attitude he has when he's properly amused. It's a wonderful thing.

Phil also doesn't get why Dan loves his laugh so much, when his own is so much cuter. Phil covers his mouth when he laughs because he thinks it's less unattractive, plus he knows his laugh isn't all that interesting- it's more of a giggle really. But Dan's always going on about it, deliberately making jokes that he knows will appeal to Phil, just to get him to snort and double over like he's never heard anything so funny in his life.

They laugh a lot, that's just the way they are- finding innuendo in everything, looking out for new gags to share and people to mimic. That's the way they roll, making each other smile, and so what if it's sometimes for selfish reasons? Liking your flatmate's laugh isn't a crime.

To be fair, if all else fails, Phil can just touch Dan's neck again.

Again, this one was extremely short... But please let me know what you thought, cubs, and I will be sure to update soon.

Stay safe, I love you all, and make sure to laugh today! X
The Electricity Bill

Chapter Summary

It's Halloween soon, and even though I don't celebrate it, it's kind of cool anyway :)

Chapter Notes

I hope you like this, cubs!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The electricity bill is always highest in October. It's something Phil can rely on, that Dan will be so freaked out by the supernatural that he leaves every light on whenever he can get away with it. The closer it gets to Halloween, the more he does it, until it gets to the point where Phil has to shut his bedroom door at night to keep the glare of the living room out.

Dan sits in there till the early hours, the light on, the lamps on, his laptop open and illuminated, his phone casting a glow, every candle he can find alight and usually the fire on too. The curtains are shut tight so faces don't appear at the window, the TV is on low so he can hear the demons coming, and it's just a bit ridiculous.

But Phil doesn't mind paying extra if it keeps his Bear happy, even if it does eat into his bank balance. It's only one month a year, and Dan is the light of Phil's life.

He doesn't mind paying for Dan to light up the house too.

Chapter End Notes

Another short one, I'm afraid, but comment with what you thought and I'll be a very happy fox :)
Rumpy Pumpy

Chapter Summary

STOP JUDGING ME.

I blame Ty entirely for this, I really do.

Okay, when trying to explain to my American friend what England is like, I settled upon "My country. Rumpy-pumpying Ovaltine-drinking chocolate-war-indulging weirdos with a nationwide tea fetish xxx"

So here's Dan and Phil, trying to explain what 'rumpy pumpy' is to Darcy.

Chapter Notes

Kill me now. I dedicate this work to Ty- I'll make you an Ovaltine one day, darlin, I promise xx

And read on at your peril, cubs. I'm cringing as I write.

And to the first English person to coin the phrase "rumpy pumpy", go away and consider your life choices. Oh my lord.

When they'd agreed to watch Darcy whilst Louise went shopping with Zoe, neither Dan nor Phil were prepared for the little blonde angel to look up at them with wide eyes, put down her doll, and say "What does rumpy pumpy mean?"

Dan looks at Phil in sheer panic and then starts to giggle, the high pitched noise of a trapped man who knows he's about to have to explain sex to his friend's innocent and oblivious kid. Shit.

"Oh..." Phil says slowly, frowning to himself. "Well, Darcy... The thing is..."
"When a man and a lady like each other very much- or two people, it doesn't have to be male and female-"
"-Dan!"
"Alright, alright, I'm just trying to get equality into it. I don't see you explaining. Now, Darcy, basically... 'Rumpy Pumpy' is a very British expression because we're a nation of awkward beings who don't like to talk about certain things."

The pretty child smiles broadly. "Like what?"
"Oh, er..."
"You see..."
"What I mean is..."

RING RING RING.
Saved by the doorbell, Phil thinks in relief, as he hands Darcy over to her mother with a rather desperate "Ask mummy!" and closes the front door with a gasp.

"Did we almost explain sex just then?" Dan asks weakly. Phil nods, shellshocked. "We're British. We can't deal with this kind of thing."
"No kidding! We should come with a health label. DO NOT ASK ABOUT SEX, MAY SPONTANEOUSLY AND AWKWARDLY COMBUST."

They're still cringing by the time they go bed that night, hoping never to relive that moment. Rumpy pumpy has no place in British conversation, not between a little girl and her favourite babysitters.

Ugh. What an expression!

Chapter End Notes

Please please comment so I feel like less of a moron.

And yes, people in Britain actually use this expression sometimes.

I'm going to go and crawl into my burrow now in shame, cubs. Stay safe! Xx
YouTube Avengers: Age Of Insomniacs

Chapter Summary

What happens when Dan and Phil watch Avengers: Age Of Ultron?

They liken them all to their YouTube friends. As you do.

Chapter Notes

So I recently watched Avengers: Age Of Ultron... And it was truly amazing, I totally recommend it! So when I imagined Dan and Phil watching a film together, this just sort of happened.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Watching Avengers: Age Of Ultron was definitely a great idea. Phil's popcorn machine, the sofa creases and the film all add up to one really good evening, just the two of them, a break from video planning and the ridiculous volume of work they've been doing on the radio show.

So by the time the credits roll round, and Dan has had something in his eye for about half an hour- for the last time, Phil, Dan is NOT crying- there's an entirely new discussion going on in the Howlter residence.

"If I was any of them, I think I'd be Thor." Phil says reflectively, unplugging the popcorn machine. Dan promptly laughs, inhales his mouthful and then spits popcorn all over his lap. "Phil!" he coughs hysterically, wiping his eyes (STILL NOT CRYING). "You could not be any less like Thor if you tried!"
"Okay, well, then, who do you think you'd be?" Phil asks, patting Dan on the back in a rather fatherly manner.

"I'd be Black Widow, I think."
Phil deadpans. "You don't have the chest for it."

Dan giggles, that high-pitched cackle that everyone seems to know him for, and punches Phil in the arm. "Shut up!"
"Was that sexist?"
"I don't even know. Anyway, I may not have the chest, but I'm the human one who keeps up with the rest of the crazy talented people around him."

"What are you talking about?" Phil asks, looking serious all of a sudden.
"Look around us, Phil! PJ, you, Chris, Zoe, Joe, Alfie, Caspar, Marcus... I'm friends with so many talented Youtubers, and somehow boring old me is keeping up."

Phil gives him a strange look and grabs him for a tight hug without warning, pulling him very close
and squeezing him. "Dan, you're incredible, and never forget it. You wouldn't be part of the YouTube Avengers if you weren't worthy."
"Phil, you're amazing." Dan says in a muffled way from over his shoulder.
"Are you crying?"
"No! Well... Yes. But only a little bit."

Phil lets him go and Dan sits back to dry his eyes. "So you're Thor and I'm Black Widow. Who's Iron Man?"
"Definitely Caspar. The one who has some really good ideas but is just as utterly convinced as anyone else that he's amazing!"
"Hawkeye?"
"Marcus. Sharp as a tack and really funny with the one-liners too."
"Okay, how about Captain America?"
"PJ. The sensible one who keeps us all in check."
"Hulk?"
"Chris. One side of him is sensible, the other side only comes out after a few shots and a karaoke night."
"Please let's never let that one go. Do you still have the picture of him trying to kiss that postbox?"
"Oh, yes. Don't worry, it's saved!"

Dan grins and leans back against the sofa, safe in the knowledge that he and Phil can blackmail Chris forevermore. "Okay, so we've got the YouTube avengers- wait, who's Fury?" he asks.
"Hmm..." Phil muses. "How about Zoe? She's usually the one that organises the rest of us into a get-together."
"The Youtube Avengers, organised by Director Zoe, with Phil Odinson, Dan Widow, Iron Caspar, The In-Chris-able Hulk, Captain PJ, and Marc-Eye?"
"Sounds amazing." Phil says happily, leaning back as well.

They sit in companionable silence for a moment, before Dan says "Phiiiiiiiiiiil?"
"Yeeeeeesss?"
"Can we watch it again?"
"What, now?"
"What time is it?"
"I am?"
"Were you planning on sleeping, then?"
"Fair point. Go on, hit replay."

And so Phil Odinson and Dan Widow watch Avengers: Age Of Ultron again- and no, Dan is NOT CRYING!

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that, cubs! I didn't use every Avengers character because it was only a short oneshot, but comment if you'd like to see the mentioned YouTubers told that they are a new part of the YouTube Avengers at a get-together organised by Zoella- that's the plan, anyway!

Please leave a kudos to let me know you liked it!

Oh, and as a final point- I'm planning something special for when this hits 2000 views,
which will hopefully happen soon- I can't believe how far this has come! Thank you all so much for sticking with me and the Two Spoons we all love so. I hope there'll be many more chapters to come!

I love you all- and I'll see you soon! Xxx
Zoe’s excelled herself this time, the whole room is covered in red balloons and streamers with the words "Happy YouTube Birthday" written across them in pristine white script, the YouTube logo featuring everywhere from the impressive-looking cake on the table to the skirt Zoe's wearing for the occasion.

Alfie can't help smirking, he's the one who suggested this. It's the one year anniversary of Dan and Phil Games, he decided that Dan could use a cheering-up (Phil told them about Dan's little upset about the whole "everyone's more talented than me" thing) and this is looking like a really awesome party.

Dan and Phil are mingling like good little party subjects, chatting to everyone, when a sudden and slightly awkward topic comes up. "So," Joe says in a ridiculous voice, squinting comically at Phil and tilting his head, "What's this about the YouTube Avengers?"

Phil goes bright red and chokes on the mouthful of lemonade he's just taken, leaving Dan to thump him on the back and look sheepish. "Oh, yeah- word on the street is that I'm Iron Man." Caspar butts in, grinning maniacally like the vain arse he is. "Ummmm..." Dan begins weakly. "And I'm the Hulk?" Chris interjects from behind. Phil jumps a little.

PJ grins at him. "Captain PJ, huh?"
"I'm Hawkeye, I think someone should find me a bow." Marcus calls over from the other side of the room.

"Didn't you name me as Fury?" Zoe asks, sashaying over in a red YouTube skirt and a pretty white blouse. Louise follows her, giggling helplessly at the terror on Phan's faces.

Phil and Dan look at each other helplessly and then nod. "Yeah... YouTube Avengers... It's a thing..." Phil murmurs awkwardly.
"Fighting the injustice of low subscriber counts." Alfie puts in, smiling and slipping his arm round Zoe's shoulders. "Fighting crime and getting the girl." Caspar adds, planting a hideously sloppy kiss on Joe's cheek. "Piss off!" he gasps, shoving him off fondly. Louise's giggles gain a bit of
volume as she tries valiantly to stifle them, beaming at her "chummies".

"And above all," Dan says, suddenly, raising his voice so that all the YouTube guests stop to listen, "Protecting our subscribers from a bland world where the Internet is used only for homework."
"Well said, Dan Widow!" Niomi cheers, putting her hand in Marcus's.

"Now," Zoe says, grinning around at her greatest friends, "Avengers! Assemble at the table! It's time to cut the cake!"

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs!

You know the drill by now, please comment, kudos, etc.

What I REALLY wanted to say is, from the bottom of my heart, thank you xxx You've made a young Vixen very happy, and as such she will endeavour to update more!

We may not be the Avengers, but I'm very proud of my little group of cubs. I love you all- stay safe, and I'll see you soon <3
Hello, Cubs!

Okay, so I wanted to give you all a Halloween special, but it kind of turned out to be 13 chapters long, so I've posted it separately :)

So as a continuation of Two Spoons, 'The Phan-Tom Of Howlter House' is available on my Dashboard for you to enjoy.

Happy reading, and have a wonderful Halloween! <3

P.S: I promise my next update in this series will be short enough to be posted here! Love you all xx
Gorilla

Chapter Summary

It's entirely Dan's fault when he leaves his phone lying around. Phil just wants to get his own back for the Flour In The Hairdryer incident!

Chapter Notes

So it's 11:25pm, I can't sleep and for some reason I'm listening to Gorilla by Bruno Mars.

And this happened...

P.S: Dirty Mind is another of my current songs of choice. I can feel you all judging me on my music choices... Shhh, cubs. Shhhh and read ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When the postman knocked at the door, and Dan went to get his latest mystery "I knew what it was when I bought it" parcels, Phil glanced up from his laptop and noticed Dan's iPhone sitting on the sofa.

It didn't take him long to change Dan's ringtone, and he was sitting back at the table by the time Dan came in with his arms full of what turned out to be another DDR pad that he didn't remember buying. Who knows?

The truly funny part, though, was the fact that Pewdiepie and Marzia asked them out for coffee the next day. So whilst they were sitting there in Starbucks, chatting idly about the radio show and the weather, Phil rang Dan.

The colour Dan's face went when the song started was golden. Or scarlet, to be more precise.

"... Look what you're doing
Look what you've done
But in this jungle you can't run
Cos what I got for you
I promise it's a killer
You'll be banging on my chest
Bang bang
Gorilla..."

As Dan dived into his pocket and desperately tried to shut Bruno Mars up, everyone in the coffee shop turned to stare, and Phil started dancing in his seat. When Dan glared at him, Phil just winked.

That song is damn catchy.
And Dan did finally stop sulking when Phil bought him another chocolate milkshake. Although he did have to consent to his ringtone being 'Dirty Mind' by 30H!3... For a month. Phil just hoped he didn't get any calls in important meetings!

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that, cubs! I'm off to try and sleep, considering I have a Further Maths test tomorrow. Kill me now.

I'll update soon, and I love you all! <3
Chapter Summary

Dan falls over.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I'm the clumsiest person imaginable. I've actually broken my fingers before just accidentally punching a wall. Yes. I managed to ACCIDENTALLY punch a wall.

So I had to think about what would happen if Dan had a mishap like me?

It was a truly spectacular falling over spectacle, to be fair.

He was just walking into the living room from the kitchen when his black socked feet slid on the carpet and he went sprawling, flat on his face, cracking his shoulder on the coffee table. If the noise of his Bear hitting the deck didn't draw Phil into the living room, the pained little scream certainly did.

So the elder flatmate came rushing in, abandoning the carrots he had been preparing, and met Dan's beautiful chocolate brown gaze. There were actual tears of pain in his eyes, Phil noticed, it just broke his heart.

"Dan? Are you okay?" he gasped.
"N-no..." Dan said, his face white as he sat up slowly, rubbing at the inevitable bruising under his black shirt. "Oh, Bear, come here." Phil said sadly, squatting down next to him. Dan clung to him like a terrified little monkey and began to sob into the ridiculously novelty apron Phil was wearing (another joke Howlter purchase of a muscular naked man print, with all the appropriate tackle in corresponding places).

After a minute, Dan sat back and scrubbed at his face with the palms of his hands. "Oh, god, look at me- 24 years old and crying like a baby."
"It was a nasty fall, Bear." Phil protested, patting his back soothingly, wincing as Dan stiffened. "Let Nurse Phil take a look at the bruising, okay?"

So they hauled themselves up onto the sofa and Dan pulled off his shirt, hissing as the fabric dragged his shoulder. Phil gently probed at the skin, frowning at the dark patterns blossoming across Dan's pale complexion. "Is it bad?" said Bear asked hesitantly. Phil sighed. "Not too bad, Bear. Don't worry- does it still hurt?" Dan pouted.
"Yes."
"Okay, well, let's put something cold on it."
"Sounds good to me. Do we have any ice?"
"Er... I can offer you a half-defrosted bag of carrots?" Phil suggested with a grin.

As far as he was concerned, Dan's answering laugh, pained as it was, was the most beautiful sound
in the whole wide world.
Stuffed Animals

Chapter Summary

You're never too old to consider buying another one.

CHAT: PHAN PHRIENDS (renamed by @danisnotonfire)
--
Dan: Hey, Philly, this meeting is boring. What's on your mind?
Phil: Shouldn't you be focusing on it all the same? And I'm musing over stuffed animals...
Dan: Ooh, kinky :)
Phil: Oh, trust you, Dan! Wash your mind out with soap! No, it's just... I walked past a toy shop
earlier and there was this stuffed lion in the window and he was calling out to me.
Dan: Sorry. So you didn't buy him?
Phil: Well, no, I didn't want to look odd. I was late 20s and shopping alone, buying a stuffed lion
would have just made me seem really weird.
Dan: But it would have made you happy, right?
Phil: Yeah
Dan: Then who gives a crap what people think? Tell you what. Which shop was it?
Phil: The one down the road, next to the bakery. Why?
Dan: I'll drop in on my way home and pick him up for you, how about that?
Phil: Daniel James Howell, what would I do without you?
Dan: Have way less decent DVDs? Repopulate the world with house plants? Make peasant coffee
on a regular basis because there'd be nobody to drag you to Starbucks?
Phil: Ugh, it'd be hell.
Dan: So you'd miss me?
Phil: Of course I would, you spoon!
Dan: Aw, cutie ;) *insert kissy noises*
Phil: Shut up! Wow, I'm so glad the Phandom can't see this. I mean, the name of the chat is bad
enough. It's like a really bad Year Three spelling test on this thing.
Dan: I thought it was quite witty. And I'm using it in an ironic way, Phil!
Phil: Sure, Bear. Whatever you want to tell yourself. Now, get back to your meeting before you get
into trouble.
Dan: Ugh. Fine. Me and Lion will be home by lunchtime, does Philly wish to go to the magical
realm of Starbucks when we return?
Phil: Philly eagerly awaits the return of his two favourite people.
Dan: It's me or the lion.
Phil: Lion. Every time.
Dan: *cries*
Dan: Oh, crap. Got to go, been caught messaging. Speak soon!
Phil: Stay safe
Dan: You and your worrying.
Phil: All the same. Stay safe, don't fall down the stairs.
Dan: At least you care, I suppose. See ya, Philly <3
Phil: Bye, Bear :)
Chapter Summary

When you receive a message, regardless of who it's from, it's lovely to know someone's thinking about you.

Especially when you were thinking about them.

Chapter Notes

For the boy who'll never read this, a very Merry Christmas to you too. I'm too scared to ask if you've broken up with your girlfriend, and I still haven't decided what this is, but I hope you know that you're something really special. Particularly to me. When I work it out, I'll let you know. Until then, please keep smiling, because that'll make my day more than anything else.

Oh, and thank you for the messages- the fact that you sent one first means a hell of a lot x

And to all of my cubs, a very Merry Christmas. I'll update more before Christmas Day xx

Dan sighed and leant back into his sofa crease with an ease perfected by many hours of practise. Phil had been gone for two days now, visiting his family "up north", and as much as he hoped that his flatmate was having fun... He missed him.

God only knew what Phil was doing. The festive season presented all new opportunities for accidents, and Dan wouldn't put it past him to have an unspeakable incident with some tinsel. Or maybe a turkey.

So, for three hours- or maybe seven, who's counting?- Dan just browsed Tumblr (as you do) and drank tea from a Union Jack mug (because Phil broke the Hello Kitty one, like a COMPLETE spoon, and the replacement hadn't arrived yet). All was silent.

Until his phone buzzed in his black jeans pocket.

Dan almost dropped lukewarm tea onto his wonderful Christmas jumper, swore like a sailor and put the mug down hastily. Shoving his laptop aside, he yanked out his iPhone and opened his messages.

ONE NEW MESSAGE
From: Phil <3
You're funny :')

For some reason, the randomness of it and the sheer joy of knowing Phil was thinking of him,
made Dan blush as red as a holly berry. He just smiled to himself, ignoring the burning warmth in his cheeks as nobody else was there to see it, and tapped back a message.

To: Phil <3
You know, as irritating as you are, you do made me smile x

The reply was instant and wonderful, making Dan's grin stretch impossibly wide.

From: Phil <3
I'm glad. Got to go, Mum's made mince pies, but I'll speak later. I'll be home tomorrow, don't forget x

Dan just signed again, tapped back a quick "Okay, stay safe x" and leaned back into the sofa cushions once more. But this time wasn't a lonely caress of the leather seats.

No, this time, he remembered he was loved.
White Noise

Chapter Summary

Phil knows what Dan needs, often far better than Dan does.

Chapter Notes

White noise or silence, I don't care and neither does Phil. As long as our friends smile, it doesn't matter at all.

You know who you are, and I hope you feel better soon xx

White noise.

That's what Phil can give him on a bad day, really. Dan would never admit that to him, but that's the best way to define it. The most irritating thing is, it usually works.

Dan will slump into the sofa or glare at his laptop or even sprawl on the hallway carpet, and Phil will just ignore his mood completely. He'll sing, off key and horrifically pitched, butchering some well-known song until it's barely recognisable. But it drowns out the voices.

Or he'll ask Dan to help with something, and he'll use those baby blue eyes so well that Dan will just think 'Damn it' and help him anyway, regardless of the ache in his chest. At this time of year, it's normally a request to help wrap some awkwardly shaped gift or drape tinsel over yet another bloody houseplant.

Or, and only on the worst days, he'll come and sit right next to Dan. Scoot in, ever so close, until he's practically on Dan's lap. And then he'll just recite memories, out loud, like telling a bedtime story to a child. Only Dan was there when the memories were made, and it brings back such happiness that it can drown out the darkness.

"Remember when we went to Japan and the ice cream turned my tongue black?"
"Remember when I fell over in the middle of the convention and laughed so much my contact lens fell out?"
"Remember when I left your passport on the coach and I had to run up the hotel driveway after it?"

And Dan will smile.

Occasionally, though, it won't work and he'll tell Phil so. Tell him that he just wants to be alone. And that's okay, Phil's good at that, he can take a hint. So he'll go off and decorate on his own, silently, or leave to go and buy ANOTHER BLOODY HOUSE PLANT.

And that's fine too. Because sometimes, silence is just as good as white noise.

Phil really doesn't care, as long as Dan starts smiling again.
Merry Christmas

Chapter Summary

What better way to spend Christmas morning than with your best friend?

Chapter Notes

MERRY CHRISTMAS CUBS!!! (Slash non-religious atheist fun times, to paraphrase Dan)

I am not religious at all, but I adore Christmas, it is my absolute favourite day of the year; I thought I'd work it into my writing. A lot of things I've listed are getting a festive chapter; feel free to check those out too :) 

So. This is my way of giving you a Christmas present. I don't know who you are, or anything about you really, but I love you to pieces because you've stayed with me and read what I've posted, and that's the best gift ever.

So this is for you xxx

Especially you, Ty. Thanks for the pep talk <3

Any other day, it takes Phil about an hour to coax, bribe and finally drag Dan out of bed, by which time the day is usually half over. But this is Christmas morning, which means that all 6ft3 of delirious Dan comes sprinting into Phil's room at 6am, wearing nothing but his boxers, and starts bouncing on the mattress beside him.

The Christmas lights in Phil's bedroom glisten softly, throwing a gentle light over the pair.

"Philphilphilphilphil!" Dan gasps, poking desperately at his slumbering flatmate's ribs through the sheets. "Whassamatter, Bear?" Phil groans, swatting at him. Dan gives up on rousing him and does what he ends up doing every year. He just slides his lanky warm body under Phil's duvet to cuddle up close to him.

After a few minutes of soft sighs and long limbs tangling together, Phil groans and stretches. "Good morning." he whispers into the semi-darkness of his room, as Dan shifts against his side. "Morning, Philly."

"Is it Christmas already?" Phil teases, feeling Dan tense up beside him with sheer festive spirit. "Yes- I bought coffee, see?" He gestures at the bedside table with an air of hope, waiting for Phil's approval. The older man obligingly sits up to take a sip.

It's bloody awful coffee, it always is- stone cold, and Dan was apparently too hyper to stir it properly, because there are lumps of half-dissolved coffee granules floating in it. But his Bear made it, so Phil drinks the whole thing with a smile on his face and thanks Dan for the "surprise"
(again, it happens every year). Dan's such a kid at Christmas, he thinks fondly.

"Can I give you your present now?" Dan begs, as soon as Phil puts the cup down again. He laughs. "Of course you can, Bear. Go and fetch it."

So off Dan bounds again. It's days like this when Phil really questions why he wants a puppy so much when Dan is basically one already. Before he can have any more thoughts than that, Dan comes running back with a black-wrapped package in his arms (of course), throwing himself down beside Phil again.

"Merry Christmas." he says breathlessly, putting the package in Phil's lap and sitting back to watch. Phil smiles broadly. "Thank you, Bear. Merry Christmas to you too."

He gently tears at the midnight wrapping paper- it's so Dan, it's hilarious- to reveal... Something black.

Hmm. It's soft, and floppy. Something to wear? A stuffed toy? It has a hood, so it's wearable... And there's a white patch on the front... It's so fluffy!

"It's a penguin!" Phil says suddenly as he finds a sweet face sewn into the front of the hood, complete with yellow beak. "Do you like it?" Dan asks, almost shyly. "I felt so bad about destroying your lion onesie that I thought I'd buy you a replacement."

"It's perfect." Phil insists, smiling. "Thank you, Bear." He clambers up, hugging Dan in the process, and steps into the onesie. It's really comfortable, like wearing a hug, and when he pulls the hood up Dan laughs and calls him adorable.

It's a very good present.

"Now," Phil-the-Penguin says. "Your present is under the bed. Here." He bends down, beak flopping above his hair, to roll something out from underneath them. It's very heavy, dense, and wrapped in gaudy snowman paper. Dan grins excitedly and slides off the bed to sit on his knees beside his gift. "Ooh, it's huge!" he mutters, meeting Phil's eye.

Phil splutters just as Dan catches on. "Oh, trust you!" he says, tearing at the paper on the cylindrical present. It's also black, and very fluffy, like fur.

"It's a rug!" Dan says in surprise, rolling it out, finally free of the paper. It's very big, exceptionally furry and he feels like he could run his hands over it all day. "Yeah, I thought we could roll it down in the Existential Crisis Hallway- if you're going to spend that much time with your face in the carpet, I want you to be comfortab-oof!"

At that moment, Dan rugby tackles Phil to the bed and gives him the tightest bear hug he can manage. "I love it." he murmurs. "Thank you."

"Merry Christmas, Bear."

"Merry Christmas, Philly."

So they fall asleep again, together on the duvet, a mess of limbs and onesie and legs dangling off the edge of the bed. When they wake up, admittedly it's lunchtime, but they don't feel like they've wasted Christmas Day.

Because they've spent it together, and that's what matters.

Chapter End Notes
I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR XXXXX
Phil didn't expect to find Dan sitting on the floor, cradling a piece of tinsel like a newborn, but hey. "Er, Bear?" he begins tentatively, wanting to avoid a Dan-style meltdown if at all possible. "What's the matter?"
"Christmas is over." Dan replies, and his voice is so broken Phil doesn't know whether to laugh or hug him or maybe just cry. "It's over, and now I have to take the decorations down, and it's not going to be festive anymore."

Phil just smiles, and pads over to Dan, taking the tinsel from his hands and placing it on his Bear's head like a halo. "Hey," he says, sitting next to Dan and putting his arm around his shoulders, "But we've put your rug in the hall, right? And I promise to wear my onesie all year round if it'll make you happy, even if I bake myself to death in August. We can make sure every decoration is up as soon as possible when Christmas rolls round again."

Dan's chocolate brown eyes melt as he looks at Phil, a touched smile playing at the edge of his lips. "Thanks, Philly. Will you please help me take the tree down?"
"Sure." Phil agrees, grinning. "And, Bear?"
"Yes?"

"The very best thing about Christmas," Phil hauls himself and Dan up in one movement, "Is that it doesn't have your horrible timekeeping. It comes at the same time, every year. It'll be back."
Jogging Dan's Memory (Plus Jogging To Starbucks)

Chapter Summary

Dan changes the iPad password. Disaster strikes.

Only those two, seriously.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs!

Enjoy! Xx

Dan: Phiiliiiiiil, you know I love you?
Phil: What have you done? ;)
Dan: Changed the iPad password...
Phil: Okay? What is it now?
Dan: ... Can't remember
Phil: :0
Dan: I know, I know, sorry, just forgot to write it down and you know what I'm like when I get distracted
Phil: Calm down, Bear, I'm not angry, just worried, is all. Dragon City... And most contacts we saved on there aren't backed up...
Dan: I'm sorry, I'm a twat
Phil: No, you're not. Well, not all the time. We're just going to have to guess. Do you remember roughly what it was?
Dan: Something representing the pair of us? Wanted to achieve fair and equal representation.
Phil: What are you, Tumblr? :) No but seriously, how about I suggest things and you try to trigger the memory?
Dan: Okay, cool. And don't make Tumblr jokes, it's full of creative intelligent thoughtful people as well as the odd maniac
Phil: Right, sorry. Now. Phan?
Dan: Nope, cliché
Phil: Amazingdan?
Dan: Nul
Phil: Philisnotonfire?
Dan: Negative
Phil: Er... Anything about TABINOF?
Dan: Double nope with knobs on
Phil: Right, this is harder than I thought. Come on, Bear, feel the force, or something...? Wow Star Wars has literally taken over everything
Dan: Oh hold on
Phil: What? Do you remember?
Dan: Yeah, I got it, I'll change it to something sensible. What do you fancy?
Phil: Make it 3475
Dan: Why?
Phil: DHPL. Our initials on the keyboard?
Dan: Done. Promise I won't be a spoon again lol
Phil: Out of curiosity, what did you change it to?
Dan: Lionbear
Phil: Awwww, Bear
Dan: Shut up
Phil: Whatever. You owe me a coffee for that now, I'm having a minor heart attack
Dan: You literally have to walk past a freaking Starbucks on your way home- and caffeine won't prevent the heart attack, you complete llama
Phil: Then you can walk back out and get me a coffee, can't you? :') Consider it exercise
Dan: Phil Lester, I am moving out
Phil: Love you too
Dan: Spork
Phil: You're a spork!
Dan: :P
Phil: I've got to go, just getting on train now. Step away from the iPad!
Dan: Yes, Dad... :') I do actually love you, Lion. Speak later x
Phil: Ok, Bear, laters ;)
As promised xx

"If we were dogs, what do you think we'd be?" Phil asks suddenly, leaning back into his sofa crease and sipping some more of his drink. "Okay, Phil," Dan replies with a wary edge to his voice. "You have had enough coffee."

Phil remains insistent, and fends off Dan's half-hearted plushie attack on his cup easily, taking another sip. He is saved when Dan has lobbed all the plushies in his reach- damned if he's standing up for more- and then continues. "No, I mean breed. What represents you?"

"Hmm..." Dan abandons his laptop and nestled further into his own sofa crease, completely giving up on Phil being anything but his own personal brand of strange. "Probably a greyhound. A black greyhound."
"You don't chase rabbits." Phil points out instantly. Dan rolls his eyes. "No, but I'm lanky as fuck and I'd be black like my soul. What about you?"

"I'd be a terrier of some kind." Phil says confidently. "You know, the kind of dog that's always happy to see everyone."
"Those little dogs can be yappy and vicious." Dan points out. Phil is outraged. "No! I'd be the I'll lick-your-face kind."
"You are not licking my face."
"Why would I want to?"
Dan pouts. "Rude."

"So, you're a leggy beast of infinite darkness and I'm a cheerful little ball of fluff?" Phil clarifies, necking the last few gulps of his drink. Dan laughs so much he can barely force out his own joke- "I know we are, but what about the dog breeds?"
"Ugh." Phil says, rolling his eyes fondly. "Want a drink?"
"Not coffee." Dan says warningly.

So Phil leaves the safety of his sofa crease to go on a dangerous tea-making mission (let's be honest, with his reflexes it IS dangerous). After a moment of peace, Dan's scream echoes through the flat and Phil almost drops their One Direction mug, prompting a swear that he instantly regrets.

"What?" he shouts back to Dan in alarm. "Are you hurt?"
"I've got it!" Dan hollers back. Phil hopes the neighbours don't hate them too much as he says "Got what?"

There is a pause for effect. Phil seriously considers putting chilli powder in Dan's tea.

"Phil- I'D BE A SHIBE!"

There is another pause for effect as Phil dumps the entire pot of chilli into the One Direction mug with a vindictive little smile on his face.
Maybe he's a bit of a vicious Yorkie after all.
Notes

Chapter Summary

For a quick prompt from my dear friend of wanderlustandwandering:
An actual scene (as opposed to a text conversation) from Phil's point of view, on the topic of "Notes".

And this is what I came up with. Enjoy, cubs! I hope 2016 is going wonderfully for you so far xx

Phil bought Dan the sticky notes for Christmas because it seemed funny at the time, a quick stocking-type present, but now it's become such an obsession that he's had to go out and buy some himself just so he can get his own back.

The flat has been carpeted in them for weeks!

And they're such stupid ones, too. Dan's are speech bubble shaped, white with a black outline-naturally there had to be something black on them. Phil opted for bright yellow sun-shaped ones that seem to radiate happiness.

It all started one morning when Phil crept into the kitchen as usual to have some illicit stolen cereal, and found a post-it note on the box. "Hands off, Philly, hidden wombat is watching"... In Dan's usual scrawl.

And so it began. Notes from a certain unnamed British YouTuber with chronic lefthandedism began to pop up everywhere. Not that there's anything wrong with being left handed. There is, however, something very wrong about leaving a post-it on the shower gel.

And the toilet. "Niall is judging you"
And in the cupboard. "If you use up the hot chocolate I will commit a murder"
Even on Phil's pillow. "Sleep tight, don't let the post-it bite"

So Phil started leaving his own, in retaliation. What else could he do? Dan had thrown down the glove, and Phil had to pick it up or risk his honour and integrity as a flatmate. So he wrote a load and started sticking them up with ninja-like skills when Dan wasn't looking.

In the toilet. "He's judging you harder, stop playing Dragon City"
In the cupboard "Touch my coffee, feel my pain!"
And finally, just out of sheer childish revenge, on Dan's pillow. "Roses are red, violets are blue, I have plans for new notes, Bear, and they're all aimed at you"

This morning, however, is the culmination of several weeks of pent up sharpie-hoarding and optimum word choices. This morning, war begins. A war that can not be resolved by anything other than sinking to newly childish lows. Hell, yeah.

When Phil wakes up to a speech bubble on his door, with a horrifying early-morning-Dan scribble across it- "Morning gorgeous, make me coffee"- he knows.

It has begun.
He can't see the hall carpet under a sea of tiny white paper bubbles. Dan has literally carpeted their flat in sticky notes.

Sighing, Phil pads across the sea of rustling post-its and goes to make Dan his coffee, already composing a witty zinger to stick on his Bear's back whenever he can catch him unawares.

Mwa ha ha...
Hair Goals

Chapter Summary

Written for the prompt "soft". Thank you once again, Ty, you're an absolute angel xxx

Chapter Notes

33 chapters???
3621 hits???

Thank you all for taking such an interest in this! I'll keep writing it as long as you're interested, so let me know if you want to see more of this- I reckon I could get it to at least 100 chapters.

Stay safe, cubs, and enjoy! Xxx

Dan has always marvelled at how soft Phil's hair is.

It's ridiculous, really- the man bombards it with black hair dye and he's too lazy to wait for it to dry after washing, so it's subjected to daily assaults with the hairdryer on full whack- but somehow it's as soft as a kitten. A cloud. Dan's heart when he reads nice comments on his videos.

Ahem.

It isn't like he goes around stroking his flatmate's hair, but whenever Phil falls asleep against him on the sofa, or leans over his shoulder whilst he's at the computer, or lounges against him like the troll he is- it's a really nice feeling. Tickly, but nice.

It's adorable when it gets too long. The day before Phil has his hair cut, it takes a lot of Dan's self control not to punch his flatmate's cheeks. Because that would be bloody weird, and then Dan would have to admit his raging hair envy. He wouldn't put it past Phil to create a "Best Hair" Dan vs Phil sticker, either, and sneak it onto the board when he's not looking.

Anyway, Phil's hair always smells great, too, fruity and fresh, a scent that seems to invigorate everyone in the room. Dan has never been able to work out the precise scent, because the products Phil uses are mingled with whatever else to form essence of Phil.

Whatever. Phil just has amazing hair, the lucky spork.

Dan would like to take the credit for all of this, actually.

Phil steals his shampoo.
Phil can probably get over his British fear of returning goods to shops in order to save Dan from his new addiction...

Dan: Um... X
Phil: What have you done now? X
Dan: I think I've had too much coffee. I knew buying that coffee machine was a bad idea. It's not feeding your addiction, it's just giving me one!! X
Phil: How much have you had?? X
Dan: *insert shamed mumbling* x
Phil: ...Bear? X
Dan: Fine. Five cups x
Phil: 5????? Five cups in a day?
Dan: Actually in the last two hours. But yeah x
Phil: Oh my... Right, no more coffee for you today. I'm on my way home now anyway, I'll find the receipt and take it back to the shop x
Dan: You're too awkward and British to return anything! You say that the returns desk cashier always makes you feel guilty when they happen to look at you x
Phil: For your health, I think I'll face it x
Dan: Awwww thanx m8
Phil: Seriously, no more caffeine. Have some water! X
Dan: Not thirsty x
Phil: I'm not surprised! I'm just at the end of the road now, I'll be with you in a minute. Try not to explode, okay? X
Dan: Yes, Dad, jeez... X
Phil: Don't call me Dad, you're worse than the Phans! I still don't get why everyone calls me Dad x
Dan: Because you take away their caffeine sources x
Phil: Bear, I can literally see you drinking that through the window!
Dan: Bet I can finish it before you make it up the stairs!!!
Phil: Put it down or I'll do all the cooking for three weeks! And I'll do fajitas every night! Again! X
Dan: Noooooooooo!!!!! They're good but nothing is THAT good
Phil: AmazingPhil to the rescue! I'm on my way up the stairs now x
Dan: See ya in a sec x


**Derek**

Chapter Summary

Nobody puts Philly in the corner.

Except maybe Derek.

Chapter Notes

I do not have a clue where this came from, but it made me laugh as I was writing it, so hopefully you'll like it too, cubs.

Oh, and a happy belated birthday to Phil! His birthday is only a week after mine so January buddies forever <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Stop looking at my spot!" Phil says defensively, yanking a piece of his fringe down in an unsuccessful attempt to cover the offending blemish. Dan rolls his eyes from the other side of the sofa and swallows his mouthful of cereal. "I wasn't!"

"It's not fair," Phil continues, looking at his mismatched socks with a morose air. "I have to get my passport photo taken tomorrow and everything."

Dan looks a little helpless in his dinosaur onesie (that's he's definitely wearing ironically, not because it's bloody comfy or anything). "Hey. It'll be fine, Philly, it's not that bad." "NOT THAT BAD?" Phil explodes. "DAN, THERE IS A VOLCANO ON MY FACE!"

Dan senses that there may be some tension and attempts to defuse it. "Can we name it?"

"What?" Phil snaps.

"Name it. The spot. Make it a bit more loveable."

"You want to... Name my spot?"

Dan shoves another heaped spoon of Cheerios into his mouth and nods. "Yeah." he mumbles through his breakfast.

Phil sighs and sinks back into the sofa cushions. "Fine. What are you thinking?"

"Derek."

"Derek? Why Derek?" Despite his best efforts, a smile is creeping onto Phil's face.

"Just sounds cool, I guess." Dan shrugs. Phil smiles, a proper lion's smile. "Derek. Huh."

"Anyway, go and get a shower, you spoon. You have to film a video today, it's all you've been talking about this week. 'Dont let me forget to film, Dan'..."

"Derek will upstage me." Phil pouts. Dan just laughs. "Never mind. Nobody puts Philly in the corner."

Phil sighs as he heaves himself off the sofa and pads out into the hall, unable to resist shouting back. "If anyone could, Derek could!"
I hope you liked that, cubs! Please comment and let me know what you thought, I really value your input- and I hope you have a lovely day, wherever you are and whatever you're doing xx
The Cat

Chapter Summary

Who needs an excuse for an existential crisis?
Not Dan Howell, that's for sure.
But maybe the universe has gifted him a four legged excuse anyway.

Dan doesn't know how many times he's asked Phil to close the kitchen window after he's done with cooking. Probably more times than he has subscribers. But now- and he KNEW something like this would happen- there's a random cat sitting on the cooker (thankfully not in use currently), licking between it's legs like it doesn't give a shit that Dan is standing there, just staring at it. This is ridiculous.

It's a male, Dan notes dumbly. He doesn't really know what to do next.

It could have some kind of disease, his irrational brain whispers frantically, and then it dawns on him that he's going to have to disinfect the cooker to within an inch of it's life later. Great.

At a loss, Dan takes a moment to stand in the doorway and observe the cat. He has no collar, so probably a stray, but he's quite pretty- all things considered. He's pure black, very sleek and shiny, with a white scar visible in the fur above the left eye. He finishes licking himself and looks up, fixing Dan with a piercing yellow stare.

The co-owner of the flat takes a moment to stare at the cat and reevaluate his life choices. So now he has to make a decision. Offence or defence?

Making a grumpy mental note to murder Phil later, Dan moves slowly to the fridge in search of leftover roast chicken to tempt the cat out with. There's something about the animal currently sitting on the hob that gives Dan the impression of a fighter, a strong animal that's been through a lot. He almost wishes he could keep him.

"You've seen some shit, huh?" he asks the cat quietly, as he pulls out a plate of cold meat from the fridge. The cat doesn't even break the stare but meows loudly, as if to say "No kidding."
"Here." Dan says, putting the chicken down by the window and pushing it completely open, to encourage the cat to wander out. The bloody animal saunters across the kitchen surfaces- more to disinfect, who knows where those paws have been?- and tucks in rapidly.

Dan watches with a mixture of fascination and disgust. "I wonder when you ate last."
"Meow."
"Yeah, I get you. Cats don't have the luxury of McDonald's and all our human conveniences. You have to feed yourself. We must be pathetic to you, you're so self-sufficient."
"Meow."
Dan looks at the cat with a very serious thought invading his mind. "I know it's mad, but I feel like you kind of understand me."
"Meow." The cat tilts his head to one side and Dan feels the familiar of an existential crisis tug at his heart.
When he finishes his meal, the cat purrs. Actually purrs at Dan.

As the Youtuber takes an unconscious step forwards, the cat leaps up and skitters out of the window. But Dan saw- and he thinks the cat probably hoped he wouldn't notice- how he paused at the window ledge for a brief second, as if he wanted to stay.

So when Phil comes home later and finds Dan sitting on the sofa with a strangely contemplative look on his face, he asks what's going on. And Dan, without taking his gaze away from the lounge window, says "You left the kitchen window open."
"Oh." Phil says, looking sheepish. "Sorry."

Dan finally looks up at his flatmate and gives him a peaceful smile. "It's okay." he says cryptically. "You also opened the window to my soul."
"Right..." Phil says, after a pause. "Do you want a cup of tea, then?"
"I can't believe we're actually socialising." Phil murmurs, staring around at the people milling in the hired out room. There's a bustle here that they're unfamiliar with, conversations and drinks and in-jokes that they're just too antisocial to know. The whole place is just a bit too warm, too over the top.

"Yeah, I get what you mean," Dan replies, sipping at his orange juice. "And we can't even drink, or we'll be hungover for the meeting tomorrow. Who knew socialising was so boring IRL? It seemed so fun on the SIMS."
"We don't need alcohol to have a good time." Phil says, frowning.

Dan rolls his eyes. "What are you, my dad? I'd rather be drunk right now, so I didn't have to think about how Dil has more fun than us."
"Technically, Bear, we ARE Dil."
Dan's eyes widen immeasurably. "Mind fuck."

"Anyway," Phil changes tactic immediately before Dan can go and rock in a corner, "What do you think of the music?"
"Not enough Kanye."
"Er, okay, the food?"
"Typical party buffet. I'm touching nothing that other people have had their hands in first!"
"Okay, okay... Um... Company?"
"Phil, you spork, I've spoken to literally nobody but you this whole time."

He reaches out to brush some glitter from the gaudy decorations off Phil's shoulder. "Why did we even come here? We know virtually nobody." he asks moodily, looking around the room. Cheap strobe lights pulse and terrible music blares. 'I'll be as deaf as you in a minute, Phil, this is stupid. Why did I let you talk me into going outside?"

Phil considers Dan's petulant arguments for a minute and then comes up with an excellent idea. "I've got a headache." he says suddenly, a bit too loudly. Dan looks at him in surprise, with a slight hint of guilt for giving him a hard time. "Have you? I can go and ask for some paracetamol if-"
"Yes, I have a HEADACHE." Phil puts far too much emphasis on the word, and then winks at his flatmate. Actually winks.

"Jesus, Phil, could you be any more obvious?" Dan mutters, smirking.
"You, me, pizza delivery, SIMS." Phil replies under his breath. "You in?"
Dan's reaction is instant. "Hell yeah."

The sound of Dan saying "Oh, you have a HEADACHE?" at the top is his voice carries across the dance floor, leaving nobody in any doubt that the pair are off to order a takeaway and play video games.

Socialising? Ha. They may have failed, but they'll learn from their mistakes.
Dil's going to be a pro.
The Other Hamster (If Dan Asks, Phil Definitely Didn't Get Another One)

Chapter Summary

Howell is a daddy, Phil wants to be a good hamster parent and Dan wants some sanity.

...I couldn't resist!

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! I'm sorry it's taken me so long to update, I've had a hell of a lot going on in the last couple of weeks- but I thought that, today, I would revisit one of the first chapters of this fic, and remember the fun I had with it. I hope you enjoy this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He should have known.

After last time, after Howell- yes, he still sees him, but the memory remains raw- Phil really should have known that this was a really bad idea.

Because now he's sitting at the kitchen table, looking at the tiny brown bundle in the cage in front of him and trying not to implose.

Lester is so flipping cute!

...(Yeah, it's his turn now. He has a more majestic surname than Dan anyway!)

He's been sitting there for a good hour now, just preparing his begging speech.

Unfortunately, Phil hasn't emotionally prepared- and he wishes he had- for Dan walking into the room with his laptop in one hand and a coffee in the other.

Lester stares at Phil.
Phil stares at Dan.
Dan stares at Lester.

"Philip." Dan says slowly, in measured tones. "There is a hamster in our kitchen. Why is there a hamster in our kitchen?"
"Howell had babies." Philip tries lamely.
Dan puts his coffee and his laptop on the side and walks over to Phil, shaking his head. "What, him personally?"
"No! Darcy bought him a girlfriend."
"I see. What did you call this one?"
Phil flushes slightly. "Er. He's called Lester."

There is a silence, and then the hamster gives a soft squeak and settles into a ball, miniature face peeking out above the curve of his back. Dan's face melts, just a little.
"Okay." he says softly, reaching out to tap at the bars. "What?" Phil asks, eyes wide. Maybe he's more deaf than he realised.

"Okay, we can keep him."
"Dan, I-"
"But you are cleaning him out, and if we go away somewhere, you are responsible for finding someone to look after him. Oh, and if the landlord comes round you can be the one to chuck him out the window."
"Lester or the landlord?" Phil says, starting to laugh. Dan rolls his eyes. "Whichever you like!"

"Actually," the taller one muses, reaching for his coffee. "We can't mention Lester to our subscribers."
Phil sighs. "What, are you afraid of the fan art?"
"No, I mean what if our landlord watches our videos?" Dan points out. Phil can't hold back a shudder. "Oh, no, that's awful! Maybe he does! And he's always calling me 'son'... creepy."

Lester makes a beautiful noise somewhere between a chuckle and a yawn, and sits up on his haunches, showing off his round little tummy and his clever brown eyes. The fur covering his modesty is a smooth caramel colour, fluffy and adorable. His new owners let out a simultaneous "Awwwwwwww."

"Lester Howell." Dan says, draining his cup with an air of finality. Phil beams. "I can't believe you're letting me do this."
"I want a hamster as much as you, you spoon, I just tried to be responsible!"

Phil just laughs. "Welcome to the family, Lester Howell." Dan grins too, his eyes lighting up with contentment (and caffeine). "What up, dude." he says to their new pet.

Phil can't resist smiling at Lester, sharing his amusement at his ridiculous flatmate.

He could swear the hamster smiles back.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! Let me know if you enjoyed this, and I really will update soon! Love you all, and stay safe <3 xx
**Whatever The Matter Is**

**Chapter Summary**

Dan feels like shit.

Phil knows. He always does.

**Chapter Notes**

Hey, cubs.

So.

I'm... I'm not great, if I'm totally honest with you. And I'd like to be, because you're all so wonderful, and I owe you a lot. Here goes.

For those of you who don't know, I have lived my entire life with depression in various forms. And as much as I'm making progress these days, it rears up whenever the hell it wants to and makes me utterly miserable, especially when I have a lot of difficult things on my mind. Like today. It feels like the colour is gone from the world, and every breath is pointless. I just feel so completely and utterly alone.

But it'll be okay. I know that, you've all taught me that. I thought I'd write this, just to make me feel better. If you're reading now, then I decided it was good enough to post.

I love you all, cubs. And if you could comment and let me know what you thought, I'd really appreciate it x

Enjoy x

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Bear?" Phil says, lines of concern creasing his forehead. Dan glances up from staring out of the window to accept the proffered cup of tea and give his flatmate a horribly false smile.

"Oh, Bear." Phil shakes his head, sitting down next to him on the living room floor. Dan sighs deeply. "Not convincing enough?"

"Fraid not."

The reply is small and fragile. "Sorry."

Phil's bright blue eyes widen in surprise. "Why are you sorry?"

"For being miserable." Dan explains dully. "I don't want to bring you down."

"Don't apologise for being sad, you spork, that's definitely allowed." Phil insists, slinging his long arm around Dan's stopped shoulders. "Do you want to talk?"

Dan's hair is curling at the ends as he rests his slightly tanned cheek against Phil's forearm, his skin as cold as if his light is burning out. "I don't know how to explain it."
"Okay, well, maybe you don't have to."
"No?" Dan's eyes seem to open a little more, even if they don't brighten.

"Nope." Phil reiterates, reaching for his own tea with his free arm. "I'm not going anywhere. You can talk to me if you need to, Phil hugs are free on Sundays, and there's enough chocolate in the fridge to last a lifetime."

Dan laughs gently.

It's a strange, broken parody of his usual cackle, but it's a laugh nonetheless and it melts away at the frozen quality of his liquid brown eyes, opening them up to new possibilities again.

"What?" Phil asks, grinning. Dan puts his tea down on a Totoro coaster and manages a small smile too. "Lifetime supply of chocolate? Is that a challenge?"
"Might be." the Northerner teases, standing up and offering Dan his hand. He takes it, and Phil hauls him to his feet with a joke about 'maybe not needing the chocolate after all'.

He manages the laugh again, as Phil pulls him into the kitchen, and it's actually vaguely convincing this time.

With his kind hand and his kinder heart, Phil has picked him up from the floor once more.

Chapter End Notes

I feel a bit better for writing that, somehow. I hope you liked it- I did my best to make it fluff, even if it was ultimately rather sad.

I don't know who said it, but there's one quote that always helps me. Forgive the paraphrasing or the misquote, but;
"If you're feeling a bit crap, just remind yourself that your track record for getting through the bad days is 100% so far. And that's pretty damn good."

I love you all, so so much. Just remember that, please. I'll update soon, and I promise the next one will be cheerful x

Vixen's honour <3
Perks

Chapter Summary

Sometimes in life, you don't see things coming.

Door frames, for example.

Chapter Notes

Written for the lovely cityofdxstiel- go and say hello if you get the chance, cubs, she's a sweetheart <3

Hope you like this, my dear- a lot can happen from a single word, and "perk" became this!

Enjoy xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Sit still." Dan chastises Phil gently, pressing the bag of frozen peas against his squirming flatmate's temple. Phil scrunches up his face like a sleepy pug and squints through the condensation cascading into his eyes. "It HURTS. Stupid doorframe."

Their kitchen is a mess of wet paper towels and discarded packets of ibuprofen, testament to their complete inability to survive in the adult world without catastrophe.

Or concussion.

Dan rolls his eyes, and sighs. "I know, it looks bloody sore, but if you'd have concentrated properly you'd have realised you couldn't fit under it!"

"It's not my fault I'm this tall!" Phil protests a little grumpily, his black hair starting to curl over a truly impressive bruise on his forehead.

Dan lifts off the bag to inspect Phil's 'life threatening' injury and whistles through his teeth. It's a magnificent explosion of purples and pale greens, a strange form of art. "Holy... Phil, you look like you've done ten rounds with Muhammed Ali."

"Cheers, Bear."

"Hey..." Dan says after a moment, conscious of the fact that Phil is sitting at their kitchen table in abject misery. "There are perks."

"To what? Headaches?"

"No, you spork, being this tall!"

"Oh yeah?" Phil asks, raising an eyebrow and then looking like he regrets it. "Name some."

Dan scrambles to appease him. "Er... we can reach the top shelf in supermarkets."

"Great, old ladies stop us every three seconds to get things down for them."
"We can always been seen in a crowd, in case we get lost."
"We are not beacons!"

Dan thinks for a long moment, and then puts the frozen peas in the sink. They're too warm to do any good now anyway. "Well, Philly," he says softly, pulling a stool up to sit next to his friend. "If you think about it, we're closer to the stars than everyone else."

Phil considers it, his eyes widening. Dan waits for a joke about his existential crisis.

Phil just reaches out and puts his arm around Dan's shoulders, resting his throbbing head against the younger man's shoulder.

They stay like that for an hour and a half, just listing off every disadvantage of height they can think of and waiting to see if Phil's bruise fades at all. Their first example says it all;

1. You walk into a LOT of door frames.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs! Please comment and let me know what you thought-and I often write these by asking one of my friends for a random word, and turning it into a chapter. If any of you want to post a word and see what I end up with, please feel free, I'd love your input.

Have a great day! Xxx
The flat is completely silent, and Phil is half asleep. Darkness encroaches on the edges of his vision, and then suddenly...

"PHAN."

"What?" he blurts sleepily, Dan's shout startling him back into consciousness. His pyjamas ruffle around his waist as he sits bolt upright and frowns, groping for his lamp. Did Dan just bellow their ship name into the night? Is it some sort of code? Is there a demon attacking him? Oh, god, what's he dreaming of?

Phil slides out of bed and pads in his bare feet out into the hallway. "Bear?" he calls cautiously. "Are you alright?"

"Burn." Dan's voice mumbles from inside his room, the soft Southern-English tone muffled, doubtlessly by the pillows.

This is just plain weird.

Phil pushes open Dan's door carefully, giving him plenty of time to cover up any nudity/embarrassing situations (hey, it doesn't hurt to be cautious), and stands in the doorway. Dan is curled up under his duvet, sleeping like a baby. He seems so peaceful.

"Er..." Phil says awkwardly. "Dan?"

"Noodles." Dan says thoughtfully, as if he's just having an ordinary conversation. Whilst asleep.

"Sure?" Phil tries hesitantly. What on earth is going on?

That's when it dawns on him. His flatmate is just talking in his sleep. Of course it makes no sense.

"Burn." Dan repeats insistently. Phil doesn't have any idea if he's listening, but tugs down his checked pyjama shirt a little and agrees. Dan sighs, his exhalations making that stupid dramatic jingle thingy that's overused in every cheesy horror. "Da-da-daaaa..."
"Okay." Phil's just about had enough, it's 2am and he's going to wake Dan up laughing in a minute.
"Goodnight, Bear."
"Mmmnf."

~~~

Dan never did work out why Phil spent that morning laughing into his Cheerios. And why he was so insistent about getting some Oriental stuff for lunch.

What's so pressing about noodles, anyway?

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs! Comment with what you thought, and I'll update soon xx

I don't know if you recall, but I promised that when this got to 5000 hits, I'd update twice a day for a week. I fully intend to keep to my word, so I'm watching the hits closely. We're getting very close now, so keep an eye out for a massive stream of chapters!

Love you all, and stay safe xx
"Phil!" Dan calls wearily. His face is starting to ache, especially his eyebrows. They're in danger of disappearing into his hairline, since he can't stop frowning at the horrific mess in the bathroom.

It looks like a squid has been murdered in the bath- brutally- and then trailed across every surface in the room. Black smears streak across the mirror, bottles of product, the towels on the rail...

"Yeah?" Phil asks, padding up the hallway in an old t-shirt, with his newly midnight hair flopping in damp curls across his forehead. Dan doesn't say a word, just gestures around at the carnage.

"Oh. " Phil's eyes widen as he takes it all in. "Oh? Is that it? How did you not notice this?" Dan blurts in sheer amazement. "How do you accidentally drag yourself across everything in the room?" "I... I honestly don't know." Phil says in surprise.

"Right." Dan says, rapidly calming down. "Well. You can clean it up, then." Phil agrees easily. "Okay. I have to wash this off in a minute and then I will." "Er, well. Good."

Dan walks away, vaguely thinking about playing around with one of their computer games for a while. He has the strange feeling that nobody really won that little conflict.

Especially not the mysterious squid.
The Dishes

Chapter Summary

So... they're grown men fighting over who has to do the dishes.

It really is NOT Phil's turn this time.

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #2 xxx

Phil: Dan, we have a problem.
Dan: Are you serious? I've been out less than an hour. Do I have to employ someone to sit with you when I go out, just to make sure the flat doesn't combust? :'
Phil: No, but- the dishes situation has reached critical.
Dan: What? :/
Phil: You know we said yesterday that we'd leave the washing up till tomorrow? I mean, today?
Dan: I don't like where this is going. Yes, Phil?
Phil: We have no more plates :( 
Dan: What do you mean, no more plates? We have an entire set of crockery. For four people!
Phil: Well, yes, but after lunch yesterday and then you cooking that curry for dinner, we have no plates.
Dan: So... wash some up?
Phil: It's not my turn!
Dan: Seriously? I am literally about to get on the Tube...
Phil: I can't eat lunch with no plate!
Dan: Just wash up what you need, then, you spork!
Phil: Swear you'll do the rest?
Dan: Ugh, fine. Swear.
Phil: On Dil's life?
Dan: On Dil, T-Bag, Melapples and the Llama Hedge, if it'll make you happy.
Phil: Okay :)
Dan: How bad can it be?
--Phil sent an image-- Phil: Yep, THAT bad :')
Dan: Are we SURE we don't have space for a dishwasher?
Phil: Yep. There is no part of this kitchen we haven't scoured with a tape measure.
Dan: Sod it.
Phil: I know. We're doomed :
Dan: Oh my god, listen to us. First world problems, much?
Phil: :'
Dan: Anyway, I'm going to lose signal in a second, I'm about to get on the train. I should be home for dinner. We might have to eat late, though, since I have to tackle Mount Dish beforehand.
Phil: Okay, Bear. Stay safe :)
Dan: Wow, every time?
Phil: I worry.
Dan: I know. Yes, Dad, I will ;)
Phil: Don- oh, I give up. You're impossible, Dan Howell. See you tonight.
Dan: Ah, Philly! I love you too ;'}
Movie Night

Chapter Summary

They finally agreed on a film!

Sofa boundaries and popcorn distribution, though? Those are more grey areas.

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #3 xxx

I've just watched Kingsman for the millionth time... I'm afraid I couldn't resist.

That reminds me- I need to update my Kingsman series too, thinking about it! <3

"I can't believe we actually agreed for once." Phil says dozily, stretching out a little further across the sofa cushions. His socks are as horrifically mismatched as ever, one neon orange, one white with little cartoon lions on it. They seem further away than usual, for some reason.

Dan wrestles the popcorn out of his grip and grabs a handful. His hair is sticking up in odd places and his shirt says something unrepeatable, but it's a Friday night in the Howlter household. This is all usual. "Huh. Well, Kingsman is an epic film, why wouldn't we choose it?"

"Touché."

"The only problem," Phil continues, trying to encroach subtly into Dan's personal space without him noticing, "Is that this film tugs on my heart strings so much that they'll snap like party poppers before long."

"Party poppers don't snap, Phil, they pop. You know, party POPPERS." Dan points out, rolling his eyes. Phil sighs, and looks vaguely sheepish. "Whatever. You know what I mean."

"Yeah, it gets you emotionally invested and then takes it all away- get your feet off my sofa cushion!"

Phil backs away at Dan's dramatic outrage and retreats to his own portion of the sofa. He rests at a safe distance, as gauged by 'how far Dan can reach to revenge-tickle'. Lessons learned, and all that.

"I think we need more popcorn." Dan glances down at the bowl in his lap. "Yeah, we do."

"Was that you volunteering to get up and make it?" Phil teases. He fully expects to have to make it himself, but Dan rolls his eyes, and heaves himself up to do as he's bidden.

Phil has a long minute of not focusing on the film out of sheer amazement. Onscreen, Eggsy is showing off to Harry that he's trained JB to sit. A tiny smile creeps slowly onto Phil's face at the inevitable comparison.
Hey, maybe Dan's better trained than he thought!
The Shopping List (Cereal And Frustration)

Chapter Summary

Organised? These two?

Haha.

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #4 xxx

10 to go! :)

Phil: Do we need anything else whilst I'm here?
Dan: Er... Hold on, I'm cupboard checking ;)
Phil: You write the shopping list, why don't you check the cupboards as you go along?
Dan: Effort.
Phil: You're so frustrating :/
Dan: You love me!
Phil: Yeah, but you're frustrating.
Dan: :)
Dan: Did I put cereal on the list?
Phil: No. Which kind do you want?
Dan: Pick something you don't like. I want it to last!
Phil: Hey!
Dan: Come on, you eat all my cereal.
Phil: I'm getting Cheerios, and you can just like it. Satisfied?
Dan: Yeah, they'll do. How long are you going to be? We could get a new gaming video in before tonight, I think.
Phil: About half an hour. Get everything set up ready, and we can crack on when I get in :)
Dan: Right. Hurry up with my cereal, slave :)
Phil: I'm going to eat it on the way home, just for that.
Dan: TOUCH MY CEREAL, FEEL MY FIST
Phil: Okay, okay! I've bought some chocolate too.
Dan: Consider yourself redeemed. Hurry home!
Phil: Alright, won't be long. Speak soon :)
Dan: Laters, Philly <3
Oceans Thirteen

Chapter Summary

Dan ruins Oceans Thirteen for Phil.

(Yes, this film is badass! x)

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #5 xxx

Dan: Hey, how's the family gathering?
Phil: Good thanks, just watching Ocean's Thirteen with my parents :)
Dan: I love that film, it's badass!
Phil: Yep. I've seen it so many times now. Who's your favourite character?
Dan: I don't know! That's too difficult, I need to evaluate my life choices before I can answer that. You?
Phil: Ah, Rusty. It's funny how he's always got something in his mouth :)
Dan: Yeah, like Danny Ocean, I bet
Phil: DANIEL JAMES HOWELL
Dan: What? You were totally thinking it!
Phil: I was not! :0
Dan: Sure thing... Have fun, Lion. Try not to think about the fanfiction x
Phil: Ugh Bear, my mum is asking me why I'm blushing
Dan: Haha!!! Don't throw up
Phil: Catch you later, you spoon. Try not to run up too big an electricity bill, please <3
Dan: *turns on all the lights and appliances* Byeeeeeeeee
Phil: *sigh*
The Sock Hero

Chapter Summary

Dan, Rioja, socks.

Need I say more?

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #6 xxx

I've had a glass of red tonight myself, cubs, and this came to me. I hope you're liking spam week so far!

And also, to Connie and Beth- 5. Find them all and you can pick the topic of tomorrow's updates xxx

Dan sighs, and grabs another sock off the living room table. 7 and counting.

He's playing a game he invented a couple of months ago, "Sock Roulette". It basically involves him roaming the flat and retrieving the millions of socks Phil has left around the place, and rewarding himself with a glass of wine for every five he finds.

Honestly, the weight of the socks he's currently carrying almost makes him bend his back like the Hunchback of Notre Dame. It's insane that Phil even finds socks to wear in the mornings!

He can see it now. Dan Howell, sock collector of his generation. "He was our champion", the eulogy would say, "He collected all the socks".

...Maybe he should ease off the wine for now.

Regardless, there's a white one sock in his left hand right now with a silver star on the heel, and one in his right that is a vile green wool. It's ridiculous, they just spawn somehow under the furniture.

He's had these conversations with Phil before. 'Forget it' seems to be his response every time his flatmate apologises, because it doesn't seem to matter after three glasses of Rioja.

After all, when listing reasons to rage at Phil, Dan would be lost without his top item.

It would always be the socks.
An Existential Bath

Chapter Summary

A lot of deep conversations pass through the Howlter bathroom door. Tonight is no exception.

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #7 xxx

I hope you're liking this so far, cubs- I can't believe how many chapters this work has accumulated since last July. Crazy stuff xx

Enjoy! Xx

"Phil," Dan says through the bathroom door, sounding thoughtful, "What is the meaning of life?"

"Bear, I'm in the bath." Phil replies a little wearily. "I don't know. 42?"

Dan slides his back down the door and sits on the floor, leaning against it. His black jumper crumples against his stomach, proving more comfortable than he had imagined it being. Bringing his knees up to his chest as an afterthought, Dan takes a deep breath and tries not to focus on how cliché this all seems.

"Nice reference, you spork, but I'm not buying it. Think about it," he continues, determined to get some sort of answer. "Doesn't it just fascinate you? The endless quest for meaning?"

"Endless quest for a quiet soak..." Phil mutters under his breath.

Dan rolls his chestnut eyes and thumps the door gently in protest. "Heard that. There are so many suggestions, who knows which is right? Maybe the human race never will."

Phil pauses for a long second before he replies. Dan takes the opportunity to wonder if he'll ever manage to give his flatmate an existential crisis too.

"Don't know, Bear. Maybe."

"Besides, life is all about the journey, right?"

"Yes," Phil agrees, giving up. "So who cares what the ending is meant to be? We all create our own stories."

The sound of water shifting and a pair of bare feet hitting the floor makes Dan smile. "Sorry. Have I disturbed you that much?"

"No, the water is cold now anyway." Phil assures him, over the clink of the towel ring hitting the wall.

"Oh, good." Dan says. There is a long, almost-but-not-quite awkward silence.

As per usual, Dan fills it.
"Lion, do you want a coffee?"
Takeaway (The Wifi)

Chapter Summary

Dan, Phil, PJ and Chris mull over the complexities of life without wifi.

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #8 xxx

Over halfway there now! Xx :)

Group Chat: The Phantastic Foursome
---
Dan: Oh my god
Phil: What?
Chris: You okay, Dan??
Dan: The wifi is down
PJ: And the world ends... :)
Dan: Shut up! This is serious!!!
Chris: And where are you in all this, Lester?
Phil: I'm standing in the fish and chip shop, waiting for our dinner. Is it properly down, Dan, or just a bad connection? What happened?
Dan:... I tripped over a wire :(
PJ: You are the clumsiest person alive! :)
Chris: Except maybe Phil? I swear he's done this exact same thing before now.
PJ: Oh, of course ;)
Phil: Yeah, yeah, laugh it out, guys. Okay, Bear, can you see where the wire has come from?
Dan: Nope :(
PJ: Have you uploaded your videos for tonight?
Dan: No, hence the crisis!
Chris: Is it beyond repair?
Phil: Hold on, Bear, I've just got dinner, I won't be long.
PJ: Dinner and salvation are at hand! In rides Amazingphil, the night in shining armour, to rescue the Dan-zel in distress... :)
Chris: Nice one. Can you imagine if the fangirls saw this???
Phil: Put it on Twitter at your peril
Dan: I swear I will unfriend you IRL
PJ: ...Okay, well, I'm going to leave you to your lack of Internet and have some dinner myself.
Good luck :)
Chris: Me too. That and I'm scared for my life... Bye, you complete pair of spoons :)
PJ: Ha, we're friends with two spoons!
---
Dan barred PJ from the chat
---
Dan barred Chris from the chat
---
Dan: That's better. Hurry home, Lion. I'm starved of both traditional British food and Internet access...
Phil: I'm on my way <3
"Dan..." Phil says conversationally, turning from the bus window to face his flatmate in the adjoining seat. Dan glances up warily from his iPhone. Experience has taught him to fear that tone of voice. "Yeah?"
"Do you think I should get a tattoo?"

Dan's mouth drops open, as he studies Phil's face carefully for the merest twinkle of amusement, just a little sign to show him that it's okay to laugh. Surely. Surely he's joking.

"I'm not joking." Phil says in his most helpful tone. "I was just thinking about our punk edits video."
"Please don't get a sleeve." Dan says, somewhat desperately. This situation already seems too out of control for his liking. Phil nods, deep in thought. "I won't. But just a small one? Maybe on my neck?"

Dan mentally rifles through his drawer of polite 'no' statements, and finds nothing appropriate.

Phil, you are nowhere near gangster enough to pull off a tattoo.
Phil, please just say you're kidding.
Phil, that's ridiculous.

"I think you're too adorable for a tattoo, personally. But get one if it'll make you happy." he says finally, wondering just how horrifically tacky Phil is prepared to be with this idea. Knowing him, it'll be horrendous...

Phil just smirks.

"What?" Dan asks, narrowing his eyes. The trademark covering-the-mouth-snickering Phil Lester laugh rings out through the bus, causing the rest of the people on board to stare at them. Nothing new, really. "WHAT, Phil?" Dan repeats.

"You... thought I was... serious!" Phil finally choked out, tears streaming from his bright blue eyes.

You have GOT to be kidding.

Wordlessly, Dan just goes back to his phone, and settles down to a nice relaxing game of Candy
Crush.
Cotton Candy

Chapter Summary

Irrelevant food banter with Phan. Why not? ‘:)

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #10 xxx

Dan: Why do Americans call it cotton candy?
Phil: Sorry, what? :)
Dan: I don't know, I've just never thought about it before. We call it candy-floss, why do they call it cotton candy?
Phil:... Because it looks like spun cotton, I would guess?
Dan: It doesn't really...
Phil: I'm clutching at straws here, Bear, I don't have a clue ;'
Dan: It's strange, isn't it, how we have different words for things? How our cultures have evolved in different directions?
Phil: Yeah. Like chips and crisps.
Dan: Or sweets and candy. :)
Phil: Have you noticed that this started out seriously and now all we're talking about is food?...
Dan: Does it really surprise you?
Phil: Nope. Not at all! ;'
Dan: Me neither ;)
Phil: I'm actually really hungry now though.
Dan: Me too!
"Phil!" Dan shouts from the hallway, closing the front door behind him with the usual violent slam. The neighbours have long since given up tutting when they see him. "Are you still here?"
"Yeah!" Phil calls back, padding into view in his pyjamas. Dan double takes, his mouth dropping open comically. "Phil!
Phil looked down reflexively, as if checking he hadn't grown an extra limb or something. Dan's expression was horrified cough to merit it. "What?"
"It's 4pm!"
"And?"
Dan's voice shoots up seventeen octaves. "And- why aren't you dressed?"

"It's Friday." Phil says patiently. Dan rolls his eyes. "And?"
"The 13th!" Phil says, as if it's obvious. "I can't go outside, my horoscope is really bad for today."

"Oh." Dan says. "Right."
"Honestly, it said that I was in for bad luck." Phil grimaces, as if he can feel the pain of the inevitable face-planting already. "And with my flawless natural balance, that's all I need."
"Yeah... Well. If you're staying in, you can do some cleaning while I go to the shop, alright?"

Phil looks relieved that he's not about to be forced out the door, and nods with a strange but persuasive level of enthusiasm. "Thanks, Bear."
"No worries." Dan says fondly, despite himself. "Can't have you breaking yourself on the pavement or something, can we?"
"I hope not!" Phil laughs, turning and walking straight into the door-frame.

Typical. Dan thinks to himself, as he dashes over and helps Phil to rearrange his gangly limbs into a standing position. Just typical. Honestly, though, Phil clearly doesn't need Friday 13th to have accidents. Every day is a new adventure, threatening a possible quest to A&E.
Crazy Kids

Chapter Summary

Showing your age can sometimes come as a bit of a shock... It just sort of brings home all the responsibility! :)

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #12 xxx

Phil: Dan
Dan: Yeah?
Phil: Dan
Dan: YES?
Phil: I'm old
Dan: What??
Phil: I just used the phrase 'crazy kids' in a sentence
Dan: So??
Phil: To describe the teenager in a hoodie that had just passed me, playing terrible loud music...
Dan: Ah.
Phil: Where has my life gone???
Dan: Calm down, you're not even 30! ;)
Phil: Oh, don't...
Dan: Seriously, nothing to worry about. We're just big kids anyway, it evens out.
Phil: Promise?
Dan: Promise :) 
Phil: Thanks, Bear <3
Dan: Anytime <3
History

Chapter Summary

Dan wonders how they're going to be remembered.

Phil thinks he knows.

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #13 xxx

Dan: I've been thinking...
Phil: Oh... What about??
Dan: Do you think one day people will talk about us?
Phil: I don't know, probably. Why?
Dan: I was just thinking. Will anyone ever tell our history? These two awkward British guys who made videos? Will they remember us when YouTube is replaced by something new? Or will we just fade away?
Phil: We've written our history. TABINOF?
Dan: Yeah, I suppose.
Phil: Where did this come from??
Dan: Just wondering if we're leaving a decent legacy, is all.
Phil: We are, Bear. Millions of subscribers, creative art, fanfiction...
Dan: Even the fanfiction :)
Phil: It's all amazing, because people are inspired by what we do. That's our legacy.
Dan: Suddenly I feel like I've made a difference. How weird is that?
Phil: You know what? I really think we have :)
Dan: Bear and Lion, the beacons of creativity and weirdness.
Phil: Normalness leads to sadness. Nobody wants that.
Dan: Least of all me. Promise me we'll never stop being weird?
Phil: Promise :)
Chapter Summary

Phil has the weirdest dreams...

Chapter Notes

SPAM WEEK #14 xxx

And so ends Spam Week, cubs! I really hope you enjoyed that, and I'll be updating in a week or so. I need to catch up on my sleep!

Please comment and let me know what you thought, I'd like to make this series as good as it can be for you xxx <3

Enjoy!

Phil: Do you know where I can buy a dream catcher?
Dan: Er, no? Why?
Phil: I had another weird dream. I'm willing to try anything :')
Dan: Weirder than the one about PJ and the Queen?
Phil: Weirder.
Dan: Go on?
Phil: Don't judge me...
Dan: Would I? :)
Phil: Yes! ;)
Dan: Just tell me!!! The suspense is killing me.
Phil: I was with Caspar.
Dan: Caspar Lee?? 'With' with, or standing next to?
Phil: No, like properly with. Relationship with.
Dan: Okay??
Phil: And then I cheated on him...
Dan: With who?
Phil: ... No. With a mug of tea.
Dan: ...3
Phil: I know! It's so odd!
--- Dan sent a link ---
Phil: What's this?
Dan: Amazon, dream catchers. You really need one, get premium delivery!!
Phil: Will do, Bear. Thanks :)
Dan: You know, they say dreams are representations of our thoughts.
Phil: I don't even want to know!!!!!
The Caveman Instinct

Chapter Summary

Dan internally debates how his prehistoric ancestors may have dealt with modern life, and why he seems to have inherited exactly none of their useful genes.

Hmm.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! Xx

I hope you liked SPAM WEEK, and I figured that after a week or so having a break from this series, it was time to update again.

I'm going to endeavour to make these little scenes just a bit longer when I can, as they seem to be shrinking a bit- I do apologise for that, it was especially prevalent last week as I was so pressed for time. Clever me didn't write anything beforehand so I was writing 2 chapters a night for a week :')

Anyway- enjoy, and please comment below to let me know what you think! Xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dan blames modern society for this one.

His spine has oh, so perfectly moulded into the sofa crease, both supporting and destroying his posture. He can't decide whether it's torture or bliss, but it doesn't matter anyway because he can't be arsed to get up.

He's not naturally lazy, not at all- but why move when your laptop is on your chest, the coffee is in reach and you've had a very long week? Cavemen HAD to move, or the sabre tooth tiger would have a nice tasty meal, but these days man can just point his predators in the direction of McDonalds, and refresh Tumblr again.

Yep, it's definitely all evolution's fault.

Unfortunately, the perfect illusion he has created for himself is coming crashing down around his ears, and has been for approximately ten minutes.

Battery Low: Please Recharge

2%. Hmm.

The cushions beneath him cradle his indecision with warmth and the perfect remembrance of his limbs, begging him to stay. Dan drinks the last few sips of his coffee as he considers it. The laptop charger is on the windowsill, all the way over on the other side of the room. Effort.
It can wait, anyway. 2% isn't THAT bad.

As the 2 flashes and becomes a 1, time slows to a crawl. Now it is serious. Now Dan's suppressed caveman 'move' instincts kick in. Dan vs 1%, who will win?

As the laptop screen begins to dim, Dan fixes his eyes on the charging cable and takes a step that prehistoric man was making millions of years ago.

He leaps up- and lunges for his prey.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that! Please let me know what you thought in the comments- and if you have any ideas for future chapters, I'd love to hear them!

Have a lovely week, and try to make your ancestors proud, okay? Seize the day- ahem, charger? xxx ;)

... I'll show myself out. See you soon!
It's 3am, and despite everything, Phil can't sleep.

For Conifers, and 1am group chat sessions when Beth has often fallen asleep (not that I'm blaming you, Bethosaurus, I'm glad you have a sleep schedule!). Thanks for keeping me company, darlin xx

Phil sighs, the green and blue duvet embracing him in commiseration, and stares up at the ceiling as if it can give him an answer to the eternal question.

Why can't he sleep?

It's 3am now, every glance at the clock upsetting him further. It's a hideous feeling, looking at the red numbers and working out the maximum amount of sleep he could have if he fell asleep right this second. Ha, likely. Currently, his most optimistic estimate is four and a half hours. He's well aware that it'll probably end up being two.

It's not too hot, it's not too cold. He's not hungry or thirsty. He doesn't need the bathroom. He didn't drink coffee before bed again- that is a definite no!

But still, his wide blue eyes burn with the strain of wakefulness, and his mind whirs away on pointless and random trains of thought that definitely move away from Sleep Central Station.

Wait. What?

Who knows? His limbs ache from staying in the same position for so long but he's scared to move in case it wakes him up even more. The desire for sleep is all-consuming, stifling, and ultimately futile.

He doesn't understand how random it is, how he can have months of perfect slumber and then a night like this. Why can't he just have a regular sleep pattern like everyone else?

Or maybe other people struggle with this, too. Maybe they feel alone as well.

With a long, resigned sigh, Phil reaches over the side of his bed, pulls out his camera and flicks on the bedside light.

"Hey, guys." he begins wearily, trying to appear vaguely presentable, but so exhausted he doesn't really care. "So... I can't sleep." He manages a small, gentle Phil smile. "I wonder if you can?"
Responsibility

Chapter Summary

Dan is positive that he can be responsible!
Phil doesn't believe it for a second.

Chapter Notes

Well, I have 23 exams in about a month and I am not being "responsible" at all with my revision... Ah well, I'd rather be writing anyway. I hope you enjoy this, cubs! Xxx <3

"So," Phil says from the sofa, trying not to sound overly smug, "Exactly how long have you had to fill out these forms?" Dan pauses in his left-handed scrawl for a second and gives him a frantic glare. Noting the the smudge of black ink on his flatmate's forehead, Phil shakes his own head with unmistakable fondness.

"Five weeks." Dan says, crossing a 't' with no small amount of satisfaction. "But I've been busy. Responsibility doesn't just mean this lot, Phil," (he gestures around at the carnage of papers and envelopes) "It means sorting yourself out, not relying on others."

"Busy doing what?" Phil laughs. Dan looks mildly offended, and starts trying to prove his case, all the while filling in a frighteningly responsible-looking form. Dan probably couldn't say for sure, but he thinks it spawned from one of those weird brownish envelopes that competent adults seem to use.

"Well. Making videos..." he offers.
Phil coughs. "Watching anime."
"Er. Tidying the flat..."
Phil coughs again. "Shoving things behind the radiator."
"Oh... getting my life in order..." Dan tries weakly. Phil practically chokes at the words. "You mean you've been procrastinating, Dan!"

"I have not been procrastinating!" Dan says indignantly, finally putting down his pen to stare Phil down with a chocolate gaze of betrayal. "Sorry, sorry," Phil amends, "I meant 'allocating your time to other things'. Responsibly, of course."
"Better. Now, if you'll excuse me," Dan stands up and tucks his chair back under the paper-strewn table, trying not to trip over his own feet. "I am going to the toilet."

"Don't bring your phone with you!" Phil shouts at his retreating back. "These forms have to be in by tomorrow, and you'll lose four hours to Candy Crush! Be responsible with what little time you've got left to fill all this in, Dan!"
"Yeah, yeah, I will. I can be responsible, I'm an adult." Dan mutters, sauntering off as if he doesn't
have a care in the world (ha, as if).

Phil has the last laugh, though. Of course. When he's fast asleep at 3am, Dan's still "responsibly" filing his tax returns.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment and let me know what you thought- kudos are always appreciated too! xxx

Now... I hope we've all learnt a valuable lesson here.

Never trust brown envelopes.

Have a great day, cubs xxx ;)


Never Shout Never

Chapter Summary

Dan has a shower and reflects on his life so far.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry about how long it's taking me to update at the minute, cubs- I'm studying for 22 exams at the moment so I'm knackered, but I'll do my best to be relatively frequent over the next two months or so.

Anyway, this chapter is inspired by the song Simplistic Trance-Like Getaway by Never Shout Never. It's a beautiful song and right now it's helping to get me through. Thank you to Charlotte for constantly improving my music taste ;) xx

Enjoy! Xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The shower was warm on his skin, almost like summer rain, tapping at his back as if it was eager to tell him something. Dan sighs, and rolls his shoulders against the spray.

Scents of freshness and some weird mineral shower gel fill the air in the bathroom, dispersing with the steam, clinging to the mirror. It's moments like this that Dan starts to contemplate reality, but usually in a way that doesn't scare him half to death.

He can remember doing this as a teenager. Standing (sometimes sitting, hugging his legs) in the shower, dreaming of the day that he could leave and start his own life. Now he has done it, left for a new beginning, he can spend his shower philosophy time reminiscing on what has come before.

He recalls feeling trapped at home with his family, and just laughs gently. At the time, it had seemed like the end of the world- and to a 16 year old it probably was- but he hadn't realised just how different it would be once he had to do his own laundry. Spreading wings is all well and good but going commando because you've run out of clean underwear is never fun.

Well, never mind. It's still great, being able to get up when you like, and eat what you fancy. Being able to slob around in pyjamas all day without being nagged is cool too, but Phil pulls out this look sometimes, as if to say 'don't waste another whole day'. On those days, Dan finds himself suddenly compelled to put proper trousers on.

Yeah, having a flatmate is epic, Dan muses as he reaches for the shampoo. He absentmindedly lathers up his mental hobbit hair as his mind rambles. Always someone watching your back, never being lonely, sharing everything. Plus, it means that there's someone to emotionally blackmail him into going outside once in a while. The upside is that it's Phil, so they really don't have to go outside that often!
Satisfied, Dan swills off the shampoo, water cascading down his scalp, and takes stock of himself. His skin is starting to wrinkle, like the sticky dates (how they class as fruit he'll never know) that his mum buys at Christmas. That brings him nicely into ageing. It only seems like yesterday that he was 16. That version of himself is still close enough to reach out for, and sometimes his fingertips seem to skim the edges of young Dan as if he could get his attention somehow. Spread some wisdom and whatever.

"Dan?" Phil shouts from the hallway, bringing him back to reality. "Are you okay? You've been in there for an hour and a half!"
"Yeah! I'll be out in a minute!" he calls back, reaching out and scrawling his name on the mirror condensation with one finger. Every time.

As Dan grabs his towel and shuts off the water, a few lines of a really old song pop into his head, and he smiles as if he's in on a joke. Wrapping himself up and opening the bathroom door, he saunters to his bedroom, humming happily to himself.

"It don't have to be a place to stay, just a simplistic trance-like getaway, honey let's just go..."

The realisation always hits Dan in that shower. His "getaway" has turned into a simplistic, trance-like life.

And he loves it.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs! Xxx

If any of you feel trapped where you are right now, I truly understand how you feel. I'm counting down the seconds until I can leave home :)

Just please hold your head up, and one day you'll have your own simplistic trance-like getaway, I promise. There's happiness around the corner for each and every one of you.

Have a good day, and if you ever need anyone to talk to, I'm here xxx
The Return Of The Cat

Chapter Summary

Phil never remembers to close the kitchen window, and now both he and Dan must face the consequences.

Chapter Notes

As requested by Kona- I hope you like this! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Phil, why is this whole flat freezing?" Dan hollers, stomping towards the kitchen in a tantrum that would be ridiculous even if he wasn't a 6ft3 man in his early twenties. "Could it be because you've LEFT THE BLOODY WINDOW OPEN AGAIN, perhaps?"
"...Sorry!" Phil's plaintive moan drifts out of the living room door. Dan rolls his eyes and throws open the kitchen door on his window-closing quest.

And freezes.

Literally and metaphorically.

"Meow." the black cat says, eyeing the defrosting bacon Dan left on the side earlier, earmarked for dinner. The silky smooth movements of a trained hunter seem almost entrancing to the YouTuber, who blinks a couple of times and then tries to get a grip.

"Oh my... It's you again...!" Dan whispers, not daring to move. The cat pads across the top of the cooker once again- yay, another night of deep-cleaning the kitchen- and starts to nibble at the least frozen bits of the meat.
"Phil!" Dan hisses towards the open doorway behind him. "Phil! Get in here!"
The sofa creaks as Phil heaves himself up, saying loudly, "I said I was sorry, what- OH."

Dan glares at his flatmate. "Stand still and shhh!" he says quietly. Phil does as he's told.
"We need to get rid of him." the older man points out gently. "He can't stay, he'll eat Lester. Not to mention dinner."

The cat happily ignores them both and continues to eat, tail swishing from side to side.

"He's been here before." Dan explains, ignoring him. "Last time you left the window open. It's the same cat."
"Are you sure?" Phil looks skeptical. "There's a lot of stray cats in London, Dan."
"Look at the scar above his eye." Dan says in carefully hushed tones. "It's definitely him."

"What is it?" Phil asks, after an awkward pause. "There's something you're not telling me, isn't there?"
"He just... there's something about him. I don't know, but... it's like he knows things, Phil. Like he
could understand me when I spoke to him last time."
"You spoke to him?"
"...Yeah."
"There must be a reason that he came back, Phil, think of how many houses in London he could have climbed into, and he chose ours. Twice." Phil knows better than to argue, and besides, he's admittedly intrigued by now. Dan comes up with some really interesting theories sometimes. "Okay, well, what do you want to do then?" he asks, glancing at the cat.
"We'll have to get him out of here," Dan decides, looking a bit sad, "But maybe we could leave some food out for him, on the windowsill? Just now and again?"

There are a lot of things Phil wants to stay, but he settles on "okay", so as not to hurt Dan's feelings.

So, taking care not to scare him, they shepherd the cat out of the window and bleach the counter-tops, just in case.

But that night, long after the city is slumbering and the starts are blanketing the sky, a certain black feline enjoys the rest of a plate of defrosted bacon. Courtesy of the Howlter residence.

Chapter End Notes

I have no idea if the cat will crop up again- maybe not- but if he does, does anybody have an idea of what he could be named? We've had Howell the hamster, and his son Lester the hamster- what do you reckon Dan and Phil would call their occasional visitor? He'll certainly stay wild, but I think I'd quite like to see him featured again later, even if it's just a brief mention.

Black male cat, white scar above his eye, very good at fending for himself. I sound like I'm advertising him on a dating website or something, but you get the idea!

Anyway. Let me know in the comments what you thought, cubs, and of course any name suggestions. Have a great day! <3
Not Always

Chapter Summary

So Phil is "the happy one". He likes that title, and he does his best to match it.

But it doesn't work every time- not always.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this isn't exactly a happy chapter, cubs, but I can't do it today.

So this writing isn't exactly great, and I feel like shit. Sorry for the language, but there are no other words I could find to sum that up.

I'm really struggling at the minute, cubs. I don't get on with most of my family and after the row I've had tonight, I feel completely worthless. I think I'm trapped in this endless cycle of feeling fine, walking through the front door and my mood just going through the floor. I turn 18 in two years, and then I can leave. On days like today it seems like a lifetime away.

I know this is going to sound really needy- and god knows, I won't be asking like this again- but please leave a comment. If you only ever leave one, please make it this chapter.

This is me officially reaching out to you guys. I wouldn't ask if I didn't feel like I needed to, if I didn't know you could all make me happy. Every time I get an email telling me you've commented, I smile. I truly need some smiles today.

I haven't seen my best friends in two days and already I miss them so much that I ache. I suppose I just want to feel like I'm not alone.

I love you all. Sorry for moaning.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Phil sighs deeply, and puts his toothbrush down. His reflection stares at him, bright blue eyes scrutinising his own face, judging him silently.

I'm meant to be the happy one. Why am I not okay today?

He rolls his shoulders and tries to relax. The white, lion embellished t-shirt he chose to wear seems too bright and cheerful for his current mood, somehow.

It's okay, I don't need to be happy all the time, everyone has bad days.

Maybe it's the ones who seem the happiest that have the "nonexistent" problems, Phil muses, combing through his fringe with his fingers. He's just not having a good morning for some reason,
he's not on cloud nine and he doesn't want to have to pretend to be.

I am allowed to be sad. That's okay.

He spends all his time trying to make other people happy, he knows this. It's kind of his thing. Plus, watching them smile is wonderful. But sometimes, just sometimes, he wishes other people thought exactly like he did. The world would be a better place, and probably implode within three weeks, but that time would be really epic.

What he's really wishing for is a psychic, which isn't fair. His friends are always amazing, they can usually tell when he's sad and they're there if he wants to talk, whenever he needs them. He gets the odd spontaneous present and he's always greeted with a hug.

All he really wants now is for someone to work out- and he doesn't know himself, so it'd be an achievement- what it's going to take for him to feel alright today.

Never mind, Phil says to himself, forcing a smile onto his face. These moods never last long, not like Dan's week-long crises. A quick spritz of dry shampoo, a splash of cold water on his face, and he'll be fine.

Against the odds, he finds a tiny shred of hope, as he clutches the bathroom door handle and goes to face the world.

"Tomorrow will be better." Phil mutters reassuringly to himself, padding along the hallway towards Dan and the coffee machine. "It always is."

Chapter End Notes

Forgive my rambling, cubs. I'll be cheerful next update if it kills me.

I hope you have a great day, and against the odds I hope you did enjoy that chapter somehow.

I love you all <3
To See The Dawn

Chapter Summary

Dan is still awake, thinking deeply... And then London wakes up, too.

Chapter Notes

Hello, again, cubs.

So I'm still not perfect. Far from it. But... I think I'm going to be okay.

It's been a really tough couple of months. Bad news, stress, death... I don't know, I suppose it feels like it was all chasing me around, as if I was attracting everything that was hurting.

Regardless of how sad I feel, I know that I am not alone. Thank you all for your help. You've done more for me than I can say xxx

The nights are still dark, cubs. But I believe that I will live to see the dawn xxx <3

The laptop winked, and told him that it was far too late to go to sleep.

Dan sighed heavily, and stood up, stretching his spine. It cracked gently as he tried to force it back into a normal shape, having moulded to the sofa over the past three hours. He was oh, so weary, but this would have to be another all-nighter. By the time he was in bed, it would be time to get up and face the day.

He was feeling strangely philosophical- even by his own standards. Despite scrolling through Tumblr, his mind had been elsewhere, flickering through memories and days he'd left behind.

Some were sad, like his hamster escaping. Some were fucking awful, the many nights spent crying into his pillow. But some were better. Retweets from Phil, subscribers hugging him, Nick Jonas hugging him (couldn't really beat that), and the day that he woke up and realised that he would probably be okay.

The living room curtains were drawn, but a beautiful light was pouring underneath them, like liquid rubies cascading down the window ledge and saturating the carpet. Or perhaps blood, torn from the invisible wounds that the world had given him. Hey, maybe the sky was blushing.

Dan padded over the the curtains, taking care not to make any noise that might wake Phil, and reached out one trembling hand. He grasped the edge of the fabric, threw the curtains wide open-
And gasped.

London was just beginning to come to life, the black cabs stirring from their slumber, other
shutters just beginning to open, the odd person milling around on the streets. The whole scene was bathed in the amber light. That's what it was, amber, like his bedside lamp, his comfort in the darkness.

The street lamps were dim now, heads bowed like they'd finally clocked off the might shift and nodded off. Dull grey pavement were sparkling gently, wearing the last of the overnight rain. Puddles were glistening everywhere. It was humbling, to watch the awesome beauty of the simplest scene.

Dan briefly remembered GCSE geography and smiled. Puddles were also called depression storage. Maybe that's why he liked them so much.

Something inside his chest seemed to grow a little warmer. Smiling, he turned away from the window, ready for the day.

Chapter End Notes

I love you all xxx
"It's really nice here, isn't it?" Dan said happily, dipping a piece of bread into the oil in the middle of the table. Phil took another bite of his pizza and grins. "Yeah, really authentic. I like all the beams on the ceiling, it makes the place feel like a home rather than a business."
"I can't believe we've had a really nice pizzeria down the road for three years and never tried it!"
"Even though the pizza could make you ill?" Dan asked carefully. It was a touchy subject. Luckily, Phil just sighed. "Lactose intolerant, not dying. And it probably won't make me ill, I just have to be careful about what's in it. Worst comes to the worst, it's worth a tummy ache!"
Dan just nodded. "Agreed."

Phil chewed, deep in thought, for a moment. "Hey, would you ever go to Italy again?"
"Are you kidding?" Dan asked in amazement. "I'd love to! The culture, the sights..."
"... The food?"
Dan shot Phil a glare, shaking his head at the brightness of his flatmate's eyes. "You are an uncultured swine, Philip Lester."
"Maybe. But this uncultured swine is paying this evening."
"Have I told you I loved you yet today?"

Phil burst out laughing, prompting several diners to glare at them. He didn't seem to care, noted Dan with no small degree of surprise. It was usually Phil who got the most embarrassed in public, but sometimes he really did come out of his shell. It was heartwarming, a privilege even, to be around him when he was like this.

"So. Going back to Italy and Japan... Anywhere new you want to go?" Phil continued, cheeks flushing ever so slightly. Aha, Dan thought with a small smile. "Well, I really fancy Belgium."
"Ooh, waffles!" Phil's face lit up.
"Yep, waffles. Maybe Germany too. I've always fancied Berlin."

"Maybe France?"
"Yeah, Paris sounds nice. Expensive though."
Phil rolled his eyes. "Stop being practical, I'm daydreaming. How about Monaco?"
Dan spluttered around his mouthful of wine. "Phil!" he gasped, trying to retain his dignity with red wine dribbling from his nose. "As if we have that kind of money. Shut up and eat your pizza!"

Phil smirked around another mouthful. Maybe one day, he thought.

Maybe one day.
Phil: Did I do something wrong earlier?
Dan: What? When?
Phil: When we were eating breakfast...
Dan: No, not at all. Why, what's the matter?
Phil: This is going to sound stupid
Dan: Tell me, it's fine
Phil: Well... You rolled your eyes
Dan: I was looking at the TV, just watching the news and laughing at that thing about the latest celebrity injunction. I thought you were too tbh
Phil: Oh!
Dan: Aw, you were really worried there, weren't you?
Phil: Yeah... I just sometimes get a bit paranoid that I'm annoying you, and you aren't telling me
Dan: Why would I do that, you spoon???
Phil: I don't know, to spare my feelings?
Dan: Alright, alright, how about if you're annoying me I'll say so, and you do the same for me?
Phil: Okay :)
Dan: Feeling better?
Phil: Much. Thanks, Bear :)
Dan: No problem, Philly. Don't forget to smile
Phil: :))
Dan: Aw, it has a double chin, it looks like me
Phil: :))))))
Dan: Ugh rude. Hey, Phil, you're annoying me
Phil: Haha, love you too! :P
Chapter Summary

Phil is left in charge of ordering the online shopping. What could possibly go wrong?

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs!

I'm sorry it's taken me so long to update, I'm in the middle of sitting 22 exams right now so life is pretty hectic! I hope it's worth the wait.

Thank you so much to everybody who helped to cheer me up- I love you all so much. I'm feeling a lot better now- slumps do happen, but knowing I have such amazing people around me helps more than I can say xxx <3

Finally- I can't believe it, but Two Spoons is turning 1 year old in August. Which is crazy. I feel like such a proud parent! So, I'd like to celebrate somehow- and I'd like to know what you guys would like. I could do a sort of little side-fic, like the Halloween one, or update more frequently for a period of time, or do a special chapter- just suggest anything, let me know in the comments, and I'll see what we can come up with!

Love you all xxxxx

The doorbell rang, as per usual on a Monday morning. Dan ignored it, knowing it was the shopping being delivered, and waited for Phil to collect it. It was his turn, regardless of what he tried to say in protest. Their rota system of who had to walk downstairs was not exactly a solution to their laziness issues. Or their arguments. They never really followed it, and the excuses they tried to use were often mildly ridiculous.

A couple of minutes passed, and Dan stayed sitting on the living room floor, sorting out the contents of their shelves. The front door closed, Phil's feet thudded on the stairs. To Dan's surprise, as he listened carefully, Phil made three round trips from the front door. Did we order that much? he mused. Abruptly, there was silence. Dan had a sudden rush of unease. He had learned to trust his instincts when it came to Phil being silent, and called in measured tones, "Phil? Was that the shopping?"

"Yes. Hey," Phil said carefully, walking into the room at the speed of a dead snail. "I... Erm." "What?" Dan looked up from perusing their DVD collection. Phil's expression immediately made his eyebrows rocket into hiding behind his slightly curling hairline. "What did you break?" he asked in a half-joking tone. Please not my phone, he thought, remembering it sitting on the kitchen table after they'd eaten breakfast. The one day he'd actually put his phone down...

Phil fiddled with his hands. He looked genuinely upset, which was ever so slightly heartbreaking.
Dan noticed the misery in his flatmate's blue eyes and heaved himself off the floor. "Hey," he said softly, walking over to Phil. "Whatever it is, I won't be mad."
"Promise?" Phil sounded like a complete child, which somehow melted Dan's heart into a puddle of unconditional forgiveness. "Yeah. Promise." he agreed.
"I mucked up the online shopping order."

They stared at each other.

Phil still looked scared, but Dan couldn't help himself. He just laughed out loud, a sort of goose-falling-down-the-stairs snort. "Oh, is that all?" he wheezed between gasps. "Wow, Philly, I thought you'd smashed everything I owned or something- the look on your face!"
"I... I went to type in 3 boxes of cereal and I think I mashed the keys..."
Dan was still relieved. "Calm down, it's fine. How bad can it be? It's just cereal."
"Yeah..." Phil still didn't look happy. "Well... come and see."

Dan followed the older man into the kitchen with a strange sense of foreboding.

Seconds later, a surprised gasp echoed through the flat, accompanied by a disbelieving "MOTHERF- that is a lot of cereal!"

Reflecting back on it later, Dan could find a more positive note. Phil had no need to steal Dan's cereal for the rest of the month- he had 13 boxes of his own to use up!
For One Door To Open, Another Must Close

Chapter Summary

Dan and Phil get into the topic of secondary education, and how everything seemed to change way back then.

Chapter Notes

Hello again, cubs xxx

So I only have about 7 exams left (hooray!) and you find me in a very philosophical mood. Today I had a Leavers Assembly at my school, because in less than a month my year officially leaves school and either goes to college or stays to do Sixth Form (if you don't know what that is, it's kind of like college but you stay at a secondary school).

I'm staying at my current school to do my A-Levels, but... Today I said goodbye to so many people, not knowing if I'll ever see them again. Hell, I'm 17 in about 6 months!

I think what I'm really trying to say, cubs, is that when I wasn't looking... I think I grew up xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Do you ever wish you could speak a foreign language?" Phil asks reflectively, scanning through the cardboard box in front of him. "Not really. Why?" Dan replies, not glancing up from Tumblr. "My mum gave me this box, she found it in the attic. It's got a load of my secondary school stuff in it. My old German exercise book is here, although I can't really remember any of it."

"Phil, I speak all the foreign languages I'll ever need." Dan says, with a little smirk that makes Phil simultaneously want to grin back and punch his flatmate in the face. Regardless, his Bear commences his list. "Pizza, pasta, burrito, taco, sushi..."

"Yeah, yeah. Speaking of which," Phil interrupts, giving up on culture and his sorting in a single moment, "What do you want for dinner?"
"We could order pizza?" The hope is extremely obvious in Dan's voice. Phil shrugs, because who can be bothered to cook on a Thursday night? Certainly not him. "Sure. I'll ring up in a minute."

Dan looks at him for a long moment, and Phil breaks the stare almost embarrassedly. "What?" he asks.
"What's up, Philly?" Dan says, narrowing his chocolate eyes, staring right into Phil's lion-shaped little soul. The older man sighs, squirming slightly under the intense scrutiny. "Just remembering my secondary school days, that's all."

"Bleugh." Dan makes a choking noise that is so convincing, Phil glances at him in alarm. Undeterred, Howell carries on. "Phil, I don't know what yours was like, but my experience of
secondary school was so..." He makes the noise again. "Yeah. Well, I know, but I can remember loads of really good friends I met that I never speak to anymore. It was all new beginnings and goodbyes, and I hate goodbyes."

Dan looks at him, and suddenly heaves himself out of his sofa crease, lumbering over to sit on the floor next to his flatmate. Phil watches in mild amusement as Dan wrestles with his long limbs, gets himself comfortable, and then replies. "You know what they say, Philly- for one door to open, another has to close? Well, that's what it was. You couldn't have gone to uni unless you'd got your A-Levels and left secondary school."
"I suppose..."
"And uni was fun, wasn't it?"

Phil deadpans, pushing his fringe out of his eye. Mental note, he thinks: book a haircut.

"I cannot believe you just said that, Dan." he finally chuckles out loud. "You, praising university?"
"Alright, alright, fun for you at least. Just because it wasn't for me!"
"I enjoyed it, yeah."
"See?" Dan pats Phil's shoulder soothingly. To anyone else, the gesture might seem a bit awkward, but to them it's as fluid and natural as breathing. "One door closes, another door opens."

Phil reaches for his phone. "Thanks, Bear. What would I do without you?"
"Spontaneously combust." Dan's trademark smirk is back. "No problem, Philly, any time."
"I'm really glad we ended up being flatmates." Phil says. Dan nods, clearly deep in thought. "Me too. I don't know what I'd be doing right now if we hadn't got to know each other, but I bet it wouldn't be anywhere near as fun."

Their philosophical, loving moment is totally ruined by the cavernous rumble of Dan's stomach. They meet each other's eye and burst out laughing.

That's just who they are for the next few minutes, Dan and Phil, rolling around on the carpet and giggling helplessly. There are doors opening and closing all around them, their lives are still changing as much as they did back in their teenage years, but for some reason they are completely unaware of it.

Maybe one day.

Phil smiles weakly, finally getting his breath back. "Someone's hungry. Pizza?"
"Yes, please. Pizza sounds good!" Dan agrees. He catches himself mentally counting his blessings, and takes the time to run through the list. Right there, at the very top of the mental compilation, is a pair of simple words.

'Phil Lester'
You're all inspirations to me, I'm so glad that I bit the bullet and joined this site!

And remember, cubs, above all: I love you all so much. I don't have the words for what you all mean to me, so instead I will propose a toast. Here's to the future *raises glass* xxxxx
What You Mean To Me

Chapter Summary

Maybe it's not events that make good memories.
Maybe it's people.

Chapter Notes

I'm aware this is getting a bit philosophical, cubs, so I've tried to pull it back with some more fluffy content :')

Well, I'm alive, and my last exam is on Tuesday (I've already sat 21 of them, which sounds impossible to me, but somehow I have). I apologise for how short this one is, and I'll update with a really good chapter soon, I promise.

As a final thought, does anyone have a request for a chapter? Platonic Phan fluff, please, if only for the sake of inkeeping with the last 60-odd chapters. If you ever have anything you want to see, please let me know, I'm happy to oblige. Especially if you just need cheering up after a bad day or something :)

I love you all! Stay safe, you beautiful people <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Howlter Chat
---------------------
D: Hey, Philly
P: Dan? You're literally in the next room. Why are you messaging me???
D: Because this would be weird if I said it to your face.
P: *tension builds*
D: Shut up, you llama. Um... have I ever told you how great you are?
P: Er. No? Why, what's up?
D: Nothing, I just... Well, I was just thinking about life, trying to avoid an existential crisis. And then I remembered meeting you for the first time, all the late night chats and laughter. It just hit me that the best years of my life have been the ones I've spent with you.
P: Oh, Dan. I could say the same thing :) You're an idiot, but you make me laugh, and you've introduced me to so many incredible things, given me so many opportunities. My life would be so much more grey without you.
D: We're getting soppy in our old age, aren't we? :')
P: Speak for yourself! I'm in the prime of life.
D: Yeah... You're way older than me.
P: Whatever! Moment's gone, then ;)
D: :P
D: Apparently. Can you find the case for Mario Kart while you're upstairs? I can't be bothered to
P: Okay. I love you too, you complete spoon.
D: <3 Here's to the rest of our era, then.
P: We have an era?
D: Phil, we have a whole fandom. I doubt an era is too much to ask :'
P: Alright, then. To the Phandom Era!
D: *raises glass*
P: Dan, where exactly did you last see that case? I swear it's not in the office.
D: Who knows? I suppose you have to lose some things to gain others.
P: Hmm. Deep quote to cover up the fact you didn't realise it's right next to you?
D: ...Yep.
Phil: Spoon :')

Chapter End Notes

I don't know if anyone's told you this today, but you look great. Really, truly gorgeous. People should definitely tell you that more often! Xxx

See you soon, I hope xxx <3
The Demise Of Not-Dan (And The Hysteria That Follows)

Chapter Summary

RIP, Not-Dan.
Forever in Phil's anime-loving heart.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to Bobcatmama for the prompt! Xx

"Idea for a chapter(if you want it): Phil's watching an anime and someone dies and they look a little like Dan and Phil absolutely freaks out and is super possesive of Dan for a while and Dan is really confused."

It's been a very long week.

Phil can't even remember the name of the anime. All he recalls is that it was little-known, obscure, but apparently a connoisseur's choice. Great art style, really intricate plot, it was fast on track to becoming his new favourite. He spent all of last Sunday lounging on the sofa, immersed in the storyline.

Yeah, well, only partly because the main character looked very much like Dan.

Sweeping dark hair, big brown eyes, a bit socially awkward. Maybe it was really sweet to see not-Dan face his enemies and try to save the world, so what?

Until he died, that is.

Phil is a grown man. He certainly did NOT cry when not-Dan (what was his name, for crying out loud...?) was killed, even in the close-up shot of the life fading from his winsome little face.

Nope.

Er.

Okay, fine. He did. He cried buckets and he's not ashamed to admit it: he has feelings, and feelings are great. Feelings mean you're human and not an anime character who died tragically and broke the viewer's heart.

That's not the only thing that's made this week seem so long, though. After seeing that, being faced with the inevitability of death (now he even sounds like Dan, fantastic), he has admittedly become a little... Clingy.

He's always been the worrier, fretting about if they locked the doors behind them and if they're up to date with the rent. Dan's 'it can wait' procrastinator's attitude drives Phil crazy sometimes, but
this week especially. This week, he's seen someone who looks like his Bear get stabbed, and it's made him realise just how fragile human life can be.

"Hello, existential crisis. Yeah, I know Dan too."

Dan keeps asking if his flatmate is okay with a really weird look in his eyes, perhaps because Phil won't let him handle the kitchen utensils anymore in case he gets hurt. Or the toaster. Or indeed the Hoover. Dan has a horrible track record with Hoovers and Phil is frightened for his well being.

So it's now Friday, five whole days after Phil saw not-Dan meet his end. Five paranoia-filled, panicked days where he's clearly been freaking Dan out a bit but not been brave enough to explain why. Not that it matters anyway, as long as Dan's safe.

Who knows? Maybe by next Friday, Phil might just feel calm enough to let his flatmate make his own toast.

Or maybe not.
Of Blanket Forts And Ending Worlds

Chapter Summary

Blanket forts and hot chocolate can fix everything.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to phineas_and_ferb for the prompt! Xx

"If you still want prompts: Dan's feeling existential and Phil decides to comfort him by building a blanket fort up around him and camping out with him and bringing him candy bars and hot chocolate and stuffed animals"

Okay, cubs, we're almost at 70 chapters (what the heck??) and I'm trying to think of ways to mix it up a bit. So, because I feel like you don't know much about me, I'm inviting you to ask me a question in the comments, and I'll answer all of them. Anything you like.

I really love games like this :') If you like the sound of that, I'll make it a regular thing- and if you have any other ideas to keep things interesting, do let me know! Xx

For now, cubs, ask away! Xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the day went on, Dan slowly migrated from slumping in his sofa crease to curling up on the floor. This existential crisis was definitely one of epic proportions.

The thoughts of how ultimately alone he was in the universe began to overwhelm him, until he found himself just staring at the living-room wall, punctuating his misery with sighs. He was so deep in his sadness that he didn't even notice Phil walk in.

The raven-headed man took one look at Dan, turned, and walked out. When he returned a minute later, he had an armful of fluffy blankets, and both of their quilts.

"Phil?" Dan asked dully, raising his head to look at his flatmate. "What are you doing?"
"Just trust me on this one, Bear." Phil replied, tucking Dan's quilt around him. Without really thinking, the younger man obediently leant forwards so that Phil could slip the fluffy mantle around his shoulders.

In a matter of minutes, Phil had nestled Dan into a pile of soft blankets and put the sofa cushions around him, draping his own quilt over the top for a roof.

Dan managed a little smile. "You built me a blanket fort?"
"No, I built US a blanket fort." Phil shoved an extra cushion in beside Dan for himself. "Hey, hold that thought."
"Ha," Dan chuckled weakly. "Philly, you're a poet."
"Spoon." Phil said, fondness saturating his tone as he walked out of the room again.

Dan listened to him pottering around, wondering how Phil could have such an incredible effect on the room just by being in it. Thinking about his flatmate, Dan suddenly realised that he didn't feel quite so alone anymore.

When Phil got back, he quickly tucked a cuddly Totoro in beside Dan and dropped a bar of chocolate into his lap. "Existential crisis sufferers get control of the remote." he said, tucking the remote into Dan's hand, and sitting himself down on the spare cushion. It was a tight fit, two twenty-something men sitting inside a pile of sofa cushions, but somehow it worked.

Dan looked around him, and had a bit of an epiphany. The blanket fort, the chocolate, the cuddly toy, the TV...

"I'm not alone, am I?" he asked Phil, his brown eyes wide and surprisingly happy. "No, Bear." Phil patted his arm gently, and looked Dan in the eye. "You're never alone. I'm always here for you. Do you fancy a hot chocolate?"

Dan smiled, his beautiful cheerful cheeky smile, and Phil mentally congratulated himself on a job well done. "Always, Philly. Always!"

Chapter End Notes

Prompts are always welcome, by the way, cubs. Have a great day xx :)


Dan and Phil sit down to an evening of relaxing TV... Unfortunately, all that's showing is the Euro Championships.

Dan's gaining momentum now, and Phil is torn between having a quiet evening in, and having an amusing evening in. Of course, amusement wins. "Alright," he says carefully, "Well, can I have
"Your expert opinion?"
"We're crap."
"Dan!"
"What? We are!"

Chuckling, Phil mutes the TV and focuses on Dan. The younger flatmate grabs his phone and starts typing furiously. "Hold on," he says, "I'm googling 'patriotism'."
"Why?"
"Because. Here we go- the quality of being patriotic; vigorous support for one's country."
"And?" Phil presses, knowing that he's going to regret it. When Dan has a point, he likes to beat the other person around the head with it. Repeatedly.

"How can I vigorously support a team that are definitely going to lose? Come on, Phil, this is like Eurovision. We never win that, either."
"Maybe we should have a World Tea Making Championships." Phil smirks. Dan rolls his eyes, but can't hide his smile.
"Hmm. That probably exists somewhere."

"Hey," Phil says, after a pause. "Can you imagine if we were on the England squad?"
"We'd probably do better than half of them." Dan's snort is very unattractive, but somehow still adorable. "And we'd be loaded, I swear some of them get paid more in a year than I'll earn before I retire!"
"Maybe, but we'd be useless. I can just see us scoring an own goal or two, if we ever touched the ball at all- and I certainly don't understand the off-side rule. I used to skive PE at school by pretending I had a broken toe!"
"Everyone skived PE, Phil. And I don't get it either." Dan admits. "Whenever someone comments on it, I just nod and look frustrated. It usually works."

From his expression, Phil can see that Dan has something else he wants to say. And he can also tell that he desperately wants to be asked about it, so he can feign surprise and then sass his flatmate to victory.

Never let it be said that Phil isn't an incredible best friend.

"Penny for your thoughts?"
"All I'm saying," Dan feigns surprise like a pro. "Is that I have pride in my country. For all I joke about the chavs and the weather and whatever, I love our culture and our little quirks. I love the food and the way of life. It's just that our football team is overwhelmingly rubbish, and I can't bring myself to spend a load of money on cheap face paint and flags, only to remove the England colours from my cheeks with tears at a later date."
Phil shakes his head. "Done?"
"Done."
"Then- please- let's just watch a DVD."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that- and if you live in a country that's taking part in the European football championships, I really hope you're doing better than us! If you're keeping up with it, let me know in the comments, I'd love to know your opinions on your country's performance :)
Love you all, and I'll update soon- really, I will! Have a great day, cubs xx
The One Where Dan Comforts Phil (For A Change)

Chapter Summary

Phil gets upset, and Dan repays a few favours.

Chapter Notes

I hope you like this, cubs! Thanks to Planetninja for the prompt: "what if something happened where Phil just wasn't feeling it and Dan, remembering all the times Phil did this for him, tries to cheer him up?"

I hope this was worth the wait, angel. Let me know what you thought xx <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Philly? You okay?"

Dan's voice through the bathroom door scared Phil half to death. He grabbed at the toilet paper and started scrubbing rapidly at the tears on his cheeks, hoping he didn't look too much like he'd been crying. The despairing feeling was drowning him, though that may have been the torrents from his eyes. He'd long since lost track, amidst the sobs and the wondering how in hell Dan managed existential crises, if they were anything like this.

Phil's reflection squinted at him through red, puffy eyes, raven hair sticking up in all directions. Crap. There was no way he'd be able to hide it.

"I'm fine, Dan, I won't be long!" he called back at the door, wincing at the hoarse crack in his voice. How long had he been in the bathroom for? One hour? Two?

Dan seemed to hesitate for a second. "Phil, let me in."
"Just a minute!" His voice shot up a few octaves as he started running the cold tap, splashing his cheeks to calm the redness, trying to soothe his swollen eyelids. His skin itched, a combination of half-dried tears and soreness from the tissues. Maybe it had been closer to three hours.

"Philly." Dan's voice was now incredibly serious and concerned, inviting no argument. This was a side to Dan that didn't come out very often- but when it did, it was impossible to disagree with him. Phil took a deep breath, and padded over to the door, schooling his tender features into a neutral expression. Turning the handle seemed to take him years, but eventually it was open and Dan was staring at him with this really sad look in his eyes, as if he'd been given the worst news ever. "I'm fine." Phil tried lamely. Dan shook his head, his hair shifting subtly against his skin. "No, Phil, you're not. Come on, you can tell me anything. What's the matter?"
"I just..."

He could feel the tears building up again, and he didn't know whether he could hold them in or not. Suddenly, it didn't matter, because this was Dan- and emotions have always been fine in front of Dan. "The tour was the best time of my life and now it's over and I miss it so so much and I don't
know if I'll ever do anything that good again..." Unable to help it, Phil dissolved into sobs again, trying vainly to stifle them behind his hands.

Dan just reached out wordlessly with his gangly arms, and pulled Phil in close for a hug. The tight embrace of black fabric and friendship and warmth calmed Phil down a bit, enough to get his breathing back under control. "It's okay, Philly, it's okay." Dan soothed gently. "Hey, when we first met, we didn't think we'd ever write a book, or do a tour, or even have a gaming channel. Did we?"

Phil coughed noisily, trying not to explode all over his flatmate. He'd never been the most elegant crier in the world. "No..." he admitted.

"See?" Dan encouraged. "And we have. So who knows what the future holds?"
"I..."
"One thing's for sure. It's going to be even better than this. And we'll still have each other."
"Promise?" Phil was aware that he sounded like a child, but the reassurance was very much needed. Dan smiled. "I promise, you spoon."

"Thanks, Bear. Really. You're the best." Phil muttered into Dan's shoulder. He was stooped over by this point, his neck aching but totally unwilling to move. Dan reached around to flatten the older man's raven hair fondly, taming the locks where Phil'd been running his hands through it. "It was about time I repaid the favour, the amount of times you've cheered me up. Now, come on, I've got a tub of ice-cream in the freezer, and we can plan the next gaming video."
"Sounds good to me."

Dan looked at him critically, and Phil got the funny feeling that his soul was being scrutinised. "Hey, I know food doesn't solve every problem, and YouTube only goes so far. But I mean it, Philly. I'm going nowhere. I'll always be here if you need me. I owe you a lot. And... you know you're my best friend."

And just like that, the world kept turning, and Phil knew everything was going to be okay.

Chapter End Notes

Have a wonderful day, cubs. And for the record, I'm always taking prompts for this work, so if you have any ideas or suggestions I'd love to hear them! Xx
Heatwave

Chapter Summary

Dan and Phil melt.

Chapter Notes

So... firstly, cubs, I've officially been on this site for over a year now. I would have posted something to celebrate, but on the exact day I didn't have wifi. Secondly, the first birthday of this fic is coming up, and I've decided what to do for it, so watch out for that!

If you don't know what an ice-cream van is (I don't know if that's just an England thing!), in summer we have vans with freezers in the back that drive around our streets and then park up to sell ice-cream to people. It's awesome :) Enjoy this, cubs- and let me know in the comments what your favourite flavour of ice-cream is. I'm curious! xx <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Phiiiiiiiiiiil...."
"Whaaaaaaaaaat?" Phil mimics, turning to look at his flatmate with a notable lack of enthusiasm. It's nothing personal, really, but the thermometer seems to have forgotten that this is England. To be truthful, in this kind of temperature, everyone used to English weather may as well be a half-melted potato sitting on a sofa. That is basically what Phil feels like right now.

"Is there any more ice in the freezer?" Dan moans dramatically, fanning himself with his phone whilst simultaneously trying to hatch an egg on Pokémon Go. Unsurprisingly, it isn't going well.

"No." The older flatmate goes back to staring listlessly at his glass of water. "We had the last of it earlier. And it's too hot to get up and make more."

"Have you still got that fan?"

Phil looks vaguely confused. "What fan? We have a lot of fans."

"No, not that kind. The cold-air-blowing kind. You know," Dan gestures randomly in the vague direction of his flatmate's face. "The one you talked about in that video ages ago. Massive thing. Metal coloured. Made of metal. Tell the fridge I have always loved him?"

"Oh! Yeah, but it's in right at the back of that pile of boxes in the office."

It's easy to imagine the cogs whirring behind Dan's tanned face. Phil can almost see them at work. Shift heavy boxes in this heat and then cool down, or just stay put and try not to combust.

Well, considering one of the options doesn't require physical exertion, Dan's response doesn't exactly surprise Phil. "Never mind."

"Sorry."
"Not your fault," Dan mumbles, slowly sliding sideway into the sofa. "Why don't British homes have air conditioning?"

Phil manages a limp laugh that reminds Dan of old lettuce for some reason. "Not this again. We have- three weeks like this in a year? If we're lucky?"
"Lucky?" Dan repeats incredulously, his voice hiking several octaves in his outrage. "Lucky? Phil, this weather is a curse upon our nation!"
"Yeah, well, air conditioning would just be a waste of money."
"You're a waste of money."
Phil chuckles inwardly at his flatmate's half-hearted muttering. "Hmm? What did you say, Bear?"
"Nothing." Dan says at normal volume, glaring at the floor. He looks exactly like a cutely sullen child. Phil just rolls his sky-blue eyes. "That was rude."
"So is this weather."

Phil tries to think of a retort, decides he can't be bothered, and then frowns. His head tilts to the side slightly as he listens. "Dan. Can you hear that?"

Dan looks a bit perplexed. "What are you talking about?"
"I think... There's an ice cream van outside, can't you hear the jingle?"
"Oh my god, Philly, ice cream!" Dan gasps, leaping up with a surprising amount of energy. "Come on, we can catch it if we hurry!"

They've never descended those stairs faster- and never mind the temperature.

Ice-cream is really worth it.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs! Have a wonderful day xxx
"Alright," Joe says leisurely, leaning back against the sofa and nursing his beer. "If you were going to get a dog between you, what would you call it?"

The rest of the guests at this quiet get-together are sprawled across the furniture. Zoe is sitting on Alfie's lap in the armchair, PJ has tangled himself over Chris's lap in some impossible pretzel formation, and Caspar is sitting on the floor, leaning back against Joe's legs. The Phan flat's living room isn't really big enough for this, but getting back from touring has given the pair a desire for company, and they haven't seen their friends in a while. Dan and Phil themselves are spread across the carpet, relaxing.

"Hmm." Dan glances across at Phil. "No, we would NOT call it Phan. I don't even care. No on so many levels."
"Spoilsport." Phil giggles. "Depends what kind of dog it is, really, doesn't it?"
"Aren't you going to ask the rest of us, too, Joe?" Zoe pipes up cheerfully. Joe rolls his eyes. "You and Alfie would just say 'Alan'. PJ would come up with some obscure reference nobody got, Chris would make a terrible pun... And I bet Caspar was planning on Jaspar."
"Was not!" Caspar sulks unconvincingly, turning to bury his face in Joe's knees like a sulky toddler.

"Haha, well, our landlord would murder us anyway." Dan laughs, reaching for his glass of wine. The delicate red liquid shines in the lamplight, as he swirls it absentmindedly. "You look very cultured." Zoe tells him, eyes bright with amusement. Dan just laughs again. "What time is the pizza getting here? I'm starving."

"They said half an hour wait." Phil supplies, sitting up to grab his phone and check the time. "But that was forty minutes ago."
"Hmm." Chris looks thoughtful. "Maybe they're holding dinner to random, and they're going to demand a pizza money."

"Piece of money? Nobody calls it a piece of money! It's "some" money, Chris. You make no sense." the Thatcher rants, his eyebrows bobbing expressively.

Thankfully, they're spared any more of the terrible humour as the doorbell rings. "That'll be the pizza!" Dan cheers. "Phil, it's your turn to descend."
"I'm not going down all those stairs! I fetched the post earlier, it's your turn." the older flatmate insists.

"Well, gentlemen," Alfie says, grinning, "There's only one way to settle this."
"What's that?"
"Rock, paper, scissors."

Dan looks at Phil. Phil looks at Dan.

And so it begins.

Chapter End Notes

Have a great day, you wonderful person xxx <3
Chapter Summary

It's the one year anniversary of this fic, and- considerably lacking judgement, I fear- the author has agreed to let Dan and Phil take over the celebration chapter.

What could possibly go wrong?

Chapter Notes

CUBS, TWO SPOONS IS ONE YEAR OLD TODAY.

Where the hell did the time go???

Regardless, thank you all so much for your support, kind words, prompts and general brilliance. Without you, I'd just be some sad teenager talking to herself, and this would just be a bundle of words. You are what makes this a proper story, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I love you all to bits, and I honestly don't think I would be the person I am today without your help.

Right... so, this chapter is a change from the usual style of Two Spoons, and it is a one-off, but... well, I've decided to let Dan and Phil write it for you. (The versions in my head, of course. Unfortunately, real Dan and Phil are in Australia and as such weren't available XD). They wanted to remember the journey they've been on in this fic in the last year, and I couldn't say no to their cute little faces. This is in the style of TABINOF, which I would definitely recommend reading if you haven't already.

I had to split it into two because it was so long... The second part will be up shortly xx

So, here you go- this is your metaphorical piece of the birthday cake. Let's blow out the candles, and get this chapter started.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dan: Hey, guys. Dan here. This chapter is a bit of a break from tradition in this fic, but Chloe has given me free rein, since it’s a special anniversary here. So I’ll be writing for you today. It’s basically like The Amazing Book Is Not On fire, I suppose. Jesus, it’s been whole year since A History Of Two Spoons began… now I feel old.

Phil: Dan, you’re only 25. Now cheer up, this is meant to be a celebration! Hello, everyone- I’ll try and keep the mood a bit higher.

D: Phil? Are you staying for this too? Chloe didn’t mention it.

P: I just ran it by her, and she called me a spoon. She did say yes, though, and told me I didn’t actually need to ask. I’d rather be polite, though. Um… do you mind me staying, Dan?
D: Well, you’ve got as much right to be here as me. To be perfectly honest, I’d like the company—especially getting all nostalgic like this. I’m already in one of those moods.

P: Ah. Well, then, without further ado, let’s go through this Two Spoons journey so far!

D: Do you remember how it all started?

P: What, when I dropped the paint on you?

D: Yeah… It took me three weeks to get the last of that bloody stuff out of my hair.

P: Sorry…

D: Don’t worry about it, you were only trying to be nice to me anyway. My room looks great now. Such brown. Many meme.

P: It’s your room. Of course it’s brown and meme-y. Okay, what’s next?

D: ‘Meme-y’?

P: Ahem. Next memory, please.

D: Do we have to?

P: Haha, the typo incident!

D: MOVING ON.

P: Okay, okay. Then there was the time I got Lester.

D: I still can’t believe you got a hamster behind my back. Oh, well. At least Darcy got a nice pet out of it. Hey, can you pass me my mug? My coffee’s getting cold.

P: Here you go. What’s next?

D: Hmm… what about when we messaged each other instead of just talking?

P: Have we always been this lazy?

D: Er, yes. Hey, do you ever get the feeling that nobody understands us?

P: Dan, we don’t even understand us.

D: Good point.

P: And then there was the time that…

D: What?

P: Nothing. You don’t need to know.

D: Rude. Anyway, I’ve just had a thought. It’s taken us a long time to accept that we’re not normal, hasn’t it?

P: I don’t want to be normal. Normalness leads to sadness.

D: Oh my God, Phil, that is so soppy. But… same.
P: What about writer’s block?

D: I bloody hate that! Deadlines are so stressful.

P: Agreed.

D: I remember looking around the flat, ages ago, and just appreciating all the interior design we’ve introduced. That was a nice moment.

P: House plants!

D: Yay… hey, what about that moment when I lost my earphones!

P: I’ve never seen this flat so messy. Do you want another coffee?

D: If you’re making one? Thanks.

P: Oh, and when PJ got us stuck in that elevator?

D: ‘Elevator’… You can tell we’ve spent time in America, by our British roots we should be calling it a ‘lift’. Besides, we do not speak of this, Phil.

P: Alright, alright… Come on, then- if I put the kettle on, you can set out the mugs for me.

D: Here you go, then. I’m having the Hello Kitty one!

Wow, everything seemed to happen in this kitchen, doesn’t it? It’s the epicentre of our lives.

P: That was deep.

D: That’s what she said.

P: DAN!

D: What?

P: No creepy jokes! Sorry, guys…

D: Come on, Phil, they laughed. Didn’t you? I bet you did. Comment down below if you did. If you didn’t, comment anyway. I want to see what you all thought.

P: Stop pressuring them. Guys, if you want to comment, I’d love to hear from you as well- but if not, don’t worry. Here’s your coffee, Dan. Let’s get back to the point.

D: Thanks, Philly. Remember the time I gave you flu? And we were both ill for a week?

P: How could I forget? It was awful!

D: But you still took care of me. Like you always do. Especially when I’m down- you always make me feel better.

P: Happy to help. Even when I made you go to hospital, and we freaked that nurse right out.

D: Yeah, even then. We always seem to laugh together, don’t we?

P: I wouldn’t have it any other way.
D: Do you know what?

P: What?

D: I really appreciate you putting up with me. I mean, high electricity bills, awkward moments-like that time with Darcy- my weird ideas (YouTube Avengers, anyone?) …

P: It’s hardly putting up with you. You’re my best friend. And let’s be honest, we’ve had lots of reasons to celebrate this year.

D: Aw, Phil. If only I could remember that best friend handshake.

P: I can’t either, so don’t worry about it! On the subject of celebrating, how about last Halloween?

D: I still don’t know what that was…

P: No, I can’t get my head around it. Hey, have you seen my phone?

D: Here it is. That reminds me, how about when we kept changing each other’s ringtones? ‘Gorilla’ springs to mind…

P: Ha-ha! Yeah, that was a good one. I’m surprised you haven’t got a chip on your shoulder, actually, considering how I’m clearly winning in our flatmate prank war.

D: This is hardly a war, Phil. We should take notes from Joe and Caspar. And I anything gave me a chip on my shoulder, it was that time I fell into the coffee table, and you saved my life with a bag of frozen vegetables.

P: Nurse Phil to the rescue!

D: Spork.

P: Hey!

D: Do you still have that teddy I bought you?

P: The one I was too embarrassed to buy myself? Yes, he’s sitting under my bed.

D: Did your phone just buzz?

P: Hmm. Oh, it’s Mum.

D: Nothing like an unexpected message to make you smile, huh?

P: True. Have you finished your coffee?

D: I have indeed.

P: Pass me your cup, then, and I’ll stick it in the sink.

D: Thanks. God, we’ve been talking for ages… I hope the readers aren’t too bored of us!

P: Well, then, how about we split this chapter up into two, so that it makes it a bit easier? Then they don’t have to read all of our arguing all at once.

D: Good idea. I’m sure Chloe won’t mind, anyway. Alright, then, we can finish this conversation later!
P: Sure. Bye, guys- have a good evening, and watch out for rabid badgers.

D: Laters, homies.


D: Stop having a problem with me, Phil. Let me channel my inner gangster.

P: Right. This is it. Chapter over. Thanks for reading so far, everyone, we’ll be back soon. Here’s to Two Spoon’s birthday!

D: Don’t forget to comment down below, guys, and subscribe if you’re new!

P: … Okay, I give up.

Chapter End Notes

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR TWO SPOONS
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

Three cheers for you, cubs. You're all bloody incredible, the lot of you xx
The Amazing Anniversary Is Not On Fire (Yet)- Part 2

Chapter Summary

It's the one year anniversary of this fic, and- considerably lacking judgement, I fear- the author has agreed to let Dan and Phil take over the celebration chapter.

What could possibly go wrong?

(Plus... a surprise guest for part 2)

Chapter Notes

Part 2! I'm sorry it took me so long, cubs, it's been a rough week. Regardless, I hope you enjoy this! xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Phil: Hello, everyone! I hope you’ve been well. I thought it was about time that we continued the list of Two Spoons best bits- I’m glad you could join me.

Dan: PHIL.

P: Er, what?

D: YOU WERE GOING TO START WITHOUT ME.

P: I thought you were in the toilet.

D: I was!

P: Then I assumed you were going to be in there for three hours!

D: …Touché. Alright, can we get started, then? As a pair? You know, TWO Spoons?

P: Okay, okay, I’m sorry.

D: Apology accepted. Hey, guys. I hope you’ve had a good week.

P: I’m impressed you didn’t say “let me know in the comments”!

D: I was working up to that. We make a lot of white noise, don’t we?

P: I suppose we do. Hey, I’ve just had a thought!

D: What?

P: It’s closer to next Christmas than last Christmas!

D: Hooray!
P: And then we have the horror of taking the decorations down again.

D: I still say we should leave them up all year round.

P: I'm fairly sure Santa would curse us...

D: Totally worth it.


D: How about Derek?

P: Derek?

D: You remember, that spot you got the day before your passport photo had to be done. We called him Derek. You guys remember, don’t you?

P: No, Dan, YOU called him Derek. And I hope they don’t remember him conquering my face.

D: He was a fleeting addition to the Howlter household.

P: Thank pancakes for that. Hey, we haven't seen that cat in a while, have we?

D: He's a street cat, Phil, I'm sure he's fine.

P: I hope so.

D: Maybe he's been socialising, like we try to. Occasionally.

P: What, with the neighbourhood cats?

D: No, with our hamster. Of course with the neighbourhood cats!

P: You mean Lester? It's not even like he lives with us anymore anyway.

D: Don't look so sad, Phil! Darcy was happy to have him too, and besides, the landlord was coming for a random inspection. What else were we supposed to do?

P: Hide him in the wardrobe?

D: Come on.

P: I know, I know. After Howlter and Lester, I think we're becoming Darcy's hamster enablers. I just... I miss him, that's all.

D: I know you do, Philly. Hey, you can always talk to me about it, whatever the matter is.

P: Thanks, Bear.

D: And there are perks to living in a pet-free flat.

P: Oh, yeah? Name one.

D: Er... There are fewer beings around to judge us for sleep talking?

P: I don't sleep talk, you do.
D: Right... You can leave boxes of that Mystery Squid hair dye around without worrying about the toxicity level to pets.

P: I don't usually dye my hair myself, that was one time. And I didn't make THAT much mess.

D: Haha, yes you did! Alright, how about it leaves us more time to do the dishes?

P: When do we ever do the dishes?

D: I quit.

P: Good answer. Now, do you want to have a movie night tonight?

D: Sounds good to me. Oh, did you write that shopping list, before I forget?

P: Yep, lots of cereal needed. And before you ask, no, we are NOT watching Ocean's Thirteen again.

D: It's a good film!

P: Maybe, the first thirty times.

D: Fine.

P: Have you seen my socks?

D: You mean the radioactive green ones you left on the coffee table?

P: Er... yes.

D: They're in your room. I chucked them in earlier, after I'd had a bath and then finished bleaching my eyeballs.

P: They're not THAT bright...

D: Spoon.

P: Spork.
D: Truce?
P: Truce.

D: Good! On the subject of utensils, do you want to get a takeaway later?

P: Sounds great to me. Indian?

D: Sure. That was a surprisingly easy decision.

P: You mean like the time I 'decided' to get a tattoo?

D: I still haven't forgiven that.

P: Then why are you laughing?

D: Because my poker face is terrible and I find you really funny, if you must know.

P: Aw, Bear, that was sweet.
D: Sweet like cotton candy.

P: Now I want candyfloss! Hey, you can definitely tell we’ve spent time in America recently, can’t you? ‘Elevator’, ‘cotton candy’…

D: Yeah, but it’s been an adventure! We’ve been lucky this year.

P: No unlucky thirteens for us.

D: What?

P: Haha, I don’t know. I couldn’t think of anything else unlucky.

D: What was that?

P: Your phone, I think?

D: Oh, yeah. Louise sent me a picture of Darcy ‘painting’- look at this!

P: Crazy kids! That’s adorable.

D: Are you going to tell me that you wouldn’t leap at the chance to finger-paint again?

P: You caught me, I’d love to. It’d be like revisiting history, wouldn’t it?

D: What, making dreamcatchers and scrapbooks and stuff?

P: Absolutely. Danandphilcrafts all the way!

D: Don’t cry, craft! Oh, hold on- crap…

P: What’s wrong?

D: My phone’s dying!

P: Your charger’s in the kitchen- and he’s gone. That reminds me of that caveman instinct thing Dan talked about a while ago, guys. Do you remember?

D: Done it! I’ve left it on charge by the kettle, please don’t make coffee on it or anything. Actually, can we go and sit in the kitchen now?

P: Sure, Bear. Hey, what would you do if your phone broke for a week?

D: Probably die. Might cure the insomnia, though. Do you want a cup of tea?

P: Yes, please. I wonder if we’ll ever take responsibility for our own routines?

D: Hahahahahahahaha… no. Alright, take a seat, I’ll stick the kettle on.

P: Never Shout Never, Bear. Oh, mind your phone.

D: Good point, I’ll move it. I could use a Simplistic Trance-Like Getaway, to be honest.

P: Shhhh!

D: What?

P: Shhh! Look! The window!
D: Oh my God. It’s the cat!
P: Socialising, huh?
D: Not always. Maybe he likes to stay up late doing cat stuff, and then come to see us in the day?
P: Do we have any food in the fridge we could give him?
D: Umm… Cold pizza?
P: That’s no good. What happened to the sausages yesterday?
D: Aha! There’s one left. Open the window, please, Philly.
P: Hello, cat. Come on, it’s okay, come and have a sausage.
Cat: Meow.
D: He still needs a name.
P: How about Connie?
D: Connie? That’s a girl’s name.
P: No, it can be male too.
D: Okay, then- Connie the Cat. Doesn’t sound too horrific.
P: How about that, Connie?
Connie: Meow.
D: He likes that, doesn’t he?
P: Maybe we should start leaving him some food on the windowsill?
D: Alright, let’s make a pact. Connie, if you want to come and see us again, we’ll feed you. How’s that?
C: Meow! Purrrrrrr.
P: Aw, he’s adorable!
D: Yeah, he is. Maybe this is a way we can enjoy having a pet without actually having one!
P: Yes! Ah.
D: What?
P: He’s standing on your phone…
D: Oi! Button-mashing cat!
P: Haha! What do you reckon, guys? Should Connie become a more permanent feature?
D: Of course they’re going to say yes, Phil.
P: Let us know in the comments!
D: Aha! Now who’s doing it?
D: See ya, Con.
C: Mrrow.

P: “Con” is not going to be a thing.

D: It totally is.

P: *sigh*

D: For one door to open, another must close.

P: What does that even mean?

D: For Connie to accept us, we need to give him a witty nickname.

P: I give up.

D: Come on, guys, back me up.

P: Please don’t back him up.

D: He needs to know what he means to us.

P: Don’t forget he’s wild, you’re getting more attached than I am!

D: True. I'll try not to. P: We have a terrible track record with pets. D: Also true. Do you want to stick some anime on?

P: I’m barely over the demise of Not-Dan…

D: Sorry? I can’t hear you if you mutter, Philly.

P: Er, nothing. I’m not really in the mood for anime.

D: Alright, then, how about building a blanket fort? Watch the football? Eat chocolate and talk about our problems?

P: Thanks, Bear, but I don’t need comforting right now.

D: Good, I’m glad you’re okay.

P: How are you?

D: I’m good too, thanks.

P: Great. Hey, is it me, or is it getting warmer today?

D: Yeah, we can bust out that air conditioner later.

P: The massive one?

D: Go hard or go home!

P: If anyone was listening to our small talk, they’d think we were crazy. Connie, air conditioning, sausages, song lyrics…

D: Phil, the entire audience of Two Spoons listens to our small talk.

P: Oh. Yeah, thinking about it, that’s basically the point.
D: Yes. I’ve just realised… we’ve gone through the whole Two Spoons journey so far, Philly! Small Talk was the last chapter!

P: So we have! And so ends the birthday celebrations.

D: Thank you for following us so far, guys. It means a lot to us, and to Chloe too.

P: You’re all amazing, and we love you.
D: Too right! You’re all wonderful human beings.

P: On that note, we’d better go. Tours to plan, videos to film, gaming to do…

D: This isn’t the end, guys. Nowhere near. There’s a lot more to come.

P: Thank you for your faith and your enthusiasm. You’re incredible people, every single one of you. Have a great day, and we’ll see you soon.

D: Stay strong, guys. I’m sure there’ll be a new chapter up soon.

P&D: Bye!

Chapter End Notes

So there we go, one whole year of Two Spoons- and there are still 125 chapters to go.

I hope you're all as excited as I am!

Have a great day <3 xxx
In Which Phil Attracts A Strange Person And Dan Has To Deal

Chapter Summary

Dan and Phil take their flight to Australia for the next leg of their tour.

It wouldn't be a trip on a plane with Phil without a particularly strange person sitting next to them, would it?

(I giggled a lot writing this. I feel like I may be the only person who finds it funny. Also, brief mention of chlamydia, in a totally non-graphic and purely conversational way. If you feel like that might offend you, you've been warned xx)

Chapter Notes

Hey cubs! I do hope you're doing well <3 xx

I am going to attempt something, which may not work, because I am horrible at writing to any kind of schedule. But nonetheless, you've all done a lot for me, and I want to try and give something back. Therefore, I am pleased (and nervous) to announce that I am going to start trying to update once a week. If it doesn't work out, I'm sorry, but I'll give it my best shot. I won't have a fixed day, e.g. every Thursday, but my idea is that between every Monday and Sunday, you can expect a new chapter.

If for whatever reason I need to stop (I start A-Levels in September, so my workload is about to skyrocket), I'll let you know. Other than that, here goes nothing! Xxx

Please let me know in the comments if you like the idea of a weekly update, and I love you all <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Phil sighs comfortably and settles back against his seat. This plane journey is going to be different, he assures himself, no tea people or horrendous turbulence. Just a nice, easy trip to Australia, then off on tour.

To his left, Dan shoves his hand luggage below the seat in front and grins at Phil. "I'm such a great friend." he announces gleefully. "Yeah, you are," Phil agrees. "Why now in particular?"
"I let you have the window seat? Saved you from the inevitable weirdo you've attracted."
"Well, if you're in the middle seat, it doesn't matter. I'm sure whoever it is won't be that bad." Phil giggles a little as he talks. "Can't be any worse than the Sideways Gary tramp. Or the Tea People. Or that woman who told me off for shutting the front door too loudly."

Dan laughs loudly, prompting a few stares from other passengers. "I get it. Now shut up, you spork, and let's see which films they've got."
"Secret Life Of Pets?" Phil suggests. Dan rolls his eyes. "Suicide Squad, Phil. Come on."

They both make their film decision for later on (so what if Phil is approaching 30, he can watch cartoon pets if he wants to), and wait for the plane to start taxiing. Dan glances at the empty seat beside him. "Maybe nobody booked it?" he asks, sounding vaguely hopeful. 

I wouldn't speak too soon..." Phil hisses, nodding at the woman walking down the aisle. Dan follows his gaze. "...Ah."

Her bright yellow jacket clashing spectacularly with her neon pink leggings, the elderly lady totters to the seat beside Dan and sits down heavily. Her hair is blue-rinsed and set into perfectly arranged curls. She seems a bit eccentric, but nowhere near in Tea-People realm.

"Hello, dear." she says in a warm, stereotypically grandma-ish voice. "Er. Hi." Dan replies, smiling as best he can whilst praying to every deity he can think of. The woman sinks back against the seat with a sigh, and closes her eyes. Dan relaxes inwardly, and wonder whether it was selling his soul to the devil or praying to Evan Peters that saved him this time.

The stewardess comes down the aisle as the plane taxis, chatting away. When she reaches Dan and Phil's row, she smiles at them. "Hey, how are you doing? Everyone comfortable?"

"Yes, thanks," Phil confirms. The old lady raises her head to murmur "Yes, thank you, dearie," before sinking her chin to her chest again. The stewardess winks at them with dark blue eyes, tucks her mahogany fringe behind her ear, and smiles. "Glad to hear it. Well, my name's Chloe, feel free to call me over if you need anything. And by the way," she laughs, "I'm a big fan of you two. Good luck on tour."

"Oh, thank you!" Phil says in surprise. 
"Thank you." Dan echoes, grinning at her. She inclines her head in response, grins back, and moves on with her rounds.

The next three and a half hours pass without event. Dan and Phil watch their films, eat snacks, and play on their phones as best they can on flight mode.

"I can't wait to hold a koala." Phil finally says. Dan nods his excited agreement. "Yeah, I bet they're like live teddy bears. "Oh, I wouldn't touch them, if I were you. Most of them have chlamydia." pipes up the old woman. "It's not a fun thing to have, trust me. Personal experience."

Dan just turns to Phil, stares him right in the eye, and mentally begs for death. Definitely wanting a refund on his soul right now.

Phil tries his very hardest not to laugh. "Phil." Dan says through his teeth. "You appear to have attracted me a weirdo."

"Yeah... do you reckon she caught it from a koala?" Phil snickers under his breath, not laughing at the old lady and her medical history, nor seriously suggesting bestiality- but just enjoying Dan's scandalised face. Apparently the mental image his flatmate just gave him wasn't very pretty.

"Any way you could un-attract her?" Dan says, almost pleading but still livid. 
"Sorry, Bear, I've never managed to figure that one out."

"How long have we got left of the flight?"
"Now? About eight hours."
"Oh, God."

Phil just grins. "Welcome to my world."
His younger flatmate glowers spectacularly at him, chocolate eyes smouldering with a sort of
socially embarrassed fire. "Phil, you are SO sitting in the middle seat on the way home."
"Sure thing, Bear." Phil beams angelically. "I'll save you."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs! I don't know if anyone else has told you, but you look
great today. Really great <3

Hold your head up high, you wonderful person xxx
Chapter Summary

When planning to film a gaming video in Hong Kong, Phil gets sick.

Typical, really.

Chapter Notes

So far, so good on sticking to an upload schedule! Very happy with myself for this XD

I hope you're all doing well, cubs! This one is in response to the new gaming video on Danandphilgames, which I loved- and forgive the title. I found it funny. My humour ranges from incredibly dark to horrendous puns with no middle ground...

PLEASE READ THE END NOTE. It's a rather pressing matter that I need your help with- thank you! Xx

Alright, enjoy this- and let me know what you thought! Your comments always make my day <3

"Of course you get sick when we're meant to be experiencing other cultures." Dan says, rolling his chestnut eyes. His perch on the end of Phil's bed gives him a perfect view of his crumpled, dejected flatmate. Phil tries to laugh, but it turns into a really pathetic cough.

Instantly, Dan feels like a dick- it's kind of hard to watch, his friend's pale skin heaving roughly around his throat. Part of him wants to be annoyed- he wanted to experience Hong Kong with his best friend, of course he's disappointed- but it's hard to feel that way when he can see Phil suffering.

"Yeah..." the older man finally manages, croaking like a hungover frog. "Sorry I ruined the video plan."
"Don't be a spoon." Dan says sharply, as Phil cuddles down deeper into his bedsheets. "I can go out on a Pokemon quest alone, it won't kill me. Maybe I can find a Farfetch'd."
"Will you try and find a pharmacy while you're at it, please?"

"We'll be home in 12 hours- oh, fine. Yes. Yes, I will." Dan gives up on his protests mid-sentence as Phil turns on his famous turquoise pleading gaze. Somehow it's a million times more effective when he's coughing his lungs up at the same time. This can't be fair.

"Thanks, Bear." Phil says, giving him a tired little smile. It's of the reasons Dan hates seeing Phil sick- the usual light that his flatmate brings to everything seems extinguished so quickly when he's ill. "You're so needy." Dan attempts, but there's no sting in it. It sounds more like a compliment than an accusation, somehow.
"Alright, then..." he continues, trying to work out how on earth that works, "I'd better get going, Philly."
"Good luck." Phil rasps sweetly, with a flickering initiation of his usual 1000 watt smile. "I hope you catch everything you're looking for."

One sentence. That's all it takes for Dan's resolve to shatter into a million pieces. He definitely, 100000% can't be angry at all. Pity, concern and fondness take over. "Thanks, Lion." he says gently, reaching out to ruffle his flatmate's hair. "Get well soon. I'll try and buy some stuff for you, okay?"
"Okay." Phil says sleepily. "Bye."
"Bye." Dan returns, walking to the door with a little smile hiding on his lips.

It's only when he gets into the lift and starts filming again that a thought pops into his head. A dark thought. He doesn't say it out loud, but he groans mentally- it seems so inevitable.

'If Phil infects me, I will actually kill him.'

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs!

IMPORTANT MESSAGE TIME XXX

Two Spoons is approaching 10,000 hits (oh my Lord how even?!?), and of course I want to celebrate that. I want to have a bit of feedback on that, though, because I have two plans and I can't decide which to go for! Xx

A) Another SPAM WEEK (Two chapters uploaded every day for a week)
B) I let Dan and Phil take charge of writing another chapter or two, on whatever they fancy ;)

If there's anything else you'd like to see me do for 10,000 hits, please let me know- this work is as much yours as it is mine, and I'd love to hear from you! Otherwise, please let me know whether you'd prefer A or B.

Anyway- thoughts and ideas in the comments please, cubs, and have a lovely day <3
Here They Go Again

Chapter Summary

Phil need to be banned from online shopping. He just does.

Thank you to Julia for the prompt! Xx

Chapter Notes

Still sticking to this weekly update thing. Hooray! Xx

So I'm currently sitting crosslegged on my bed, in fluffy pyjamas, listening to my favourite album, thinking about how I've got 5 hours until I have to get up for my first day back at school. It feels like it's just me in the world, and it's peaceful.

Don't get me wrong, cubs, I've had a shit couple of weeks. My head's been all over the place and I've been to some places I'm not proud of. But moments like this- stupid moments, ones that shouldn't mean anything at all- aren't they beautiful? Like when you catch your own reflection in your phone screen, or watch the tea and the milk swirling together in the mug as you make a drink.

I suppose what I'm really trying to say is never give up fighting. Because right now, here, I'm exhausted, worn down, and I have way too much to think about.

But I'm smiling to myself.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

BING.

"Phil, you've got an email." Dan calls, as his flatmate saunters into the office with two mugs of coffee. "Ah, thanks."
"No worries." Phil says with a cheerful smile, handing him his drink. "It'll probably be an Amazon conformation. I ordered you a present."
"Ooh!" Dan sips the coffee excitedly, and then rapidly descends into unprintable curses. "That's ******** ******** ***** ***** HOT!"

Phil reaches for his phone and opens the email, eyes creasing up with laughter. "I boiled the kettle to make it and everything. Seriously, though, are you okay?"

Dan experimentally rolls his tongue, and winces. "Yeah- well, thanks for the sympathy."
"No worries."
"Spork."
"Oh, God..."

Dan immediately glances at Phil. "What?"
"... Dan?" Phil says, glancing up from his screen. "What?" Dan repeats.
"You remember that time I bought too much cereal on the online shopping?"
"Er, yes? Jesus, Phil, what've you done now?"
"I bought you a bear onesie... you know, like the penguin one you bought me for Christmas..."
"Thank you, that was nice of you. So what's the problem?"
"I bought 10,000 of them."

"Sorry, what?" Dan bursts out laughing. "If you want me to believe your pranks, Phil, maybe you should pick a more realistic number!"

In response, Phil wordlessly hands Dan the phone.

"Holy crap." Dan breathes. "How in the name of Shibes did you order 10,000 onesies, Phil?"
"I don't know!" Phil says, ashen. "I suppose I leant on the '0' button by mistake!
"Alright, alright, calm down. We'll cancel the order."
"Thanks, Bear." Phil visibly relaxes into his chair. Dan winks at him in a horrendously cheesy way. "After I tweet about it, of course." he continues. "This is hilarious!"
Phil glowers in a really un-Phil kind of way. "I hate you."
"Love you too, Philly."
"Spork."

Even as Dan's typing his latest 'funny' tweet up, Phil can't help but smile to himself- just a little.

"Spoon."

Chapter End Notes

In case any of you were wondering, my favourite album is Baptised by Daughtry- and the song I'm listening to is summing up how I feel right now.

"You and I both, we come from different worlds.... we've got a few scars, but it don't matter now, we're looking at the stars."
"If I didn't have you, how could I ever fly?"
"It's going to be too hard to say goodnight"
"We're never coming down 'til we want to- but why would we want to?"

Don't give up your wings for anyone, cubs. You all- every one of you- deserve to be High Above The Ground xxx <3
In(Security)

Chapter Summary

Dan has a wobble, but Phil's there to make sure he doesn't fall.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs!

Okay. I don't know how easy this is going to be to type out, but I'll try. I've been honest with you thus far, and I intend to keep that going. Truth be told... I'm a little scared to admit this.

This chapter is inspired by the last few weeks for me. An old demon resurfaced, one I thought I'd shaken off a long time ago, and I'm having real issues with the way I look. I know you don't know what I look like, but I'm 5ft5 tall and I weigh 57.5kg. I'm a bit of a beanpole, to be honest. But just recently, for some stupid reason, my demon and I came to the decision that I needed to lose weight. I barely ate anything for days, then started monitoring calories and all that crap. I lost 3kg in a day (my metabolism is crazy fast) and since then I've been trying to keep it off. Constantly standing sideways in front of mirrors and tensing my stomach, poking at my hip bones and hoping they stick out a little more than they did yesterday.

However, I've realised that I'm being stupid. Where's the end goal here? It's such a dangerous spiral to get onto. One kg turns into three, three into five, and before you know it there's a medical name for it. I'm not at that stage, and I don't intend to let it get there either. I have enough problems, I truly don't need this one too.

So... I just wanted to tell you that I'm told this particular demon where to stick it. I'm not all that happy right now but I swear, I WILL NOT BE CONTROLLED. That's my main theme right now. I promise you- and I make a point of keeping my promises- this weight loss thing stops now. Right now, this second. I was fine the way I was and I have to accept that. Let the fear rage on. It's all a lesson I can learn from.

I know you won't, but... please don't think less of me for this. Every now and again, a problem from the past surfaces that I don't expect, and this was one of those. I've got this now, honestly.

Love you all, and I hope you're all okay. Enjoy the chapter xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Do you think I need to eat more healthily?" Dan asks casually. Too casually. Phil takes a second to compose his face into a neutral expression, then places the shirt he was considering back onto the rack. Turning to face Dan, ignoring everyone else in the shop, Phil asks carefully "Well, we've been doing pretty well recently. Minimal takeaways, and we made that awesome salad yesterday."
"I suppose so."
"Hey. What made you say that, anyway?"
"I don't know, I just..."

Around them, the shop chatters and hums, cheesy pop music blaring from speakers above their heads, but Phil can barely hear it over his heart thudding in his ears. It's like watching his life on a cinema screen, with a slight time delay. He knows what's coming next, but he hopes he's wrong.

Dan is not a liar, but he is frighteningly good at omitting the truth, Phil muses. It's one of those habits only picked up by people who've struggled silently, and he hates that Dan still sometimes clams up like this. "Bear, you can tell me anything, you know that." he says softly.
"I'm sick of buying clothes in large sizes, okay?" his flatmate blurts, then immediately looks like he regrets it. Phil's heart hits his shoes, and then shatters.
"What?"
Dan hits the defensive. "I just wondered how it felt to be able to grab a Small off the shelf and saunter off, without even trying it on. That's all."
"Are you suggesting you want to go on a diet?" Phil keeps his tone carefully probing, but not allowing any emotion to seep through. "No... yes... look, I don't know! Forget I said anything. It's stupid."

"Dan."

The brown-eyed boy glances at Phil with something approaching fear. "Yeah?"
"You're a prat."
"I-"

With every word that follows, Phil takes a step closer to him. "A total, complete and utter-" At the last word, he envelops Dan in a massive hug, "Prat."
"Phil?"
"You have to buy large clothes because you're 6 foot 3, you total noodle! You're perfectly in proportion and fine, there are millions of girls admiring you- look at the subscriber box- and if you ask me, I think you're perfect."
"Really?" Dan raises his head from Phil's shoulder to glance at him in surprise, and he's actually tearing up. Phil kicks himself mentally for not noticing this blossoming insecurity sooner, but also makes it his mission to stop Dan ever feeling this way again. No questions asked.

"Yes, Bear." he says, voice filled with determination. "Really."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs. I know this was a bit of a heavy one, I'll make sure the next is happier.

I just wanted to sign off by saying that nobody has the right to control you, or make you do things you don't want to do. Your parents, your friends, voices in your head. Guidance and advice, rules to follow, yes- but your free will is bloody important. Promise me you won't ever let it go.

Stay strong, you wonderful people. See you next week, if not before.

And hopefully... see you 3kg heavier. <3
**Of Pasta And Cats (The Best Laid Plans)**

**Chapter Summary**

Dan and Phil attempt to cook dinner and discuss the feral cat they're feeding. Naturally, it all kind of spirals from there.

(There's a pasta pun in there if you squint...?)

**Chapter Notes**

Hey, cubs! As promised, I join you at my original weight. Feeling pretty good about that one.

Also, Conifers, I don't know if you're reading this, but hello to you if so! There is now a cat named after you. Congratulations, and love you loads <3

Right. I hope you're all keeping well! I've planned Spam Week II, as I think this chapter may just push it to 10,000. Keep an eye out for that, if so.

Enjoy the chapter, cubs! Xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"This humidity is completely disgusting." Dan's hair curls across his forehead like the spirals of the pasta he's stirring absentmindedly. "And the cooking doesn't help."

Phil leans over and cranks the kitchen window open as far as it will go. The condensation on the glass makes it hard to see out onto the street below. "I know." he agrees soothingly. "English summers are always difficult, or nonexistent. Sometimes both, I suppose."

"Difficult is not the word I'd use."

"I know what word you'd use, but you'll curdle the sauce, so shush." Phil laughs to himself, dropping a handful of freshly chopped onion into the second simmering pan. It releases an amazingly authentic smell when it hits the tomato and basil concoction he's tinkering with. "This smells pretty good, doesn't it? I feel a bit Italian all of a sudden."

Dan's eye roll is so perfected now that Phil doesn't even have to look. He knows it's happened and he knows what it looks like. "It's a jar of Dolmio that you've chucked more vegetables into, Phil." he snorts. "If we gave this to an actual Italian, they'd punch us in the face."

Looking vaguely hurt, Phil returns to his mushrooms without a word. The only sound for a few moments is the soft clink of Phil's knife against the marble chopping board. Dan notices his mistake instantly, his brain racing to fix it. "Luckily," he amends, nudging at Phil's hip with his own, "I'm no Italian. It smells great, you're right."

Phil's grin returns so quickly, Dan catches himself wondering if it was ever even gone. He dumps the mushrooms into the sauce with an amusingly dramatic flourish. "Thanks, Bear. Ta da!"
"No worries. Smooth, Philly, smooth."

They work in a companionable quiet for a minute or two, as Dan prods the pasta and wonders if he actually knows what 'al dente' pasta is supposed to be like. "Hey, do you want to grab Connie's plate? We can wash it up with the pans later."

Phil nods thoughtfully, and reaches out of the window to retrieve a Hello Kitty side plate with the bare remains of the leftover chicken from last night on it. The feral black cat often returns to their window, sneaking into the kitchen whenever he's allowed to. They've both grown more fond of him than they'd ever admit. "He's been busy." he notes. Dan smiles proudly. "I knew he'd like that chicken, it was cooked to perfection."

Phil's eyebrows quirk. "What, like the pasta?"
"Shut up, I'm doing fine with the pasta!" Dan's indignation is ruined as Phil prompts him to look at the hob, with a single jerk of his raven head. A sharp hissing noise fills the kitchen as the hot water in the pan bubbles over, splashing everywhere with frankly unnecessary violence.

"SHI-" Dan gasps, diving for the temperature dial and commencing Operation Dinner Rescue. The hissing luckily covers up most of his cursing, and Phil graciously pretends not to hear the rest. "That's so overcooked... so much for authentic. " Dan moans after a minute. "It's starting to disintegrate into the water."
"Hmm." Phil looks thoughtful. "Do we have enough pasta left to redo it?"

The head chef takes a brief break from nursing his pride (and his burnt fingers). "Yeah, why?"
Phil shrugs. "Do you reckon cats like pasta?"

Chapter End Notes

Well, I hope you liked that, cubs <3

Please let me know what you're thinking in the comments- it's always lovely to hear from you, and I definitely welcome any ideas you have.

For now, then, I will bid farewell to you wonderful people. Stay safe, chins up, and I'll see you soon.

Oh, and in case nobody's said it to you today, I love you. Genuinely, with all my heart. You are a wonderful, individual addition to my life and I value you massively xxx
Ten Thousand Miles

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 1

Dan and Phil once again take over the chapter, and take a moment to consider the hit count.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so, so much. Thank you for the comments, the kudos, your patience. Thank you for your faith, and above all, thank you for giving me a purpose to fill the nights when I can't sleep.

You're all incredible. Never forget that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dan: Hey, guys. I hope you've all had a good week! Excuse the hair... we haven't left the house today, and I couldn't be bothered. I know I look like a hobbit. Speaking of "we", actually, I wonder where my flatmate's buggered off to... Oh. Oh, my god. Look at the hit count!
D: Phil.
D: Phil!
D: PHILIP!
Phil: Dan? What's wrong? Are you okay? Have you hurt yourself?
D: No, no. Look!
P: What? You're not making any sense!
D: Stop panicking and look at the hit count!
P: ... Oh my god, we've hit 10,000! No way!
D: Isn't this amazing! We should probably tell Chloe, thinking about it. She'll be buzzing!
P: I was just talking to her, actually, that's why I didn't answer straight away. She was thrilled.
D: What'd she say?
P: She was writing. A lot. And when I asked her what she was working on, she just winked at me and said "celebrations".
D: Ooh, that sounds intriguing! Any more details, or is she being mean and keeping us all in suspense?
P: All I know is that there's 14 chapters being planned and she wants to do them all by the end of this week. She's got a lot of work, though, so they might be updated a bit sporadically.
D: 14? Wow, does she plan on sleeping at all?
P: When does she ever?
D: Very true. Hey, guys, by the way- thank you. We're not even halfway yet, and to reach 10,000 hits means a lot to Chloe. And to us.
P: Absolutely. You're all wonderful people, and we really love that you've been following this story for so long and supporting us. There's a lot more to come!
Chloe: Er, boys? Who are you talking to?
D: The audience!
C: So much for the fourth wall. Oh, well- tell them I'll update again as soon as I can, alright? And that I've got something planned that encompasses everything that's been requested for the celebration?
P: You got that, right, guys?
C: Oh, thank them for me! Tell them I love them!
D: You could just tell them yourself...
C: I'm writing the next updates, you spoon! Unless you want to have a go at it?
D: I couldn't write a chapter if you paid me.
C: Not even if I bribed you with cashews?
D: ... Maybe, in that case.
P: Perhaps we should have a go at writing the chapters? New creative outlet and all that.
C: Alright, let's split them! I'll do 7, you can do 7. This one counts as yours, by the way.
D: You're on. But I'm still expecting cashews!
C: Of course.
D: Guys, we'd better go for now. Thanks again!
P: What's the name for the readers?
D: Cubs, you spork.
P: Okay, well, thank you, cubs. Really. You've helped the author more than you know, and we hugely appreciate it too. Enjoy this week- you deserve it. The work is as much yours as it is ours.
D: Agreed. Laters!
P: Stay safe!
C: Love you all. See you soon!

Chapter End Notes

I love you all so much. Here's to the next week! *raises mug of tea* xxx
Honesty

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 2

Dan makes a mistake, and has to tell Phil. Only one problem- he's scared of how his flatmate's going to react...

Chapter Notes

Hello, cubs! I hope you're doing well.

As you heard yesterday, I'm doing 7 of these chapters and that pair of spoons are going to do the other 7. I'm writing to a theme with mine- basically, I want to write 7 chapters based on the qualities you all have, the 7 things that I truly admire in all of you. Consider them a homage to your greatness ;)

Alright- first one is honesty. I appreciate how you tell me the truth, and how you've never told me you liked something for the sake of it. Constructive criticism is always, always welcome xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

His feet felt like they weighed a ton each, as he slowly padded towards Phil's bedroom. The black top and jeans he was wearing reflected his mood so perfectly that it wasn't funny.

Raising his left hand, Dan paused, his knuckles about an inch away from the wooden surface.

I can't do this.

I have to. Man up, Daniel.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

"Er... Phil? Can I come in?"

"Yeah, sure!" Phil says chirpily. Dan opens the door to see his flatmate sitting crosslegged on the floor, unpairing the socks Dan washed for him yesterday. What a spoon.

"Dan? What's up?" Phil looks concerned, damn it. Dan's stomach gives an uncomfortable twist, and his mouth dries up quicker than a wet flannel in the Sahara. "I... I need to tell you something."

He hovers awkwardly in the doorway, until Phil pats the carpet beside him, and he makes his way over to sit beside his best friend. "Okay?" Phil says, his tone probing gently into Dan's resolve.

"Look, whatever it is, I'm sure we can fix it."

"No. No, we can't."

And with that, Dan brings his right hand out from behind his back.

Phil stares at the shredded remains of his ghost t-shirt. The Napstablook shapes are barely
recognisable amidst the torn, feathering fabric. He's speechless.

Dan takes one looks at Phil's expression and his tongue runs away with him. "Okay so I left it on the kitchen side as I was doing the washing and then I left the room and when I came back I'd forgotten to close the window and Connie got in and he was clawing at it and playing with it and I tried to pull it away from him and I just made it worse and then he hissed at me and ran back out the window and it was a total mess and I'm so, so sorry, Phil. I'll make it up to you, I swear I will. Please don't be mad with me, I know how much you loved that shirt." He can feel his whole body in turmoil, rejecting the idea that he could possibly upset the wonderful person in front of him. His palms are sweating, his legs are trembling beneath him, his heart is racing. Phil swallows hard.

"It's okay, Dan. Calm down."
"You're upset..."
"A little bit, I did love that shirt, but you weren't to know that this would happen. And I appreciate the honesty. It took guts to come and show me face to face."
"I..."
"Honestly. Calm down. It's fine."

Dan launches himself at Phil, enveloping him in a relieved hug, limbs twining around him like a noodle. The force topples them backwards into the little pile of odd socks, both laughing. "I'll buy you a new one." Dan promises solemnly. "I know you will, Bear." Phil says fondly. "You're honest. You keep your promises."

The shredded shirt lays on the bedroom floor, forgotten, as Dan surrenders and begins to help Phil unpair some more socks.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that, cubs! Have a great evening!

If Dan and Phil are in a good mood, I'm sure they'll write another chapter for you tonight. Keep an eye out xx ;)
Hey, guys. Phil here. Have you had a good day? What have you been up to?

Oh, why am I whispering?

Er, I hope you don't mind it just being me, but Dan's fallen asleep in his sofa crease and I can't bring myself to wake him up. He looks so peaceful and yet he's so slumped he has about a thousand chins, the daft llama. We just need to keep our voices down a little bit. Shhhhhhh.

I wanted to talk to you this evening about something important, that I don't think Chloe's touched upon much before. Friendship.

It's a really important thing, isn't it? Everyone needs a friend, even if it's just someone to talk to when they're down, or someone who will try to make them laugh. Dan and I get mistaken for a couple all the time, which gets a bit weird, but I can see why. When you spend that much time with someone, you end up like parts of a whole. We're not Daniel Howell and Philip Lester anymore, really- we're Dan and Phil. With our friendship has come a whole new level of identity.

I'm trying to make a point here, though, sorry for rambling. Oh, wait, is Dan waking up?... No, never mind, he's just fidgeting. Where was I?

Right, yes, my point. I don't know you all personally, but I bet there's some of you who have lots of friends, and some who have a select few. Maybe some of you don't think you have any at all. I know how that last one feels, I think most people have been there at some point. You're honestly not alone.

I just want you to know that you have three friends right here, okay? Me and Dan- every time you read this, watch our videos, follow what we're doing. It's just cementing the bond we share, and we hope that we can help you in every way we possibly can. Even if it's just laughing at how awkward we are. We both love you all to bits; we wouldn't be who we are, we wouldn't have got here,
What's that? Who's the third friend? Chloe, of course! I know she doesn't know you personally either, but I've seen her talk about you. She gets so excited, every single one of you means a lot to her. And if you ever need someone to talk to, about anything, I know she'll be there for you. Even if you want her to write a prompt to cheer you up or make you laugh. Never be afraid to ask—laughing is always important.

So, the moral of this evening, guys, is that we're never quite as alone as we think. You're all part of a community on the Internet, in these fandoms, and you can all connect with each other so easily—don't ever be lonely, alright? Say the word, we'll be here for you.

And on that note, I'll say goodnight. Sleep well, everyone, and stay safe. I'm off to go and put another blanket over Bear.

Chapter End Notes

Sleep well, you lovely people. May the stars above you light the way to wherever you want to go xx
Kindness

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 4

A little reflection on kindness, á la Phil.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! I hope you've had a great day!

I've spent mine with my angels (best friends and saviours, four really beautiful people) and so I'm in a really good mood. Hopefully I can transfer a bit of that to everyone else!

Okay, so this is another chapter about a quality I admire in you. Kindness is something that has always feature heavily in this little family, and I really love how sweet and appreciative everyone is. I know that I can leave a note when I'm not okay and talk to all of you- and I hope you know you can leave a comment to the same effect, if you need to. You're just really kind, wonderful and you should be very proud of the impact you can have on others. Including me.

"Little family"... I reckon I can say that: I kinda like it. The Two Spoons family. What do you think? <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kindness comes in many forms.

Kindness is giving your friend the last of something, even though you really wanted it yourself. The last sweet, the last go on the computer game, the last pancake. It's always worth it to see his face.

Kindness is pretending to laugh at the godawful memes and puns your friend constantly shows you. It makes him happy, at least.

Kindness is asking your friend for their opinion, even though you know they're just waiting to be asked so they can go on a massive rant. Every. Single. Time.

Kindness is encouraging your friend, even when sometimes you secretly think they might not be able to do it. It's amazing what people can achieve when they believe in themselves. What? No, no, you'll definitely have that edited by Wednesday. Probably.

Kindness is telling your friend honestly that he's being a bit of a spork. Temper tantrums, terrible choices in outfit on occasion, and sometimes just not listening to what other people have to say. It's more important to tell your friend what he needs to hear than what he wants to hear, regardless of
how much of an initial sulk he puts on. He'll appreciate it eventually.

Kindness is sacrifice, hard work, dedication and bravery. All things that are totally worthwhile when you've got a friend worth being kind to, and one that you know will always be kind to you. Kindness can be unique, everyone has their own stamp on it, but the paramount thing is that it's there.

So, when people call Phil "kind"... he can't help but be a little bit flattered.

Chapter End Notes

Stay kind, cubs. The world will give back what you contribute, and you all deserve great things xx
The Phandom Lullaby

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 5

Dan and Phil attempt to write poetry together...

Chapter Notes

Let's peer over the shoulders of our favourite pair of cutlery, and see what they're texting so busily about. Shall we? Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

P: Hey, Dan, it's our turn to post a chapter again. What do you think?
D: I think I want some sleep.
P: Well, so do I, but we can't let the readers down!
D: You're really getting into this, aren't you?
P: Maybe.
D: To be honest, I just want to write better chapters than Chloe.
P: Dan! Does that mean you're actually going to help come up with an idea?
D: Let's write them a poem.
P: What?
D: One line each, alternating. Cool?
P: Worth a try. Do you want to start?
D: So it's late and my eyeballs feel like they're on fire
P: I've tossed and turned so much I'm wrapped up in my earphone wire
D: The clock is laughing at me, my thumbs assault my iPhone screen
P: Procrastinating, a good idea? Yeah, might not have been
D: This bed is warm and cosy, duvet thick, my pillow's soft
P: You'd have thought we'd learn our lesson since we both wrote TABINOF
D: Still, we've left it 'til the evening when all we want to do is doze
P: And it seems like neither of us are much good at writing prose
D: Right. Good to you, the readers, time we all called it a night
P: We promise that we'll update soon, and we hope you're all alright
D: Well... that was dire.
P: Yeah, but I kind of liked it anyway. What are we going to it?
D: An abomination?
P: Spoon. How about "The Phandom Lullaby?"
D: Fine by me. Now, Phil?
P: Yeah?
D: Goodnight.
P: Sleep well, Bear. Sweet dreams.
I hope you liked that, cubs! Please leave a comment below and let me know what you thought, I'd really appreciate it.

Sleep well, you beautiful people. Tomorrow is a new day xx
Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 6

Dan invites you into the kitchen and gives you a little pep talk.

Chapter Notes

I know, I know, I'm sorry- I am so behind on this week! Regardless, I'll do my best to give you another 9 chapters by the end of tomorrow. This should be fun!

I hope you're all okay, cubs, and I hope you enjoy this one. I must admit, it's one of my favourites so far xx

Hey, guys. It's me. Er, Dan. Probably should have made that clear... Give me a break, I was up until 3am this morning doing some editing I'd procrastinated.

Ugh, let's start again. This is such a crap opening, it's just embarrassing. Sorry. Come in, come in, don't just stand in the kitchen doorway like that. I don't bite. Much.

Ahem.

Hi, everyone. It's Dan. How are we all doing? Does anyone want a cup of tea, whilst I'm making one? Or any drink, really? Ribena?... Yeah, sure.

So, Phil had a chapter all to himself, and I think it's only fair that I get one too. Speaking of fair, that's why there weren't any new chapters yesterday- the annual Feast Fair was in Chloe's town this week, so she was out last night going on gut-wrenching rides and eating chips at antisocial times of the night. Admittedly, it sounded awesome when she was describing it to us, but the joke's on her now because she's got to finish Spam Week tomorrow. Procrastinating once again.

Haha, I taught her everything she knows.

Oh, kettle's boiled. Alright, so, I wanted to talk to you about something important to me, and something that I think would be good for us all to have a chat about. Can you just go in the fridge and pass me the milk? Ah, thanks.

Where was I? Oh, right, yeah. I want to talk to you about strength. Specifically, your strength.

I'm not talking physical, I mean mental. Emotional. People always underestimate themselves when it comes to how much you can deal with. I just wanted to say that I think you're all brilliant. You've all had your own individual problems and you've overcome them so far. I don't know if anyone's ever bothered to tell you, but well done. It's not been easy to fight like you've fought, but you've done bloody well and I'm really proud of you.
So- HOLY MOTHER OF LLAMAS THAT TEA IS HOT! I THINK I'VE GOT TENTH DEGREE BURNS OH MY GOD OW...

No, no, I'm alright, just a bit maimed... teach me for being impatient, I suppose. I think my tongue is crying.

Back to strength. Just... don't give up hope, okay? It gets better. It always does. Take each battle as it comes and one day the war will end.

Be brave, guys. Be brave, and stay strong.

Oh, yeah, sorry! I didn't realise the time. Of course, you have to go, don't worry about it. I should probably think about going to bed anyway. Yeah, I'll see you in the morning.

Thank you. You too, you spoon. Sleep well.

Chapter End Notes

    He meant every word- and so did I xx
Feedback

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 7
Dan asks Phil for an honest opinion.

Chapter Notes

I apologise for how short this is- I'm falling asleep as I type! <3

So, feedback is something I've always admired from you, cubs. It reassures me that I should keep writing- particularly in the beginning, when I was just starting out. I love every bit of constructive criticism, every praise, and of course each prompt. Everything you tell me means a lot, and I appreciate you taking the time to tell me how I'm doing. Thank you all, and enjoy xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"What do you reckon?" Dan asks wearily, thrusting his laptop at Phil with an "I'm so done" kind of expression. Phil reaches across the sofa and grabs it. "What, to the still image? Or do you want me to play it?"
"Play it so far." Dan prompts lazily, stretching his arms above his head until his elbows make cracking noises like gunshots. Phil rolls his eyes fondly and then focuses on the screen for a minute.

Dan issues the order the second Phil glances up. "Honest opinions."
"Okay. Well, I like the transitions, they're funny. Fits well with the story. But I think you've gone a bit overboard with the special effects on it- it's you the subscribers love, not your explosion graphic. As much as it's important to have it once in a while, you make it. It doesn't make you. Okay?"
"Okay. Thanks, Philly."
"You're not offended?"
"No, no! I didn't think about it, but you're right, I've overused it in this video. I'm just tired."
"Aw, Bear." Phil murmurs sympathetically.

The younger flatmate tries and fails to stifle a massive yawn. "This is going to be another 3am job, isn't it?" Phil's offer is tentative and gentle, but it makes Dan's day instantly. "Do you want me to do it? You need to sleep."
"Oh my god, would you?"

Dan's chocolate eyes grow incredibly wide with disbelief and joy. "Of course I would." Phil assures him. "Just explain what you want doing, and then you can go to bed." In response, Dan flings himself over to Phil's end of the sofa and flops his head against his friend's shoulder. "You are the best person alive." he says sincerely, as he starts pointing out various editing plans he's working on for the video.
Phil merely smiles to himself, and settles down to listen.

Chapter End Notes

Goodnight, cubs- sleep well, and I hope your dreams are as beautiful as you xx
You Cannot Be Cereal

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 8

Dan and Phil discuss cereal.

There are three things that matter in this flat. Dan, Phil and whatever's in their bowls of a morning.

Chapter Notes

Hey cubs! Eight down, six to go! And I've got to try and do them all tonight. Regardless, I really enjoy writing this, and I hope you like what I've come up with.

Thanks for the idea, Julia- I don't know if this is what you envisaged, but nonetheless, here it is <3 xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

D: Phil, I think we have a problem.
P: Why? What's happened now?
D: I've just been flicking through the previous chapters...
P: And?
D: We come across as a bit...
P: Mad? Antisocial? Lacking any common sense?
D: Cereal obsessed.
P: ...Oh. Is that all? Honestly, Bear, it could be worse.
D: I know, I know, I just don't want them thinking that it's all we talk about.
P: "Them"?
D: The audience. Turn around.
P: Oh! Sorry, cubs, didn't see you there/ Hello. Are you having a good day?
D: Do you think we're cereal obsessed maniacs?
P: Dan! Let them finish.
D: Sorry, sorry.
P: Why does it bother you so much, anyway?
D: I don't want to be remembered as the guy who constantly nagged his flatmate about breakfast items, Phil. We've achieved so much in the last few years, is this going to be our legacy?
P: You're having an existential crisis, aren't you?
D: ...yeah.
P: It's okay, Dan, really. Cereal is just one tiny quirk of ours, we're leaving behind TABINOF and TATINOF and who knows what else. And so what if we're remembered for our cereal war? As long as people think about it, and us, and then smile. Surely that's the most important thing?
D: You know, you're right. Thanks, Philly. In fact, to celebrate avoiding spending my evening facedown on the rug, I'm going to have a pre-dinner bowl of cereal. I bought a new box of Krave
yesterday- and hid it from you behind the bread. Oh, yeah, score one to the Danosaur.
P: Oh, er...
D: What the- Right. Philip.
P: Yeah?
D: You have found and eaten all my Krave. Do you admit the crime?
P: Crime?
D: Yes. Crime. Did you seriously eat a whole box?
P: Alright, yes, I did. it was 2am and I couldn't sleep... I'm sorry?
D: Don't be.
P: Why not? You seem furious.
D: Revenge is a dish best served in a heaped bowl and drizzled with milk. I'm just going to eat all your Cheerios.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not going to say anything deep, for once- instead, I'm going to ask a question. What's your favourite cereal? English cereal is so boring, I'd be really interested to see if any of you like ones we don't have here. Let me know down below!

In case you're interested, and to get the ball rolling, mine is Sugar Puffs xx
Drama Llama

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 9

Dan causes accidental drama, but Phil's got him covered.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! Can I write (from scratch!?!?) and post 5 chapters in an hour and ten minutes? I don't know, but we'll see. Fun fact, I had a massive panic attack about twenty minutes ago, but I'm just about okay now. I hope you're all well!

Right. Another thing I massively appreciate about this family is the support within it. I can post when I'm not okay and know that I can talk to you all- just knowing that you're reading what I write makes me feel so much better. This work is like a safe little outlet for me to let out my feelings and hopefully help some people with theirs- so thank you all from the bottom of my heart for allowing me to do that.

Enjoy xx :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

D: Might have a problem. Can I ring you?
P: Sorry, Bear, I'm in a meeting- what's up? I can pretend I need to go to the toilet or something if it's really urgent?
D: Don't worry, not worth disrupting your meeting. Just some Twitter drama I accidentally started. Hoping it won't escalate.
P: What drama???
D: Corrected the grammar on some guy's post about his breakup. Didn't stop to think about how he was feeling, so now I feel like a dick and half of his followers are out for blood.
P: Oh, God.
D: Yep. I deleted it but apparently they have screenshots.
P: Don't panic. It'll blow over.
D: What if it doesn't?
P: Then I've got your back. I know you didn't mean anything bad, you were just joking around. If it comes to it, I'll tweet him and and explain. Send me a link to the feed so I can see what's going on.
P: You don't have to do that, Philly- they'll start on you too. I don't want that to happen.
P: Don't worry about it, Bear. I'll support you, no matter what. Just send me the link so I can check it out myself.
>>Dan Howell sent a link

Chapter End Notes
Okay, I'd like to end with a slightly irrelevant but important point.

Nobody has any right to invalidate your feelings, cubs. Nobody.

I was recently told by someone in my family that at nearly 17 I had "nothing to be sad about" and that they "didn't get" why I had depression. Nobody needs that kind of attitude around them- not me, and certainly not you. Whatever issues you're dealing with, whatever's bothering you, you are allowed not to be okay, and you don't have to give anyone a point blank reason for your emotions and feelings. Stay strong, and hold your head up high. It's okay not to be okay xx
Chill

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 10

Who wants to go and relax with hot chocolate in the Phan flat?

Chapter Notes

Four more to go! I can do this! (I hope)

This one is very much an "I hope you sleep well" chapter. I've probably mentioned it before, but I function normally on six hours or less of sleep a night on average. I absolutely hate sleeping- but at the same time, I'd advocate a healthy sleeping pattern.

Snuggle down, cubs. Sleep well xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

P: Hey, cubs! How are you? Ah, my day's been a bit like that, too. We're just getting ready for bed, actually.
D: Phil? Who're you talking to? Oh! Hello, guys. You can hang around for bit if you want to.
P: Of course you can. You don't have to rush off!
D: Do you want some hot chocolate? I've just made some for me and Philly.
P: Can you go and grab the mugs from the kitchen, Dan? I'll sort out the blankets.
D: Sure. Back in a minute.
P: What am I doing with these blankets? Well, they're the fluffiest ones we have. We were going to get comfy on the sofa and watch TV for a little while, just to relax before bed. It's been a long day, hasn't it?
D: Yes, it has. Sorry to intrude, that sounded like it was getting deep, but I've got to put these mugs down before they melt my hands off. Careful, that is some VERY hot chocolate.
P: Thanks, Bear. It wasn't that deep.
D: That's what she said.
P: DAN!
D: What? They're laughing! Look!
P: I give up. Come and sit down, cubs. There, grab that blanket there. If I move up, you can have my sofa crease. Comfy?
D: Of course it's comfy. It's moulded into a human spine shape.
P: Here's the- ugh, excuse the yawn. That wasn't exactly attractive, was it? Anyway, here's the remote. You can choose what we watch. Do you mind letting them pick, Bear?
D: Fine by me. Settle down now, cubs. Time to chill out.
P: I agree. Go on, then, take your pick.

Chapter End Notes
There's still four more chapters to follow, but if you want to call it a night for now, I
don't blame you! Sleep well, whenever you choose to xx
Hey Buddy

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 11

Dan's dream comes true.

Chapter Notes

This one is a bit daft... but I had the idea and I couldn't resist! Let's lean over Dan and Phil's shoulders once more and see what rhyme texting about, shall we? Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

P: Have you seen your Twitter feed recently?
D: No, I'm still avoiding it after that grammar correcting incident. Why?
P: Nick Jonas tweeted you again.
D: Wait, what???
P: "Hey buddy. I know last time didn't work out, but are you in London?"
D: You're joking.
P: Nope. Check your feed.
D: Oh my god.
P: I know, Bear.
D: OH MY GOD
P: Relax! Just reply and let him know.
D: PHIL I'M IN LONDON
P: I know... I'm also in London. In the room next to you.
D: I'M IN LONDON WHEN NICK JONAS ASKED ME IF I WAS IN LONDON
P: I know!
D: I'M GOING TO SOCIALISE WITH NICK JONAS
P: Not if you never reply, you aren't :')
D: OH MY GOD
D: brb
D: Thanks for telling me
D: You're the best
P: No worries, Bear. Make me a cup of coffee when you're done messaging Nick, and we'll call it even :)

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that, cubs, silly as it was! Three more chapters to go tonight <3 xx
Spider Man

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 12
The things friends will do for each other...

Chapter Notes

I don't mind spiders... until they start running around. And then I am done.

Enjoy this one, cubs! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oh my god!" Dan screams in a ridiculously high-pitched tone. Phil's attention immediately leaves his phone screen. "Bear?" he calls, concerned. "You okay?"
"There is a MASSIVE spider in this bathroom!"
"Oh, okay." Phil returns to the email he was writing on his phone, humming to himself. Usually, Dan's screams are an overreaction or a sign of yet another long-limbed accident. It doesn't hurt to be cautious and check that he's okay.

"Phiiiiil..." Dan whines, his voice carrying through the flat. "What?"
"Come and save me!"

Rolling his eyes, but recognising that he'll have no peace if he doesn't help, Phil meets Dan outside the bathroom door. His flatmate is wrapped in a big white towel and looks terrified. Phil grins at him. "If you keep squealing like that, you'll break the sound barrier."
"That's what happens when you go fast, Phil, how many times?"
"Do you want me to get it or not?"
"Yes! Please. Please?"

Of course, Phil pads back to the kitchen and retrieves a small glass tumbler, nabbing a piece of paper from the table on the way back. "I'll get it in here and then stick it out the fire escape, okay?"
"Thank you." Dan says fervently. "It's above the shower."

Phil walks into the bathroom with confidence, and then scampers out of it with markedly less confidence. "Um." he says shakily, meeting Dan's gaze with a mutual understanding that wasn't there before. "I think I'm going to need a bigger cup."

Chapter End Notes
I hope you liked that! Two more to go XD

I'm writing these as I go, so please let me know what you think in the comments! Xx
Hey, cubs. Phil here. So this is the last chapter of Spam Week (that Dan and I are responsible for). Speaking of my flatmate, he's busy editing a video he's left to the last minute, but he said hi. Are you surprised?

Anyway, I'm hoping you won't mind it just being me. I'll try to be a decent conclusion to our half.

I wanted to talk to you about love, which may sound a bit odd, but I do have a point here.

The most important person in your life that you can love is yourself. Cliché, I know, but think about it. The influence you can have over yourself is more than the difference you can make to anything else. With yourself on board, you can make the world a better place.

So give yourself a break. You're flawed, but then so is everybody. You're unique, talented and capable of things nobody else could do. Be strong, and give a gift to the world. That's the great thing about gifts. If you give away something really good, you tend to get something even better back.

Thank you for sticking with Spam Week, cubs, and with Chloe. With us.

You change lives with every person you come into contact with. People you've met once and forgotten will sometimes remember you. A single smile from you can change a bad day for a stranger into a good one. Every little thing you do may seem insignificant to you, but you never know how others might see it.

Just remember: you matter.

For the record, I totally agree with him. You all matter, every single one of you. Love you all xx
Strength

Chapter Summary

SPAM WEEK II- Chapter 14

Dan reminisces about how much he's learnt in the last year.

Chapter Notes

AND SO IT IS DONE.

I am so tired right now... but you're all very worth it. I really hope you enjoy this final chapter of the week, cubs!

The final quality in you all that I admire is your strength. You're all fighters, every one of you. I admire you all more than I can say.

This is for you. In fact, every one of them is for you. This work may be my baby, but you are its family, and I love you all to bits xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It'd been a long year, Dan mused, burrowing deeper into his quilt. The clock told him that he had a possible eight hours of sleep available, which was a nice prospect. Regardless, a little nighttime reflection couldn't hurt.

So many things had happened, with more on the way. TATINOF, TABINOF, the incredible growth of his channel... the future was bright, and exciting. Who knew what would happen next?

Honestly, some of the changes had been terrifying. To go on tour- given his mortal fear of audience participation and all- had been scary. But he'd loved it so much, it was worth every second of fear. Having Phil beside him had helped a lot, of course, but they'd both developed themselves through that tour. They no longer used each other as a social crutch, instead talking comfortably and being able to socialise separately. Dan-and-Phil, the inseparable unit, had realised that they were capable of being separate when they needed to be.

Oh, yeah. Life was so much more exciting when he let things go a bit. Changing the habits of a lifetime, sure, but just trying new things and extending his horizons had proved to him that he was more capable than he expected. Stronger than he expected.

He was really proud of himself, actually.

Yep, Dan thought, turning over with a contended sigh. He'd definitely be leaving his comfort zone a lot more often.

Chapter End Notes
Stay strong, and stay wonderful. Thank you for being the best family this story- and I-could have asked for xx
Clear The Air

Chapter Summary

Dan and Phil have an argument. A big one. As Dan goes to leave, they both realise what they need- and what they have.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! I hope you're all doing well xx

So... I'm taking control of my life. I'm sick to death of having bitches, and people who constantly take without ever giving, try to sap the life out of me. No more.

For the last two years, I've been drifting to and from a person who just wasn't right for me to be around, in any sense. I was no saint, she wasn't either, but honestly towards the end I just wanted to get away. And I have. I don't speak to her anymore, and I wish her well in her life- but I don't want her in mine anymore.

That's the moral of this one, cubs. It's straying close to angst, but there's a happy ending, I promise. Just remember that clearing the air is a really important part of loving anyone, and you're allowed to choose where your life is going.

Enjoy! Xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Why is it my fault?" Dan yells, storming out of the office with the force of a small hurricane. Phil's placid blood starts to bubble beneath his pale skin as the furious man slams the door shut in his face. "Because I'm sick of taking responsibility for everything!" he snaps. He's not at the shouting stage, not yet, but he's getting there. Wrenching the door open again, he follows Dan's path down the stairs, hearing him slamming around in his bedroom.

The younger flatmate's voice echoes back through the flat, every bitter syllable embedding in the wall behind Phil as if Dan was throwing knives at him. "I spent three hours editing that! Would it have killed you to check it was saved before you turned the laptop off, Phil?"
"I'm sorry, I was too busy tidying up the kitchen, doing the laundry, replying to comments on the last gaming video and planning my schedule for the next month!" That's it, Phil's abnormally long fuse is burnt out, and he goes up like a Roman candle. "I know I'm the older one, Dan, but I'm not your bloody parent! Take some responsibility and stop living every day as if you expect to drop dead any second!"
"You KNOW how hard I find it!" Dan appears at his doorway, incensed, tugging a black hoodie over his black shirt. "I can't believe you! How could you make an insult out of my life?"
"Maybe if you started actually living, I would have less ammunition!"

The words are ugly- they have arguments so infrequently, they always tend to be explosions, months of pent up little annoyances barrelling out at top speed. Phil takes a shaky breath as Dan
emerges, shoes on, hood tugged up over his hair.

And tears in his eyes.

His flatmate shoves past him violently, making for the front door. Outside, Phil blandly notices that he can hear rain. Pathetic fallacy never seemed so appropriate. Dan is crying.

Phil made Dan CRY.

"Bear." His lips move of their own accord, because this is his best friend, the other part to his puzzle, and for all he knows he's losing him. "Bear!"

Phil sets off at a run, catching Dan just as he opens the front door of the flat. "Wait, wait," Phil begs. He suddenly feels unbelievably sick. How could he have said those things? Was he ever angry enough to merit it?

"Wait." he repeats, and Dan turns to face him. A single tear glistens on his bottom lashes. "I'm sorry." Phil breathes, emotion lacing every word. "I'm sorry I didn't save the video, I'm sorry I said those things, and I'm sorry I got so angry. Forgive me."

Dan's eyes grow wide, as he watches Phil's face. The older man is near tears himself. "Bear, please, say something. Please don't go."

Wordlessly, Dan reaches out and yanks Phil in for a hug. The force in his noodle arms is there, raw and exhausted, but there's a sense of relief in it. Phil grasps at Dan's hoodie, realising that nobody's leaving tonight, and finds himself crying into Dan's shoulder. "I'll never be that cruel again, I swear." he gasps. "I'm lucky to have you."

Over Phil's shoulder, nestled into his hood and with his nose pressed against his best friend's hair, Dan lets that single tear fall. "I'm lucky to have you too, you spoon. Of course I'm not going anywhere."

Neither of them notice the front door slowly edging itself shut again. They're too busy breathing in the freshly cleared air.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that, cubs! I love writing angst, but I try to keep it as fluffy as possible here. On the other hand, just this once, I thought it merited a darker one. Next chapter will be unremitting fluff again, promise <3 xx

I want you to go away from this today remembering that you have the power to choose who surrounds you. I'm closing in my friendship circle, and I'm cutting out people who don't contribute to my life. It sounds harsh, but I swear my mental health is getting so much better now that I don't have those drains on my energy. I'd urge you to consider everyone you have around you- and if someone is making you miserable, sod them. Nobody has the right to do that.

Be brave, cubs, and hold up your heads with pride. I'm so, so proud of all of you xx
Grown Ups and Groceries

Chapter Summary

Dan freaks out because there's no food.
Phil reckons he's reading too much into it.

Chapter Notes

I can't summon up any sort of enthusiasm right now, cubs, I'm sorry. I just can't today. I tried with this chapter, I'll come back and edit it when I'm feeling a bit better. Trying to write fluff when I'm in a slump is so, so difficult.

I swear if the world had a face I could punch right now, I'd knock its front teeth out. I'm in that kind of mood. Sick of bad news.

On a happier note, I got Tumblr! You can find me here: http://thealphafoxwrites.tumblr.com/
I'll be posting little snippets, motivational paragraphs, bits from my day to day life- and who knows? One of these days, you may even get to see my face. It's nothing to get excited about, trust me, but the offer's there nonetheless. I'd love to see you all on there x

I hope you're all having a better day than I am. I'll try to cheer up, I promise.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

D: We have no milk...
P: There's a shop across the road, Bear XD
D: Or bread.
P: Again, shop.
D: Or cheese.
P: Shop still hasn't moved.
D: Or vegetables.
P: Seriously, look out the window. Shop. There.
D: That's not what I'm saying!
P: Then what are you saying???
D: I'm saying that we've let it get this bad in our kitchen and we haven't even noticed! We have two boxes of cereal and some old crackers, that's about it!
P: We've been busy touring, calm down! Hey, Bear. Why are you so upset?
D: Because I don't want to be a useless adult. I want to be prepared and organised and always have food.
P: Then let's be prepared and organise a trip to the shop. Across the road.
D: Philip I swear to God
P: I'm kidding! Just relax, Bear. We are adults. We've been on tour and everything.
D: I suppose so.
P: Not having food also gives us a great excuse to have a takeaway.
D: ...
P: Indian?
D: I love you.
P: I love you too, you spork. And stop texting me from the next room!
D: Alright. I'll grab the menu and meet you in the living room, okay?
P: Okay. See you in a minute- and hurry up. I'm starving, we didn't have anything in the cupboards for lunch! :) 
D: I give up. On my way

Chapter End Notes

Short but hopefully sweet.
Have a good day, cubs. See you soon x
Blessings

Chapter Summary

Phil looks back on his life, and suddenly has a realisation.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! xx

I'm sorry, I know, it's been a little while. I wasn't mentally very well, and I realised I just had to take a step back and reconsider how I was doing, so I took a bit of a break. I hope you're all doing well!

So, I was up until 3am this morning, because two of my best friends came over for a sleepover (sadly the other two couldn't make it, they were missed). It just hit me, I suppose. I was curled up on the sofa, one friend was absentmindedly feeding me chocolates as we watched a film, the other was laying on a mattress on the floor. We were laughing about something or another, I was a bit hyper from all the sugar and the fact that they were there.

And I was happy. Really truly, happy. I still am. And I can't remember the last time I felt this good.

Enjoy the chapter, cubs. Thank you for bearing with me <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's 3am, and Phil can't sleep.

For once, though, it's not bothering him. He's not upset, he's not overthinking, he’s not uncomfortable. He’s just… reflecting.

It all started on the internet (of course). Earlier, randomly scrolling through Tumblr, he came across a post about taking the time to appreciate what you have, and it really struck a chord. He’s been doing a lot of philosophising recently, particularly after the release of TATINOF. The response has been so overwhelming that sometimes he wants to pinch the snowy-white cradle of his inner elbow, just to bring himself back to the present.

Present. Funny voice of words, considering how much his life is feeling like a gift recently. For the fourth time tonight, settling himself down against his bright blue pillows, Phil Lester begins to count his blessings.

First of all, there’s his family. His parents, loving and supportive. His brother, an idiot, but a lovable one nonetheless. He’s glad to have them, glad that there will always be someone in his corner. They’re the best family he could wish for.
Then, of course, there’s Dan. His Bear. Phil can't imagine life without him. His best friend, his co-worker and his flatmate just happened to be one person, and he'll always be grateful that Dan made contact with him all those years ago. People might mock, but Dan-and-Phil have become a whole new entity, as a partnership. It's not that they're two halves of something- they just came together and made something completely new.

YouTube is a blessing. It's Phil's dream job, and the people he's met through it are incredible. There are more blessings linked to YouTube- his friends, his awards, and his fans.

Ah, the fans, Phil muses happily. Millions of wonderful people, inspired and helped by his content. Thinking about it, they inspire and help him a hell of a lot more than he could ever do for them.

It feels good, to love so many people. Like having a hugely extended family (consisting mainly of crazy fandom cousins).

Yep. No doubt about it, life is good at the minute. Long may it continue. Long may Phil feel blessed.

Rolling over, enjoying the feeling of the quilt cradling his long limbs, Phil’s thoughts finally fade into a contented silence.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all find the time to count your blessings today. I just want you all to know that, when I think of mine, you are all very high up on the list. You're ALL blessings, you wonderful people.

I don't know if I've ever said this properly, but I genuinely love you all. And I hope you love yourselves too xx

P.S: I know I said it last chapter, but I now have Tumblr, and I'd love to see you on there. I'll be posting a lot of little things that haven't made it into this work, as well as random things like motivational paragraphs, pictures (I admit, I'm prone to the odd selfie), and probably a few confessions along the way. If you're interested, my username is thealphafoxwrites :)
Earphones and Escaping

Chapter Summary

Dan finds himself pondering how his obsession with his earphones goes deeper than it might seem.

Chapter Notes

Hello, cubs. I hope you're all keeping well!

Just quickly, I wanted to give you a little explanation. My life has been really quite difficult over the last few weeks, and I've been going from feeling like I'm dying to feeling good so often- I'm exhausted just trying to keep up. I'll survive, I hope I'm through the worst now; I just wanted you to be aware because my writing and my uploading schedule seem to have suffered for it. I'm truly sorry for that. I also apologise profusely if you commented in that time- I've got back to you now. Thank you all for being patient with me <3

So this chapter is based very much on my own experiences. I can't sleep without my earphones, and music saves me at least once a day.

Fun fact: Whilst writing this, I listened to Little Toy Guns by Carrie Underwood on repeat. I am a massive country fan :)

Enjoy! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They were just plastic, metal and rubber, but they made all the difference.

Dan ran his earphones through his fingers like familiar snakes, the wire curling around his palm. They were black- of course- matt and sleek, futuristic almost. Expensive, but very worth it. They wouldn't break if he rolled over them, for instance.

He could remember the day that he broke his last pair, after turning the flat upside down with Phil to find them. They'd laughed so much, and smiled, and it had been great. Buying these new ones was a great decision, too. They cancelled out background noise and helped him to focus.

He often woke up tangled in them, a fly caught in a musical web of his own making, an awkward corner of his phone poking him in the spine. He usually fell asleep before he could remember to put them away.

They were always a mess, too, when he took them out of his pocket. They went in perfectly arranged and wrapped into a neat circle, they came out a labyrinth that he spent hours of his life wrestling with.
Regardless, they were more to Dan than just technology. They were an escape. A way to avoid talking to strangers on the Tube. A way to drown out the problems in his head when they got too loud. A way to help him focus when he was working. A way for him to listen to music when he couldn't sleep, without waking Phil up.

Without them, he found himself getting anxious- his metaphorical comfort blanket was necessary to get him through the day. The back pocket of his jeans always felt empty without the coil of the wire and the uncomfortably hard buds poking him whenever he sat down. He didn't mind. It helped to know they were there.

He'd probably end up losing his hearing one day, but that was a problem for the future, and right now he was too busy sorting out the issues of the present. His mum always used to lecture him about them, but he didn't care. The benefits of the crappy ones he had as a teenager always outweighed the probable consequences.

Oh, yeah. Every time. Reaching behind him, Dan opened up a Kanye playlist on his phone, and smiled to himself.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed that, cubs. If you want to leave a comment, please do- and I promise I'll be prompt in replying this time :)

I love you all. Thank you for giving me a constant purpose <3 xx
Chapter Summary

DAN HAS A BIT OF AN ISSUE.

Chapter Notes

Inspired by a conversation I had with my good friend Mila. Thanks, kiddo, you're the best <3

I'm looking at doing something special on Two Spoons for Halloween, cubs- if you have any suggestions, let me know! Otherwise, enjoy this xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

D: PHIL
P: What? Are you okay? What did I do?
D: NOTHING
P: Then why are you shouting at me??
D: I DROPPED MY PHONE
P: ... okay?
D: AND THE SCREEN CRACKED
P: I don't know where this is going...
D: SO I WENT TO TYPE YOU A MESSAGE TO TELL YOU AND I PRESSED CAPS LOCK AND THE BROKEN SCREEN HAS NOW STUCK ON CAPS LOCK AND IT WON'T TURN OFF HELP
P: Oh
D: ARE YOU LAUGHING
P: Maybe
D: THIS IS NOT FUNNY. I NEED TO SEND SOME IMPORTANT EMAILS TODAY
P: Use your laptop?
D: I'M AT THE MUSEUM, I WON'T BE HOME UNTIL LATER, REMEMBER?
P: Oh, yeah, I forgot you were having a day with your family. Um... I don't know what to suggest to be honest
D: I HATE THE UNIVERSE
P: It's really hard to take you seriously like this
D: SHUT UP
P: Oh, hold on, I have an idea!
D: WHAT
P: Type up what you want to say in these emails, send it to me, I'll type it up normally and send it back. You can copy and paste it over
D: PHILIP
P: Yeah?
D: YOU ARE A GENIUS :)))
P: Haha, thanks, Bear
D: THANK YOU
P: No worries
D: YOU'RE SAVING MY LIFE
P: I wouldn't go that far ;)
D: I'M LOOKING AT A MUMMY
P: Okay...? Well, send me the emails whenever.
D: WILL DO, THANK YOU AGAIN
P: Don't mention it. Enjoy your day with your family, Bear.
D: I WILL, AND I'LL BUY A TAKEAWAY FOR DINNER. YOU CAN CHOOSE, MY TREAT
P: Sounds like a good trade ;)
D: BYE FOR NOW PHILLY
P: Bye Bear. Say hi to your family for me :)
D: WILL DO. LATERS M8
P: Some things never change...

Chapter End Notes

Love you all, and I'll update soon! Xx
Chapter Summary

At some point in the future, Phil will ask a question.

Chapter Notes

Halfway there, cubs! Thank you all so much for your endless support and encouragement. I love each and every one of you.

This note is longer than the chapter. Oops. Bear with me, please, this is really important to me.

So. It's become a tradition by now for me to offer some sort of moral or insight in these notes, and this time I feel like I really have something important to say. If you only ever read one of these, please read this.

(I mention a few mental issues and such in the following notes section, if that's something that really upsets you, please don't read it. The notes at bottom will be fine for you <3)

My name is Chloe. I am 16 years old. I have suffered with depression for as long as I can remember. At the age of 10, I was suicidal. I have walked a fine line my whole life between self destruction and sanity. During that time, I have had periods where I starved myself, scratched my skin until I bruised, many issues with my family, panic attacks and a few times when I just totally broke down. I can recall countless nights where I closed my eyes and hoped that I wouldn't wake up.

But I am here today, writing this note to you. I am alive, I have a group of incredible friends, and I believe. WHEN PEOPLE TELL YOU THAT IT GETS BETTER, PLEASE BELIEVE THEM. I didn't, and it took me a long time to learn what I'd been hearing all along. I know you might not see light at the end of the tunnel, but just acknowledge that there is an end to this tunnel. There is something waiting for you, and even if you can't believe it right now, it'll be good. Trust me.

If you are struggling, if you have a mental illness, if you do not get on with your family. If you are in any way not okay. It gets better. I swear to you. It gets better.

It gets better, and I bloody love you, you wonderful person. Stay strong, and fight for the ending you deserve. Don't close your book too soon.

I'd like to dedicate Two Spoons to the four people who saved my life. Connie, Georgie, Charlotte and Beth. I don't know if any of you will ever read this, but if you do, thank you. Just... thank you. I love you more than I can say xxx
One day, Phil will turn to Dan and ask "Was it worth it?"

The question will be voiced. It could be tomorrow, or a month from now, or thirty years away.

They might be sitting in their living room, out for a meal, tugging on their coats and preparing to go out. Maybe they'll be halfway through filming a video. But Phil will still ask the question, and his big blue eyes will still be brimming with thoughtfulness. His head will tilt slightly, unconsciously as ever, and Dan will secretly find it adorable.

The room might be quiet, or it might be loud. Maybe they'll be out socialising, however unlikely that may seem, and Dan will have to strain to hear Phil over music or other conversations. Maybe it will be just the two of them.

Perhaps it will come out of the blue, Phil asking into silence or interrupting their conversation with the question. Perhaps they'll already be talking about it and it will naturally follow.

Regardless, when Phil asks, Dan will smile. He won't even need to check. The younger flatmate's cheeks will bloom with dimples like flowers peeking into springtime, and he will know what Phil means. Just like he always does.

"It" will encompass everything- the mad rushes to catch flights, the pressure of putting out videos, the sleepless nights, the expensive equipment, the hard work, the hours they could never get back.

Oh, yes. Dan will smile at Phil, the little knowing smile that he saves for moments like this. He might reach across to mess his hair, or to pull him into a hug. He might just laugh, the giggle that Phil loves to be the cause of.

And his answer will be, it will always be, "yes".

---

Chapter End Notes

In the last week, I made a kind of spontaneous decision and cut my hair. It's now a lot shorter and a lot different. I love it, and it feels like a victory. A new start.

I am genuinely happy, cubs, for the first time in a very long time. I forgot what this felt like; I didn't realise how much I'd missed it.

I hope that you're doing well. For those of you couldn't/didn't read the notes at the start, "It gets better, and I bloody love you, you wonderful person. Stay strong, and fight for the ending you deserve. Don't close your book too soon.

I'd like to dedicate Two Spoons to the four people who saved my life. Connie, Georgie, Charlie and Beth. I don't know if any of you will ever read this, but if you do, thank you. Just... thank you xxx"
The Perks Of Being A Flatmate

Chapter Summary

Dan reads The Perks of Being a Wallflower. Phil begins to regret lending it to him.

(Please read the chapter notes on this one!)

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! I hope you're all doing well 😊

I love this book, but it kind of sent me into an existential crisis for a long time after I read it XD

Okay, so... I have a favour to ask of you.

Basically, I found the Phanfiction Awards on Tumblr yesterday. I had a brief moment of wondering- what if Two Spoons could win something? How incredible would that be?

So in a fit of probable madness, I nominated it for a couple of the awards. I am so proud of this fic. It charts not only the story of Dan and Phil, but my journey through the last year and a half. I've tried to help not only other people who needed it most, but myself. I don't write for a hit count, or an award, I write for myself and for you. That being said, to be able to say that this little self-help fluff fest won an award would be an achievement I can't even begin to imagine.

Just... please don't think that it would change anything. My first and last priority has always been you, and I want that to be the clearest message I ever give you. Okay? 😊

Okay. Um... what I'm asking you to do, cubs is this. If you like this fic enough to do it, could you please nominate it too? You can do it with a Google account, you don't need Tumblr if you don't have it. The more nominations it has, the more likelihood it has of getting through to the voting stage- or of winning. And I can't even stress how incredible that would be.

I'll put the link to the nomination form in the notes at the end of chapter. Thank you for reading, cubs. Whether you nominate it or not, I love you all and I so appreciate you being here xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Dan..." Phil began carefully, glancing up the stairs at his friend's rapidly retreating back. "Are you okay?"

"Yes. No. I don't know!" Dan half-sobbed, hurrying the rest of the way. Not his real crying. Phil knows that like he knows his own heartbeat, but still whining, confused tears. Not quite existential
crisis tears, but close.

At this point, the older flatmate was mystified. Dan had been behaving so weirdly for about two days now, and he was no closer to understanding it that evening than he been the previous morning. It wasn't like he hadn't made an effort, he just... couldn't quite get his head around it.

Wandering into the the living room and slumping into his sofa crease, Phil groaned to himself wearily.

It all started when Dan read The Perks of Being a Wallflower.

Phil had walked into the living room yesterday morning, and asked Dan if he was enjoying the book. It was a reasonable question, he'd read it himself and then asked Dan if he wanted to borrow it, but the reaction he got was vaguely insane. Even by Dan's standards.

"What is 'good'?” Dan had asked dully. Phil froze, trapped in a conversation that he knew was not going to go well for him. "Um... do you like it?” he tried again, his voice nearly cracking like he'd reverted back to his teenage self. Something in Dan's tone was screaming like a warning siren.

'WHOA PHIL BACK UP'

The following pause lasted longer than it probably should have. "It's making me think." Dan had allowed, his voice taking on a dreamy quality as if he wasn't really thinking about it, turning back to the book.

And that was it.

Phil tried again at lunchtime. "So, Dan,” he'd said curiously, passing his flatmate a sandwich. Dan didn't even notice, he was too busy staring at the book in his hands. Phil just sighed, put the plate in front of him, and asked "Do you think Charlie is to blame for his actions towards the end or not?"

Dan had virtually imploded.

"NO OBVIOUSLY NOT IT- UGH- HES JUST- YOU DONT UNDERSTAND."And then he'd thrown the book at Phil. Actually chucked it at him. Shocked, and somewhat scared for his life, Phil and his sandwich had made a hasty retreat to his bedroom where he'd broken his rule about eating on his bed. Crumbs on the sheets was better than book-induced concussion.

He got the feeling that it wasn't him, but Dan was taking it out on him anyway. Of course.

Phil had made an effort to avoid Dan a little after that, to give him some space to work through... whatever this was. He obviously didn't want to talk about it, hence the throwing and the crying and the existentialism.

It wasn't until 11 pm that Phil finally realised what the matter had been. He was dozing on the sofa when he felt a soft weight gently press onto his chest. The sound of the door closing was enough to snap him out of his slumber, and he stretched, wondering why Dan had disappeared so suddenly. Opening his eyes, he found his copy of The Perks of Being a Wallflower, now resting on his lap after he sat up. On it was a bright yellow post-it note.

"Sorry for being such a lunatic. The story was so thought-provoking and... well, I think I took the immersion a bit too seriously. Thanks for the loan, though, it's an amazing book :)")" Phil read it, grinning to himself in relief, and then noticed the little scrawl at the very end of the note, almost like an afterthought.
"Thanks for putting up with my crap. You're the best, Philly"

With the world suddenly right again, Phil heaved himself off the sofa with a happy chuckle, and went to find Dan.

Chapter End Notes

I nominated Two Spoons for the awards that I would want it to win, the awards that best summed up what I wanted to achieve. Those were;
Best Chaptered
Best Characterization
Most Memorable Fic

The link for the post with the forms is here:
http://thealphaficwrites.tumblr.com/post/152868962869/phanfic-awards-2016-nominations

If you could nominate this, I would be eternally grateful. Regardless, though, I hope you enjoyed the chapter- and I hope Two Spoons continues to draw such wonderful readers. You guys make everything worthwhile <3

Thank you all so much! I'll update again soon, I'm trying to get back to my weekly schedule xx
Showers

Chapter Summary

Showers mean different things to different people. Of course, this pair have to take it to the next level.

Chapter Notes

Hey cubs! Xx

I'm sorry it's taken me so long to update! I'm doing my best, but schoolwork is brutal at the moment and I keep falling asleep before I get the chance to write. I'm trying to get back to a more regular schedule of uploading- thank you for being so patient with me!

Oh, and- I was reading back through the chapters so far, and there are some that I'm just not happy with. Some seem rushed, some are simply too short, and others lack something. So, between now and the next chapter, I'm going to go back and edit them a bit. Nothing too severe, I'm not going to delete any or anything, but I'm going to try and make them better wherever I can. I'll keep track of all the ones I change and post it in the notes of the next chapter, so you can go back and reread them if you'd like.

I hope you're doing amazingly, cubs! Feel free to say hi in the comments, I feel like I haven't been here in ages and I've missed you all so much! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Phil showers, it becomes a life event.

There's usually a snack of some sort involved (side note: biscuits are not as nice when they're soggy with shower water, but chocolate works surprisingly well). There's also all sorts of towel administration involved (towelmin?), usually meaning that Dan comes storming into the living room later on with his washed hands dripping over his socks. One towel for Phil's hair, one for his body, one for his hands. Yes, they're all completely necessary.

Phil loves showers. He comes up with most of his ideas there, finding inspiration and comfort in the heat of the cascading water. It's like a welcome embrace, especially when they tumble into the flat after a busy week (or get back from touring). The glint of the glass and the shine of the chrome are like encouraging winks to Phil's tired, aching muscles.

It's like an extension of his room. His shaving foam and shower gel and other random products (mostly bought because the scents sounded nice, not because they were actually needed) are permanent displays that prove that he lives here. This is his space to colonise with novelty Christmas bath bombs and weirdly exotic fruit shampoo.

More than anything, it's oddly satisfying to stagger into his bathroom and see a toothbrush he
bought, with money he earned himself, waiting for him. Honestly, it makes him feel like a really accomplished adult!

Dan, on the other hand, is far more philosophical with his showers. Of course.

He uses half a bottle of shower gel every time he steps into that steamy cavern (oh, hush) and he's usually more worried about the state of the universe than relaxing. It's a good place to stay and reflect, until a certain flatmate comes to check if he's still alive.

Dan has a love-hate relationship with showers. It's nice to be clean and have some time to himself, but at the same time his mind races whenever he's alone with the hot water and not much else.

His products (unlike Mr Phil's) are neatly crammed into one corner of the bathroom cabinet. At least, until he leaves packing until fifteen minutes after they're supposed to leave, at which point his stuff ends up scattered all over the sink. The most recent reminder of Dan's self-confessed incompetence is a still-unlocked can of Lynx.

He still loves how the bathroom wakes him up, though. Following his little morning (ahem, 2pm, shut up) routine helps him to shake off his sleep and get ready to face the cold, bleak English weather outside the window. Once his tongue tastes like mint, his hair is curling damply against his forehead and he's managed to snatch at least one towel from the clutches of his flatmate, he feels vaguely human. It's a pleasant way to ease into his typical procrastinating days.

As usual, Dan and Phil have totally different interpretations of the same thing. Showers. Fun, deep, confusing, simplistic, novelty, functional. They won't ever agree, but that's fine. It works.

They can agree on at least one thing- they don't love the monthly water bill!

Not. At. All.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed that! <3

Okay, today's deep thought is this: I think I've decided that it's better to be stubborn and refuse to forgive someone who's repeatedly hurt you than constantly let someone back in who never does anything but hurt you. I don't know if you've ever been- or are still in- that situation, but I want you to know that you are under no obligations to accept apologies just because it's polite, or you don't want to bear a grudge. Some people will just never change, and that is not at all your fault.

Love you all to bits, and I'll see you soon! *big hugs*
The Alcohols

Chapter Summary

Dan gets in from a night out with his friends. Phil is... well, a bit freaked out, if he's honest.

(Inspired by a mildly intoxicated conversation I had recently. I was not wearing wellies indoors at the time XD)

Chapter Notes

I am so annoyed with myself. I'm so sorry it's taking me so long to update, cubs! I haven't forgotten you, I promise, there's just a hell of a lot on my plate right now.

Some interesting things have happened recently. Bad included my OCD flaring up at the most inconvenient of times, my mother telling me I'm a "terrible human being", and my school work reaching mountainous proportions. I swear, the education system thinks I'm a robot. I'm so, so tired all the time. It never bloody ends.

Okay, but in the interests of positive mental attitude (I'm trying with that as much as I can), some good things need to be mentioned too. I got last Friday off from school because my lessons were cancelled, I'm still alive, I still have my friends, and I FINALLY updated Two Spoons. I love this work and I love you, cubs. Please be patient with me.

Let me know in the comments how you've been doing, I'd love to talk to you <3

Enjoy this! It is primarily based on me... 'Nuff said XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Whilst he'd heard Dan come in from meeting his friends, the crash in the kitchen still made Phil jump about a foot off his chair. It sounded suspiciously like a glass smashing against the floor tiles.

He glanced at his phone. 11 pm. Hmm.

"Dan?" he called, concern rising in his chest. "Are you okay?"

There was no answer, which set Phil's Dan-Is-Doing-Something-He-Shouldn't-Be senses tingling. He padded down the hallway dutifully, eyebrow already raised in his typical fatherish disapproval, when he was met by the weirdest sight he'd ever seen in his life.

And, living with Dan, that was saying something.

"Hi, Phil!" Dan said happily, raising his hands to wave with so much enthusiasm another glass went flying. Phil was just glad he'd put some slippers on before he came in.
"Oops." Dan giggled, looking down at the mess. "I did it again. Hey, that's a song!"
"Dan." Phil stared at his flatmate, not sure if he should be reprimanding or laughing. "Um... why are you wearing a onesie and a pair of wellies indoors?"
"Because I'm fabulous. Stop having a problem with me, Phil. And I'll be the one laughing when it rains."
"... in the kitchen?"
"Yep."

Oh, great. "Sorry. So, how much did you drink exactly?"
"The alcohols?"
For the love of... "Yeah, Dan, the alcohols. How much?"
Dan looked so proud of himself, Phil couldn't resist a bit of a giggle. He quickly turned it into a cough. "All of them, Philly. ALL of the alcohols. You have a nice nose."
"Erm. Thanks." Phil rubbed at it self-consciously, and then sighed resignedly. "Okay, Bear, you need to sober up a bit."
"Don't want to." God, that pout was unreal.

At this point, Dan had given up on finding a glass and was going through the fridge. "What are you looking for? Are you hungry?" Phil's voice took on a quality that he recognised as vaguely parental. One of them was going to have to be responsible, and by the looks of it, it'd have to be him. "No." Dan replied, practically climbing into the fridge. "Where's the wine?"

"Okay!" Phil said hastily, running over to shut the fridge door. Dan didn't step back at all, but drunk Dan never did understand personal space. "You need a shower, Bear. Come on. You go and do that, I'll make you a coffee." He was prepared to fight it out, to have a deep philosophical debate about the virtue of showers- but to Phil's surprise, Dan nodded willingly and trotted off in the direction of his bedroom. In his wellies.

Flicking on the kettle and going to fetch a dustpan and brush, Phil rolled his bright blue eyes. It was going to be a long night.

The sound of running water at the other end of the flat mingled with the tinkling of broken glass as he cleaned up Dan's mess.

He still couldn't quite hold back a smile.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs!

As I said, let me know how you've been in the comments. Tell me a joke, let me know what you thought, the possibilities are endless!

Much love from a totally exhausted fox <3
Phil could hear Dan through the drywall behind his head, moving about in his bedroom. A muffled bang, a curse. A rapid thumping as he hopped on one foot, probably trying to tug off those too-tight black skinny jeans and slide into bed.

Phil sighed numbly, and stared out into the darkness of his bedroom. This was one of those nights that he hadn’t been a prat and had coffee before bedtime, or drowned in jetlag. No, this was a Dan-style night, a night where his mind was racing and he couldn’t seem to shut it up. His fingertips grazed his checked bedsheets, absentmindedly reaching out for something. Phil was getting used to not really knowing what he was reaching out for.

Dan was drunk, but after a night out with his friends, that was to be expected. He was also noisy, and clumsy, but Phil didn’t mind that either. His friends from Wokingham weren’t in London often, so after the busy few weeks they’d had, of course he’d told Dan to go out and enjoy himself.

As awful as it made him feel, in a way, the older flatmate sort of hoped he hadn’t.

After dinner, he’d made the mistake of reading an article about their tour. Someone had sent him a link to it on Twitter- it was nothing but complimentary, and it had been great to read. Until he’d reread the part where they introduced the pair of them.

“Dan Howell (25) and Phil Lester (29)”

Phil had been thinking about his 30th birthday, it wasn’t exactly a surprise. They’d been making jokes about Dan being the youngest for years. He’d just never seen it in black and white, so abruptly.
He’d always been the older one. Now he was suddenly just the old one, and it scared him.

It didn’t matter, not really, but the seed of doubt had already been sown, and this was one plant that Phil apparently couldn’t kill. He tried to take another deep breath, telling himself he was being ridiculous. The oxygen in his bedroom may as well have been treacle, drawing tighter around him, smothering his usual chirpy smile in the midnight hours.

He curled into his duvet, but it wasn’t the kind of hug he wanted. His mind raced on, his palms growing clammy.

What if Dan got bored of his older friend? What if he wanted to move in with someone younger? What if he got sick of Phil?

An image of himself, sitting alone in an unfamiliar flat, crept into Phil’s imagination. He’d never thought about how much he enjoyed living with Dan, or how lonely he’d be if he ever had to live alone again. Even the annoying things, like when his friend used up all the shower gel, were totally forgotten amidst the laughter and the happiness that they shared every day.

Phil suddenly realised what he’d been trying to work out all along. It wasn’t just the Phandom that though of them as Dan-and-Phil, one entity. They did it themselves, too. He spent all his time with his best friend, making great memories, and Dan was such a huge part of his life that the idea of losing him was terrifying.

He lost track of the time, rolling around and trying his hardest to fall asleep. The glow of his phone screen kept him company, but it was bittersweet. The more he tried to forget it, the more he became convinced that he was going to end up being lonely.

“Please don’t ever leave me behind, Bear. Please stay.” Phil murmured into the darkness, twisting in his covers for the thousandth time and praying for some peace. Sleep would be wonderful right about now.

A soft voice from the doorway startled him out of his spiralling crisis. “Oh, Lion.” Dan murmured sleepily, pushing the door open to lean woozily against the frame. “Wouldn’t do that.” He squinted into the pitch black of Phil’s room, the torch function on his phone shining a beam onto Phil’s ceiling. Phil hadn’t heard him leave his room, which was amazing, because drunk Dan had about as much coordination as a houseplant on a skateboard. “Go sleep now, Philly.” Despite everything, Phil found himself smiling. Even though Dan was drunk, and clearly exhausted, the promise was as earnest as it could ever have been. He knew what he was saying…and Phil trusted him. “Night, Bear.” he said, his heart finally returning to a somewhat regular rhythm. The past hours began to fade away instantly, seeming ridiculous now. Maybe, he thought, maybe I will be able to sleep tonight. “Night, Lion. See you t’morrow.”

And if Dan woke up to some painkillers and a pint of cool water on his bedside table tomorrow, if he remembered the events of the previous night… neither of them mentioned it. They didn’t need to.

The promise still stood.

Chapter End Notes

Did I claw that back at the end? I hope I did. Anyway, the next one will be as fluffy as
I can possibly make it, as promised.

There should be a little side-character making an appearance, actually- who's up for seeing Connie the cat again? I've missed the little guy :)

Until then, cubs. Enjoy yourselves, and keep an eye out for Christmassy stuff. Watch this space! <3 xx
Merry Christmas

Chapter Summary

Dan and Phil do stockings for each other every year, it's tradition. But why is Dan's full on the 23rd?

...And why is it moving?

Chapter Notes

MERRY CHRISTMAS CUBS!!!!!
(equally happy non-festive day, I hope that's just as wonderful for you)

School work has been so ridiculous recently, but I've decided to say enough is enough. Technically, I should be revising for my mock exams in the first couple of weeks of January, but screw it. You guys are amazing and you deserve a Christmas present. Thank you to the lovely Kona for helping me formulate the idea for this one- and thank you to all of you. You, reading this - whether you've been here from the very beginning or you've just started reading today- have helped me in more ways than I could ever explain. I owe you a hell of a lot, and I love every single one of you.

I'm at risk of making this another hugely long note, so I'll explain the other half of your Christmas present in the notes at the end. I hope it goes some way towards showing you all how wonderful you really are, and how much I appreciate you.

Enjoy the first half, cubs- tooth-rottingly fluffy, as promised!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Phil?” Dan yelled through a face-full of old garlands. He shifted the decorations in his arms as best he could, the brightly coloured things tickling his chin irritatingly. “I can’t find the other box of tinsel!”

“What other box?” Phil’s voice sounded vaguely irritated, as if he’d been wrestling with a Christmas tree for two hours whilst his flatmate tracked down all their elusive Christmas decorations. Um.

“The one with the red and the gold stuff in it!” Dan hollered back. “I’ve got the box with all the random colours, but I want the living room to be coordinated!”

“Try the office! I think there were some other boxes in there.”

Staggering into the living room under the weight of all the decorations, Dan dumped them into his sofa crease (there wasn’t any room on the floor amidst deconstructed branches of their tree and mountains of ornaments). Phil was holding a branch, his tongue poking out between his teeth in concentration, as he manoeuvred it into the trunk. His dark, red-patterned Christmas jumper was covered in fake pine needles, the plastic-ish material sticking to him with the same static that was
making the back of his hair stand on end. Dan smiled fondly, just watching, as Phil stretched with a groan. He suddenly noticed his best friend behind him, and the older man managed to grin.

“Hey, Bear. Any luck?”

“I haven’t looked yet.” Dan wandered over to look at the tree, admiring his friend’s handiwork. Phil managed to look somewhere between flattered and deeply, deeply irritated. “I swear,” he said, half to himself, “This tree hates me.”

“Looks good, though, Lion!” Dan patted Phil's shoulder in a vague attempt at being soothing, as Phil shoved him off with a laugh. "Go and find that tinsel!"

Brushing the static green needles from his hands subtly, Dan made his way through the flat to the office, humming Carol of the Bells at an inhumanly high pitch as he went. Shoving the door open (they really did have an insane amount of Christmas junk in there all of a sudden), he glanced around for the right box.

And paused.

He and Phil both had a stocking, that was nothing new. His was pitch black, with a soft white fur lining, and Phil's was gaudy and covered with a disproportionate amount of bells. That wasn't the weird bit. They were both on the floor in the office, where they'd been left. But his- his black, beautifully soulless stocking- was full. And TWITCHING.

"What the fu. .." Dan's heart began to pound, as his brain filled in the gaps as to what it could be. Demon. Christmas demon. Tiny, angry Christmas demon.

Christmas demons probably don't purr, his brain supplied helpfully. Your stocking is purring.

Oh. Oh! Resisting the urge to slap himself in the face, Dan dropped to his knees and looked into the opening of the stocking as carefully as he could. A pair of bright green eyes blinked sleepily back at him.

"Connie? How did you get in here?" he murmured, reaching his hand out anyway. The not-so-stray decided to slink out of his new bed, bumping his head against Dan's hand familiarly. "Mrrrow."

"Merry Christmas to you too, scruffy." The warm feeling he always got in his chest when the cat was around began to well up around Dan's heart. It was freezing outside. Could he really condemn Connie to spending Christmas alone and cold, he asked himself, as he stroked between the midnight hunter's ears?

As it happened, Connie made the decision easy. Sauntering in the arrogant way that only a cat can, he set off down the stairs. Dan heard what happened before he saw it, following the feline say quickly as he could. The tinsel was long forgotten.

"Connie?" Phil's incredulous tone rang out through the flat. Dan grinned to himself. The affection was evident, even though his flatmate's surprise. "I thought I told you not to stay in here for too long. I'm allergic!"

"Have you ever had a reaction to him?" Dan yelled, trying to remember.

"No, but..." Phil replied, sounding distracted. "CONNIE BE-"

Smash.

The sound of glass breaking sent Dan into a brisk near-jog, until he stuck his head into the living room.

Phil was standing over a very smug looking cat (currently rolling in a few discarded strands of
silvery tinsel), staring at a pile of smashed glass. "Was that the tree ornaments your mum bought us last year?"
"Yeah."
"The horrible mustard colored ones?"
"Dan!"
"Oh, come on, Phil. I love your mum, you know I do, but are you honestly going to miss having mustard snowflakes on our tree?"
"... Alright, fine."

Dan smiled broadly at him, and then they both went back to watching Connie, huge grins on their faces. "So..." Phil started carefully. "Where was he?"
"Sleeping in my stocking. He must have been there all day."
"Oh, good, he'll have a bed for now then."
"For now? Phil, what?"

Phil gave Dan a small, knowing smile. "He's apparently the only cat I'm not allergic to, he clearly likes it here and we already feed him every day. He's comfortable. We like having him around. And he's used to being outside, so if the landlord came around we could put him out the window for the day and he'd be fine."
"You want to adopt him?"
"Yeah, I do."

They stared at each other for a long moment. Responsibility fluttered between them like feathers in a breeze, until they both nodded. "Let's do it. We can hide him from the landlord." Dan said confidently. "Welcome to the family, Connie." Phil added. The cat rolled over to fix them his bright green stare, looking eerily like he was saying "thank you". Or "about time". Either worked.

"Can we buy him a Santa hat?" Dan asked, after a brief pause.
Phil rolled his bright blue eyes and turned back to the tree, grabbing the nearest branch. "We're not buying him a Santa hat, Dan."
"But..."
"Nope. Go and fetch your stocking for him, whilst I finish this fu...dging tree. And grab the Hoover on your way back, before someone gets hurt on those ornaments!"

The sound of Dan's retreating laughter filled the flat, mingling with the homely meows of the black cat, and the muffled made-up cursing of the grown man determined to set up a tree.

It sounded just like Christmas.

Chapter End Notes

I planned to do this after I'd finished Two Spoons, but... well. I'm really excited about this and I just couldn't wait to share it with you. Frankly, I don't want Two Spoons to end. I originally aimed for 100 chapters, then I made it 200. I've already planned the ending, but it's very hard to think about sometimes. This has charted my journey, for over a year, and by some miracle it means a lot to you cubs too. I will never stop being grateful for that. I love writing it and I love knowing you read it, enjoy it. I love hearing that I've helped people in the same way that they've helped me.

So... well, as you can probably see already, I've made Two Spoons a series!
"Two Spoons- The Cutlery Drawer" is my gift to you, the incredible people who've seen me through some very dark nights. This is going to carry on long after Two Spoons hits 200 chapters. There'll be all sorts- fluff, probably angst, one-shots, drabbles, longer things. Some of it will be established relationship Phan and some will be platonic friendship, because I know a lot of you are divided in which you prefer. I'll be really careful with tagging and make it clear as to which it is, I promise.

Of course Two Spoons will be my priority for now, but keep an eye out. There will be other things going up, even before it's finished. And it won't mean I update TS less frequently, either. My New Year's resolution is to update TS once a week, and I WILL STICK TO IT. Even if it means I'm writing into the early hours of the morning ;)

I love you all, cubs. Merry Christmas- and I hope you enjoy your presents xxxxx
Chapter Summary

Dan just has to remember to breathe.

Chapter Notes

Tonight has not been a good night, cubs. In fact, it's technically morning now, and I really can't forsee myself sleeping at all.

My head is racing, all I want to do is cry but I can't find the tears. I'm toeing a thin line between forgiveness and foolishness. I'm a mess, basically.

I'd forgotten how hard depression can hit you. I've been so happy for so long, it's like I've been punched in the face.

It's all I can do right now to remember to breathe. I'd really appreciate a comment on this one, if only to remind me what I'm fighting for. I love you all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In through the nose. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Dan rolled his shoulders as he inhaled, wincing as they cracked loudly. He wasn't sure how long he'd been face down on the hallway carpet, but clearly it was longer than he'd remembered.

Out through the mouth. 1, 2, 3, 4.

His head was spinning between positive and negative, dark and light. Part of him just wished it'd pick a bloody side so he could at least know how his day was going to go.

In through the nose. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Mornings like this were exhausting. Dan's eyes ached dully from tears that wouldn't fall, and his chest hurt from feeling empty and too full all at once. The sunlight breaking through the window seemed mocking, an oxymoron to his hands clenching into the carpet.

Out through the mouth. 1, 2, 3, 4.

What do I do? his head demanded frantically, swirling away. The dark water behind his eyes didn't seem to have a bottom, but kept churning away. He found himself waiting, wondering if something was going to come crawling out of it.

In through the nose. 1, 2, 3, 4.

His fingernails dug into his palms, the opal half moons reminding him of his existence and distracting him from the fragility of his own head. As he yanked his hands out of the carpet, they
balled up again immediately.

Out through the mouth. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Can I do this? he asked himself.

In through the nose. 1, 2, 3, 4.

It took him a moment to admit it, even to himself, but he was scared.

Out through the mouth. 1, 2, 3, 4.

The oxygen gave him something else to cling to, besides himself. The counting grounded him, let him focus on something other than the howling between his ears.

He stretched once more, dragging the last remnants of stiffness out of his limbs, and hauled himself to his feet. Downstairs, he could faintly hear Phil in the kitchen, clattering pots and pans for breakfast.

And slowly, ever so slowly, Dan began to breathe.

Chapter End Notes

I'd just like to quickly say thank you to Kona and Mila for reminding me that I'm not alone. You're both amazing <3

I hope that you're all doing better than I am, cubs. I'll speak to you soon xx
Dan tapped at his laptop with slightly unnecessary force, trying really hard not to vent his frustration on anything expensive. His patience was hanging by a thread. "Well, we can't go and see a show, they're all booked out." he muttered to himself. "Stupid late planning."

"Here you go, Bear." Phil came back into Dan's bedroom with a laptop charger in his hands. "It was in the study."
"Thanks." Dan said shortly, taking it and plugging it in. "No joy on the show?" Phil asked tentatively.

"No."
"Oh."

"So that's no show, no club because you hate them, no meal out because I'm not hungry, no Madame Tussauds because it'll be too busy, no London Eye because we've done it before..."
"Bear?"
"Mm?"
"I."

"Mrrrow." Connie said lazily, leaping up onto the bed beside them. He'd developed a habit of slinking around the flat and appearing at tense moments, almost as if he knew when he was needed.

"You know you're not allowed up here, you furry menace." Dan hissed at him, narrowing his chocolate eyes in what he hoped was a threatening manner. Connie was so intimidated, all he could do was turn his back on Dan and fall asleep on one of his pillows.
"Bear." Phil tried again, a little louder. Dan's tight grip on his patience unravelled rapidly, staring at his Internet search history of failed plans, and his answer was a little sharper than he intended.

"I give up!" he snapped, slamming his laptop shut and chucking it onto the duvet. "The universe clearly doesn't want us to leave the flat!"
"Well, then," Phil said soothingly, "Movie night with the popcorn machine?"
Dan relaxed into the sofa with a sigh that seemed to echo through his bones. "Philly, I thought you'd never ask."

"I'm sorry I didn't think about this sooner, Bear." Phil tried. "I shouldn't have expected you to plan everything."
"It's okay." Dan found himself smiling, frustration long forgotten. "I'd rather spend an evening in with my best friends than anything else."

As Phil beamed, Connie raised his midnight head sleepily, and purred in satisfaction.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, cubs! There'll be more to follow soon xx :)
Connie's Inner Monologue

Chapter Summary

What is an average afternoon like in Connie's fuzzy black head?
Well, now we know.

Chapter Notes

Okay, firstly, I updated once a week again! I'm so proud XD

Secondly- hello, cubs! I hope you're all doing well. I'm really excited at the moment- I'm turning 17 on the 23rd, and I'm going to try to do something special with this series to mark it <3

I had so, so much fun with this chapter. It's vaguely ridiculous, but I like trying new things with this fic, and I loved writing this! If you like it, please let me know in the comments- I'm considering making Connie's Inner Monologues a work in it's own right in this series! What do you reckon?

Regardless- enjoy, cubs! Xx

---

Warm.
Light in my eyes- sunny?
Ugh.
Need to move.
Time to wake up.
Stretch, back curving.
Tail twirled.
Fabulous.
Where are my humans?
Hungry.

"MRRROW."

No answer.
Rude!
Need to find them.
Off I go- across the room.
Slip round door, hallway.
Prancing, proud, of course.
I run this house.

Ah!
There's Grumpy.
Standing in kitchen, using the magic box.
Food comes out too hot to steal.

"Hey, Connie."
"MRRROW."

Grumpy pretends I'm annoying.
But he always slips me food anyway.
Needs to keep 'dignity'.
Ha!
I have dignity.
He has responsibility to give me dinner.
Case in point.
I curl around ankles.
Blend in with Grumpy's stiff, black material.
He mutters.
I purr.
He looks at me.
I look at him.
I get piece of chicken.
I win.

Off I go, where's my other human?

"MRRROW."

Up I go.
I am vicious hunter.
Floor is soft beneath my claws.
I stalk the strange bumpy indoors hill.
Can hear Cuddles.

"MRRROW."
"Connie? I'm in here."

He makes silly noises to lure me in.
No.
I have dignity.
So much dignity.
And I want cuddling.

"MRRROW."

Slink around the door.
Cuddles looks happy.

"Hello, Connie."

I glance at lap.
He glances at door.
Grumpy isn't here.
Both pretend they don't adore me when they're together. Ha! He glances at me.
I stare him down.
Cuddles offers lap.
I jump.
Fingers stroke my spine.
Hand rubs my head.
Tail caressed.
This is life.
Cuddles moves hand.
Reaches for what humans call 'mouse'.
Not a mouse.
Doesn't squeak.
No fun.
Excuse me, Cuddles.
Cuddles.
Cuddles?
CUDDLES. LOVE ME.

"MRRROW."

Cuddles loves me.
Belly full of chicken.
Nice strokes on my back.
Comfy.
Cosy.
Time for another nap.

I run this house.
I have dignity.
I am vicious killer.
I can feed myself.
Don't need Grumpy's chicken.
I can take care of myself.
Don't need Cuddles stroking my ears.

... I still love my humans.

Chapter End Notes

On behalf of Connie, I'd just like to say I hope you're having a great 2017 so far- and I'll see you next week! The next one's going to be something special :) xx

P.S: "MRRROW."
If, Dan Wondered

Chapter Summary

What the heck. Have a poem.

Chapter Notes

Well... firstly, I know I've strayed from the once a week updating, but I wanted to be able to post on my birthday. Which is now, funnily enough! 17 today <3

Secondly, there's something coming in February to this series, which I will be updating every day of that month. Yes, you heard me. Every day. Kona, you'd better like it XD

Most of all, cubs, I hope you're doing well. Much love to you all! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If it wasn't a fall from the swivel chair
Could it be called a fall?
If the coffee wasn't in a Hello Kitty mug
Had it touched his lips at all?

If his videos were clockwork, often
Would he be himself in any part?
If Phil didn't fuss about his health
Would he have thought about his heart?

If the Internet needed supporting
Might he rally the Group once more?
If Peej and Chris were different boys
Would they have formed the Phantastic Four?

If the joke wasn't typed in lower case
Would he ever have laughed aloud?
If the tour wasn't for all his Danosaurs
Would he have dared to brave the crowds?

If the socks on the coffee table weren't Phil's,
Would he have let them sit there still?
If his alarm hadn't rung this morning
Would he have risen, found the will?

If his outfit wasn't raven black
Would he have slipped it on regardless?
If Kanye hadn't designed that potato sack
Would he have bought it, two grand, harmless?
If his flatmate didn't like it so much
Would he buy strawberry shower gel?
If he truly, honestly hated houseplants
Would he water them before their death knell?

No. Of course Dan wouldn't. Perhaps it is too soon
But there's a reason that I called this little work 'TWO Spoons'.

Chapter End Notes

See you in a week, cubs! Stay safe, and have fun out there <3
Chapter Summary

Dan looked sad earlier. Phil intervenes.

Chapter Notes

Hey cubs! Xx

I'm sorry, I know it's been a while. I've been desperately trying to keep on top of my homework- and I've been writing another work in this series! If you haven't seen it yet, have a look- I'm letting Connie take over every day of February, and I'm actually updating on time so far too ;) Plus, the title is a terrible cat pun. Did you expect anything less?

I hope you're all doing well :)

Right. This one (I mean, it's dedicated to her, but this one especially) is for Mila. Smile, Angel. You always make my world a brighter place <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To: Dan Howell
From: Phil Lester
Subject: Smiiiiilllllleee

Hey Danny ;)
You looked sad when you left this morning, so I just wanted to give you some things to be happy about.

Your outfit was so black this morning, it couldn't have been any darker. Very on-brand.

Connie threw up on my bedroom carpet this morning and totally avoided yours.

I've just added some more cereal to the online shopping order.

I just pressed shuffle and Kanye came on. I don't even know when I bought this song!

You're amazing, and you make millions of people happy every day just by existing.

I've done that washing up you left in the sink.

I really hope this worked! Smile, Bear. Make the world a brighter place.

See you in a few hours,
Lion
Enjoy! And please go check out Feline Good. It's actually quite funny. And sheer fluff. And my inner sarcasm is manifesting as a tiny black cat.

...Um? XD xx
Nothing

Chapter Summary

Dan has a strange dream... and has to consider a few things.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! I hope you're all well <3

Firstly, I owe you an apology. I know this chapter is quite late, but I've been dealing with a lot of shit recently. I've been told I'm likely to need major surgery- we're talking break and reshape my hip in 3 places major surgery- so I've been a bit up and down. This week has been one of the worst I can remember having, for a lot of reasons. I've spent most of today in tears. But I'm okay, I'm dealing with it, and I'm going to get my updating back on track. Okay. Sob story over ;)

Secondly, I'm really excited about this chapter. It's angsty, I warn you now XD

It's technically a teaser, in fact, for a whole new fic that I'm going to be posting in this series in the not-too-distant future. It will also be entitled 'Nothing', and is based on the music video and song "Nothing" by The Script. It will foreshadow the ending of Two Spoons itself- and the beginning of lots of other future fics in this series. I've got 'Feline Good' going on right now, and I'm really thrilled to be able to add to this series. It- and you- mean a hell of a lot to me.

Enjoy, cubs! And keep an eye out for the full version. It'll be appearing in this series very soon :) xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The place held the warmth of about a hundred bodies and smelt of sweat mixed with cheap shots, but to Dan, it felt like a homely embrace. The loud, jumping club couldn't do much to soothe the unholy ache in his chest, or fill the void that had ripped through him, but it gave him something at least. An escape. Something to fill his glass, alcohol that might top it up to his usual half empty.

PJ patted him on the back as they ducked through the doorway, leaving the rainy London night outside. He could feel his hair beginning to curl against his forehead, and the loss of control irritated him more than he'd care to admit. Everything was slipping through his fingers, even his bloody hair. Where had he gone so wrong?

Unaware of Dan’s inner turmoil, or more likely giving him the space to think, Chris made a beeline for the bar. He turned to PJ, then to Dan, saying something that Dan didn't listen to. All around him, people were dancing, kissing, giving each other inviting glances across the room. Every now and again, people would start shoving on the dance floor, but it never amounted to anything much. Back off, leave it. It’s not worth it, mate. Not worth a proper argument. Just a game.
Dan sighed, and imagined the winter as it screamed a song of sorrow into the traffic. Hidden beneath the godawful music, as much as the wind howled, ran icy fingernails across the windows, battered at the door, it couldn't get in.

Like how Dan couldn't get in, after Phil locked him out that night. Like how he slammed the door with the heels of his palms and shouted, threatened, eventually begging until his voice gave out and his back slid down the unforgiving wood like some godforsaken stereotype. Not that it mattered. He may as well have said nothing.

~Am I better off dead?  
Am I better off a quitter?  
They say I'm better off now  
Than I ever was with her  
As they take me to my local down the street  
I'm smiling but I'm dying, trying not to drag my feet~

Chris put a drink down in front of him, snapping him out of his trance, though Dan couldn’t remember walking through the mass of bodies to get to this seat. All around him, people were smiling. He could see Phil everywhere- in the strangely captivating gleam of the dim lights on the glasses behind the bar, in the barman’s cheeky smile, in the bright blue of one man’s socks, just visible under his trouser hems as he leaned on a girl’s table. The socks were a matching pair.

Phil’s socks never matched.

As if that wasn’t annoying enough, he always took them off and left them on the coffee table. “For later”. Right now, Dan would do anything for “later”, for the chance to pick up Phil’s odd socks from yesterday and moan at him for doing it yet again.

Dan downed his pint, barely pausing for a breath that he never seemed to have of these days anyway. Not now. Not without Phil.

PJ and Chris exchanged a look, one than Dan couldn’t bring himself to care about. Concern? Pity? Did it really matter? Regardless, Chris flagged down the barman, the one with the grin, and ordered another round. Dan sighed. He just wanted to drown his sorrows, knowing that he probably wouldn’t feel them any less, his head swimming as if he’d been punched.

Phil’s words had made him feel like he’d been punched, too.

“If you’d ever really loved me, you wouldn’t be giving up now. And it doesn’t matter how hard you try and convince yourself, Dan. I know you too well for this. You’ve given up on us. We can’t even fight with passion anymore.”

~They say a few drinks will help me to forget her  
But after one too many I know that I'll never  
Only they could see where this is gonna end They all think I'm crazy but to me it's perfect sense~

With a sudden gasp, Dan sat bolt upright, his hands clutching at the sheets like he was grabbing onto whatever sanity he had left. 3am? His bedroom?

The swimming feeling that blurred his vision after he'd sat up too quickly... it felt almost like being drunk.
A moment of relief flooded through him. It was just a dream? It's okay, Danny-boy. Just a dream. Nothing to worry about. You're in your room, in the flat. Phil's on the other side of the wall. Everything's fine.

But... why? he asked himself warily. Once he formed the question, it was all he could think about. Why was I dreaming about Phil like that?

And even an hour later, as he rolled over, let the sheets drown him in sleep once again, Dan couldn't give himself a decent answer.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that! Please let me know what you thought in the comments, I'd love to know what your feelings were in regards to something a bit more angsty.

Also, if you haven't been following 'Feline Good', there are internal monologues from Connie the cat going up every day of February- so if you're a fan of that furry little menace, have a look! They're a lot fluffier than this, if you need to recover XD

Love you all millions! I will update very soon, vixen's honour xx <3
Hold My Heart

Chapter Summary

Phil is playing some music that gives Dan food for thought.
Which is good, because he's thrown their actual food away. Damn salad.

Chapter Notes

Hey cubs! I hope you're all doing well <3
Slightly late, but I'm happy with this one. Also, I love this song so much! It's playing as I type this (thank you to Kona for the recommendation!).
Please let me know what you thought in the comments, and I hope you enjoy! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Phil?" Dan yelled, closing his laptop with a soft clunk. He frowned to himself, concentrating hard, listening to the sound currently floating down the corridor.
"Yeah?" his flatmate replied mildly.
Dan's incredulity bled into his tone. "What the hell are you playing?"

Phil poked his head round Dan's bedroom door with a cheerful grin on his face. "Lindsey Stirling, and I think the singer is called ZZ Ward."
"Stirling? Like the violinist?"
"Yes. It's called Hold My Heart."
"Right..."

Phil started nibbling on his bottom lip. He seemed completely unaware of it, but it made him look heart-wrenchingly vulnerable. "Sorry. Do you want me to turn it down?"
"No." Dan swallowed hard. "Can you turn it up?"
"What?" Phil started laughing, and Dan found himself chuckling without warning. It was impossible not to catch that bubbly noise, Phil's amusement was a welcome kind of infectious. "It's not exactly Kanye, though."
"Doesn't mean I can't like it, does it?"

Phil threw his hands up in a surrender gesture, accidentally punching the door in the process. "Ow! Alright, alright, I'll go and turn it up. How's the editing going?"
"Good! I should have this video done by tonight. The music can drown out my memories of that bloody piano teacher." His wince was so theatrical that he had a proud flashback to his theatre kid days.

"Okay, Bear." Phil smiled again, his cheeks crinkling below his eyes. They were an incredibly bright blue in the low light of Dan's bedroom. He retreated with marginally more grace than he gestured, but that was Phil all over. Selectively hopeless, and yet never lacking in hope.
Watching his flatmate leave the room, musing, Dan spoke before he really thought. "Phil?" Phil darted back in, almost as if he'd been waiting to be called from behind the door. "Yeah?" "Er..." "What's up?" "Are we ordering pizza for dinner?" "Since you chucked the salad away, yes. I'll bring the menu through in a while, Bear, and we can choose." "Sounds good."

There was a pause, not an awkward one, but one that definitely could have been filled.

"Okay." Phil said, eventually. "Music, then pizza." Dan echoed him, as his dark hair disappeared from view. It seemed like the right thing to do, somehow. "Okay."

He should have been opening his laptop, finishing editing, but instead Dan found himself laying back and just listening to the music that suddenly so much more audible. Every note seemed to wash over him, the vocals and violin weaving together to create a feeling deep in his chest. It was almost longing, but not quite.

"I might be strong
I might be weak
There might be a part of me
That I won't let you keep
Been on this road
And come this far
Don't need a man to hold my hand
I just want one to hold my heart...

It took a lot longer than he'd ever admit for Dan to shake that sensation- not that he even really knew what it was. By the time Phil came back in with a pizza menu, 35 minutes later, Dan's laptop still wasn't open... and he hadn't stopped humming that song to himself.

"Want you to
Want you to
Want you to
Want you to
Want you to
Want you to
Hold my heart..."

Chapter End Notes

Well, I'm not losing steam with these, 112 chapters later! I still have 88 to play with... that's an exciting thought.

What do you reckon, cubs? Do you have any requests? Or anything you'd like to see in this series in the future? If so, please let me know down in the comments or tell me on Tumblr- this is your series as much as it is mine, I'd love you to have more input in it <3
Also, if you're ever having a bad day, it's your birthday, or you just have an idea you want to see, feel free to tell me. I don't bite, and I'd love my writing to give you a reason to smile!

See you in a week! Perhaps less if I have time ;) xx
Dignity

Chapter Summary

Let's be honest, neither of them have much of it.

Chapter Notes

Hello, cubs!

I'm sorry it's taken me a while!

I am a little ball of stress right now. Nobody tells you how hard it is to juggle everything until you're trying to find a job, get all your schoolwork done, maintain some form of a social life, keep healthy, and take care of yourself. Right now, I'm flat broke, exhausted, sick... and I'm just praying for a miracle. I still have my faith, of course. I just hope it proves useful. There's a few things lined up that might yet save my sanity this month. I seriously hope they come through.

Anyway, I hope you're all doing well! Thank you to Mila for the prompt for this one- I hope you like it, angel <3 xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Phil took a silent breath, ignoring the screaming ache in his legs. All six feet-something of his gangly limbs had not been designed to be crammed under their gaming desk, but somehow he'd been crouching there for about half an hour. It would be worth it, he promised himself, as cramp ripped through his toes.

Just as he was about to give up, the office door swung open, and a pair of black socks sauntered in.

Aha.

Dan hummed to himself tunelessly as he settled down in his gaming chair and started tapping away at the computer. Phil had made sure to ask him to download a game earlier, one he had no intention of playing, but a good excuse nonetheless. The tapping of Dan's stupid mechanical keyboard was enough to give Phil his cue. He took another deep, noiseless breath, and-

"BOO!"

"JESUS MOTHER BLOODY-" Dan screeched, falling backwards in a mess of flailing panic. Phil burst out laughing, poking his head out from under the desk with tears immediately pooling in his bright blue eyes. The indignance in Dan's eyes was just too comical- it was a sort of "how dare you?" mixed with slowly decreasing terror.

"Oh... Bear, are you okay?"
"Yes, no thanks to you!" Dan's breathing came in helpless wheezes as he scrambled upright, glaring at his flatmate. "Why would you DO that, you utter-"
Wordlessly, Phil pointed upwards, and Dan followed the gesture to stare right into a camera lens. "You are not uploading that." he said sharply.
"Oh, come on, Bear..." Phil wheedled.
"No!"

In an instant, Phil had extracted himself from under the desk, grabbed the camera, leapt the upended chair and legged it out of the room. "Am too!"
"Are not!" Dan yelled, smiling despite himself, as he gave chase. Both of their screams and taunts echoed around the flat, much to the irritation of a half-asleep black cat.

And so what if Dan caught Phil, and tickled him mercilessly on the living room floor until he deleted the footage?

He has his dignity, after all.

Chapter End Notes

I've listed all the prompts I got, cubs, and I'm going to write them in the order I received them. Please be patient with me ;)

Hold your heads high, and be proud of yourselves. Every imperfection you have is a victory, and every smile is a blessing. Own them <3 xx
Edible Snake Demons

Chapter Summary

Dan sleepwalks. Phil is squashed. Connie is not impressed.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs!

So... I suppose my faith paid off. I've just done a shit ton of tests at school, which I felt pretty good about- the only one I've got back so far was an A*! And, apart from that, I've got a job interview tomorrow!!

I really hope you're all doing well. Thanks to my lovely Dino Kiddo, Kona, for the prompt xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Dan." Phil whispered into the darkness, frowning in discomfort. A bright red "3.14am" glared next to his face on the cabinet. Breathing was getting harder, everything seemed to ache, his heart was racing... "Dan!" From somewhere over Phil's right shoulder, the heavy mass of his flatmate mumbled something. "Noodles."

By some miracle, Phil held onto his patience. "What?" he asked, trying to roll over whilst his flatmate's sleeping form literally pinned him down. "Why are you lying on me, you spoon?" "Noodles are edible snake demons." "Yeah... sure, Bear." "Mmmm." "Noodles are edible snake demons." "Yeah... sure, Bear." "Mmmm."

Dan's slumped body shifted against Phil's back, his flatmate's arms draped over his ribs. "Dan. Dan, wake up!" It was about as much use as politely asking an angry lion not to attack you. Perhaps that celebratory wine after he'd reached 4 million subscribers hadn't been such a good idea, after all. And when had Dan come in? Or fallen asleep on top of Phil, for that matter?

A soft purring noise startled Phil even more. Glancing as far back over his shoulder as his neck would allow, he could just about see the sleeping form of Connie, curled up into a black furry ball of treachery right on Dan's arse.

What the hell was going on?

Luckily, Phil didn't have to consider it for long, because Dan solved the problem before he ended up flattening poor Lester's lungs. After stretching out in his sleep, he attempted to roll over, pitching himself off the bed with the most high-pitched scream Phil had ever heard. Connie went with him in a hissing, scratching panic. "EEEEK!"

"MRRROW!"
"OW! CAT, GET OFF MY-"
"Dan?" Phil sat bolt upright instantly, flicking on the light. "Are you okay?"
"I think so... why am I in your room?" Dan asked sheepishly, rubbing his arm where Connie had attacked it. Said cat slunk off in a flawless sulk, irritated at being disturbed. "Phil, why did I fall off YOUR bed?"

Phil stretched, wincing as his elbows cracked loudly. "I think you've been sleepwalking. You were asleep on top of me. I didn't want to shove you off."
"Oh, God..." Dan's cheeks flushed an interesting shade of red and he scrambled to his feet in an effort to escape. "Sorry."
Phil smiled. "No problem, Bear, it was funny. Oh, one last thing-"
"Hmm?"
"Why are noodles edible snake demons?"

Chapter End Notes

Big love to you all xx <3
Role Reversal

Chapter Summary

It's too early for this!

Phil's away with his family in America (again), and Dan was hoping to catch up on his sleep... or not, apparently.

Chapter Notes

Hello, cubs!

Well. It's been a crazy week.

I had my first ever job interview last Wednesday... long story short, I start tomorrow! :) I'm so relieved, honestly, and it's a job that fits my schedule and my interests perfectly. Things are looking up. Also, I have a hospital appointment next Wednesday to schedule an operation that might finally fix my hips, which would be an absolute blessing. Fingers crossed!

I hope you've all had an amazing week! Thank you for your kind words on the last chapter :)

Thank you to HiHiHeidi for the prompt: "its late at night and phil talks abt deep stuff even tho its usually dan" <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

P: Are you awake?
D: I am now
P: Sorry
D: It's okay. What's the matter? It's 2.30am over there, Lion... family holiday killing you already?
P: No, I'm enjoying it. I can't sleep
D: Did you drink that entire coffee in the end, then? I saw the picture you sent me!
P: No! That thing was like a bucket. Just thinking, that's all
D: Sounds dangerous
P: XD
D: If you're going to wake me up at 7.30 in the morning, you can at least tell me what's up
P: Sorry... I was just thinking about kids
D: Am I going to get any context to that? That sounds terrible as it is
P: Bear!
D: Sorry, sorry. Go on
P: I just don't think I'd be a very good Dad
D: Are you kidding me?
P: ??
D: You're practical, funny, great at coming up with ways to entertain me- and let's be honest, I'm
basically a child. You can cook, you're tidy-ish... and you're really loving. You'd be a great Dad!
P: You really think so? :)
D: I know so. Now get some sleep!
P: Thanks, Bear. You can always make me feel better
D: I know, I'm magic. Goodnight, Philly
P: Night, Danny. Sorry for ruining your lie-in
D: Gives me a chance to be productive, I suppose
P: Really?
D: Ha! No! I'm going back to sleep, you total spoon. I'll message you later, have fun and don't get eaten by anything.
P: In Florida?
D: If a squirrel is willing to attack all 6 feet-something of you, I'm sure other stuff will too
P: Haha! Alright, fine. See you in a few days
D: See you. Say hi to your parents for me
P: Will do. Goodnight :)
D: Night :)

Chapter End Notes

Love you all loads <3 xx
The Oscars

Chapter Summary

Revelations and mistakes... but it's just a typical night.

Chapter Notes

Hello, cubs! I'm sorry this is late, I've been utterly exhausted this week! Thank you to Mila for reminding me :) 

Thank you to PiperMashea for the prompt, "Can you do a chapter about them staying up to watch the Oscars please?"

Thought for this week, cubs- is there anyone you're missing right now? I have three at the moment, and honestly all I want to do is hug them. I hope you all get hugs from the person you thought of <3

Enjoy! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The 89th Academy Awards. A big event, one that Dan had forced Phil to stay up for (much to his joy, obviously). To add insult to injury, the younger flatmate had fallen asleep anyway.

They'd started in their own sofa creases, fired up the popcorn machine and laughed their way through. Critiquing dresses- as if they knew anything about them!- cheering for their favourite nominees, betting on winners with odds stacked from promises of taking over chores to who got custody of Connie if they ever moved out.

The moment they'd made that final bet, a joke exclamation from Dan, the mood changed. After a long, difficult pause, Dan murmured "We're not going to move out, are we?"

He looked so lost that Phil's reply was like a reflex, although he meant every word. "Of course not, Bear. We're both fine here."

Glancing at the clock in resignation, Phil sighed to himself, stretching as carefully as he could. Long before Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway had accidentally announced La La Land, Dan had sighed softly and collapsed into Phil's side, resting his curly head on Phil's hip. And there he'd stayed, watching quietly, until Phil glanced down during Moonlight's awkward acceptance to see Dan's chocolate eyes veiled behind his lids.

That's exactly where they woke up. Cold popcorn cemented into Dan's hair, Phil's hip aching unbelievably... but happy. Truly happy.

They were both fine there.
Chapter End Notes

You have at least one beautiful, positive thing that you will be remembered for, and impact you've had on other people's lives. That, if nothing else, is worth sticking around for.

I'm so proud of all of you. Big love <3 xx
Hobbit Hair

Chapter Summary

Dan's ditching the straighteners... but he's not going to explain why.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! :)

I'm sorry this is so late! My mother has blocked AO3 on our Wifi (don't ask), and then I've been in a valley in Wales for a few days without any Internet. The universe is conspiring against me... but we got there in the end!

I hope this chapter finds you well <3 Enjoy! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He'd never admit it. No way.

Curly hair. It was a big deal, for some reason. The fans loved it, or at least most of them did. People commented on how cute he was, how great it was that he'd finally decided to go natural. A role model for his fans, accepting himself as he truly was. Body positivity.

Dan would never ever have explained that he was only doing this because Phil liked it. The overwhelmingly happy response to his decision only made the real reason seem more trivial!

It was just one comment, as they hopped on a bus together, escaping a typical London downpour. Dan had sighed, ruffling the curling ends of his hair, frustrated that the time he'd spent straightening the unruly mop had been wasted. On the way to his seat, Phil had suddenly turned around to face Dan, smiled and said "It suits you like that".

Never mind the years he'd spent ironing his hair into submission, or the countless hours he'd spent wishing for perfect locks. Apparently a few words from Phil was all it took.

Yeah.

That was enough for Dan to put the straighteners under his bed and embrace his hobbit hair. One tiny compliment from his best friend.

He wasn't sure if he was being entirely honest with himself about how much it had meant to him. Best not to think about that one too much, eh, Danny?

Chapter End Notes
I've learned a lot this year. It's better to have a small amount of great friends than a shit ton of bad ones. Feeling isolated in a group chat is a weird experience.

So... I'm slowly letting go of people who take more than they give, in an effort to find some peace. It's so therapeutic... and my contact list is remarkably short now. I'd recommend it ;)

Love you all- see you soon! Xx
Dan VS The Dark (Again)

Chapter Summary

It's Phil's fault. He talked Dan into it...

Chapter Notes

THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN ON TIME IF MY PHONE WOULD HAVE LET ME ACCESS THE ARCHIVE. I can only apologise, cubs. One day. One day I will actually update on time.

This one is a prompt from the lovely Mila, "Mila: Or have you had them watch a scary movie yet? Well you could have them watch a scary movie and say they aren't scared but really are and afterwards say goodnight but like 10 min later they are like yeah nope". I wildly adapted it, but I hope you like it anyway angel <3 Also, thank you to Kona for the title!

So. Where I am right now in life... I'm loving my job, schoolwork is killing me slowly, and I'm tired constantly. I'm not sad, but I'm certainly not singing from the rooftops either. Primarily apathetic.

How are you doing, cubs? Enjoy the chapter! <3 xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dear Phil,

Phil. Philly. Mr Phil. Maaaate.

Just a quick one from your wonderful flatmate. Yeah, Dan. Me. Hi.

I hate you.

That bloody film is etched onto the inside of my eyelids. Do you realise that? As if I wasn't scared enough of the dark; now I'm inching along with my back to the wall in the bloody daytime too! Why in the name of salty llamas did I let you talk me into watching another horror?

Because you like them, right? Because I'm an amazing flatmate and you now owe me BIG TIME? Yeah, that's what I thought. Believe me, I'll be playing on it for a while. So sue me!

Actually, don't sue me. I don't remember enough from my brief uni stint to defend myself. And since I'm too terrified to sit with my back to my bedroom and film, I can't make any money to hire a lawyer either. It's entirely your fault, Lester.

That film was too graphic for comfort, badly written, but somehow shove in a creepy clown and a doll that sings by itself and I'm scarred for life. Cheers for that.
Also, we need more milk. Buy me some chocolate while you're out, peasant.

Yours angrily,
Dan

---

Dear Dan,

Firstly, why are you writing me a letter when we live in the same flat?? You could easily have just told me that!

Secondly, you agreed to watch it! If you'd have told me, we could have turned it off way before that grandma got... well, you remember.

Thirdly, because I'm such an amazing flatmate, I'll pay the electricity bill for this month if you want to sleep with every light on again.

There's chocolate in the fridge, you grumpy Bear. Try hibernating, it might improve your mood.

Yours in tears of laughter,
Phil

AKA Philly, Mr Phil, and apparently Maaaate

Chapter End Notes

Love you all! <3

Just because it's cropped up recently, I just wanted you all to be aware that I'm always here if you need to talk.

As I'm sure it says below, you can find me on Tumblr under thealphafoxwrites, or my email is thewritingfox@outlook.com. If you ever want someone to talk to, or you just fancy chatting, I promise I don't bite. And I'm actually pretty good at advice, too ;)

Stay safe, cubs. Love you all xx
Moving Out and Moving On

Chapter Summary

Dan and Phil are moving out. It's a big change... with big emotions.

Chapter Notes

So... this chapter is very late, cubs, and I'm sorry for that. Every time I started writing, I'd lose focus, or something new would happen with Dan and Phil to negate the plot of my idea!

Their lives seem to have changed so rapidly, and that's where the idea for this came from. Honestly, cubs, I have never been more proud of a Two Spoons chapter. It's long, it came from the heart, and it means a lot to me.

I think these changes are what Dan and Phil needed, and they've indirectly helped me a lot too. After 118 chapters, I was beginning to worry that I wasn't portraying the passion I genuinely feel for this work, and for all of you. These new events, new feelings, new material... it's like it's given me a new lease of life, and so much more motivation.

Enjoy this, cubs. This is for each and every one of you, and I feel like it's finally the kind of work you deserve <3 xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So what if Phil ended up in Dan's bed on their first night in the new flat? It didn't mean anything. Just friends, struggling with the amount of change they'd inflicted on themselves. The comfort of Dan's soft, snuffling breath was enough to help Phil sleep, limbs resting against his best friend's side. Barely touching, but enough to know they weren't alone.

It didn't mean anything. There'd been so much upheaval. A new flat, leaving behind all the things that had come to define them. New start, new them. Dan had even changed his branding. danisonotonfire became Daniel Howell. Not even Dan anymore. Was he still Bear? Phil hadn't dared to call him that, not since they'd stepped out of the old flat for the last time. It seemed like a relic, somehow. Maybe Dan wanted to leave it behind. He didn't feel like asking.

It didn't mean anything. When Phil had tiptoed up to Dan's bedroom door at 2am, barely opened it, looked in to meet his flatmate's wide-awake gaze, they hadn't needed words. They were both feeling lost, Phil knew that. Adrift, two boys who'd built themselves a castle and then torn it down. They'd fought so many dragons together.

It didn't mean anything. Much worse had thrown itself into their path, and they'd overcome it all. Dan breaking down and abandoning his law degree, countless Internet shitstorms, moving to London. Mental health, pressure, exhaustion. They'd sailed their little ship through every storm.
An unfamiliar hallway, foreign settings for the houseplants, a new kitchen to hide the Wombat in and fill with cereal. Not a home. Not theirs. Their first real home together was gone now.

Every now and then, running up to moving, and especially in that first day of unpacking, Phil had doubted. Could they do it? Did they really want to move? Was it worth it?

The uncertainty was nearly crippling, but the same pale, trembling hands he knew as his own had taped shut every cardboard box, taken down the pictures from the walls, lovingly embraced the pots of his leafy friends and cradled them down endless flights of stairs.

Connie had curled around their ankles, played with the discarded strands of packing tape that Phil had failed at sticking. Eventually, carried out in Dan's arms, he'd yowled the whole way down the stairs. Whether it was his way of saying goodbye, or a warning that they were making a terrible mistake, that was debatable. At least the new place allowed pets.

Moving out was one thing. Moving on... something different entirely. Something bigger. Much more daunting.

Phil could see them, their past selves. Hiding insecurities behind a fringe and a catchphrase. They'd found their niche, fought for it, held onto it, then ultimately let it go. Acceptance had been a wild animal, tamed and then released to roam once more. Whether it would return was something he was genuinely scared to think about.

And what about PINOF? What would they call it? Phil Howell didn't have the same ring to it... but maybe it had a different kind of ring? It didn't mean anything, he fought to remind himself of that. Their era seemed to be over, and he didn't know if they had what it took to start a new one.

It didn't mean anything. Best friends. That's all they were. It didn't mean anything.

In the pitch black, welcomed under the warmth of Dan's familiar duvet, silently embraced by the togetherness that had always defined them, Phil wasn't sure if he was trying to convince the audience that was ever-present in his mind, or himself.

Connie had padded in at some point, given up scratching at the kitchen door in distress. He'd clambered up nimbly, taken his usual spot on Dan's legs, and fallen asleep. Even he seemed to be coming to terms with everything. At the very least, he still purred in his sleep. It was good to know that some things never changed.

Maybe this was their new castle. That was the thought that Phil Lester fell asleep to, raven head resting against Daniel Howell's shoulder.

That moment, that split second of peace and silence... it meant everything.
Love to you all- and I hope you're all on a journey of moving out and moving on, too. I can see bright futures ahead for all of us, and I wholeheartedly believe we can get there. I'll be with you all every step of the way <3 xx
Exit Wounds

Chapter Summary

Dan accepts an invitation to a house party. A few hours of loneliness and alcohol later, and things take an existential turn.

Chapter Notes

This is 25 minutes late, cubs, but the majority of it was written while I was drunk... so I'm giving myself a pass XD

I've spent today looking at universities, researching courses and checking open days. I feel very accomplished, and also pretty damn excited. I can just brush the freedom with my fingertips now, if I really stretch. 18 next January, (hopefully!) off to university in September 2018. I'm so, so happy at the thought.

I hope there's something coming in your lives that you can look forward to, cubs. If not, organise something- honestly, I always try to make sure I have something good coming up, and it really helps my mental health. I'd recommend it <3

Enjoy this! It's a tad angsty, but I think I pulled it back at the end? Xx

The music had been awful all night, but when The Script had muscled into the playlist, Dan's seat in the corner became less of a retreat and more of a sanctuary. It wasn't a bad song, in fact he really liked it, but it inspired a thought he was far too scared (and drunk) to face.

"My hands are cold, my body's numb, I'm still in shock- what have you done?"

The beer left a metallic taste in Dan's mouth, tainting every word that came out with a sort of slow carelessness. All around him, people were talking over the ridiculously loud music, squinting against blaring lights. House parties were just as awful as he remembered, but apparently he hadn't learned from his teenage self. It was far too warm.

"My head is pounding, my vision's blurred, your mouth is moving, I don't hear a word..."

Draining the bottle in his hand with one swift movement, he stood up and started forcing his way through the crowd. How this many people had squeezed into the house was beyond him, but it was getting claustrophobic, and the fact that everyone- including him- was off their heads. .. well, it didn't help.

"And it hurts so bad, that I search my skin for the entry point where love went in, and ricocheted and bounced around- you left a hole when you walked out, yeah..."

When an old friend from his brief stint at uni had called, asked him to a housewarming, he hadn't
really thought about agreeing. Never mind that he couldn't bring Phil, or he could barely remember what the host looked like, or that he had to make an hour's train journey to get to a party he'd decided he didn't particularly want to be at. Hence the beer.

"I'm falling through the doors of the emergency room- can anybody help me with these exit wounds? I don't know how much more love this heart can lose, and I'm dying, dying from these exit wounds, where they're leaving, the scars you're keeping- exit wounds..."

Something ached. He tried not to acknowledge it, because that would mean giving it a name, and he knew what it was. It. That thing. The all-consuming one. A feeling that overshadowed his shoes brushing the carpet, the cool metal of the back door's handle biting into his palm, the iciness of the breeze when he finally let himself out into the garden.

"Marks of battle, they still feel raw, a million pieces of me, on the floor. I'm damaged goods, for all to see- now who would ever wanna be with me?..."

Far above him, the stars were looking down, passing judgement on a tall, intoxicated, overthinking mess. The midnight blanket above him wasn't any sort of comfort, although it was peaceful. The music still drifted through an open window, inviting an existential crisis. Inevitably, tentatively, Dan walked over to a low wall. Sitting down on the brick, feeling it chill him to the bone through his black jeans, he set the empty bottle beside him and dared to think.

"I've got all the baggage, I drink the pills. Yeah this is living, but without the will. I'm backing out, I'm shutting down, you left a hole, when you walked out, yeah..."

He could feel everything. It always happened when he'd been drinking. The soft rustle of his black shirt against his collarbone, the freezing, crisp night air over his skin, an emptiness in his chest.

"I'm falling through the doors of the emergency room- can anybody help me with these exit wounds? I don't know how much more love this heart can lose, and I'm dying, dying from these exit wounds. Where they're leaving, the scars you're keeping- exit wounds..."

He was lonely. So, so lonely. Surrounded by people, many of whom had walked up to him. Conversations, lost in alcohol and exhaustion, and all ultimately meaningless. There was something about being in such a social situation that made Dan feel isolated, an island in a sea of mutual acquaintances.

"Lose your clothes and show your scars- that's who you are. Lose your clothes and show your scars- that's who you are. Lose your clothes and show your scars- that's who you are. Lose your clothes and show your scars- that's who you are..."

Perhaps he was overthinking, but it seemed so strange. People who barely liked each other were talking like old friends, spilling secrets like the fluorescent liquid in their cups. Couples draped over furniture and each other, music blaring to drown out the insecurities that the drinks were bringing up. Dan sighed to himself, to the darkness, and to the sky. He was drunk as hell, and he wanted to go home.

"Marks of battle, they still feel raw. A million pieces of me, on the floor..."

His phone was in his hand before he thought about it, nearly dropping onto the flagstones after his usual grace and coordination. The contact wasn't hard to find, he was so used to scrolling for it. Halfway through typing out a text, and ultimately admitting to himself that he had no chance of being coherent, Dan hit "call" with a sigh that seemed to be expelling his soul.
"I'm falling through the doors of the emergency room- can anybody help me with these exit wounds? I don't know how much more love this heart can lose, and I'm dying, dying from these exit wounds. Where they're leaving, the scars you're keeping- exit wounds..."

"Hey, Philly. Wha- yeah, I've had a couple, why? No, no, no, I'm fine. Shhh, stop freaking out. Just missed you, s'all. Miss you, Philly."

With the familiar warmth of his best friend's voice wrapping around him, banishing the numbness of the 3am cold, Dan found himself looking upwards.

The stars seemed to twinkle, as if they were laughing somehow. As if they knew.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, cubs, I hope you enjoyed that! If there's anything you'd like to see, please let me know- and I'll see you next week!

All my love to each and every one of you <3 xx
Get Ready For It

Chapter Summary

It crept up on Dan, but when it hits him, he finally sees it.

Happiness is weird like that.

Chapter Notes

In a way, cubs, this chapter is very representative of the author. As Mila said earlier, it has a lot of truth.

Two Spoons, my literary baby, has changed and grown so much in the time I've been working on it. I'll never change the name, but the concept is a little different now. Intersecting angst, trying new things, poetry, formats... I'm in a better place now than ever, my writing style has changed, but I still love looking back on where I came from. The journey I have been on with you incredible people is nowhere near over- but look how far we've all come!

You should all be very proud of yourselves. I'm certainly darn proud of every one of you!

Enjoy, cubs xx <3

He hadn't seen it coming.

Fighting for peace had been something Dan had come to accept, and indeed expect. Mental health, not fitting in, constantly struggling to accept the way he looked and the way he felt. It was a truth that he'd never explicitly aired, but everyone knew it. The way his pitch black wardrobe had reflected his mood, or how ironing his hair flat had translated into trying to flatten his personality into something society could accept.

It had changed slowly, at a pace that he hadn't really noticed. Looking back, though, it was probably so subtle because he was learning at a pace that suited him. Gently releasing old demons, too attached to them to just throw them away.

Phil had complimented his hair, so he'd thrown away the straighteners on a whim. More time in bed in the mornings, more natural look, more like himself. Walking past mirrors and seeing someone new became nodding to himself absent-mindedly. He had an identity, one outside existentialism and relatable content. For the first time in years, he felt like a person.

And then there was the pastel video with Phil, because he'd decided to creep out of his comfort zone a little, wearing his curly hair like a battle helmet against the artillery of YouTube comments sections. It had been fun, shrugging off his trademark pitch black. In a way, when that shirt left his
skin, it took a lot of weight with it. After the burden was gone, he found that he didn't want it back, so the colour crept into his wardrobe like light through an open doorway. Slowly, slowly; coloured socks, a random pastel t-shirt, and suddenly he had options he'd never dreamed of being open to him. It felt like freedom, every single morning, looking into his wardrobe.

Drowning in oversized sweaters was so comfortable, and much better than drowning in thoughts. He'd broken his fanbase with ripped skinny jeans, and laughed about it afterwards. It wasn't that he didn't care anymore, but he was more carefree. Spontaneity was coming more naturally now, he found himself overthinking a bit less and daring a lot more.

They didn't sound like big things, as he mulled over them, but they were. Painted nails- why the hell not? It was fun, and who cared what anyone else thought? Makeup? He was thinking about it. Self-expression was leaking through every dam he'd grown up with, and he could feel the trickle starting to join a whole river of inner peace. It wasn't just about fashion, but that was the most obvious representation of the journey he'd been on, without even realising it. He'd changed, for the better.

He'd even rebranded himself, because as much as he'd grown with his channel and loved it, it hadn't fitted as well as it used to. Like outgrowing a coat. He'd shrugged off his old one, slipping into something more tailored. Replacing his shiny old raincoat with a tuxedo jacket had been the right decision, he was sure of it.

Daniel Howell. At home, amongst his loved ones, he'd always be Dan.

"Dan? Are you okay, Bear?" As Phil giggled softly, waving his hand fondly in front of Dan's glazed, hazelnut eyes- calling his best friend back to the world they'd built together- Dan had a bit of a revelation.

He was no longer scared of himself, or BEING himself. And it felt fucking amazing.

Chapter End Notes

79 chapters left of Two Spoons, and then lots of other works in the series. Ah, cubs.

Get ready for it! <3 xx
The Piano Poem

Chapter Summary

Phil listens to Dan playing the piano.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! I'm sorry this is late! I ran out of mobile data, and AO3 is banned on our home WiFi :/

I hope you're all having nice weather! It's too bloody hot and humid in England right now, I can't function! Where's all my rain gone?

This one is inspired by the lovely planetninja, who pointed out that I've been a bit Dan-heavy in perspective recently, and that I'd never featured Dan playing the piano. On that note, thank you to both my lovely Dinos, for putting up with my bitter complaints about the heat, and always being so wonderful. Love you both <3

Enjoy, cubs! Verses, for a change... what is the world coming to? ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He has found himself in losing thoughts
Drowning in notes, tickling ivories
The music teases, he retorts
With his heart safe in parentheses

So deeply intertwined is he
That the observation passes by
Of a deep, enthralled, bright sea blue gaze
From a raven-headed, spellbound boy

Behind the door, the listener pauses
Heart beating to the floating tune
When the pianist fights for hidden causes
Flourishing through each moment- soon

And in the lurker's hands, a box now rests
Filled with lives they left and birth they brought
Far from placing it in with the others
He is sidetracked by the playing, caught

Worries, cares, considerations
The chains around his ankles lift
With every bar of provocation
Our listener, breathless, starts to drift
Within this second, life is perfect
No fan, but he could stay eternally
Ear pressed against a cool wood doorframe
...'I wish he'd play like this for me'

Chapter End Notes

I was going to say something witty, but instead I'm going to turn the fan up, since nobody in England has A/C...

Have fun with your week, cubs, and I'll see you soon! Love you all <3 xx
Fetch

Chapter Summary

Dan plays fetch with the cat and ends up having a deep conversation... also with the cat.

Chapter Notes

I know, cubs, this is beyond late! I'm sorry, I've been snowed under with school and exams for the past couple of weeks. I'm back now though, and I'd like to offer this one as a token of my apologies...

I hope you're all doing really well, and summer is treating you nicely! I still have a whole 6 weeks until the holidays start, unfortunately- when do you guys get a summer holiday? <3

Big love, cubs. Enjoy! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The ball skittered across the living room floor again, but Dan wasn't really focused on it.

Connie sauntered after it with his trademark, careful lack of enthusiasm. He loved it, but giving Dan the idea of enjoyment would have apparently been bad taste in the little cat's eyes. When Phil had made the mistake of going to throw one of his chewed up plastic toys away, Connie had yowled as if his tail was being cut off until it had been hastily given back to him. They were getting just as wise to his tricks as he was to theirs.

"It's not like I couldn't function without him," Dan said reasonably. Connie meowed in response, the same way he had for the last ten times Dan had brought it up. Phil was out for the day, meeting up with his family, but Dan had elected to stay at home and work on his idea for a new video. He'd seen Phil's parents two weeks ago, and they'd wished him an early happy birthday then, so he didn't feel too bad about it. Phil had promised to bring back their presents for Dan's birthday with him.

The evening of planning had quickly devolved into a therapy session with the cat (which, thinking about it, was happening a lot more often these days).

"I mean it," Dan continued, trying to refocus. "I could do it."

Their cat gave him an unimpressed look, before pattering up to him with the ball. Dan reached out for it, only for Connie to leap back just far enough to hold on. "You're not a puppy, I'm not fighting you to play fetch." Howell found himself laughing, despite it all. Connie just looked so pleased with himself.

"Mrrrow."

"I know. I know I couldn't. But admitting that... it's scary, Connie. If something happened to him... I'm 26 tomorrow, but I don't know how to live alone anymore. We share everything, we do
everything together."

To his surprise, Connie sidled up to him and deposited the ball directly into his lap, stepping back afterwards and looking at him as if to gauge his reaction. Dan stared down at it. The thing was slimy with cat slobber, and covered in tooth marks, but it meant a lot. It had been hard to try and domesticate Connie, and then they'd basically given up and let the wild beast try to tame them instead. That approach had worked a lot better- and so now, expressions of affection from their cat were treasured.

"I know what you're trying to do, and it won't work. I'm not scared of losing him. I don't need to be. It won't happen." Dan's voice sounded a lot more confident than he felt, as he tossed the ball again. Connie promptly showed him his arse and pelted off after his favourite toy.

They were both so engrossed, they didn't even hear Phil's key in the lock- and when he poked his head around the living room door, he saw Dan and Connie engrossed in their game of fetch. The older flatmate felt his face stretching into a fond smile, a bag of birthday presents weighing him down.

If Dan's posture seemed a bit more tense than usual, he wasn't going to comment on it.

Chapter End Notes

As a random thought, I'm 18 in January. When I come back and read this, I wonder how I'll be feeling?

Love you all, cubs. If you need someone to talk to or you fancy a chat, feel free to tell me about it in the comments, or email me, or find me on Tumblr. You know the drill! :) We can all support each other.

Stay safe xx
Loose Threads and Fraying Edges (Phil's One)

Chapter Summary

What happens when Phil is irrational, and says something he doesn't mean?

A little bit of role reversal, and a whole lot of self-discovery.

As told from the point of view of a very unimpressed cat.

Chapter Notes

Hey cubs! <3

I hope you're all doing well! I've taken forever to write this one, mainly because I've horrifically overbooked myself this month. Hopefully the stress will inspire me? XD

Well, my mother and I had a very honest discussion a couple of days ago, and I ended up telling her everything. How much I resented her, how she treated me... and to my utter amazement, she actually took it on board. In fact, we may even have salvaged a relationship. Cautiously optimistic. It's scary to think about, but I'll let you know.

How's your June been going, cubs? I hope you enjoy this <3 xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Grumpy scares me awake. Shouting. Why is he shouting?

BANG. Cuddles yelling at Grumpy, now. Threw something? Don't like it. Scared... but need to check.

Pad into kitchen. Food all over the floor. Normal day, heaven. Would help to clear up.

Not today. Today, Cuddles is holding pan, Grumpy glaring.

"What the hell, Dan? You didn't need to throw it on the floor like a baby! All I said was that we'd eaten a lot of Italian food recently!"
"Well, I'm so fucking sorry for trying to surprise you with a nice dinner!"
"The only surprising thing about it was that it ended up on my socks! It's not my fault Italian is all you ever cook!"
"You are so ungrateful, and you don't even see it! Poor sweet Phil, the world revolves around him-nothing I ever do matches up to your image of what it should be, does it?"

Grumpy? Cuddles? Stop it! "MRRROW!"

Quiet now. Staring. Can't take it back.

Stopped too late? Argument over.

Normally, would work on Grumpy. Louder one, one who says things most. Tonight, going to find Cuddles. Cuddles started this. Cuddles can finish it.

Can hear my paws on the carpet. Padding along. In the living room? No. Hmm. Try bedroom?

Tail twirling, whiskers fluttering, cat on a mission. Cuddles?

"MRRROW?"

Ah. In his bedroom.

Go in, and there he is. Face down, buried in pillows, shoulders shaking. Making a funny noise—never heard Cuddles make that before. Sounds like pain. Hurt?

"MRRROW?"

Cuddles is crying. Trembling, whining. Like animal in a trap. Helpless. Jump up on the bed. Curl up against his shoulder. Okay, Cuddles, I'm listening.

"Oh, Connie..." Chokes on his words. "I was so horrible to him... I don't even know why I said anything, he was just trying to be nice, and it looked delicious..."

"MRRROW."

"I've had such a bad day and I barely slept and I took it out on him. Poor Bear, he was so upset, and now it's all over the floor and he worked so hard on it..."

I can hear it. Cuddles can't. Footsteps stop in the hall.

"He's so lovely to me, Connie. He knows when I'm down and he tries to do things like that and I just threw it back in his face. I'm don't deserve him!" Lost in new tears. Cuddles throws himself back into the duvet and howls.

My humans never learn, but do things their way. Works. Proud of them for it.

Grumpy pushes door open slowly, looks at Cuddles. Face drops. Seeing Cuddles is sorry... takes Grumpy's fight away.

No words. None needed. Just walks in, black socks on Cuddles' carpet. I leave, job done, as Grumpy scoops Cuddles against his chest. Lets him cry.

Hear it as I prowl back to kitchen. Makes me happy. "Dan, I'm so sorry. I was so rude, and you didn't deserve... any of that. I... I appreciate you so much. You're amazing, and I..."

"It's okay, Philly. I know. It's okay." Both voices cracking, both hurt feelings mending. Good boys. My boys.

Grumpy hasn't cleared up kitchen floor yet- so I do it for him. Such a good pet. Accepted it now... and do it well.

Yum.
I love you all, and I'll see you again very soon. Good luck with all your upcoming endeavours, cubs xx <3
The Visit

Chapter Summary

Phil's parents are coming. Phil is lost in thought.

Chapter Notes

I'm not even going to check how long it's been, cubs, I feel too guilty about it. All I'll say is that it's been a rough month, and I really appreciate your patience with me.

It feels pretty bloody good to be back <3

How have you all been? I haven't spoken to you in forever, feel free to let me know what you've been up to in the comments. I promise it won't be a month until the next chapter, either, I'm back on track now!

Love you all, cubs. Enjoy xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey." he said. That was it. One word.

I looked up at him through my fringe, as if that could somehow filter out everything I felt like I shouldn't be able to see. He was leaning against the living room, smiling to himself. Black shirt, black jeans, bright green socks. They were my socks, actually. That made me happy, somehow.

If he'd tried to strike a pose, he'd have looked like a complete spoon, but somehow it was natural when he leaned against the door like a jock from an old American rom-com. He looked cool.

No, shut up, Phil. That sounded lame.

His hair was madly curly, fresh out of the shower and still damp. I had a sudden rush of pride, seeing him embrace himself like that. Forcing his hair to be straight took so much joy out of his face. It suited him the way it was.

"Hey." I replied. "What's up?"
"What time are your parents getting here tomorrow?"

My mind instantly flitted to the graveyard of houseplants scattered through the apartment. "11... we should probably tidy."
"I was cleaning the kitchen earlier. Nearly done." He says it so nonchalantly, as if it hadn't looked like a bomb had hit it yesterday evening. The saucepan that I'd accidentally welded a curry to, left abandoned on the side, dry rice scattered across the counter from where I'd split the bag, takeaway menus piled around the kettle to signify the moment that I'd finally given up. "Oh. Thank you." "It's alright." He smiled at me. "I'm going to go and finish it now, though, or I'll lose all motivation and hibernate on the sofa like you've been doing all day."
I flushed to the roots of my dyed hair, I could feel it. If I'd have realised, I'd have offered to help him, but he was right. I hadn't moved from the sofa yet. "I'll get started on hoovering, then."

He laughed at my embarrassment, brown eyes sparkling, and turned to go back to his chores. He was so effortlessly...

"Dan?"
He span on his lime heel to look at me. "Yeah?"

"I... never mind."

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that, you lovely people, and I'll see you very soon <3 xx
Look What You Made Me Do

Chapter Summary

Dan can't work out why, but one casual mention of Phil's ex later, and he's basically reshuffled his life.

(You'd better believe I based this on Taylor's new song!)

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! I hope August is treating you well <3

I'm going to be frank for a second, if I may :)

My erratic update schedule is infuriating me. I forget what the date is, I get bogged down with homework, writer's block kicks my arse. I don't think it's fair on you, and it bothers me because I love this work. I want it to thrive. I love you guys so much, interacting with you and posting this for you to read... well, it gives me a great sense of fulfilment and happiness.

Thus, my phone is now full of reminders, and I've enlisted a friend to bug me to update. We are getting back to weekly chapters if it kills me, cubs. I'm redoubling my efforts, both for me and for you.

Thank you for sticking with me this long, or if you're new here, welcome! <3

This one is a bit different, cubs. A darker undertone. I enjoyed writing it, but in case you're not convinced, the next one should be much fluffier. Stay safe, and enjoy! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She'd dated Phil, years ago, and he'd only mentioned her once in the years that he'd been living with Dan.

But that was enough.

What it was, Dan didn't know. Or maybe he did, and he just didn't want to admit it to himself. Her name replayed in his head sometimes, mostly when he was drunk or upset. He'd never even met the girl, he'd never spoken to her. It should have been nothing to him.

I don't like your little games
Don't like your tilted stage
The role you made me play
Of the fool, no, I don't like you
I don't like your perfect crime
How you laugh when you lie
You said the gun was mine
Isn't cool, no, I don't like you

He often marvelled at that uniquely human ability to despise people you'd never met. Celebrities, everyone had an opinion about them. Friends' exes, naturally. They'd broken up with your mate, they were a snake, that's how it went. Of course, Dan didn't know what had happened between Phil and this girl, but his reaction was the same regardless.

But I got smarter, I got harder in the nick of time
Honey, I rose up from the dead, I do it all the time
I've got a list of names and yours is in red, underlined
I check it once, then I check it twice, oh!

One throwaway comment, an evening of talking about past relationships as they watched some crappy reality show about finding love. "I dated a girl once with pretty hair like hers," Phil had mused, gesturing towards a blonde contestant with his mug of hot chocolate. "Her name was Satan."

Of course, that wasn't her name- but that's what Dan called her (internally), and at this point, he'd overwritten the memory. Somehow, it helped to avoid the sharpness of the word in his ears.

Ooh, look what you made me do
Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do
Look what you just made me

It was stupid. HE was stupid. She'd dated Phil, it ended years ago, it didn't MATTER. Just another one of those things, an overly vivid memory. Why did he care so much, anyway?

Ha. As if he didn't know.

As if he'd admit it to himself, too!

I don't like your kingdom keys
They once belonged to me
You ask me for a place to sleep
Locked me out and threw a feast (what?)
The world moves on, another day, another drama, drama
But not for me, not for me, all I think about is karma
And then the world moves on, but one thing's for sure
Maybe I got mine, but you'll all get yours

The pictures of her on social media... bugged him. It was his own fault for seeking them out, but her hair was too perfect. Her nose was too small. Her outfits were too similar to all of her friends'.

It was easier to pick holes in her than psychoanalyse himself.

But I got smarter, I got harder in the nick of time
Honey, I rose up from the dead, I do it all the time
I've got a list of names and yours is in red, underlined
I check it once, then I check it twice, oh!

He'd grown up a lot, and worked out what was worth getting upset over and what needed to drift away. Having said that, Dan was having a really hard time with letting go of some of the little
Occasionally, YouTube comments got to him, or Twitter beef riled him. That was understandable. Only human.

How much this stranger girl was bothering him? That was a sign of underlying issues. He just didn't want to probe too deeply with it.

I don't trust nobody and nobody trusts me
I'll be the actress starring in your bad dreams
I don't trust nobody and nobody trusts me
I'll be the actress starring in your bad dreams

He didn't rebrand for something as petty as Phil's ex, but it definitely played on his mind. When he became Daniel Howell, he was leaving behind the childish sort of possessiveness he had over his best friend. Phil was independent, they both knew it, Dan didn't own him. Really, Dan had no claim over him at all.

It still felt good to change the names on his social media, though. Shaking off whatever it was that made his stomach twist at the idea of her talking to Phil... it was therapeutic.

He had so many reasons for the rebrand, most of them reasonable and well-thought-out. He just buried this one in the list, tucked away inside his head, and tried to forget about it.

"I'm sorry, danisnotonfire can't come to the phone right now."
"Why?"
"Oh, 'cause he's dead!".

So they'd never talked. So she probably didn't know Dan existed. So he was being ridiculous, and it went against everything he'd ever said to his fan-base.

Fuck it. Every time he renamed a social media, he found her on it and blocked her. Then, he did the same with all his own exes. He didn't need that in his life, and stalking their profiles wasn't exactly healthy. No more living in the past. No persona that didn't fit. Looking forward, not back.

Ooh, look what you made me do
Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do
Look what you just made me do

Danisonotonfire gave way to Daniel Howell, and somehow, Dan felt his courage rising. Perhaps, when he finally found a way to put- whatever this was- into words, he could tell his flatmate what he'd done.

And, if he was feeling truly brave, maybe he'd even tell him why he'd done it.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked that, cubs! Please let me know what you thought in the comments, I'd really appreciate it <3

Also, for those of you that made it down to these notes... something big is coming,
around chapter 130! Keep an eye out ;) 

As always, I love you. Thank you for the purpose you give me, and the endless patience and support you've always shown me. You're incredible people, and I'm lucky to have you <3 xaaaa
In The Closet

Chapter Summary

Dan and Phil sort out their laundry- and something happens.

Chapter Notes

Hey, cubs! I hope you're all well <3

This is more or less on time... I would have posted it yesterday, but I got drunk and fell asleep writing it! Bad Chloe.

To all of you who are back at school, or going back soon (I'm back on Tuesday), good luck. Deep breath. You've got this, and I'm proud of you for sticking with it <3 xx

Enjoy, cubs! xx

They'd been kneeling on the kitchen floor for the best part of ten minutes, bickering like little kids, and the washing still wasn't sorted. The cycle had finished, but the distribution of freshly-cleaned clothes had taken on a sort of vital importance that was completely out of proportion.

Dan and Phil usually washed their clothes separately, trying to avoid times like this, but since they'd both only had half a load of clothes to sort, it seemed silly not to put them in together. Now, though?

Full on laundry warfare.

"These are yours." Dan said, rolling his eyes at the damp, vivid orange socks in his hand. Phil took them, putting them into his pile of clothes with a roll of his eyes. "And those are yours! Soulless socks. I swear your pile is entirely black." he retorted, grinning, pushing a wad of midnight cotton into Dan's arms.

"Almost done," the younger flatmate said, with notable relief, pointedly ignoring Phil's cheeky comment. "Didn't you put those horrific green boxers in? The neon ones? I thought I saw them-though I don't know how I'd ever be able to forget those monstrosities."

Phil just stared at him, an unreadable expression on his face. Dan looked back at him, feeling his eyes widen at the scrutiny. "What?" he asked, cursing internally at the slight quaver in his voice. The atmosphere in the room changed instantly, but he couldn't put his finger on what it was.

Without a word, Phil slowly pulled down the front of his trouser waistband an inch, revealing a burst of lime green fabric. The elastic was bunched, the texture capturing the eye and inviting it to roam along the rippling surface, the bright colour standing out against Phil's pale stomach.

Dan just stared for a long moment, Phil's eyes still on his face, until he suddenly realised that he
was staring at his flatmate's crotch. "Oh," he laughed, so airily, so carefully. "Ah well, maybe it was Monday when I saw them in the wash, then."
"Yeah." Phil said, laughing in a way that almost disguised how forced it was. "I think it was."
"Well, I'd better go and fold these up before they crease." Dan nodded at his pile of clothes as if they could save him now.

Phil nodded slowly, mimicking him. "Um... yes. Me too." It was the strangest thing.

They both stood, polite smiles on their faces, arms full of washing. The walk to their rooms was utterly silent, and when they reached them, they parted without a word. Neither of them really knew what was happening, or what to say about it.

Dan closed his bedroom door behind him, dumping the clothes on the floor with a frustrated sigh. Part of him wondered if Phil had looked back...but a bigger part of him didn't dare to think about it.

In an effort to distract himself, he bent down and folded one of the freshly washed shirts. Ignoring the fact that it really needed ironing, he absentmindedly wandered across the room and stuffed it into his wardrobe.

Chapter End Notes

Please let me know what you thought about this one, cubs- it's a bit different, I think.

I love you all. Stay safe <3 xx
Phil mulls over a few things that are dwelling on his mind.

I don't even know what this is.

It's not been sudden, it hasn't appeared overnight, but now I can't ignore it anymore. I've always ignored it. I don't know what to do.

How do I even explain what "it" is?

"I'll be there in the summer 'cause your heart isn't safe
You won't go, you are not a runner
So you won't run away"

His stupid laugh, echoing through our apartment. The way he starts screaming when he gets competitive. His foul mouth and his even fouler moods. The constant bed-head. The way pastel is creeping into his wardrobe.

That's what 'it' is.

"If you could follow your heart gently
There wouldn't be this mess
Maybe someday, just someday you'll find a way back"

Everyone else seems to think they know what 'it' is. It's shouted about, all over social media. If that's true, if they've got it right, they figured it out before I did. That scares me, in a way. It doesn't belong to anyone else, whatever happens, whatever conclusion I come to. I can't imagine ever talking about 'it'.

"Your dreams are incredibly loud tonight
You're creating forest fires
You can’t even change your sight
It's stuck in you like a virus"

We've become something, through 3 moving days, countless YouTube videos, adopting one naughty little cat, sleepless nights, stolen cereal... and laughter. So much laughter.

Home is where the heart is. Mum has that written on a sign in the downstairs toilet at her house, and I've always thought it was one of those lame sayings that don't mean anything. There to sound pretty, and go with the towel hanging beside the sink. I understand it now, though. It's absolutely right. My home, finally, is our new flat. We've just about settled in, Connie is comfortable, I can almost sleep through the night in my unfamiliar, slightly lonely room.

I'm lying to myself, but I don't want to go there. If I admit it- the constant 'it'!- then I'll be crossing a line that we've been dancing along since that moment on a train station platform, all those years ago.

Oh, Dan Howell.

That's what he is.

I just wish I knew what we were.

What am I?

Chapter End Notes

A lot can happen in 2 chapters, can't it? Xx
The Fire, The Flood and Our Wings

Chapter Summary

Poetry in motion.

Chapter Notes

This is so late... I apologise, cubs, it's been a manic week!

I'm currently battling a cold, exhausted, and wishing for an extra blanket. Fun times. I hope you're all doing better than me!

I love you all. Thank you for your comments, for your support, for your patience.
You're all incredible <3

Enjoy xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A match
Slipping from my clumsy fingers
Lit
Aflame
Dancing
And flickering on the way down
Would do less damage than- that-
That smile you give me
If I turned on the taps
Watched the sink
Flowing over like Niagara
Cascade
Torrent
Pouring
The water couldn't drown out
The thought of you

Curling up under my duvet
Hands over my ears
Blocked
Echoed
Louder
I can still hear you
Call my name-
Is that an observation or an order?
Call.
My!
Name?

"Dan?"
"Phil?"

The flames from that inferno
Licking around my face
Could not hurt me
But would flush my cheeks
No, I'm not just blushing

The socks still soaked through from the flood
I made
Could not chill me
But the water would still be cold
That's why I shivered

The smothering embrace of my bed
Could not soothe me
Even though the feathers
Did not give us wings
I fell asleep on your shoulder
Again.

Alright.
You win.
I win.

I admit it.

Chapter End Notes

Good luck with everything you do, and may your enemies watch your successes with envy and admiration xx <3
Four Minutes To Save The World

Chapter Summary


What could it all mean?

Who am I kidding? Chapter 130. You know what that means... as promised ;)

Chapter Notes

2 years, 130 chapters, a mental health roller coaster... and here we we are, cubs. I'm so bloody proud of this work, not only for the notes and how long it is, but because it's introduced me to so many great people. I love you all so much! You give me a purpose, a reason to smile when I don't think I have any, and most of all a way to show my appreciation to people who reward the tiny amount of faith I have left in humanity.

This one is for you, you incredible humans. Thank you for sharing this journey with me- and here's to the next 70! <3

With all my love and appreciation,
Chloe
Xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sofa creases cradled the two of them, a familiar embrace, holding them down and keeping them from wandering away into oblivion. Wine was flowing- a spontaneous purchase, born from the success of their most recent gaming video, and an offer in the shop that they'd taken up for the hell of it. They just sat there; laughing, drinking, listening to the radio that they'd left playing in the corner of the living room.

When '4 Minutes' suddenly started filling the empty space between them, the seconds became years. 4 minutes seemed like nothing, and yet an eternity. They filled their glasses again, and just pretended to enjoy the song.

"Come on boy
I've been waiting for somebody
To pick up my stroll..."

Dan sighed, stretching back, his t-shirt riding up slightly over his stomach. Phil took an uncharacteristically large gulp of Pinot Noir.

"...Well don't waste time
Give me a sign
Tell me how you wanna roll..."
Dan watched out of the corner of his eye, as Phil's throat bobbed with it, and tried with a pitiful amount of conviction to clear his mind. He closed his eyes.

"...I want somebody to speed it up for me
Then take it down slow
There's enough room for both..."

Phil saw Dan's eyelashes sweep down onto his cheeks, the contrast of the rosy flush of wine-kissed skin and the dark fans becoming quite admirable. The thought of kissing made him cough.

"...Well, I can handle that
You just gotta show me where it's at
Are you ready to go
(Are you ready to go)"

Dan's eyes shot open, and he sat up to thump Phil on the back. The gesture was well-meaning, if a little rough, and he found himself not wanting to stop. Phil's shirt was soft and smooth under his fist.

"...If you want it
You already got it
If you thought it
It better be what you want
If you feel it
It must be real just
Say the word and
I'm a give you what you want"

Phil winced to himself, lungs raw from their sudden ingestion of sour grapes and suppressed emotion, and tried very hard to pretend that he wasn't enjoying the feeling of Dan's hand against his spine.

"...Time is waiting
We only got four minutes
To save the world
No hesitating
Grab a boy
Grab a girl
Time is waiting
We only got four minutes
To save the world
No hesitating
We only got four minutes
Four minutes"

As the music pounded, Dan glanced at the clock. He watched for a few seconds, and then wordlessly grabbed the remote for the stereo and cranked it up. Fuck the neighbours. This was a moment, and though neither of them could put their finger on it, they could both feel it.

"...Keep it up, keep it up
Don't be a pretty
Madonna, uh
You gotta get in line, hop
Tick tock tick tock tick tock
That's right, keep it up, keep it up
Don't be a pretty Madonna, uh..."

"This is actually a pretty good song, isn't it?"
"Yeah, it is."

"...You gotta get in line, hop
Tick tock tick tock tick tock
Sometimes I think what I need
Is a you intervention, yeah..."

Connie, previously silently curled up under the coffee table, ventured forwards to meow loudly at his humans. They reached for him, invited him up onto the sofa, tried to pet him but he danced out of reach, glaring at them in an arrogant way that only a cat can.

"I swear, he knows something we don't." Dan laughed uncomfortably. Phil just nodded.

"...And you know I can
Tell that you like it
And that it's good, by the way
That you move, ooh, hey..."

Music. Wine. Madonna. Something?

"Phil?"
"Yeah?"
"..." Dan's hands started twisting the hem of his t-shirt, not that he noticed. Phil watched him carefully. The door was opening, unlocked by some kind of unspoken mutual bravery, and he found himself hoping that Dan would be the one to kick it down. That way, he wouldn't have to deal with the terrifying idea that his younger flatmate would have preferred to lock that door back up again.

Connie curled up again, this time in front of the doorway, and fixed them with a steady gaze that quite clearly said "morons".

That was when Dan took a sharp breath in, and their entire world shifted on its axis.

"...The road to hell is paved
With good intentions, yeah..."

It happened quickly, sharply, perfectly. In seven words, Dan broke both of their chains- what would he think? What would other people think? Would it work? What if it didn’t work? Would it change things too much? How would we do it? Do people already know? Am I being too obvious?

Does he feel the same way?

The brown eyes that the blue met through many years of ups and downs now fixed him with a piercing, captivating gaze. There was nothing but honesty and vulnerability in it.

"I love you, Phil. I always have."

"...But if I die tonight
At least I can say I did
What I wanted to do
Tell me, how 'bout you..."
The dragon was slain. The castle was theirs.

When their lips crashed together, it was exploding vacuum cleaners and frustration and broken plates and stolen cereal. It was sleepless nights and laughter and cooking amazing food. It was years of being together, being a pair. It was Dan and Phil, finally finding where they were meant to be, and ceasing to care about anything that stood in their way.

Their four minutes were up, and their world was saved. Suddenly, it was irrelevant that some people might not like it, or that things would change. They were happy, truly and completely happy- and they had each other.

As Phil's hands roamed down Dan's back, both of them forgetting what oxygen was- as if they needed it, when they had each other!- Connie gave a satisfied little huff. Flicking his tail behind him, the black cat sauntered out of the living room, with the swagger of a silent "about bloody time".

"I love you too," Phil whispered breathlessly into Dan's shoulder, turning his head to lavish kisses on that jawline, and the unhappy dimple that the Internet had gone mad for. "I love you too, Bear."

Chapter End Notes

I wish you all the happiness in the world <3

Until next week, cubs!

Please let me know what you thought below- this one's a big 'un! Xx
A kiss doesn't magically make everything easy, and a relationship can't blossom where no rain falls.

Hello, cubs!

The song choice is ironic... nobody HAS heard from me for months. On October 17th, I had a major operation (my right hip was broken and pinned in 3 places) to correct the dysplasia I've had all my life. I've missed this so much, but only now do I feel like I can do it justice- I'm not in pain, or full of medications, or exhausted. It's been rough, but I'm back now. Thank you for being patient with me <3

Love to you all. Enjoy my returning offering!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was hard to settle into, especially after that first kiss. They'd fought so hard, and for so long, to keep it all contained. Once the old kingdoms had been conquered, they had to establish new borders- but the treaties were never drawn.

They weren't naive enough to think that it would be simple, that they could just become lovers overnight and that would be that. It was frustrating- even "I love you" was stilted at first, although they meant it with everything they had. Hugging meant awkwardly grabbed the other, gangly limbs in the way. Kisses were stolen in furtive moments around the flat, almost feeling guilty, as if they were doing something disloyal. Around other people, nothing changed. They were learning the hard way.

Life isn't a fairytale.

Deep down, both of them were scared. Playing a part, wondering if it could last, if their daydream would fade away when they opened their eyes.

My castle crumbled overnight
I brought a knife to a gunfight
They took the crown but it's alright
All the liars are calling me one
Nobody's heard from me for months
I'm doing better than I ever was

They waltzed around together, as if it made a difference that they weren't acknowledging the fact that they hadn't even given "it" a name. Lips on cheeks blurred into breakfast and filming schedules, and nights of tumbling into each others beds to fall asleep in each others' arms or... do
other things.

It was beautiful, and terrifying. Even so, even living in limbo, the stolen glances and shy smiles kept them alive. It wasn't an inferno, but it flickered. Just enough.

Cause...
My baby's fit like a daydream
Walking with his head down
I'm the one he's walking to
So call it what you want, yeah
Call it what you want to
My baby's fly like a jet stream
High above the whole scene
Loves me like I'm brand new
So call it what you want, yeah
Call it what you want to

The third Monday after the night that they'd broken the last wall, Dan called it. Connie weaved around his ankles, sensing the tension. "We need to talk, Phil."
Phil put his coffee down, blue eyes drowning in fear. "I know."
"What do we do?"
Phil's face worked as he tried to wrestle his emotions back. "I... look, if you think it's going to be awkward, and you want to go back to-"
"No!" Dan nearly shouted, looking horrified. Connie gave an indignant "Mrrow!" and slunk off towards Phil.

The younger flatmate made a visible effort to calm down. "No, Phil, I want us to mean US. I want to be able to kiss you when I want to, laugh at you for being so bloody stupid. Everyone else doesn't need to know yet, it's okay, but I want us to figure this out." Tears began to slip down his cheeks, drowning the freckles. Phil wiped his own eyes with a watery smile. "That's what I want, too."

Leaning his forearms against the kitchen table, the brown-eyed boy looked his flatmate up and down, and suddenly, laughter bubbled up out of his chest. "Dan?" Phil asked uncertainly.

"Amazingphil. Phil Lester. Be my boyfriend?"

Phil's lips repeated the words, silently, his mouth working. Dan swallowed hard, face earnest. In the next second, Phil leapt up from his seat and threw himself into his arms. "Yes!" he whispered, shoulders trembling with emotion. "Oh, Dan, yes. I was so worried... it was all so... we were losing it. I couldn't lose this."
"I know. I love you."

It was as natural as breathing, and Phil's relieved reply was as heartfelt as a promise. "I love you too, Bear."

Even as Connie took the opportunity to eat the plate of leftover dinner that was sitting on the counter, he managed to agree wholeheartedly with his silly humans. Took them long enough.

"MRRROW!"

All my flowers grew back as thorns
Windows boarded up after the storm
He built a fire just to keep me warm
All the drama queens taking swings
All the jokers dressing up as kings
They fade to nothing when I look at him

In the weeks that followed, Daniel Howell and Phil Lester fell in love all over again.

It was private and quiet, the way it should have been. Little things became wonderful, past arguments were suddenly treasure in their pockets. They learned to be more than "friends", and it came more and more naturally as time went on.

Phil still stole Dan's cereal, but now they found themselves laughing about it. Dan started buying extra.

One day, Dan found himself face-down in the hallway, depression kicking his arse in a way he could barely comprehend. Phil dragged in the sofa cushions and built a blanket fort around him, right where he was laying, fetched a laptop and some popcorn. They watched stupid films until they were both laughing.

Laptop chargers migrated around the place, never in the place they needed to be, but they just shared.

Dan officially started sharing Phil's bed, but they kept his in working order, just in case anyone asked. There were complaints about cold feet and quilt-stealing fights, but ultimately, curling up together became their personal heaven.

And I know I make the same mistakes every time
Bridges burn, I never learn
At least I did one thing right
I did one thing right

There were fights, little ones; they were still finding a rythmn. Whose turn was it to clean Connie's litter tray, where Phil's other sock was, silly things that shouldn't have meant anything. They faded away almost as soon as they occurred. Drunk on happiness, nothing could take away what they'd found.

I'm laughing with my lover
Making forts under covers
Trust him like a brother
Yeah, you know I did one thing right
Starry eyes sparking up my darkest night

They talked about being more open, but taking it slow seemed like a better option. It was theirs, a secret they could share, and both Dan and Phil agreed that it should be that way for as long as possible.

Connie was in his element, jumping onto them when they curled up on the sofa, a real family portrait. Everything was falling into place.

I want to wear his initial on a chain round my neck
Chain round my neck
Not because he owns me
But 'cause he really knows me
Which is more than they can say
There was something missing, some small detail that would complete the scene. They searched for it in filming, chores, laughter, meals, but it danced just out of reach. Happiness permeated every inch of their lives, but the puzzle wasn't solved yet.

It happened when Phil's mum rang to ask if he was coming down at the end of November for a visit, like they'd planned. Chatting away happily, Phil suddenly glanced at Dan, and smiled.

I recall late November, holding my breath
Slowly I said, "You don't need to save me
But would you run away with me?"
Yes

"Of course I'm bringing Dan, Mum, he's my boyfriend. Yeah, yeah- what do you mean, finally?!

So call it what you want, yeah
Call it what you want to

Chapter End Notes

I can't tell you how much I've missed this. It's good to be back! <3
Chapter Summary

Phil sleeps. Dan doesn't. Neither of them mind that arrangement.

Chapter Notes

Yes, it's been over a month, cubs. I've realised that, despite my best intentions, my mental health has been spiralling for a while now. It's not fair on you or me to try and commit to a constant posting schedule, because I'll either compromise quality or drive myself into the ground. So, I'll be updating whenever I'm up to it from now on. That might mean three chapters in one day, or one a fortnight, but I promise you I won't abandon this work until it's done. I love it, and I love you.

Depression is kicking my arse right now, and this is the best I can offer. Enjoy this one, cubs, and I'll see you in 2018 if not before <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Phil's eyelashes fluttered as his head shifted, murmuring to nobody. Dreamland looked peaceful.

Dan watched the steady rise and fall of his throat, illuminated by the shard of light piercing through the curtains, and wondered if that was creepy. Is it creepy to watch your boyfriend sleep?

Ha. Boyfriend. Still getting used to that.

Truthfully, Dan didn't sleep at civilised times. Why break the habit of a lifetime? And now he was sharing a bed with Phil, sleep was something he'd forgotten about.


Anyway, Phil was beautiful in the darkness. He was beautiful any time, of course, but something about his raven hair melting seamlessly into the night was... poetic. The small hours cradled Phil's body like Dan's own embrace, pale limbs and exposed skin disappearing under the black silk of 3am.

Connie usually curled up outside their bedroom door- not as if he wanted to come in, they'd offered him that one before- but as if he was standing guard. Dan, still a little nervous of the dark, liked the thought of a fearsome inky-black lion scaring away the monsters. Of course, even as a skinny, scarred, tiny cat, Connie was bloody formidable.

That train of thought ended as the sleeping YouTuber moved, lips parting slightly. Dan smiled. Who are you dreaming of kissing, Philly? As if I didn't already know.

They were still hiding from the world, most of the time, but the shroud of insomnia and slumber was enough to slip under, just opaque enough to mask the fact that Daniel Howell had never been
so in love in his entire life.

As the display on his phone changed from 03.59 to 04.00, Dan leaned over to whisper that fact into Phil's exposed spine. Well, discounting the beautiful spectacle- if he wasn't sleeping, his boyfriend shouldn't either.

Chapter End Notes

I love you all. Stay safe <3 xx
The Wanderer

Chapter Summary

Connie is gone for a day. And then two. And then...

Chapter Notes

This is a horrendously belated birthday present for my lovely angel, Mila- thank you for your endless patience, encouragement and wisdom, beautiful. I'm so proud of you.

In fact, it's so late that it's actually my birthday tomorrow (I'll be 18 on the 23rd, which is terrifying). On that note, all my love to Mila and Logan, my American kids. I love you both more than anything <3

Happy reading, cubs! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first day, they weren't worried. He was a feral cat, Dan said to himself, as he replaced the old bowl of uneaten food with some fresh stuff. It was only natural that he'd wander from time to time. Perhaps Connie was just reminding himself of what his life had been, or visiting his old cat mates from the rough side of town. At that thought, Dan laughed aloud to himself, and wandered out of the kitchen.

The second day, Phil bit his lip. He stood over the still untouched food bowl, calling Dan to come and inspect it too. They both pretended to be calmer than they were. He used to be feral. He knows how to survive. He'll be fine.

The third day, they sat over their own uneaten dinner, both fretting. Maybe he's not fine, they said, pushing spaghetti around their plates helplessly. How are we supposed to find him? What if he's lost? He hasn't been feral in a while, what if he's forgotten how to fend for himself?

The fourth day, they stayed in all day, leaving every window open to a cat-sized crack. Phil cooked bacon and chicken for dinner, hoping that the smell might somehow reach their missing cat and bring him home. It was freezing cold with all the windows open, but they just piled on jumpers. No way would they risk leaving their boy out in the cold.

The fifth day, Dan cried. Emotions were running high, and when he found a feathery cat toy in his gaming channel chair, he found himself clutching it to his chest like a good luck charm. Phil found him like that, and kissed his tears away until they became indistinguishable from his own.

The sixth day, they gave up. Finding a scarred, grumpy black cat in London was about as likely as getting drop-kicked out of a window by the Pope. It seemed inevitable, somehow, that they had to let go, but Phil insisted on leaving their bedroom window open a crack, just in case. That night, they lay there in an impossible tangle, neither of them sleeping for a long time. There was a gaping hole outside their bedroom door, where a ferocious lion had once kept them safe. Dan felt like the
dark was creeping in to suffocate him, and Phil found his mind wandering to cats being hit by taxi
cabs or cowering in gutters. Never before had they realised just how much they were a family of
three.

The seventh day, they stirred from that mess of limbs to find a tired, but healthy, grumpy black cat
asleep on Dan’s chest.

Chapter End Notes

By the time you're reading this, I'll probably be 18, so hello from adulthood!

Love to you all, cubs, and a very happy new year <3 xx
The Green-Eyed Monster

Chapter Summary

"Can you do a fic where someone is flirting with Phil and he has no idea, and Dan gets jealous?"

Chapter Notes

OH MY GOD, SHE ACTUALLY UPDATED... I know, I know.

One thing I've learned in this process, cubs, is that when I force myself to write I just produce crap. I don't want to publish anything on this work that I'm not happy with, because it's been too long and I respect you all far too much for that. So, here we are. I'm back, I'm proud of this, and I've missed you more than I can say.

This is for Annabelle, one of the many wonderful people who left me comments to come back to. I love you, kid- and I love you all very much indeed. Enjoy, cubs! Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn't until she put her hand on Phil's forearm that Dan really thought about killing her.

"Come on, Bear! We haven't been outside this week! Just one drink?" Bloody Phil and his bloody ideas. Obviously he'd worn the blue shirt that brings out his eyes. Obviously his stupid hair looked stupidly perfect in the horrible lighting of this stupid bar. Obviously some random girl had attached herself to him like a parasite, sucking his sunshine into her gaping maw...

... maybe that was a tad dramatic.

In the spirit of honesty, the thing that was truly bothering him was that Phil seemed so clueless. The girl was tossing her long hair about like a horse swatting flies, deflecting Phil's polite questions with demands for more information about him, or compliments that were so cringey Dan's head was in danger of disappearing into the back of his neck. Yet, his ridiculous boyfriend was sitting there nodding along, smiling at Dan from time to time as if he was enjoying the conversation, and as if Dan actually cared about what she was saying. Her emerald eyes sparkled as she stared at Phil. The irony of that one wasn't lost on Dan.

He threw back another glass of whatever he was drinking- he didn't really mind, if there was the possibility of forgetting what was happening in front of him. The noise of some horrific eighties trash on the jukebox permeated his every brain cell, serving to annoy him more than he actually thought possible.

Dan growled into his empty glass. He couldn't just demand that Phil get away from her; as far as the rest of the world knew, they were just friends, and he wasn't about to out them to a club full of pissed-up Londoners because some girl was a bit too touchy.
It had been nearly twenty minutes since Little Miss Miniskirt had bounded into view, and Dan was actually considering faking an illness so he could go home. To think he was missing Netflix and a comfy bed for this!

The bar was too hot and his drink was too empty and she was too attached and-

"Bear?" Phil's hand was on his shoulder before he could finish being miserable. He replied a little bit more harshly than he meant to. "What?"
"Let's go home."
"Finally managed to tear yourself away, then?"
"What?"
"She practically had her tongue down your throat! Did you not notice?"
"Not really, no- was it that bad?"

Dan's tone was far too whiny for his liking, but equally he couldn't quite rein it in. "Yes, it fucking was!"

Phil blinked, then smiled broadly. "Daniel." he said, in a frighteningly flawless impression of Dan's grandma. "You don't go out for a burger when you've got a steak at home. Now, let's go, shall we?"

Chapter End Notes

Who knew that a load of strangers on the Internet would one day bring so much happiness to my life? Thank you to each and every one of you for sticking with me, commenting, and enjoying my work. My heart belongs to all of you <3 xxx
Easter Baking and a Whole Side Of Faking

Chapter Summary

Dan and Phil attempt to film a video. Phil is a cheeky shit.

Chapter Notes

Hey cubs! I hope you're all doing well <3

I'm watching the baking video as I write this, and I've missed those floury dweebs. I've missed you guys too!

Enjoy <3 xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"And just when you thought it was cute enough, we have these tiny little ribbons for the bunnies!" Dan exclaimed, grinning at the camera. It was, in fact, the least terrible baking they'd ever done, although the kitchen floor was an absolute mess. Phil smirked at him. "Of course it's was cute enough. You're here."

Dan groaned in exasperation, and raised his arms to wave them like a maniac. "Shut up!" he said, as Phil's laughter echoed around the kitchen. "I need to do something memorable so I remember to edit out all the crap you keep saying, or the internet will break worse than 'don't cry, craft!'" The resounding whine was like a warm hug to his heart. "But Bear, I love youuuuu..."

"Well, can you stop loving me for an hour or two?" The gyrating dancing, flirty looks and constant hugs were nice, sure, but they'd turn editing into an absolute nightmare. Three months after they'd got together, only their immediate families were aware. By some miracle, they'd even managed to keep the Phandom in the dark. For now.

"Never." Phil declared dramatically, reaching up to wipe some icing off Dan's face. Sparkling blue eyes fixed on Dan's face, Phil stuck his icing-draped finger into his mouth with a wildly exaggerated sex face.

"PHIL!" Dan wasn't sure whether to laugh at his boyfriend, drag him to the nearest surface, or punch him. On one hand, he really needed to get the video done before the bloody cookies went bad, but on the other hand, the man he loved was being really damn adorable.

Phil reached over, expression daring Dan to say something else, and shoved a Jelly Tot into his boyfriend's mouth. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll stop..."

"Thank you." Dan turned back to the camera with a vague attempt at a neutral smile. "So, here we are, Easter biscuits, a sugary treat..."

"...Sweet like my boyfriend."

"PHILIP LESTER, I SWEAR TO-"
"Love is like a good cake. You never know when it's coming, but you'd better eat it when it does!"

I Googled cake quotes. And laughed my arse off. You're welcome XD xx
The moment the light on the camera goes out, rings are slipped back into left hands, and congratulatory kisses pepper a once-straightened forehead.

It's easy, the way it's always been, but now it has a name. Just one. An amalgamation. Howell-Lester. Dan and Phil Howell-Lester. Oh, and Connie. Of course.

The incident with the paint gets brought up sometimes, and it's been so long that they find themselves able to laugh. They don't even live in that flat anymore, the brown walls long since outgrown. They're braver now. Times change, as do haircuts and meme aesthetics. Phil doesn't bring that one up unless Dan is a safe distance from the Hoover.

Domestic and wild, brave and reckless. They live in the bubble they've made for themselves, and it glitters as the light passes through.

Their world is full of colour and wonder, but a black shape slinks round their periphery, only occasionally tempted in for cuddles. He's still wild (he thinks).

Love is a funny thing. You think it will rock your world from its foundations, but sometimes, you turn around and realise that it WAS the foundation, all along. That someone, no matter how
familiar, is the one for you.

They've captured it all, those moments of theirs. On a memory card in an old merch rucksack, tucked beneath Dan's old bed, is an archive of kisses and surprises. He doesn't sleep in that room anymore, but they both know it's safe.

Maybe one day, they'll share what everyone already knows. For now, it's theirs, the little sparkling secret that Dan holds in his dimples, and Phil reserves in those deep blue eyes.

They love each other, endlessly... and that's enough.

Chapter End Notes

Happy birthday, Mila. Without this work, I would never have met you or Logan, two of my favourite people in the world <3

Well, cubs, as one door closes, another opens. Don't write me off just yet- pun entirely intended. I think I'd forgotten how much I loved doing this xxx

End Notes

I love you all. This work is complete now- thank you for everything <3

Works inspired by this one

Dan And Phil- A History Of Two Spoons (español) by mortalkombat

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