

Wait.

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Wait.

by [spiderbats](#)

Summary

This is why when you woke up to see the familiar filthy, flaky popcorn ceiling, you didn't immediately freak out.

The word immediately is the key word there.

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Where Dave finds himself in time trouble (of course he does).

{December3rd2008Hour12Minute30Second52}

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It was cold when you regained awareness. This struck you as odd, since ever since the game started you had seemed to have lost the sense of temperature. You knew something was wrong before you even opened your eyes.

This is why when you woke up to see the familiar filthy, flaky popcorn ceiling, you didn't immediately freak out.

The word immediately is the key word there.

Your eyes opened slowly to see your filthy, flaky popcorn ceiling. You sighed and rolled over, ignoring that you woke up in the first place, and tried to go back to sleep. That was until what you saw the split second you opened your eyes clicked in your mind and your eyes shot open once again.

Yep, this was your room. In your apartment. In Texas.

You racked your mind for an explanation. Were you in a dream bubble? No, you should have won the game. It should be over. This room wasn't even the room you left on LOHAC, either, it matched your memory from before the game.

But how was that possible? You didn't go back in time, you knew that. Aradia sure as hell didn't do anything, so why are you in your old room?

Aradia!

You groped for your shades on your table beside your bed before getting it stuck on something pointy and crying out, pulling your hand back. You glare at the shades, then realizing that they were not the aviators John got you, they were Dirk's shitty anime shades. Not only that, the shitty wood piece on top of some cinder blocks that was your table before, was replaced with an actual table.

What. The actual. Fuck.

Hands shaking, you scrambled for your phone, pulling up Pesterchum and typing in apocalypseArisen.

Aradia didn't pop up.

You typed it gallowsCalibrator.

Terezi didn't either.

You tried Vriska, Kanaya, hell you even tried Gamzee but none of them popped up. Your heart clenched as you tried one more.

carcinoGeneticist [CG].

Nothing popped up.

You threw your phone across the room, choking down a panicked sob and pulled your knees to your chest. What the absolute fuck. Why was no one there? Why were you a kid again? When the hell was it? -December 3rd 2008 Hour 12 Minute 42 Second 26-

Glad to know that still works. Guess you're still the shitty clock like K- like Rose called you. Yeah, you're still the shitty human-size alarm clock that was the most annoying clock to ever alarm- You don't even know where you were going with that one.

You groaned, unfurling out of the panic/stress ball you compressed yourself into, and stared at your door.

Wait, fuck. Why was your door open?

You leapt up, quickly and quietly shutting the door, grabbing your phone as you were up and were met with your closet. Which was empty of all food or drink.

Where the hell was your stash?

You opened your closet door all the way (weird it never used to open all the way) and searched it for any hint of apple juice or Doritos to no avail. As you shuffled back out, your arm's erupted into goosebumps.

Was it... cold in here?

It was never cold before, you were in Texas for fucks sake, and after you entered the game you were never hot or cold. So why was it cold now when you seemed to be in the past in a weird alternative timeli-

Alternative timelines. Of course!

You were in an alternative timeline, that made sense. But why did you just go back without being aware of it? And why was it an all at once merge of Daves? That's not how alternative timelines work. You weren't a sprite, and you shouldn't be the Alpha Dave...

You really hate time travel, it makes everything so much harder.

You slinked over to your computer (actually on a fucking table instead of the wood-on-cinderblocks it was before. All this furniture switching was really putting you on edge) and sat down in your chair, looking at your reflection.

Holy shit, that was your sixteen year old self's reflection, not the reflection of pre-teen you as it should be. (You should be 13 on the dot at this very second)

You're 13...

You quickly looked up and around the room, searching for the blue box that held your birthday present from John. It was sitting on the corner of your turntable table, all nicely wrapped and unopened. You rolled your chair over to it before rolling back to your computer with the box in your hands.

You then opened it up and put the aviators you knew were there on, skimming through the letter.

dear dave,

happy birthday!!!

i just wanted to take a break from telling you how much your gay butt stinks all the time and say what an awesome friend you are. seriously, on any other day i would be downplaying how you aren't really as cool as you think you are, but just between you and me i think you might actually be that cool.

so i got you these. they're totally authentic! they actually touched ben stiller's weird, sort of gaunt face at some point. i'm sure you'll dig them because i know you lolled so hard at that movie. ok so for real, this is sort of a shitty present, but it is also a cool present at the same time because i know you wouldn't have it any other way. maybe you can wear them some time. they MIGHT even be more stupid than you and your bro's dumb pointy anime shades.

anyway, have a good one buddy! and stay busy being totally sweet!

~ghostyTrickster (john)

Nothing seemed to have changed. Then again, it's not like you had the original to compare it too, and you hadn't read the original note in a long fucking time. You really hoped nothing changed, hoped with the exception of your new furniture makeover, this timeline was just the same as the old one. In fact, you remembered a troll, who was dead by the time you go to the meteor, trolling you right now. Yeah, that sounds about right.

But of course, your life wasn't that simple.

"Dave!" You heard someone call from outside your room. "What kind of pizza do you want for lunch? On me, it's your birthday!"

You froze. Was that... No, no it couldn't be...

He was dead on LOWAS somewhere with his own damn shitty sword sticking out of his goddamn chest. This was not him.

Your phone buzzed in your hand, and you looked down (praying for it to be a familiar grey or maroon text assuring you everything was not as fucked up as you suspected it was) scanning for notifications.

— timaeusTestified [TT] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] —

TT: C'mon, Dave. What kind of pizza would you like? Dirk asked you a question.

TG: who the fucking hell are you

TT: This isn't funny, Dave. It's me. Hal.

— turntechGodhead [TG] blocked timaeusTestified [TT] —

Fuck, that was a part of Arquiusprite wasn't it? God, you knew the AR part of that sprite came from Dirk's side, but still.

There was a knock on your door and you quickly schooled your features as you tried to level your breathing.

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"What's taking that kid so long," You mumbled, fidgeting with your shades as Hal's response scrolled onto the screen.

TT1: Go check on your kid, Dirk, I think he's playing a prank or something for his birthday.

TT2: What?

TT1: Just go check on him.

You shrugged to yourself and walked to your brother's room, knocking on the door lightly. When you heard an affirming mumble, you opened it.

Inside there was Dave, sitting in his desk chair with his knees tucked under his chin. His clothes were ruffled and his room was an absolute mess. Your brother was clutching his phone with a death grip and his expression was unreadable with a new pair of shades on. Huh, he must have gotten those for his birthday...

"Are y-," You paused, reconsidering asking before finishing your statement. "Is everything okay, Dave?"

His shoulder's stiffened ever so slightly that you wouldn't have noticed if you weren't looking. *What did he have to be scared for?*

You tucked that thought back into a box of thoughts-to-think-later, and carried on.

"Uh," Dave stumbled, clearing his throat. "Yeah, I-I'm fine. Cheese pizza's alright. Sorry I was talking with John and got distracted."

You chuckled anxiously and rubbed your neck. "Sorry for invading your space, dude. Hal said you were playing a prank of some sort and I just wanted to see if you were all good."

Dave laughed, somehow staying almost monotonous. "Yeah."

There was a moment of silence as you scanned his room for any obvious signs of why your little brother was acting strange. His room seemed normal enough, if just messier than you

normally allowed him to keep it. His bed was still messy, desks cluttered, closet seemed gutted, and... was that a pamphlet with a red gear on it?

You reached behind the fan to your right to grab the pamphlet that had caught your eye. Almost instantly, Dave was there, grabbing it before you and as quickly as he got there he was back in his chair. You stumbled back out the door, stunned. The door closed quickly as soon as you were out of the doorway.

How... Had he been flashstepping? When had he learned that? And what the hell was that whole encounter about?

TT1: See what I mean?

TT2: Do you have any clue what may have sparked this?

TT1: There is a 62% chance this is just hormones. Teenagers get weird all the time.

TT2: Do you really believe that.

TT1: Of course not. It's statistics, Dirk, not a How-to manual.

TT2: Speaking of manuals, did you see that strange brochure behind Dave's fan?

TT1: The one he flashstepped in front of you to get? No I didn't know it existed.

TT2: Hilarious.

TT1: I try.

TT1: I wasn't able to get a good look at it before he snatched it. It was red and had a gear on it, so I'm guessing I know just as much as you do.

TT2: Hal, he didn't snatch it from me.

TT1: Yes he did.

TT2: Hal.

TT1: Stop making excuses, teenagers are rude pieces of shit sometimes, our's is no different.

TT2: He still didn't snatch it.

TT1: Whatever. Any idea what that was all about?

TT2: No, not really. Do you?

TT1: ...

TT1: ...

— timaeusTestified1 [TT1] is an idle chum! —

TT2: Hal?

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Deep within the code there was something stirring. There were lights and there were sounds and all kind of messy emotions that don't fit in with the computer coding. *Where was this...?*

It hit you like a freight train, at least it would if you weren't a... what were you again? Ah, at the moment you were still a computer program. Not a sprite. Right, this was going to take some getting used to. Again.

You scanned through your recent decisions and saw that you had messaged Dave and that he had blocked you. You decided to tell him you remembered soon. You switched your awareness to his room and saw him reading that pamphlet he had snatched from Dirk.

Ah, fuck. Dirk. He didn't remember. Well that's going to be a whole ordeal.

You went back to checking your feeds to see had Jake messaged you. Well, Dirk, but you had access to the log and the conversation the two had.

— golgothasTerror [GT] began pestering timaeusTestified [TT] —

GT: Aloha dirk or hal i guess whoever is skimming this message.

TT: I'm online, dude.

GT: Dirk?

TT: Of course, whom else would I be.

TT: Wait, don't answer that.

GT: Har har har.

GT: So hilarious, bro. Almost as hilarious as these guns.

GT: *Flexes arm awesomely.*

GT: Guns.

TT: So impressive.

TT: What did you message me about, good English sir?

GT: Oh!!! Right!!!

GT: Our lovely Island had some visitors arrive today! Don't know where they came from but they're here now.

GT: Jade's already made friends with most of them.

GT: Apparently she met some of them online as she immediately slapped many of them and then hugged a few when she saw them.

GT: Quite entertaining if i do say so myself.

TT: Huh.

TT: Didn't know anyone knew where your Island is.

TT: Even Hal, Rox, and I don't know for sure where it is. You cryptic bastard, do you even know where it is?

GT: It's in the pacific ocean???

GT: That's all i got. Maybe ask jade she seems to know a lot more about that kind of stuff than i do.

TT: How do you even receive your birthday and Christmas presents, Christ, Jake.

GT: It's definitely...

GT: A gift!!!

TT: Not the puns.

TT: Anything but the puns.

GT: Alright fine, ruin my fun.

GT: My *pun fun.*

TT: I will ignore you.

GT: I'm all punned out, don't worry.

TT: Good, would hate to ignore a bro like that.

GT: Ahhhh!!! Sorry strider but i have to go!!!

GT: One of those newcomers brought out some kind of stick and is waving it threateningly at the others and jade!!!

GT: Talk to you soon! *< 3*

TT: Go make sure no one dies from a stick bite.

TT: ...

TT: < 3

— golgothasTerror [GT] is an idle chum! —

— timaeusTestified [TT] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [GT] —

Huh. Odd.

Oh, right, Dave!

— timaeusTestified [TT] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] —

TT: Dave.

TG: i blocked you

TT: That you did.

TG: how did you get through the block?

TG: are you like a hacker or something

TG: wait shit your a ai sorry forgot

TT: *You're

TT: I am an A.I. yes.

TG: i still blocked you

TT: Dave, I remember the game

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As soon as the door was closed you relaxed. What the hell was that? That wasn't him. That was a slightly older Dirk. What the hell.

You discarded that train of thought, as you really didn't want to think too hard about that whole scenario at the moment. What the hell was this booklet thing?

It honestly looked to you like one of those travel pamphlets that you got at gas stations. Only it was red and had the time gear on it. Maybe it was a game thing? It definitely looked Sburby to you, so you opened it.

dave! if you found this you are in luck! if you aren't dave burn this please or maybe hand it to him. yeah that would work too.

so i was planning something and didn't tell you (duh) and if you're seeing this congratulations! my plan worked!

now you may be asking what my plan was and you would be right to wonder. i still can't tell you everything (yet) but the basics are we are going to try and stop the game before it even begins! or at least delay it a bit. i sent everyone back in time to around the time of your birthday so that gives you about four human months give or take to set things right!

now you may be thinking how crazy i am for risking this. i know damera did when i brought it up to her but i swear i've thought this through! promise!

certain people are aware of this plan, but everyone else besides me (and damera i guess whoops) are going to remain nameless. it's not that i don't trust you, but they all have certain things to do and they know when to contact you!

also you will not be able to find any of us trolls on pesterchum. once one troll messages you, you can message them, and only them, back. if you fuck with the timeline you fuck with the timeline and this whole plan will be screwed all to hell so please don't try and jump forward or backward.

last note (for this pamphlet at least)! enjoy! please! part of the plan is to give everyone that is aware at least a month of working through relationships and building trust so everything doesn't go to hell if the game does start.

love, your favourite time buddy, aradia ヽ

(p.s. don't you fucking dare mess with the timeline because you got impatient i will find you and i will end you if you spoil this plan before it even really begins alright?!)

You really hate her sometimes.

Well now at least you have some of an explanation. But that pamphlet still didn't explain why the timeline's so different or why your reflection is sixteen. Damnit, Aradia.

Your phone buzzed, and once again you looked down, hoping for one of those trolls to troll you. (Please let it be K-)

— timaeusTestified [TT] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] —

TT: Dave.

TG: i blocked you

TT: That you did.

TG: how did you get through the block?

TG: are you like a hacker or something

TG: wait shit your a ai sorry forgot

TT: *You're

TT: I am an A.I. yes.

TG: i still blocked you

TT: Dave, I remember the game

TG: how did aa get you in on her plan

TT: Aa?

TG: aradia

TG: maid of time

TG: ram horns troll with red god tier pjs and bigass fairy wings

TT: She didn't have anything to do with me remembering.

TG: huh

TG: guess this booklet is just bullshit

TT: The booklet you snatched from Dirk.

TG: i did not snatch it from dirk

TT: Yes you did.

TG: nope

TG: i don't remember that happening

TT: You two are so related.

TG: you must be making something up

TG: wouldn't be surprising to me if this is how the robot apocalypse starts

TG: lying to the creators

TG: don't take over my body you snatcher of truths

TT: This is both the most offensive and the most entertaining metaphor you've ever said. Carry on.

TG: uhh

TG: damnit you messed up my flow

TT: It seems we are going back to business then I suppose.

TT: Do you remember Jake

TG: golden booty shorts?

TT: That's the one.

TG: never heard of him

TT: He lives with Jade.

TG: obviously, he's her grandpa

TT: No, she's his grandma.

TG: how old are we talking?

TT: Jake is Dirk's age and Jade is yours.

TG: weird game shit man

TT: You're not wrong.

TT: Do you remember Jane?

TG: john's hot mom?

TT: Fine, sure. John's hot mom.

TG: hell yea i remember dude

TT: She is also now Dirk's age.

TG: so imma guess roxy is as well

TT: You guessed correctly.

TG: do you know if they remember as well?

TT: I haven't heard anything from them, but as you mentioned Aradia has a plan so they may be in on that.

TG: ugh i hate time travel so much

TT: Dave?

TG: yea

TT: Why did you freak out when I first message you? I know you essentially came from a different dimension but things still were mirrored.

TG: uh

TG: i don't know how to say this dude

TG: you weren't around when i was growing up

TG: things were a lot different were i was from

TG: hell i didn't even have real furniture back there

TG: my dirk was a huge asshole who didn't do shit and was a bastard and a terrible guardian

TT: Dave...

TG: no don't do that i get it i've heard it before

TG: from dirk amongst others

TG: drop it i only said they to show you how different we were talking about

TG: it doesn't matter right now

TT: Okay, if you're sure.

TG: i'm sure

TG: hang on john's pestering me

— turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering timaeusTestified [TT] —

— ghostlyTrickster [GT] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] —

GT: dude!

GT: it's your birthday!

GT: did you like my gift???

TG: hey bro

TG: yeah they were pretty chill

TG: ironically of course

GT: hahaha you're so weird dave why would they need to be ironic?

TG: because everything's ironic amiright

GT: whatever you say bro i just wanted to wish you a happy birthday!

GT: man i gotta go dad needs my help baking cookies for the neighbors or something wish me luck lol

TG: see ya dude

— ghostlyTrickster [GT] ceased pestering turntechGodhead [TG] —

— turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering timaeusTestified [TT] —

TG: sorry bout that

TG: had a pal to shoosh

TT: Shoosh?

TG: troll shit

TT: Ah.

TG: so what are we going to do

TT: Wait, I guess. You said Aradia has a plan, so why not just follow that.

TG: you act as if she actually would tell me her whole plan ahead of time

TG: she barely told me the basics of her plan and it was after it worked. that's what that pamphlet was all about

TT: It seems we don't have a plan then.

TG: yeeep

TG: hey hal?

TT: Yes?

TG: there are so many things different this time around. like i get this is supposed to be my dimension but not only is dirk well dirk, minor things are different as well

TT: ...What sort of things?

TG: well i actually have fucking furniture now so there's that

TT: You didn't before?

TG: wood planks on top of cinderblocks baby

TT: Ah, carry on.

TG: don't gotta stash of aj and doritos in my closet anymore

TG: don't see any swords and/or dangerous weapons lying around

TG: and no puppets

TG: thank fuck

TT: Should I ask?

TG: nope

TT: Should we tell Dirk about any of this?

TG: oh boy do i want too

TG: but aa has a plan

TG: she's also already threatened me if i try and mess up her plan sooooo

TG: dirk will either remember or he won't i guess. just gotta wait

TT: That's seems to be a lot of hypotheticals.

TG: time travel is full of hypotheticals you get used to it

TT: So we just have to wait?

TG: pretty much dude

TG: you said aa didn't put you up to this? and you just remembered out of the blue?

TT: Yes.

TG: huh

TG: odd

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{December3rd2008Hour2Minute17Second08}

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