

## **i lose myself completely**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29135037) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29135037>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Homestuck</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Dave's Bro   Beta Dirk Strider &amp; Dave Strider</a> , <a href="#">John Egbert &amp; Dave Strider</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Dave Strider</a> , <a href="#">John Egbert</a> , <a href="#">Dave's Bro   Beta Dirk Strider</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Implied/Referenced Child Abuse</a> , <a href="#">Implied/Referenced Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism</a> , <a href="#">Violence</a> , <a href="#">Homophobia</a> , <a href="#">bro says fag in this one hey guys</a> , <a href="#">Implied/Referenced Self-Harm</a> , <a href="#">Slurs</a> , <a href="#">implied gay character sorry that ones on me</a> , <a href="#">made john kind of obnoxious whoops</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-01 Words: 1,027 Chapters: 1/1

# **i lose myself completely**

by [lycomedes](#)

## Summary

You hold your breath in the bathtub until you see stars.

Runs in the family, you guess.

## Notes

sedona - sir chloe

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The first thing you learn when you grow up in the Strider family, is that money is money and the color of your eyes hold a deeper amount of weight than you ever will. You can scratch, kick, fight, draw a sword all you want, but your roots will never leave you. You're stuck whether you like it or not. With this attachment to a joke of a bloodline.

---

Your dad worked at the shop across from the annoying kid's house until he stops showing up one day and gets himself fired. You go outside and stare at the sky to stay as far away from him as possible, but he smacks the back of your head if you're out too long and tells you to stop being so much of a coward when you cry. He says some bullshit about *God* and how *he never makes mistakes*, and *where did he go wrong with you?* ~~You learn to tune him out when he gets like this.~~

You tell him to fuck off.

No, you didn't say anything. No, you're not a fag. No, you didn't just roll your eyes.

Whatever. It's fine. Maybe Bro shoves you around a little after that. You can't say you didn't deserve it.

---

You sit on the sidewalk in front of your house with a split lip. It's not a house—or a home, more like a glorified shack that holds nothing but rage. The clouds are darkening above you, it's gonna storm soon.

You sigh as you stare at the necklace Bro gave you when you were younger. Apparently it had some special meaning to him because of your mom. It makes you think of the stories he used to tell you that made you sleepy.

Bro, his *Dad*, prior to losing his fucking mind. You can't stop yourself from taking a shaky breath. He'd shove your shoulder for this. Dig his nails in where it hurt. Grab you by the hair like you're a toy.

You can see him through the front window from here, he's sitting on the couch and his stupid sunglasses are still on. You briefly consider the possibility that he might be dead and go inside.

There's a cross on the necklace. There's a fucking *cross* on the necklace. You've never even been to church before.

---

The annoying kid (John?), sits down on the curb next to you. You have barely any clue who he is or what he's doing. But he's tall, taller than you at least, and maybe even stronger, so you keep your mouth shut—finally shut the fuck up for once, Christ, Dave, took you long enough—he asks what your name is and you don't say a word.

John has a real smug attitude around him all the time, one that makes him seem really punchable. If you were a little stupider, a little more Bro-like, you'd probably start running your mouth, push your luck, and end up in more pain than you already are. Right on time, your head starts aching like a bitch and you sigh.

"Did you get into another fight?" He asks, and there's a grin on his face. This is dangerous. You can almost hear what Bro might say about it.

~~*You're fucking asking for trouble at this point.*~~

You glance at your house and smile back. You play along, because you don't know what else to do. "You should've seen the other guy."

---

You hate pulling a cigarette from the pack in your pocket and handing one to John, hate having to light it up as he holds it in his mouth, hate being able to see John's eyes and freckles and nose up close and personal.

It feels intimate in an awful way.

You pull away as soon as possible and pretend like you weren't staring.

---

You're fourteen when Bro punches you hard enough that you stumble and fall. You're fifteen when you grab a pair of scissors from the kitchen drawers and go to town on your hair.

Breathing shakily at the end of it, your hair surrounds you in some ironic imitation of a halo. You look like shit. Dirty and awful and messed up and still so much like him. You smile at yourself in the mirror before you cry. You have to.

No, you didn't do anything. No, John didn't tell you anything. No, you didn't just mumble an insult. No, you're not trying to run—I'm just trying to help you, Dave.

John tells you to think things through more often, he walks home with a black eye.

---

Bro doesn't really love you, of course you know that. You've known since he didn't come home until 5 in the morning and passed out on the couch without wishing you happy birthday. You've known since he didn't look you in the eyes when he told you he got fired. You've known since he started making you wear the stupid fucking sunglasses.

But it still somehow hurts when you see John smile and laugh around his family. They're so fucking normal it hurts. When his dad offers you food, a place to stay, even a hug once, you decline and walk back home.

You hold your breath in the bathtub until you see stars.

Runs in the family, you guess.

---

“You need to get over this,” John says. Dave would rather talk to Bro than have this conversation. He said it like it was fucking easy, Like he knows what it’s like.

“Fuck you, dude.”

“Wait, c’mon you—obviously I didn’t mean it like—”

Right. Because John never means what he says and fathers are good God fearing men that go to heaven when they die and match up with everything you deserve and ever will be. You let out a laugh.

You’re sixteen years old and the glasses you’re wearing are held up with scotch tape and willpower and your eyes are still bright red and it burns more than anything. You think maybe this family is a curse. You know you can’t leave so you sigh bitterly and play along. It’s really all you know how to do.

## End Notes

very much a vent thts on me sorry 4 not writing anyhting 4 almost a year and then coming back with homestuck fanfiction but folow me on twitter @/cicledead i talk ab minecraft

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