

Well, apparently people care about my fanfiction I wrote when I was a teenager in 2012. Let's get into it.

I think it's interesting that the people who apparently remember this fic don't remember anything about the context it was made in, or what I was saying about it when I wrote it, or how it was received by the fandom. The funniest part about this is that this story is literally a 2012 era anti essay in novel form: the message of this story is entirely unambiguous in being viciously critical of incest and abusive relationships. If I have any problems with how I executed this story it's how it was kind of overbearing and sanctimonious in how the message is delivered.

The very first scene of this fic I wrote in 2011 was the climax of the story, where I hold the reader's hand and just tell them that "incest is bad, actually":

The two of you sit like that for a long time, gazes locked as you challenge him with your eyes, but he's been playing this game far too long to change now and you break long before he could even begin to try. He only flinches when you choke out another sob and more tears begin to retrace the worn shimmering trails left on your face.

You defensively pull up your knees as you drag your palms across your reddened eyes and wet cheeks, exhaling shakily. "God, I can't — I can't *do* this," you breathe. When he says nothing in reply, you simply let the words keep tumbling out, as disjointed as you feel. "You — I — I *can't* stay with you. You just — *fuck*, you just make me feel like *shit*. I can't even trust you. You make me feel unsafe, and scared all the fucking time, and disgusting because — because there's obviously something fucking *wrong* with me that I would even, that I'm so sick and fucking deranged that you'll do everything that you do to me and say the things that you do and be what you are and who you are to me and I *still* won't — I still just fucking take it, I *know* this and I put *up* with it, *Jesus* you're my fucking *brother*, everything we've done should make me — I should be — I should *hate* you, but I don't because *you're my fucking brother!*"

By the time everything has finished spilling out your chest is heaving and your heart is racing far too quickly inside it, but each breath and every beat is as wasted as any other. He stares back down at you impassively as you break, and all you want is to lay down on the cold tile and just have everything stop forever.

"I *need* to leave," you say. You even say it with force and conviction because you've never been more sure of anything in your life. But when he still says nothing, when he makes no fucking *effort* to even — it doesn't even make a difference.

This is the dramatic overwrought writing of a teenager, but the message is pretty clear. "Abuse is bad, and made only worse when you throw an unbreakable familial relationship on top of it".

I mean... I am not winning any awards for fucking subtlety here. It just comes out over and over and over again, absolutely hitting you over the head with it:

TG: i still dont know for sure that he actually did the only big thing he "did to me"

TG: the rest is just

TG: petty bullshit in the end

TT: And you told yourself that lie so often you actually began to believe it!

TT: Here, I'll tell you why, since you've so thoroughly insulated yourself from reality:

TT: He does the things he does to you and you forgive him because he's your family.

TT: And that is everything wrong with your relationship.

TT: Not the way you were or weren't raised, and not your genetic relation.

TT: It's because you're the person that you are, and he's the person that he is, and no matter how much you hurt each other you can never let go because family never ends.

The title of the fic itself is a 800 pound brick drop that comes 180,000 words into the story and just spells the whole thing out to you. The reason there are 180,000 words that come before it is because the intended audience wasn't people who already agree with me and know Romanticizing Abuse Is Bad: it was people who consumed this stuff uncritically in 2012, which, if you remember 2012, was a completely different fandom atmosphere where stuff like unexamined romanticized incest ship fic was widespread and pretty openly accepted.

I had Feelings about how the way fic was being written back then, but instead of doing things like going into the tag and telling people who were drawing Bro and Dave kissing cutely to kill themselves I decided to write a story about it and engage directly with the kind of people who make and read this stuff in a way they might actually be willing to listen to.

It is not entirely an overbearing moral tale that tells you how awful you are for reading an incest fic, because that was not going to convince anybody of anything in 2012. I wrote it the way I did so that people who create and consume glossed over fics that romanticize abusive relationships would actually want to read it, get invested in it, and listen to the message I wanted to share at the end. It has parts that are lighthearted, funny and hopeful, and it teases a glimmer of something that might look like romance, and then the ending is a completely vicious breakdown of a toxic relationship that hands you its own bleeding guts when it's done. Considering it's been one of the most viewed fics for the pairing the entire time it's been on the website, and I still meet people in post-Homestuck fandoms who've read it and remember it because of how indelibly catastrophic a read it is, apparently I did something right.

"Family never ends". At the end of the day this was a story that reflected the relationship I had with my own parent who tortured me as a child, and how no matter what she said or did to me I would always forgive her. It is about why I didn't get out sooner, and why I never sought help, and why I could never do anything to make the situation better for myself when I was in it. It is

about the lasting effects this has had on me as an adult. It is about my own personal fear of becoming the sort of person she was.

I don't know, I don't expect anybody yelling for me to kill myself to actually read it and see what I did with it, but I'm pretty sure showing people this incredibly frank and personal depiction of abuse and how close familial relationships can enable it did a lot more to get people in the Stridercest fandom of 2012 thinking about how they depict abuse in fiction (and, by extension, how they think and speak and act about abuse in their personal lives) than anybody sending "die freak" to people who drew pictures of Bro/Dave kissing ever did.

I don't think it's a very well written story – it's sloppily outlined and meandering and overlong and full of amateur prose, because it was the first novel length story I'd ever written in my life, and I was a teenager. I wouldn't write it today, because the atmosphere of fandom has completely changed, and the issue I was writing it for isn't something I'd feel like I'd have any need to address in that way now. But I don't regret any of the dozens of conversations I've had with other young people who read this story and told me it helped them recognize the abusive relationships they had with their partners, or rethink how much loyalty and forgiveness they actually owe to their parents and family members who treat them terribly. I still get messages like this 7 years on.

I orphaned it a long time ago because I no longer want to be associated with the stuff I made as a teen, but as messy as it was, it was personal and important to me at the time I was writing it and it was important to a lot of other people too.

If I'm embarrassed by anything in it it's only how old and badly written it is. I can't apologize for making a fic that "supports incest and abuse", since it uh, very explicitly does the exact opposite of that, in painfully unsubtle terms. It was not "ironic" or "shock pornography": it was an incredibly sincere and personal thing that I wrote as an explicit rebuke of romanticized incest and abusive relationships at a time when writing uncritical depictions of romanticized incest and abusive relationships was widespread and unquestioned behavior.

As for all the weird porn I drew when I was a teenager in 2011-2012: yes, I used to go on 4chan and draw whatever dumb shit requests people would send me because I was an edgy teen on 4chan and I thought it was funny to draw pictures of Feferi swimming in pee or whatever. Yeah, it was dumb, I was a teen. I lost interest in doing this a long time ago. I quit taking requests from 4chan in 2012 and have long since rethought the necessity of constantly doing that kind of obnoxious shit in public online all of the time.