

My Paper Heart

Tweek x Craig

Von Sterling

Song to say goodbye?

Chapter 1

Lying to other people is pretty funny.

To see how their eyes widen if you "swear" you told the truth but actually just talked bullshit.

Some tilt their heads in disbelief. Then you just have to nod, make a serious face and they believe you.

I really like that. Maybe because I can't show off any special abilities. I'm not this good at sports, neither in school. It's just enough to get into next grade.

But that's okay for me. I've got my fantasy, I just imagine things I did, places I visited and maybe I read about it in the newspaper just a moment ago. I just think about, what people like to hear.

Something like... I fought a bear in Canada or I'm qualified for a Beauty-Competition in Florida.

It doesn't matter WHAT you tell them. It's a matter about how you do.

Just start like "HEY! Guess what happened to me just yesterday!"

Many people stare at you. And I love it, when people look at me and have to listen.

It's just like this magic sentence makes everyone listening. That's the funniest thing about lying, I think. Seeing a bunch of jerks believing the shit you tell them. But sometimes this can go terribly wrong. I had to learn in the hard way.

»Craig, I... GAH!«

»What is it, Tweek?«, I asked the twitchy kid that was looking at me like I was a man-eater.

»Uhm.. so.. Craig do you... have a girlfriend?«

»No I... haven't... Why are you asking?«, I replied kinda confused.

I folded my arms in front of my chest. What was this spazzy idiot talking about?

»Uhm because... Craig I... WAAHHHH! I think I... ngh- I think I love you«, he murmured and looked up into my pale face some kind of... anxious?

I swallowed. Then everything in my brain shut down. It's just like it was closing hour in a shopping mall. But you're not afraid of not getting a pair of goddamn underpants with little kittys on it, or something like that. I just tried to find a last good thing to say, but I was still thinking when I told the most terrible, the worst lie I ever told to anybody.

»I love you, too, Tweekers«

He hushed. Me too.

»Wah!!! OH MY GOOOOOD!!!!!!«, he ran away screaming. I think this has been way too much for his paranoid mind.

But... wait... he just told me he loved me. I swallowed again.

Okay Craig. Calm down. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. Just like you always do.

... Oh DAMMIT! I just told Tweek Tweak I'd love him!

Someone patted on my shoulder.

»I'm disappointed Womanizer~. I thought you would tell your best friend you got gay...«

»I'm no fag, so shut up«

»You confessed to Tweek!«

»I know! But I lied!«

»You did.. what? Oh, I understand, you wanna play with him?«

»No! I really didn't intend to say something like that.«

»Oh. That's...«

»Oh just shut up, Clyde!«

I ran away angrily, smoking a cigarette. What the hell have I done? What should I do now?

The next days were just as expected. Tweek glanced at me, blushing, smiling a little bit, then he quickly watched something else.

To be true: it was annoying. I really didn't like this spazzy kid so much, to begin with... but now I told him I'd do so.

Clyde laughed and tousled through my raven-black hair.

»Nah? There you got it! That kid totally fell for you. So.. if you're no homo why don't you just ditch him?«

I didn't know that either. It was so fucking easy... it's really no deal to make the blond unhappy.

In fact it wouldn't take me more than a sentence to make him feel insecure.

But still I didn't dare, I have no idea why.

Tweek had no friends anymore, he was eating on his own, I can't remember when our friendship broke up, neither why. So it wasn't because of any particular reason I believe.

I sighed. »Just leave him alone, Donovan.«

Clyde watched me wondering. He knew I would never call him by his surname if I wouldn't mean it serious. Then he just looked away silently.

Tweek looked at his sandwich. His big hazel eyes seemed so lonely. But no one dared to sit next to him, not even me. But I knew he wanted me to. Right now he was not even twitching this much.

»You lied to him, did you?«, Token asked all of the sudden. For all the time we sat next to each other today this was the first time he talked to me.

»Of course I did. I think I'd be the first to know if I was gay...«

»... He knows you did...«

»Why should he? I haven't talked to him since it happened.«

»And that's the point. You're busy with ignoring him all the time, he realizes that.«

Now I was the one feeling insecure. Why did Token try to help Tweek? Okay, he was very smart and had a good knowledge of the human nature but why Tweek?

I had no other idea but beefing around.

»Then why don't you bear with being loved by a spazzy idiot?!«, I growled.

»He heard it...«, Token murmured.

My heart seemed to stop for one or two heartbeats and I wasn't able to reply anything. Neither I dared to turn around... I just heard the canteens door shutting behind me.

»Fuck...«, I hissed

»Well done, dude~! You really did a great job...«, Token murmured.

Now I got it. He wasn't really on Tweeks side, he was just sorry for the situation. This was just so much like Token, he always kept out of the relationships of other people around him, but he still realized everything we were just too blind to see.

And I know he wanted me to feel guilty now. But in fact.. I wouldn't have shown HIM the guilt growing up inside me, anyway.

I just stood up to go out and smoke. So this is the bad thing about lying. Sometimes I just can't control what I'm lying about.

I went to the place where I always smoke. No teacher was realizing it. And somehow.. they didn't even care...

Teachers on South Park High only minded their own businesses. Just like my mathematics teacher Mrs. ... what was her name again?

But in fact that didn't matter, the thing I want to say is... she's always talking about her nail polish, her husband or something like that. It's really rare we learn something in school.

And if she would see me smoking on the school ground she would rather babble on about her problems than taking me to the principals office.

Not, that I had ever listened to what she said in our classes. I just listened to Clyde and he loved complaining about Mrs. So-and-so...

In short: It was the most peaceful place of South Park High, even if it was the ugliest one...

But now this place was no more peaceful for me. I heard someone, sobbing and crying quietly. I knew it was Tweek.

Oh what the hell.

I just tried to ignore the blond, smoking my cigarette and leaning at a tree like I always do. But I couldn't.

Tweeks hazel eyes were just so empty and lonely. Even I couldn't deal with it.

I sighed and sat down next to him on the dirty and muddy floor. »Hey Tweek...«

»G- g- get lost, a- asshole!«, he growled. But it rather seemed like he was a forlorn puppy than really angry.

I patted his spiky but still unbelievable silky hair. »I'm sorry...«

That was everything I had to say. »Shut up!«, he screamed with his own hands pulling his hair. Still some big tears were rolling down his blushed cheeks and fell on the dirty asphalt.

»I really am!«, I sighed. It was just so hard. »I really didn't intend to play with you. I.... I just...«, why was it so hard for me?

Tweek slapped my face and ran away.

»Fuck...«, I hissed over and over again. Why did I feel this goddamn guilt? I've done nothing wrong. NOTHING! He just got me wrong! Yeah! It's not my fault! He's the one to blame!

Yes. Living with that was easier, letting others be at fault.

Then I just went home.

Good thing it was Saturday so I could stay home and watch Red Racer. Okay, it's a program for little children but I still love it. I never loved anything or anyone more than Red Racer, besides Stripe of course. Hmm... Stripe... How many years have passed since he's gone? Seven, I think. I opened my wooden cupboard and looked for a Polaroid. It didn't take me much time to find it. It has been taken when I got eleven... I remember it clearly. Three days after I gave a big party in our garden I found Stripe dead in his little blue cage.

I've been really angry back then. I ran to the pet shop where I bought him and complained about why he died at the age of 3, when they told me guinea pigs could get 8 years or older easily.

They immediately started to show me their new guinea pigs, telling me another one would be fine as well. But I just showed my middle finger and ran away.

On the photo were just a few of my friends. In fact I just invited Clyde, Token, Tweek and Thomas. But it was so obvious that Cartman, this little douche-bag, and his motherfucking friends came to steal my cake.

I remember that I've been very moody this day and that I argued with Clyde a lot.

Now the picture made me smile somehow. Tweek was screaming and trembling because Stripe climbed on his head and huddled up in his spiky blond hair.

He always liked Tweek. I knew that. And this fact was the only fact that made me smile on the photo.

I swallowed. How could I have forgotten that? Tweek and I had a really good time back then.

It was quite hard to remember what he donated me, but while I was searching for other photos I found a necklace. It was a little bit girly and it was one of this "I'm your BBF forever and on"-necklaces. I remember it being two pandas holding hands if you put the two necklaces together.

Back then I've worn it everyday, Tweek did so too. I didn't laugh at him because he made me this present, I think I hugged him back then.

I wonder what has happened to his panda. Impossible he was still wearing it, I would find out Monday.

Somehow it was fun thinking about the old times so I rummaged for an old photo album. Okay, not really old. But the photos have been taken when I've been a child, when I've been with Tweek nearly everyday.

I scrolled through the pages. I found the photos we took in a shopping mall. It was when we pretended to be metro sexual. Oh dude, we looked so fucking gay, but it has been funny, though. Maybe I should do it again, just for one day and just to show my classmates what kind of jerks we were at that time.

But I had to admit, that all this girly stuff suited Tweek really well.

I laughed. This was really rare. I liked things boring and if I laughed it was because I was dissing one of those little fashion victims that wanted me to be their boyfriend.

Now I was looking at a photo taken in a living room. I wondered where it was. I just couldn't remember. But I saw that the photo wasn't stuck in the album this well so I could pull it out easily.

Looking for a date I read what was written on it with a twitchy handwriting.

"Thanks for the day anyway - Tweek"

I swallowed. It must have been Tweeks birthday. I remember we played "spin the bottle", even if he didn't like it but his 14th birthday was the point when everyone started to give a shit on what Tweek wanted.

Even me. Weird, that I forgot this day. I really wonder why. But one glare on the next

page gave me the answer. I was kissing Tweek. Why the hell? Oh... yeah... "spin the bottle". I grumbled. Yeah, after this I haven't talked to him for the whole evening and.. I drank vodka.

I can't remember how much, but I remember puking on Tweeks sofa and telling him he's a bitch and I insulted him in the worst ways, because I was so drunk I couldn't control what I was saying anymore. Then I had a blackout and woke up in my bed. Sweating and my breath was still smelling like vomit and vodka. It has been so disgusting. I have been disgusting. And after that our friendship finally broke up. And he still gave me those photos. I wonder if he has been in love with me back then, too... Finally I looked at the date.

Wheehe. It was just yesterday, I ruined Tweeks birthday like this and until now I haven't even regret it.

I sighed and took the panda-necklace. I removed the string and fixed it with a little black strap, then I bond it trough the little hole in my cell phone.

It really looked girly. But that didn't matter. I somehow felt like wearing it with me.

But I still didn't want to apologize. In fact I didn't want him to hope I would love him one day. He should better find some other guys that are gay too.

I'm straight but I don't think he'll ever accept this.

»Tweek... hn?«, I murmured as I scrolled through the last pages and watched Tweek fading away. He was just standing beside us grabbing his shirt and biting his lower lip. He seemed so down. I think he even cried. But we just stopped caring about it. Before I kissed him he was always standing next to me and one of my arms lay around his shoulder.

Now there were only Clyde, Token and me left. On the following photos Tweek disappeared completely. I haven't even invited him to my 18th birthday party. And there have been people I've never seen before.

I've been such an asshole but I didn't want to see. I just ignored it and so did he. He must have loved me from the bottom of his heart that I had crumpled and thrown away like a useless sheet of paper.

So why was he still loving me? This stupid jerk! I tortured him mentally and he was still coming back to me. Why didn't he stop!? When would he understand I won't have feelings for him? Not now and not in the future.

Somehow I felt like talking to him, just to tell him it's better to give up.

When I was walking over to his place I listened to "Song to say goodbye" by Placebo. I think it fitted this situation. But I hated the situations that could be compared to songs. It was pathetic somehow. Now everytime when I listen to the song it will remind me of how I dumped Tweek and kicked his feelings away.

The closer I got to Tweeks house the more I felt like a heartless asshole.

I can't believe I really rang the door bell, but it wasn't Tweek opening the door but his mother. And she was crying.

»M- Mrs. Tweak? What's the matter?«

She had no clue about that I bullied Tweek in the past so she let me in and gave me a letter.

Again this cute twitchy handwriting.

»Dear mom, dear dad, I'm sorry but I can't live on like this. Please don't look after me, just let me go. It's the best thing for everybody, I won't be a burden to anyone anymore, right?«

My eyes widened. This time I was the one in disbelief.

»W- When... did you found this... l- letter...«, I stammered.

»About... 1 hour ago...«, Tweeks father sobbed.

»And why aren't you searching for him? You can't tell me you think he really wants to die!«

»The police is already searching. They told us to stay here in case he comes back...«

»I can't believe you do what they say!«, I hissed and went outside. I was looking at my cell phone. No new messages. I wonder if anyone besides his parents knew about this. But I definitely didn't want him to die because of me.

So I started running until my lungs felt like burning. I was at the little bridge, but if someone jumped off it he would never ever be dead afterwards. A boy of my age could easily stand in the small river.

»Tweek!«, I screamed.

I tried to call him but he wouldn't pick up the phone, naturally. While I ran through a park I heard someone sobbing.

My eyes glanced around the pitch-black scape but there was no one. But I wasn't hallucinating, there was someone around here. I looked up an old tree.

»Tweek?«, I asked, watching the silhouette closely.

There was no reply but a last loud breath and a creaking. My heart seemed to collapse.

»TWEEEK!« I screamed. Immediately I tried to climb up the tree. But I wasn't very good at this.

Though I knew I wouldn't have much time.

»Tweek!«, I screamed again. I tried to reach him but it was so high. When I finally reached him I pulled him up the perch and released the rope from his neck. Around it I found the panda-necklace.

I suddenly started to cry. »Tweekers...«, I sobbed. I had no idea how to get off this tree with him again.

»Don't tell me you're dead, please... Tweek...«

Suddenly he gasped for air.

»Tweek...«, I whispered pulling him on my lap.

»Why...?«, he growled.

»Why? Why what? Why did I avoid you to commit suicide? Is this what you want to say?«

I pretended to let him fall, he screamed and grabbed my blue hoodie tighter.

»See? You didn't want to die. You're just a little bit insane today. Be grateful I was here to save you...«

»I- If... y- you would ha- HAVE been just a little bit friendlier I -ngh wouldn't have TRIED to begin with...«

»Ah?«, I answered cold. Luckily my black hair covered my eyes. I think my eyeliner must have been blurred by the tears.

»Y- You're still an a- ASSHOLE, Craig.... I h- hate you!«, he cried.

I patted his blonde hair. I sighed and watched him punching my breast with his skinny hands.

»I hate hate HATE you!«, he yelled. He was despaired and it was my fault.

Silently I grabbed my cell phone and his necklace to put the panda's together.

»It has been a good time back then, right?« I said some kind of nostalgic watching the pandas holding hands.

»I can't believe you're still wearing it, Tweekers...«

He didn't reply anything for 5 minutes. It was me breaking through the silence.

»Wanna go home now?«, I asked him tousling through his silky blond hair.

»H- Hmpf...«, he answered.

»Will you get off this tree without trying to kill yourself again?«

He slightly nodded, but that was enough for me. I wanted to trust the blond now.

So I was the first one climbing down. He seemed very weak. A little bit too weak. He lost the grip somewhere in the middle and fell. I tried to catch him and I did, but it hurt like hell because I fell on my butt and the snow on the ground was iced not fluffy.

»Ouch...«, I said, glaring at the blonde. He wasn't moving... but he was still breathing. I was lucky he held on his breath otherwise he would have been dead much faster.

Now he lost his consciousness but he was breathing constantly. Probably he was just exhausted.

I carried him to the hospital and the bright lights accented the red strangulation mark around his neck.

A nurse brought us to a young doctor who really seemed to be a newbie, but he was free right now.

»What has happened to him?«, the doc asked casually. He really didn't care, he just wanted to do his job.

»He tried to kill himself..«, I answered.

The marks on his neck should show.

»Hn..« he answered.

When Tweek woke up again he was watching me angrily so I decided to withdraw for now.

But somehow I had the feeling that it wouldn't end with this...