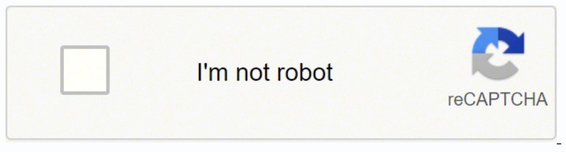

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What does gathering firewood mean in a dream

Loading... Of all the things Tommy had been forced to sit through in life, whether it be lessons on wilderness survival, or a presentation on the strategy for their next battle, this was certainly the least boring. Still, that didn't mean it was enjoyable. It was quite the opposite, actually. If Tommy had been livid before, it only became more and more pronounced as he continued to watch. He knew Drista had good intentions, he did, and he wanted to give her the benefit of the doubt; he had given her the benefit of the doubt, but after that last memory he knew she'd officially gone too far. Clearly, she wanted him dead or exploited. That was the only reasonable explanation. Why else would she show his weaknesses on a fucking big screen? Why else would she invite people who wished harm onto him to 'how to take advantage of Tommyinnit 101'? What was going to happen the next time he decided to 'borrow' something from someone and they began to dig a hole? What was going to happen when they realized how easy it was to get on Tommy's good side; how even his biggest enemy could become his best friend with enough affection and empty promises? To be fair, he didn't think the worst of the people around him. He actually liked to assume people were good before anything else. The issue, however, was that he'd done that; multiple times, actually, and he'd been hurt because of it. Did he really think Tubbo or Puffy would exploit his trauma? Not really, no. But was there even the smallest possibility of them doing so? Absolutely. You couldn't trust anyone. Not even your brothers. Call him selfish, call him self-centered and self-absorbed, but at the end of the day Tommy knew everyone was out to get him. He'd been told enough times that he was too suspicious, that not everyone was trying to hurt or leave him, but he'd been abandoned and beaten down enough to know it was a fucking lie. So, yeah, he was bloody pissed at Drista. He knew it wasn't entirely her fault, that she was trying to help in her own godly way, but he'd be lying if he said it wasn't a pain in his side. She seemed to have this preconceived notion that everyone would see his little sob story and just decide that they didn't want him dead anymore. People who hated him would suddenly, what, choose to not hate him? Good fucking luck. Maybe with enough begging and pleading he could get Drista to wipe him from existence or something. That'd be nice. Tommy pursed his lips, looking down and feeling his hand itch. Ranboo's own hand was just inches away, and he'd be lying if he said he didn't want to grab it. He'd been watching throughout the entirety of the memories with rapt attention as Tubbo and Ranboo alike seemed to know exactly when to grab and hold each other. He watched how they'd hold each other's hands and lean on one another, and it made his chest twist painfully. He wanted that. He'd always been big on affectionate touch. Whether it was holding Wilbur's hand when they went on walks in the woods or hugging Tubbo a little too tight, it was what made him feel safest and loved. Too bad Dream had managed to ruin even that. Despite the fact that Tommy so badly craved physical touch he knew it would burn him. He knew that the second he felt someone's hand upon his shoulder he could feel Dream's hands on his neck. He knew that if someone were to brush shoulders with him he'd be painfully aware of what it felt like to feel , having been dead without a body for months. Maybe he was struggling with it. Just a little bit. There was also the undeniable fear that if he were the one to initiate the contact that they'd pull away. He was tired of pushing people too far, tired of being rejected, tired of being abandoned. Everyone was always just moments away from abandoning him. So when the screen started up, and he saw Ranboo lean slightly closer to Tubbo, he had to swallow back bile. It wasn't till he was about halfway through the plains that the reality of the situation hit Tommy. He'd been quietly dragging himself through the dirt, slowly drying off from the pond, right arm practically useless, and his whole body aching. The sun was almost completely gone from the sky, the stars beginning to show. Crickets chirped in the tall grass, the light of a village not too far off. And all at once, without warning, Tommy stopped dead in his tracks, eyes wide. "Blue…" He muttered quietly, holding his shoulder tightly, "Mushroom Henry… Oh my god…" Karl winced sympathetically. His knees wobbled, as though he was going to fall, and he ran a shaky hand, his good one, through his matted hair. "They're dead." He whispered, eyes glassy, "They're actually dead." Niki held her ground, though the sight of the cow's brains was still fresh in her mind. She could sympathize with Tommy and still hate him, and exile was over, so she had nothing else to fear. She'd watched the community house fight, she knew how selfish he could be. The wind howled behind him, nearly pushing him over. He stared down at his hands, eyes wandering further down towards the bubbling wounds on his forearms. They were raw and red, burning even in the cold night air. His shoulder was somehow numb, and the thought should have worried him, but it didn't. George tried not to gag, feeling a tugging at his heart. "It's my fault… It's all my fault." His bottom lip trembled. "Tommy no," Ranboo whispered, shaking his head, "none of that was your fault." "Yeah okay," Tommy snorted, rolling his eyes, "sure." "Stop that," Phil narrowed his eyes, "it wasn't your fault, Tommy." "Look," The younger levelled his father with a hardened stare, "I know I was being fuckin manipulated and shit, but that doesn't change the fact that they died because I hid things from Dream." "But you shouldn't have had to hide things in the first place!" Puffy butted in, others around her nodding along. "But I did," Tommy managed through grit teeth, "I chose to hide things and they died because of it. End of fucking discussion." "Tommy-" "I am not opposed to fucking clarting you in the face, Ranboo." He hissed. "Noted," Ranboo nodded, lips pressed into a thin line, "we'll discuss this later then." Tommy shot a glare. Not if he had anything to say about it. Before it had even really registered in his mind, he'd whirled around, staring back in the direction he'd come. "I have to go back," he began, a hint of fear in his tone, "I- I have to go back Dream's going to be so mad at me!" A jolt went through Sam's spine. He panicked, whining quietly as his gaze flicked back and forth between ahead and behind. They watched, tense with the worry that Tommy would end up returning, tense with the worry that they hadn't actually seen the end of exile. "But I can't! He'll know- He'll find out I tried to leave and… and he'll be even angrier…" His hands came up to pull at his hair, grabbing fistfuls and tugging harshly. "I'm gonna be in so much trouble." He whispered, tears gathering in his eyes. He looked back in the direction of Techno's base, hands falling to his side. He pursed his lips, nervously swallowing back his fear. "I can't go back," he shook his head, "I just- I can't. He wasn't even my friend, he- he hurt me." His voice cracked on the last two words, and his brows furrowed. Sometimes Tommy dreamt about what would have happened if he had gone back. The funny part was that nothing ever really changed. He still ended up the same. And so, without much more prompting from himself; just a lot of conflicted panic, he continued on his way, whispering apologies to his fallen friends. A wave of relief washed over the room. Eventually, he reached the tiny cottage buried in the snowy hills. He'd seen it before, but that same pool of dread made itself present in his stomach. The wound in his shoulder had reopened at some point during the journey, and the blood had frozen to his shirt, making it stiff and uncomfortable. His nose and cheeks were rosy red, his eyes a similar pinkish hue, eyelashes crusted with frost, barely able to keep open. Phil could barely stomach the sight of his youngest, frowning deeply. His teeth chattered in the wind, and even the unwounded patches of skin looked rough and raw in the cold. His sock was soaked with frozen blood, causing him to limp, almost dragging his leg. His eyes lit up slightly at the sight of the house, a thin trail of blood pouring out of his nose as he smiled softly. "Just a quick stop." He muttered, "In and out." Technoblade snorted, rolling his eyes. He didn't even have time to greet Carl like he would have, in too much pain and in fear of Technoblade showing up at any moment. He carefully stepped into the lower area of the house, treading lightly. "Hello?" He called, hugging himself tightly. There was no reply, and honestly Tommy wasn't sure if he was relieved or disappointed. As gently as he could, he made his way further into the house, stopping before an assortment of chests and kneeling beside them. He winced at the loud creak of one of the chests opening, but quickly threw all caution to the wind when he got a look at what was inside. His eyes went wide, lighting up with wonder. "Oh my god!" He all but laughed, rummaging around. His hands brushed over stacks upon stacks of supplies, and when he found the assortment of potions he couldn't contain himself. Jack couldn't help but let a small smile slip at that. Despite the many things that had changed, apparently Tommy being a thieving little shit wasn't one of them. With a greedy little grin he uncorked the bottle of what he hoped was a strength potion and chugged it all down in one go. He probably should have gone after potions of healing but he wasn't exactly in the best headspace at that moment. "Dude, pace yourself." Sapnap commented. Tommy continued to snatch various things, a small bit of glee in his face as he did. When he opened the chest farthest to the left, however, he stopped dead in his tracks. "Holy shit!" He laughed incredulously, scanning the rows of golden apples. Without hesitation he reached in, snatching one of them and hungrily sinking his teeth into it. Tears gathered in his eyes as he all but devoured the apple in moments, feeling its effects take over. He laughed, stuffing more and more into his inventory. He seemed almost like a desperate and wounded animal in those moments. It was slightly unnerving. "You should really be focusing on healing yourself." Jack mumbled. "My body, my choice." Tommy declared loudly. "That's not… Oh whatever." The older man sighed, rubbing at his temple. Once he was satisfied with his haul, meaning he physically couldn't fit anything else in his inventory, he all but clambered up the ladder behind him, making his way to the top floor. He paused for a moment, taking in the room and all its charm, before peering out the window anxiously. He had to leave; Technoblade could be coming back at any moment. "I have to go," He told himself, though he didn't sound the least bit enthused, "if he finds me here…" "I wasn't gonna kill you or anything," Technoblade scrunched up his face, "geez." "And how exactly was I supposed to know that?" Tommy raised a brow. "So you just assume the worst of people?" The older shot back. Tommy bristled for a moment. "Yeah," he snarked, "absolutely I fuckin do. Hate the lot of you." The last time they'd seen each other things hadn't gone very well. Tommy could still remember the words his brother had shouted at him. "You want to be a hero, Tommy? Then die like one!" Technoblade tried not to cringe at the words, ignoring the way his father tensed beside him. He shivered quietly, shaking his head. The golden apples had numbed a lot of his pain, making him near oblivious of the damage he was doing by further exerting his injuries. "Dude, sit down!" Quackity hissed, tone slightly panicked. "I really don't want to leave, though," he muttered, frowning, "he has so much stuff!" "It's called workin hard, Tommy." "It's called shut the fuck up shut the fuck up!" Tommy let out a quiet huff, taking another cautious look out the tiny window, before his face lit up. He had an idea. "I'm not leaving," he grinned, "oh hell no I'm not." He chuckled, quickly making his way down the ladder and back to the lowest floor. "Little shit." Phil laughed. Tommy couldn't help the warmth that bloomed in his chest. It happened every time he made his dad laugh or smile, no matter how hard he tried to push it down. He dug down through polished stone, expecting to find dirt or rock. Instead he fell right through into another floor. Letting out a tiny oomph! as he hit the ground, wincing at the impact on his injuries, he sat up and looked around. "Secret room." He whispered quietly, a small smile on his face. Because who would expect a secret room under another secret room? It was definitely foolproof. "A secret room does nothing if I come home to you standin in my living room, Tommy." Techno commented. "Well excuse me for not being able to hear you coming!" The blond hissed, flipping him off. The cow in the hidden area merely stared at him, unimpressed. He paid it no mind, quickly getting to work as he summoned a diamond pickaxe he'd stolen. He began to dig into the ground, a tiny grin on his face as he muttered quiet nothings to himself. Eventually, with enough hard work and aching limbs, he'd made himself a rather comfortable den. His brow was slick with sweat and the golden apples had begun to wear off, but he was content with himself. The area was even sparsely decorated with things he'd stolen. It was quaint. Within just minutes of completion, however, he sank to the ground, laying his face down on the cool stone and shivering. He wrapped his arms around himself, teeth chattering, and his vision went dark. Puffy frowned at the screen, relying on the fact that Tommy was real and behind her to keep herself grounded. She'd been optimistic at first, hoping that the worst was over, but she was beginning to grow weary. Things just didn't feel quite right between Techno and Tommy, and it made her uneasy. She'd also been making a point to ignore the prison, choosing to believe Drista wouldn't show it. So she pushed back the worry, telling herself that things could only go uphill and telling herself that she wouldn't have to watch a boy she loved like her own suffer anymore. When Tommy awoke it was with a splitting headache and a groan. He was covered head to toe in a thin layer of sweat, yet he was freezing. The stone was harsh and unforgiving beneath his brittle bones. He tried to roll over onto his side, only to feel a searing pain in both his shoulder and foot. Letting out an ungodly shriek, he began to desperately fish in his inventory, not stopping until he'd pulled out a golden apple and hungrily devoured it. He let out a content sigh, relaxing slightly as the effects came to life, enveloping his body in a warm fuzzy feeling. "I think you're a little too attached to those things…" Tubbo muttered wearily. Of course, he couldn't stay like that forever, and when the gravity of the situation hit him he was on his feet almost instantly despite the pain. He limped over to the mouth of his den, peering up and listening closely. After deeming it 'safe' he clumsily hurried up the ladder, swallowing back whines and protests as his injuries screamed at him to stop. "You seriously need to sit down," Puffy whined, "you're gonna give me grey hairs!" "Your hair is already white, Puffy." He needed to steal more things. He needed to get stronger. He just needed stuff. As quietly and carefully as he could, Tommy took the extra time to test out floorboards before he stepped on them and to avoid even brushing against anything. He went out of his way to not move a single thing or make a single peep. He put extra caution into lifting the chest's lid as slowly as he could. "Pretty graceful for someone like you." Fundy hummed. "The fuck's that supposed to mean?" Tommy glared. Of course, it was all for nothing when only moments later the front door swung open. Tommy froze in his movements, eyes going wide and hands stopping midair. His head whipped in the direction of the sound. Technoblade stood in the doorway, looking disheveled and also somewhat surprised. His long hair was ratty and dripping with blood, and his clothes were splattered as if he'd walked through a slaughterhouse. His eyes were tired and clothes rumpled unceremoniously. "Oh shit." For a moment the two just stared at each other, as if they were in disbelief. And then? Tommy bolted like his life depended on it. Fear induced adrenaline pumping in his veins, he barely felt any pain as he all but scrambled for the door; squeezing underneath Technoblade's legs and making a mad dash for the outdoors. His freedom was short-lived however, as he was roughly hoisted up by the back of his shirt. "Help!" he cried out, kicking and screaming as he dangled in the air, "Help me!" "To-" "Stranger danger!" Tommy yelled, twisting and turning in Techno's grip, "Stranger danger! Stranger Da-" A couple of them laughed at that, and even Phil cracked a grin. "I'm your brother." Technoblade interrupted, unimpressed. Both Tommy and Techno seized at the words, doing their best to ignore them. Tommy paused for just a moment, eyes widening a fraction, before he went back to kicking and fighting, yelling for help. The piglin hybrid rolled his eyes. It was only moments later that the boy went limp in his grasp, heaving and gasping for air, sweating profoundly. "Wow…" Quackity stared at the screen, as though slightly unnerved, "you're really sick dude." "It was nothingggg," Tommy waved it off. Technoblade knew for a fact that it was not 'nothing'. "Are you done-" Technoblade was interrupted by a series of harsh coughs as the boy in his grip hacked loudly. He made a face, dropping him to the ground. The second Tommy's feet hit the floor, however, a searing jolt of pain went up throughout his entire body and he cried out, vision going dim. Phil winced in sympathy. The older and taller man furrowed a brow, watching as his younger brother wavered in place, looking dazed. He subconsciously reached out a steadying hand, but the boy slapped it away angrily. "What're you doing in my house, Tommy?" Technoblade sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "How are you?" Tommy grinned up at him. He narrowed his eyes. "What are you doing in my house, Tommy?" He reiterated, slower that time. "How are you?" The teen replied, slightly annoyed. "Dude you are so annoying." Tommy laughed loudly. "What are you doing-" "Technoblade you are a bitch!" Tommy cried out angrily, still swaying slightly on his feet, "you need to shut the fuck u-" He froze, eyes going wide. The older man furrowed a brow, about to lean in and ask what was happening when Tommy all but lurched to the side, emptying the contents of his stomach into the snow. The blond stared down at it for a moment, as if questioning where it had come from, before turning back to his older brother. George made a face, looking away. "Women do not find that sort of thing attractive…" He muttered as the other looked at him as if he'd grown a second head. Technoblade looked the boy up and down, realizing for the first time how horrible he looked. His gaze was specifically stuck to the bloody sock and patch of red near Tommy's shoulder. "You really do look horrible there, Tommy." Sam frowned. "I still look better than any of you on any day, bitch!" The blond flipped him off. "I was being sympathetic." He pursed his lips, as if internally debating something, before sighing. "Get in the house." He muttered, gesturing behind him. Phil felt his heart soar, despite the fact that it was such a small gesture. He'd always worried about whether or not his boys would look out for each other, and the pit had done nothing if not made him feel worse. Tommy blinked, as if taken aback. "Beg your pardon?" "Get in the house before you freeze to death, Tommy." Technoblade grumbled, not looking very excited. "But-" "We'll talk inside." He pushed firmly, "go sit on the couch." "That's awfully nice of you, Techno." Niki commented. "I think it's basic human decency actually," Tubbo blurted out, receiving a harsh look from the girl. "Y'know like- like not letting someone die in the snow is probably just a given." Tommy nodded wordlessly, watching as his older brother disappeared into another room. He stepped back inside, closing the door behind him and shakily making his way to the seating area. He almost collapsed before he got there, panting. He laid down on the couch, curling onto his side and clenching his eyes shut tight. With the effects of both the golden apples and his adrenaline gone he was in terrible pain. Jack was starting to feel bad for the boy, something he hadn't seen happening, but ever since their conversation he found it so much harder to be angry at the boy. As he sat there, staring at the tiny shivering frame of his former friend, he couldn't help but feel… bad. A loud thud beside him caused him to rocket into a sitting position, and he instantly cried out at the movement, clutching at his chest. Technoblade was sitting before him, a medkit on the coffee table. Phil smiled softly to himself. "The fuck are you doing?" Tommy mumbled, laying back down. "You're hurt." His older brother pointed out, as though it were the most obvious thing in the world. "And what of it?" He muttered, closing his eyes. He didn't see the look Technoblade gave him. "Well believe it or not some of us are good people, Tommy. And I'm not gonna let you bleed out in the snow." "Props to you and all but maybe next time don't insinuate he's not a good person," Puffy said, never taking her eyes off the screen. Techno furrowed a brow. It hadn't sounded so condescending when he'd first said it. "Bleeding stopped a long time ago." Tommy said point blank, "dumbass." He added on. "Look at Captain Obvious over here." Tubbo rolled his eyes. "Piss off man!" Though he couldn't see it, he heard Techno sigh loudly, shifting in his spot. "Then consider this a favour," the piglin hummed, "out of the kindness of my heart." "Or, you know," Phil began, "and humour me, but maybe that's just what brothers do for each other." Both Tommy and Techno's ears went red. It smelled like pine and hay in the cottage. "Still wouldn't make up for what you did to Tubbo…" Tubbo froze as Tommy scowled, looking away. As if on cue, Tommy's eyes shot open, realizing what he'd said. He turned towards the older, holding nothing but fear in his gaze as he put his arms up to defend himself and spewed apologies. Ranboo felt himself grow angry at the sight, grip on his armrest tightening. Tommy looked down. But no punishment ever came. Tommy lifted his gaze over his forearm, noticing Technoblade just… sitting there, staring at him. "Just let me do this." His older brother said finally after a long bout of silence. "I don't feel like interrogating you when you're delirious from whatever life threatening fever you've managed to get." He nodded wordlessly, too tired and pained to argue. The couch was the first soft thing he'd slept on in what felt like years, and distantly he could hear water boiling on the stove and firewood crackling to his left. It almost felt like the days where Wilbur had cared for him back home when he was sick. He drifted off to a warmth he hadn't known in much too long. They weren't very used to ending on anything that could be considered a happy note. It almost felt weird. "So…" Karl cleared his throat, "did you decide to let him stay?" "Eventually," Technoblade shrugged, "once we came to an agreement." Phil bristled, gritting his teeth. "What was it like living with The Blade?" Tubbo asked, noticing Phil's anger and quickly trying to steer things away. "Boring." Tommy muttered, crossing his arms, "all this guy does is work and sleep and work and sleep and work and sleep. It's terrible!" "You would be afraid of hard work, wouldn't you?" Fundy chimed in. "Okay fuck you asshole, I'll take your jacket back if that's what you think!" Tommy hissed angrily. Many people looked over at Fundy, staring at the black sweater. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Quackity questioned. "I made it which means legally I can take it back whenever I feel like it." The blond explained. There was a prolonged silence in the room, however Tubbo and Fundy were smiling knowingly. "You what?" Puffy asked, turning around from her spot on the floor to look up at him. He gave them all a weird look. Jack and Niki seemed surprised at everyone's confusion. "I made it…" He tilted his head, "what's the big deal?" "It's not like- a big deal I guess," Ranboo began, "we just didn't know you could make things." "Sewing is easy Ranboob," Tommy grinned, "I'm like a total pro." "Who do you think made the L'Manberg uniforms and flag?" Tubbo questioned. Many people in the room seemed taken aback by that. "No fucking way that was you," Quackity gaped, "no way!" "Tubbo!" Tommy whined, looking upset. He was pouting slightly. "Now they're gonna want me to make things for them!" Tubbo grinned, acting innocent as the blond suffered. And as the room dissolved into chatter, people excitedly asking what he could and couldn't make and thinking hard on what they wanted, things felt much more lighthearted than they had not very long before. Exile was over, Tommy was safe with his older brother, and they were casually discussing sewing of all things. It would be okay from there on out.

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