

Property of TommyInnit: DO NOT TOUCH

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30743351) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30743351>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dream SMP , Minecraft (Video Game)
Character:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Cara CaptainPuffy , Niki Nihachu
Additional Tags:	Foolish shows up for like... a line , So does Sam , only going to tag people that show up for more than a line lol , Angst , Hurt No Comfort , Diary/Journal , POV First Person , yes writing this in first person made me uncomfortable, but it's from a diary so whatever ig , Therapist Cara CaptainPuffy , Therapy , Baker Niki Nihachu , Platonically Married Ranboo and Toby Smith Tubbo , Jealous TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , but also not really , Dead TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , yes its that fic, but also not really?? , Implied/Referenced Character Death , Character Death , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Canon Divergence at Tommy's birthday , fudge - Freeform , Traumatized TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Past Character Death , TommyInnit Knows How To Sew (Video Blogging RPF) , im here to push that agenda , TommyInnit Needs a Break (Video Blogging RPF) but he doesn't get one , TommyInnit is Bad at Feelings (Video Blogging RPF) , OOC , Incoherent writing , On Purpose , no beta we die like wilbur , with just , so many explosions
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Chossi's dsmp fics
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-17 Words: 1,070 Chapters: 1/1

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by [Ochokinode \(orphan account\)](#)

Summary

Hello.

Puffy told me to start a journal today at therapy, she said if I have somewhere to write my thoughts down, processing my trauma will be easier.

I told her that that was stupid, I'm not traumatized.

Welcome to my ~~diar~~ journal. Enjoy your stay, I suppose.

or: Tommy's time after prison, told through his Diary

Notes

PLEASE HEED THE TAGS!! THIS IS NOT A LIGHTHEARTED FIC!! Tags were kinda hard to pinpoint for this, so please, please, let me know if any tags are off, and i'll try to fix it. This is tagged with both major character death and no archive warnings, because while Tommy does die, it is only implied. Please stay safe <3

The diary-like format was also inspired by the incredible 'How to Sex Vol. 4-58'. PLEASE READ IT ITS SO GOOD AHFJSKNDSM:M:

Enjoy the canon-divergence ig :)

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

- Inspired by [How to Sex Vol. 4-58](#) by [Goldenrayofsunshine](#)

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Welcome to my ~~diar~~ journal. Enjoy your stay, I suppose.

I like Puffy's therapy. Don't tell her I said that, though.

At therapy, Puffy doesn't complain when I ramble. It's a nice change in pace, to be honest. Today I talked about getting a pet with her. I'm kind of scared of getting a pet, it feels like every pet I've had since I came to the SMP has died.

She encouraged it, anyways.

Tubbo's therapy wasn't nearly as helpful as this. It's been months and i'm still confused about what "scents" are, and what they have to do with fucking blaze rods of all things.

You know, I saw Tubbo today. He was with Ranboo again. I don't really care, though. Ranboo makes Tubbo happy. That's more than I can do for him.

I never finished writing How To Sex 3. I remember that was the last thing I wanted to do before

I miss being able to trust Sam.

I saw Quackity today. He was wearing a red stained apron. I asked him if it was blood, he just

laughed and said he had been making red potatoes. I didn't really know Quackity knew how to cook, and it was kind of a weird choice of apparel, but I'm not one to judge. I wear the same shirt every day, anyways.

...Maybe I could get some different clothes. I did learn how to sew during the revolution, might as well put those skills to use.

Tubbo told me that I'm spending too much time building the watch tower in front of the prison. I told him to fuck off. Why does he care, anyway?

I was on the prime path today, farming primes, when I saw Ranboob. He was walking away from the direction of the prison. When I tried to talk to him, he didn't answer. He just kept walking past me. Best friend stealing prick.

When I went through my enderchest, I found a jar of 'Tubbo Bath Water' at the very bottom.

I miss Tubbo, kind of.

People I trust:

Tubbo, even if he isn't my best friend anymore

Ranboo, even if he stole and married my best friend and is also a dickhead

Puffy. Obviously.

Not Sam, not anymore.

Nik maybe not Niki

Foolish is kind of weird, but I trust him, I think. He hasn't hurt me yet, at least.

I can't think of anyone else.

I was building more of my watchtower outside of the prison, when I shattered a piece of glass. I cut myself on it. When I went back to my house to bandage it, I couldn't. It feels too similar to

Tubbo invited me over to Snowchester. He said he wanted to have a sleepover "just like old times". I don't really want to come, but I don't have an excuse. Therapy with Puffy is on Thursdays.

The Ranbitch is at our sleepover.

We had a snowball fight, halfway through, when both Ranboo and Tubbo ganged up on me, I had a freakout. They called it a 'panic attack', but I don't.... I don't have those.

They won't stop staring at me (with pity) after my freakout. They just said that they're concerned, but that's fucking stupid. I can practically smell their pity, it's not like they're good at concealing it.

I left early.

Puffy says that my freakouts are actually panic attacks, when I asked.

Puffy also brought some sweets to therapy today. She said that Niki taught her how to make them when they still talked. Puffy looked really sad when she said that. I think I understand, I miss the old Niki, too.

I'll have to ask Niki for the recipe, these taste heavenly.

RECIPE FOR NIKI'S FUDGE, VERY POGCHAMP:

-6 cacao beans worth of chocolate

-1 bucket of milk

-Half a stick of butter

Mix together over fire, pour into tin, let set, cut up, eat.

I messed up the recipe, I'll try to make it again, later.

~~Maybe that's why Wilbur didn't let me make anything to eat during the revolution or the rebellion. He'd always say I was "too young" or "too stupid" or that we "didn't have enough rations to make a hot meal right now, Tommy. Maybe later." Huh. Guess you realize something new every day.~~

It's my birthday today! I'm 17 now. Puffy put cake all in my house, it was super pogchamp.

I really do like Puffy, even if I know she really only sticks around because of her therapy. She's legally obligated to help me, you know.

Tubbo is here, now! Of course, Ranboob is as well, wherever Tubbo is, that creepypasta looking bitch is sure to follow. I'm actually really grateful for the presents Tubbo gave me. Maybe if I have the motivation, I can make myself some decent armor.

The TNT Tubbo gave me made my hands shake and my breathing speed up. It reminds me a bit too much of the 16th. I do like that totem, though. Maybe Ranboob is actually useful.

Tubbo and Ranboo seemed concerned when I told them about the vault I want to build.

As much as I hate talking to Sam, now, he knows Redstone. I told him to make the vault door.

He gave me more TNT, like, two stacks more. It's not close to eleven-and-a-half, but it still

brought back some... unwanted memories. Whatever.

I missed hanging out with Tubbo, I've realized. It almost feels like old times now.

Ranboo, Tubbo, and I decided that the sign in the sky was fucking ugly and needed to be removed. Seriously, as much as I love cobblestone, who thinks that writing that in the sky is a good idea.

I'll be grateful to get rid of the TNT, I think. Don't really like being around that stuff.

Sorry for not writing for a while, it took me a while to relearn how to get objects from the void. I wasn't aware that items we owned at death traveled with us into the afterlife, since the first time I didn't have anything in my inventory. Guess you do realize something new every day. Pogchamp.

You can't make fudge in the void.

End Notes

I edited this to hell and high water, but I still probably missed so many typos, so please tell me if you spot a glaring mistake.

please go drink some water, now /lh

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