

The Letters We Forget to Send

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The Letters We Forget to Send

by [cupqueencake](#)

Summary

"Ranboo is helping Tommy unpack his things today, though Tommy isn't here to help him. Tommy is out watching Michael as Tubbo tries to prepare his new room in the mansion. So, when Ranboo finds an old shoebox full of letters, he can't help himself from stopping his work to look at them. There are many in here, some old, and some with fresh ink on them. There doesn't seem to be any reply letters, so it seems they have never been sent. He wants to put the box away before he gets caught, because this is so wrong, but the letter on the top says *dear Ranboo Beloved, or whatever the fuck your last name is.*"

A look into Tommyinnit through a few letters, to people that never received the message. And to one, that does.

Notes

CW/TW for this fic: References to Wilbur's death, references to c!Tommy's abuse in exile and suicidal thoughts, as well as some canon typical violence. There is explicit language and cursing present in this fic. Please let me know if I've missed any!

I wrote this fic after browsing alliumtwrt fanart and was like welp protective Ranboo arc go brrrr. Here you go! It's a little fic where Ranboo snoops and reads some of Tommy's unsent letters. I think it's cute. It's rushed and short, maybe one day I'll add more letters no clue.

As always just note that this is based solely on the Dream SMP RP and has nothing to do with actual content creators. If any creators are uncomfortable with this fic I will remove it.

Tag fixing & updates: c!Tubbo appears only at the very end of the fic for a brief moment so he is not tagged in the main fic. Also there were some updates made to this fic, the overall story is the same, but some small dialogue fixes.

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

Ranboo and the Letters

Chapter Summary

Ranboo does some snooping into Tommy's letter box and reads his own letter.

Ranboo doesn't mean to snoop, he really doesn't, but it just kind of happens. He is at Tubbo's old Snowchester house, which has now become the abode of Tommyinnit. Ever since they got their mansion in order, Tubbo dragged Tommy here. Tubbo says its because he refuses to let Tommy to live in a dirt hill, but he knows it's deeper than that. He knows Tubbo is protective and doesn't want to leave him alone again, after what Dream did to him. Ranboo agreed readily, of course. He feels that Tommy's old house was a bit too close to the prison for his liking. Tommy took a bit of convincing, but even so he packed what little stuff he had and begrudgingly wore Snowchester's snow gear.

Ranboo is helping Tommy unpack his things today, though Tommy isn't here to help him. He is out watching Michael as Tubbo tries to prepare his new room in the mansion. So, when Ranboo finds an old shoebox full of letters, he can't help himself from stopping his work to look at them. There are many in here, some old, and some with fresh ink on them. There doesn't seem to be any reply letters, so it seems they have never been sent. He wants to put the box away before he gets caught, because this is so wrong, but the letter on the top says *dear Ranboo Beloved, or whatever the fuck your last name is*.

Fine. He'll read just this one. Just the one about him. Then he'll shove this under Tommy's bed and forget all about it. It's not up to him to read what clearly isn't meant to be seen. So, he uncurls the letter, and begins to decipher the messy scrawl.

Dear Ranboo Beloved, or whatever the fuck your last name is, I really don't care, for the record

I'm back! Alive. And I go to find Tubbo, my best friend, and who has taken my place? Well, it seems it's you. Fuck you.

That's not right, I mean I don't know. I'm just so angry and alone and I feel replaced. It's hard not to. You get trapped with your abuser for more than a week only to find your best friend, ~~your~~ brother, married to someone just because he was such a great friend. I mean, Tubbo chose well I think, you've always been kind to me. Which is why I think I'm so fucking mad. I could never be that, for Tubbo, someone to lean on. I've always been a nuisance, a burden, someone who gets Tubbo into danger. I've failed to protect him. But now he has you, someone he can safely raise a child with. It makes me sick, but since it makes him so happy, I guess I'm grateful.

That's why I'll never send this shit, it's not right of me to feel this way. I don't even know why I keep writing these letters, and why to you of all people. It's not like we're friends, I mean I don't know how you even feel about me. That's why I was so surprised you happily offered to help me move into Snowchester, like what do I have to offer here? I'll probably just get you in trouble.

I don't think Technoblade or Phil would like to know you've helped me, Prime knows I don't deserve it. It's only a matter of time I push you away or get you hurt. It's only a matter of time Techno finds me with you and feels betrayed and kicks you out. Actually nevermind, I'm awesome. Fuck Techno and his stupid fucking anarchy and bullshit. I don't care that he cares for you more than he ever had with me. I don't...hah. ~~I miss them.~~

Anyway, letter over. I'm fine. And if you ever somehow read this, I'll fucking deny it and call you Boob boy. ~~Though I kind of want you to read it, I'm so alone.~~

I guess before I go, I guess I want to say I'm sorry. I should've never made you come with me to George's house. All of that led to L'Manberg getting blown up, which was your first home really. I hope you can forgive me, Ranboo, even though you'll never see this.

Sincerely,

Tommy Danger Careful Kraken Innit

Ranboo grips the pages harshly, trying to avoid crying. He can already feel his cheeks stinging, and he tries to avoid smudging the ink. He never knew Tommy really felt that way, about him, like he had caused all the problems in his life. It isn't true. It isn't. Tommy is just a kid, just like him and Tubbo, and he can't be at fault for all the destruction that has occurred. The fact Tommy is still so concerned with him, making sure he has a home here, just shows he's not selfish. He will do anything to protect him, including helping him kill Dream. He forgives him.

He supposes it doesn't hurt to read another letter, surely not. He needs to learn more if he's going to support him. He'll never tell Tommy about it, but he just needs context.

Dearest Technoblade

Chapter Summary

Tommy's Letter to Technoblade after the betrayal.

~~Dearest~~ Technoblade, The Blood God's most humble disciple, and a pain in my ass

Fuck. I betrayed you, again didn't I? I used you, like a weapon. I use lots of people, it's not personal. But I guess it is, because you're the one I used this time. I don't have an excuse. Like, hey, I just didn't really want to lose my home and the only remaining good memories of Wilbur a second time and I only agreed to blow it up because you looked so much like Dream in your rage that in fear of my life I lied and said yeah poggers let's destroy L'Manberg? Yeah, a shit excuse, exactly, glad you agree Blade.

Why does it matter anyway, we're not brothers, you're Wilbur's Dad's friend, right? We do have a history though, I guess. ~~Why does it hurt so much to leave you when it shouldn't matter?~~ Maybe it's for the best, I mean, it's not like we were ever friends. You made it clear we were business partners. Maybe you're happier now.

Do you remember when Wilbur introduced me to you for the first time? It was in SMP Earth and we were competing to take over the world. I asked to be allies and wound up fighting you the whole time. I guess we were never friends then, always enemies. But I remember those days kind of fondly. I remember how proud you looked when I tried to trap the great Technoblade. Like I was your kid brother trying to impress you. I wasn't, by the way, I'm fucking great all on my own. ~~I'm~~ alone.

I'm sorry, though. I really am. For what it's worth. And maybe it's fine. Clearly, L'Manberg was never meant to be. Eret and Wilbur were right, ~~and I guess I was too selfish to listen.~~ Do you blame me for loving a country? I don't love the government, I barely even care or understand shit like that, I just miss when it was just us. Me, Wilbur, Jack, Tubbo, Fundy, Niki, and even Eret. I miss when we were telling a bunch of dumb Americans to suck it while we ran a failing drug empire.

Will you ever forgive me? I suppose you'd ask me to forgive you too. ~~Fuck you, fuck you, I can't do that. I'm a hypocrite because I can never forgive you. I have no home because of you. Why do I keep caring when it's clear you hate me?~~ Though at least it's not ugly like your stupid snow house with your stupid polar bears. ~~I always thought they were pretty cute, comforted me after some nightmares.~~

Anyway.

Sincerely,

~~A brother~~

~~A friend~~

~~An enemy~~

Tommy Danger Careful Kraken Innit

Tubbo Underscore

Chapter Summary

Tubbo's Letter after Tommy is exiled.

Tubbo Underscore,

I sometimes look out over the ocean, ~~that more days than not I wake up drowning in,~~ and I see the moon reflecting off the waves. I sometimes look there, and think, maybe you're looking too over on the other side, from your docks in L'Manberg. Maybe you really do miss me.

How's the presidency by the way? I know it's not really maybe what you wanted, but I always thought you'd do a good job. I mean you already are. ~~Protecting L'Manberg from people like me.~~

How's Logstedshire you ask? It's great, man, in fact it's so good you'd be jealous. Ghostbur and I are on tour, lads on tour that is. I have a cool Prime Log, I'm on the beach, I have a girlfriend, it's practically vacation. ~~Just kidding, it's fucking horrible.~~ Dream visits me, and we're better friends than you and I could ever be. He let me use his trident once, because he's just that great. ~~And when I did, I swear I could feel strings on me like I was his puppet. Even while flying I wasn't free.~~

Can't you see that I'm fucking lying? Of course, it fucking sucks. I'm falling apart and alone, and no one cares to visit. You exiled me! I still can believe it. I even hosted a party and Dream's the only one who cared to come. Ranboo writes to me sometimes, at least, which is nice. And he always tells me you care, but you don't do you? You tossed the compass, you never visit, you just sit there in your cushy new job in L'Manberg.

~~I tried to off myself in lava the other day. Dream won't let me die. Why can't I just die?~~

I'm coping fine, I guess, as good as I can. I'm not surviving the best I can though. Every day, Dream sets me back, blows up my armor. He's my friend though, so I'm sure there's a good reason. I don't have a lot of food, but I'm not starving. I'm cold, but I still have my clothes, I guess. I'm alone, but I still have myself, and I'm fucking awesome, I guess.

I probably wouldn't want you to visit anyway. You sent me here, over a stupid prank, so why should I care? I don't miss you. ~~Please visit me, Tubbo.~~

And just to spite you, I'll get out of here one day, maybe take some revenge and shit. Start stabbing shit. Yeah. I have a little secret space just for me, with all my stuff. Dream will never find it. And when I have full Netherite and I'm, well I don't know what, you'll be fucking proud. Or sad. I don't know, I've really made you sad, haven't I? Maybe I should've been president, I didn't want to, but maybe then you wouldn't have had to exile me and take all of L'Manberg's problems on by yourself. I mean, most of the problems are my fault. ~~I just couldn't be president, Wilbur told me all the reasons I'd suck at it enough that I knew he was right.~~

Anyway, the water is nice. Reminds me of your stupid ~~sappy~~ eyes. I miss you, and I'll kill you if you tell anyone. I'll ask Ranboo to deliver this if I work up the courage. Wish me luck. I don't know if

you should respond, but I guess I wouldn't burn the letter if you did.

Sincerely,

Tommy Danger Careful Kraken Innit

Philza my Sort-of-Brother's Dad

Chapter Summary

Tommy writes to Philza days before Wilbur blows up L'Manberg.

Philzaaaa, my sort of brother's Dad, what is up, hello!

I don't know if you even still remember who I am, it's been a long time, but it is me, Big Man Tommy Danger Careful Kraken Innit. Yes, those are my middle names, no I didn't make it up to sound cool, but it is cool, right?

Anyway, I'm writing on some serious business. Because, well this is awkward, of Wilbur.

Wilbur tells me he writes you, sometimes he makes me deliver the letters through his little portal leading to your big hardcore world. He's stopped recently, I don't know if you've noticed. I'm worried about him. He's not himself. I mean, I don't really know what he's supposed to be like, I wasn't there when he was raised. Thank Prime for that. But, he's not the same, I can feel it.

Wilbur was passionate and fueled by independence, ambition, and justice. He created us a little drug empire that we turned into our own country. He made us a home for our little family. Dream wouldn't let us do that, so we were at war. We won, of course, all thanks to me, Tommy Innit, Haver of Wives. ~~I gave up my discs for our L'Manberg, and I don't think anyone's thanked me for it and I can't help but feel like crying about it.~~ It was ours. Wilbur is my brother, even though you haven't adopted another kid. I guess you could say he adopted me. I never really had much of a family before, so Wilbur gladly keeps me around. I'm just that great. But don't mention this to him, he will cry.

Anyway, so the long story short is we lost our election for L'Manberg rule and the new tyrant exiled us and renamed our nation to Manberg. We live in a ravine underground, called Pogtopia, and we've been plotting on taking L'Manberg back. At first, I thought we were just trying to get back you know, to our friends? L'Manberg is the first permanent home and family I've ever had. But, now I'm not so sure.

Wilbur wants to be the villains, wants me to destroy L'Manberg and everyone in it. He wants it to burn. I've never seen him like this before. Even against Dream, he was calm and collected. He knew his vision and knew how to get there with all of us intact. And if he couldn't, he was willing to die for his beliefs. But now, he's gotten all in his head. He's different, and not the brother I once knew.

He's even recruited your friend Technoblade, who does nothing to help him. Techno wants L'Manberg gone too I think, or else he's just too scared to tell Wilbur it's a bad idea. Dream fuels it too, gives him TNT and shit. I think I need your help, I mean you're his Dad! ~~Where are you when he needed you most?~~

~~He screams out for you at night, sometimes.~~

~~He misses you.~~

~~He laments that you haven't gotten the chance to meet your grandson, who tore down the walls of his father's country.~~

~~Wilbur rarely talks about you. I really hope you're on good terms or Wilbur's going to be upset that I wrote this. And I mean that. He really would. He's angrier more days than not. He tells me I'm not fit to be our nation's president, and maybe I'm not, but I can't let him be stupid. He doesn't know what he wants. He's going to blow up L'Manberg and I think he's going to die with it. I've seen him refuse to wear armor, and it's not because of his ideals, I think it's because he really hates himself that much that he's lost all sense of self preservation.~~

~~So, Philza Minecraft, Angel of Death, ex ruler of the Antarctic Empire, Friend and Subscriber to Technoblade, Dadza, Birdza, please come. I can't take it here much longer, I really think he needs your help, because I don't fucking know what to do.~~

~~**Hello Tommy, fuck you for writing this behind my back. Don't send this to him. I'm fine, leave Dadza be, I don't need him.**~~

~~Sincerely,~~

~~-~~

~~Tommy Danger Careful Kraken Innit~~

Confrontation

Chapter Summary

Tommy catches Ranboo reading the letters, and they talk.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ranboo stops there. There's a few more letters below the one to Philza. He thinks there's a couple to Wilbur, one to Niki, maybe a few more to Tubbo, and surprisingly one to Dream. He sees one to Sam that's been crumbled up, and he thinks there's a bit of blood on it. He doesn't want to read that one.

There's a lot scribbled out on the letters, but Tommy does a poor job of it. He can still make out the words. It's either that Tommy just didn't think anyone could read his horrible handwriting, or that he really wanted someone to see what he couldn't bring himself to write. These letters he never got to send, it's almost beautiful and sad at the same time. Ranboo laments for him. Maybe if he had sent them, things would be different. Ranboo's not stupid, he knows how terrible Tommy is at communication especially about things like this. But in his writing, he's almost more honest, and it gives a greater picture into Tommy's large and complicated heart.

Would contacting Phil have saved Wilbur? He doesn't know. He doesn't even really know a lot about the Pogtopia situation other than that L'Manberg ended up in shambles.

He feels guilty for going that far back, in times he definitely wasn't privy to or around for. But he couldn't help himself. He was enraptured by the writing and the emotion. He needed to know.

He screeches when the door slams behind him.

"Ranboo?" Tommy's voice asks, gentle.

Ranboo crouches, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, please I'm sorry, I can go, yeah I can just, you know, go, I'll forget it anyway and-" Tommy is squeezing his shoulder gently. He breathes.

"Fuck," Tommy sighs, "Well, I'm a little upset. But it's fine. They don't matter anyway."

Tommy sits beside him and he gives him an incredulous stare, "What do you mean, they don't matter?"

Tommy picks at the peeling cardboard, "Hm. I don't know. I mean they wouldn't have changed anything. I just wrote them to feel better, you know?"

Ranboo folds the letter in his hand with care and puts it back in the box, "Well, if it's any consolation, I do consider you a friend, you know that don't you?"

"Fuck off Boob boy," Tommy scoffs but then his eyes grow wide, "Do you really?"

"I do."

“Seems stupid of you.”

Ranboo wants to shove him playfully, but he doesn't, because he's mindful of his triggers, “I don't know about that. You're a good friend.”

“Of course I am, I'm Tommy Innit.”

“No, I mean it,” Ranboo pushes, “You protected me when I barely knew you. You kept the flower I gave you even if you insulted me for it. You kept the flowers outside your house. You protected me when many haven't. You worry about me, even when I've done nothing to deserve it.”

Tommy flushes, “I mean, er, well, you do sort of deserve it. You make Tubbo smile like a fucking idiot. That's worth a lot in my book.”

Ranboo squints and Tommy mumbles out, “And you're cool, I guess, too. You helped me out when you barely knew me. You're one of the few people that treats me normal, even after I you know,” Tommy makes a head chopped off motion.

Ranboo holds an arm out and surprisingly, Tommy shuffles himself under it and leans against his shoulder, “Shut up.”

“I did not say a word.”

“You were going to.”

“I don't know what you mean,” Ranboo says, hiding a smirk.

Tommy gives a playful scowl, “Whatever,” His voice lowers, “So you really read the letters, huh?”

“Yeah, I'm sorry for intruding, I just saw my name on one and I wanted to read it,” Ranboo squeezes him closer, “Then I just sort of, I don't know, wanted to protect you more. You're so selfless and you've carried far too much. So, I read back for context to maybe be able to support you more. And I was a little curious too, I'll admit.”

“What'd you learn?” The question is so honest that it throws Ranboo off guard.

“Um, I learned that you've always been compassionate, and you've been put through too much, probably. I also learned more about Wilbur wanting L'Manberg gone, in the end.” Ranboo whispers.

“Wilbur, well, it was a bit more complicated than that. I think he needed help, and Pogtopia wasn't that.”

Ranboo nods, “Understandable. I also think Techno would forgive you, I mean, he's not as cruel as he acts.”

Tommy gives him a side eye, “Real funny.”

“I'm serious,” Ranboo says, “He talks about you sometimes, especially when he makes some more gapples. He always looks a little wistful, if not kinda sad.”

Tommy grumbles, “Okay. I do have to return his axe, maybe I will, eventually, someday soon. After this whole Dream business is done.”

Ranboo agrees with him with a low hum in his throat and they sit there, still hugging each other. He wonders when the last time someone, other than Tubbo, gave Tommy physical comfort like

this. He can't imagine it's been recent. Tommy's body is addled with scars and burns, telling a story of a long life of violence and hardship. He will be gentle, because he can be, and because he deserves it.

A creak in the door startles them out of the embrace and Tubbo is there smirking, "Oh? Did I walk in on something?"

"No," Tommy growls, but it's not serious, "I was just putting Ranboo in a headlock because he is a bitch! Yes! I was fighting him off because he doesn't deserve you."

Tubbo gives a withered glance, "Okay...Ranboo? Can you watch Michael for a bit? I'll take over on unpacking duty."

Ranboo nods and before he goes, Tommy grips the sleeve of his shirt and murmurs, "Thanks."

He doesn't know what he's being thanked for, but it feels warm in his chest, a lot warmer than the fresh burns on his cheeks. As he's leaving, he hears Tubbo asking what this was all about, and he thinks he hears the remnants of his laughter. It's nice.

When it's finally late at night Ranboo sneaks back into Tommy's room. He's out cold, and from what he understands, is a heavy sleeper. He has one arm flung over his face and the other buried under the pillow. Ranboo leaves a little letter by the bedside table, delivered. He'll make sure this one gets sent, as will his future letters. And with that, he sneaks out the window and tip toes his way back into the mansion to the warm embrace of his husband and son.

Dear Tommy Danger Careful Kraken Innit, my dear friend, ~~with a name that's a tad too long~~

With all the letters you never got to send, I hope this one reaches you well. You're going to wake up in the morning in a home that's truly a home, surrounded by a brother and brother-in-law. We're going to have snowball fights outside, drink hot chocolate, and get up to whatever it is we get up to. But most importantly, you're no longer alone.

You no longer have to shoulder other's burdens and your own all by yourself. You have me and Tubbo for that now. You're loved, you're cared for, just as you have done to us. I'm glad I read your letters to learn that your care runs deep. And if you ever write any more letters, feel free to leave them in a chest by our room. I promise they will be read and carefully folded into a little box for safekeeping.

And if my memory ever makes me forget to do this, feel free to remind me. I may forget where I put things and things that I do, but I'll never forget that we are friends.

Sleep well, Tommy.

Sincerely,

Ranboob

Ranboo_Beloved (even though that isn't my last name at all)

Chapter End Notes

That's the end for now! I may do some codas and add some other letters I dunno! Hope you enjoyed.

End Notes

AHHH hope you enjoyed, sorry it was a little rushed. I wrote this in a span of three hours because I was craving that allium duo content.

Leave a kudos and a comment if you want! I always read and reply.

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