

Throw Light on You

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Throw Light on You

by [whycraft \(draftingtides\)](#)

Summary

Techno followed Ranboo to a pile of blankets next to the fire. Then the pile of blankets shifted, and Techno realised there was something alive under the blankets.

“Is that a baby piglin?”

Formerly titled "Michael"

Notes

Title from the end poem

Chapter 1

[Ranboo whispers to you: do you have any spare blankets]

[You whisper to Ranboo: yeah why]

[Ranboo whispers to you: michael's cold]

“Michael?” Technoblade muttered to himself. Probably another cat or something.

[You whisper to Ranboo: you want to come get them or do you need me to go over there]

[Ranboo whispers to you: can you come over here if it's not too much trouble]

[You whisper to Ranboo: omw]

Techno grabbed a few blankets from the linen closet, one thick woolen one and some thinner ones. It was snowing lightly, so he stuffed them under his cloak as best he could and went over to Ranboo's house.

He only had to wait a few moments after knocking before Ranboo opened the door. “Techno! Come in.”

Techno crossed the threshold and held out the blankets. “Hey, Ranboo.”

Ranboo took them dusted off the bit of snow that had managed to get on them. “Thanks, these are perfect. Do you want to come meet Michael?”

“Sure.”

Techno followed Ranboo to a pile of blankets next to the fire. Then the pile of blankets shifted, and Techno realised there was something alive under the blankets.

“Is that a baby piglin?”

“Zombie piglin, yeah. This is Michael.” Ranboo sat on the floor next to the piglin and wrapped another blanket around him. It snuggled into his side.

Techno hesitantly lowered himself to the floor as well. “Where... why do you have a baby zombie piglin in your house?”

“I found him alone in the Nether the first day I joined,” Ranboo explained. “I've been trying to gain his trust ever since then, and a couple days ago me and T—me and... Enderchest convinced him to come through the portal with us.”

“He must really trust you,” Techno mused. He leaned to the side a bit to see Michael's face. “Hi,” he grunted in piglin, but Michael just watched him suspiciously.

He turned back to Ranboo. “Was he already zombified when you brought him?”

Ranboo looked affronted. “Of course. He hasn't been doing too well with the cold, though, which is why I asked for the blankets.”

Techno grunted. Zombified for a few months, then. “Are you going to try to cure him?”

“Wh—you can cure zombie piglins?”

Techno raised his eyebrows. “Well, I’m in the Overworld and I’m not zombified, now am I?”

“I thought you were just able to be here because you were a hybrid,” Ranboo admitted.

“No, I’m not human at all. It’s not common knowledge, to be fair. Most piglins don’t know it’s possible because potion brewing isn’t usually something they practice.”

“What potions does it need?”

“Just harming and healing. And a golden apple. It gets harder to cure the longer they stay zombified, though.” He eyed the side of Michael’s head that was completely rotted away, showing his skull underneath. “If you try to heal him now, he almost definitely won’t grow his other ear back, and he probably won’t get a lot of vision back in his other eye. And it would be a *very* painful process.”

Ranboo curled one hand against the side of Michael’s head. “What would happen if we didn’t try to cure him?”

Techno hesitated, trying to figure out a not incredibly blunt way to say it. “He probably won’t make it to adulthood.”

Ranboo’s hand twitched. “How—how soon—”

“A year? Maybe.”

“What are... what are the risks with curing him, besides the pain?”

“There’s a chance—a very *small* chance—that he might not survive. I’m talking, like, one in a thousand, given we do everything right. Aside from that, he would need to be kept very warm, so you might have to take him back to the Nether during the process.”

“How long would it take for him to heal?”

“With as far along as he is? At least a week, no more than two.”

“That’s it?”

Techno shrugged. “Part of the reason it’s so painful is because of how fast the regeneration process is.”

“I... I’ll have to think about it.”

“Don’t rush yourself. But it’s probably best to decide within the month.”

“Okay,” Ranboo said, and changed the subject. Techno let it slide. “Any tips for raising a piglin?”

“Phil probably knows better than I do,” he admitted. “Uh... don’t feed him a lot of meat or salt. If he tries to chew on gold, it’s bad for his teeth but he’ll actually bite your hand off if you try to take it away, so just distract him with something else or wait til he’s bored of it.”

“Noted.”

“Oh—get him something to carry around, if you can. A comfort object or something.”

“I was thinking about making a chicken plushie for him! He had this chicken he found in the Nether that he really liked.”

“You want a chicken?” Techno asked Michael in piglin.

Michael watched him suspiciously, but nodded.

Ranboo brightened. “Wait, can you talk to him?”

“He probably won’t talk back, but yeah.”

“Why won’t he talk back?”

“He doesn’t know me. Piglins tend to be pretty suspicious of outsiders, especially non-piglins. Also, his vocal cords are probably rotted to some extent.”

Ranboo looked down at Michael. “He trusts me that much?”

“He was entirely alone and you spent literal months gaining his trust. I can’t say I’m too surprised. Once he realises that me and you are friends, he’ll probably warm right up to me. Piglets are like that.”

“Like what? Friendly?”

Techno nodded. “Clingy.”

Ranboo rubbed behind Michael’s ear and he snorted happily, pressing into it.

Techno stood up. “If he’s still cold, let me know and we’ll get some of the dogs to sit with him.”

“Thanks again for the blankets.”

“Course.”

He went back to his cabin, hanging up his cape on the hook by the door. He stretched out on the couch and texted Philza.

[You whisper to Philza: Ranboo just found a baby piglin and he’s keeping it]

[Philza whispers to you: OMG]

[Philza whispers to you: pictures please]

[You whisper to Philza: I don’t have any yet]

[Philza whispers to you: booo. I guess I’ll just have to wait a few days]

[You whisper to Philza: is that when you’ll get back?]

[Philza whispers to you: yep]

[Philza whispers to you: I’ll get out your baby photos and we can compare]

[You whisper to Philza: do not]

[Philza whispers to you: omegalul]

Chapter 2

Ranboo pushed his mashed potatoes around on his plate. “So... Techno met Michael today.”

Tubbo stopped with his fork halfway to his mouth. “Did he?”

Ranboo nodded. “It uh—it went pretty well, actually? I didn’t tell him that we’re raising him together, just that I found him alone in the Nether. He actually gave me some pretty good advice.”

He explained what Techno had told him about curing Michael, and what would happen if he wasn’t cured.

“A *year*?” Tubbo whispered.

Michael had given up on his fork and was fingerpainting with his potatoes. He smeared some on his own face. Tubbo wiped it off with a napkin.

“A year,” Ranboo confirmed quietly.

Tubbo swallowed and crumpled up the napkin. “So then—I mean—we try to cure him, surely?”

Ranboo audibly sighed in relief. “Oh, thank goodness. I thought I would have to try to convince you.”

A little shakily, Tubbo laughed. “Glad we’re on the same page. It’s bad for kids to see their parents argue.”

They sent Michael to play in the living room while Tubbo did the dishes and Ranboo put away the leftovers.

“So how are we going to stay in the Nether for so long?” Tubbo asked. “Because I don’t know about you, but I can’t go two weeks without sleeping.”

“I was thinking we could take it in shifts, so one of us would be in the Nether with Michael and one of us would be resting up in the Overworld, and then we switch.”

“That’s a pretty good idea.” Tubbo fiddled with the dishrag. “Do you think Technoblade should have a shift? I mean, he’s the one who knows about this stuff.”

“Oh! I mean, if you’re okay with it then I think that’s a good idea.”

“I still don’t really want him knowing about me, though, but I don’t know how we’d switch shifts without him knowing about me.” He put the last plate on the drying rack. “I guess I could leave before he comes and arrive after he leaves, but I don’t want to leave Michael alone at all if we can help it.”

Ranboo made a thinking noise. “Maybe we can get someone else to take a shift between the two of you.”

“Who?”

Who did they know that they trusted enough to watch Michael by themselves and not tell Techno about Tubbo, and who Techno got along well with?

“Hello, Ranboo.”

“Hi, Edward.” Ranboo respectfully averted his eyes and gestured at the empty end of Edward’s boat. “May I sit?”

“Of course.” As Ranboo sat, Edward said, “You know, Technoblade told me something interesting the other day.”

“Did he tell you about Michael?”

Edward screeched the Enderman equivalent of a laugh.

“What? What’s so funny?”

“At first I was offended you had not introduced me to your child, but I see now it was merely a matter of timing. You would never pass up a chance to show him off; stars sparkle in your eyes at the mention of his name.”

Ranboo huffed a laugh. “I actually came here to talk about Michael.”

He went on to explain how he and Tubbo had decided to try curing Michael, and what the process would entail.

“Tubbo and I wanted someone to take a shift between him and Techno, since they uh, don’t really like each other. And... we were hoping you could do it.”

Edward’s nictitating membranes shuttered a few times. “*Me?*” he asked, and Ranboo knew that if he could cry then he would have.

“It would mean a lot to us.”

“It would be an honour,” he said, placing one hand on Ranboo’s head. Ranboo put his own hand over Edward’s, leaning into it.

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