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# We were sleepy, but now we're wide awake

by [sprayedwithcrab](#)

Summary

When a very rambunctious and loud child keeps pestering Techno, he feels the need to make Wilbur and Phil experience his pain also. Chaos ensues.

Notes

wholesome week hosted by dande_lione

"day two: your favorite trio doing something cute"

"Would you mind leaving me alone for once? I'm trying to get things done." Techno stared blankly at the child who stood next to him. The boy refused to leave Techno alone, and it was beginning to piss him off. The kid gestured to the farmland in front of them.

"This is totally not that important. I mean, farming potatoes? You can do that whenever." the child whined, and tugged at Techno's sleeve. "Come oooon, dude, let's go do something *fun* for once!"

"You say that as if I willingly hang out with you." Techno deadpanned, adjusting his crown.

"We never do anything fun."

"*We?* You're the one bothering me. If you want to go do something fun, go find something to do and leave me alone." Techno continued planting the potatoes, ignoring the kid's moaning.

"Fucking *fine*. Whatever, you're lame." he pouted, and sat on the floor next to where Techno was working.

"And yet you're still here."

"I have nothing else to do!"

Techno sighed, and ignored the child, hoping he would shut up and let Techno work. The peace lasted about five minutes, when the kid decided to speak up again.

"Why potatoes?" he inquired, clearly running out of topics to bother Techno with.

"Why not potatoes?" Techno threw back, frustrated.

"They're shit. Also, this is so boring! Why are you even doing this in the first place? You could come with me to the Nether, and we could find a fortress or something! That would be way cooler."

"I liked it more when you were being quiet."

"Fuck off!" the kid sneered.

"You kiss your mother with that mouth, kid?" Techno spat back, growing even more annoyed.

"My mother's dead." The kid paused, then continued, "And don't call me a fucking kid! I'm 10!"

Ignoring the dead mother comment, Techno rolled his eyes. "What should I call you, then?"

"My name."

"Which is?"

The boy looked offended, although if Techno squinted, there was a hint of hurt in his eyes. "We've known each other for weeks now, and you don't know my fucking name?"

"I didn't really care enough to ask. Plus, I wouldn't call you following me around like a lost dog 'knowing each other'. Do you even know *my* name?"

The kid stopped at that, and then held his hand out. "I'm Tommy. And I have *not* been following you around like a lost dog, don't say that!"

"Well, Tommy, I'm Techno, and I can say with certainty that you have, indeed, been pestering me like a seagull."

"My friend Tubbo lives near seagulls." Tommy mused.

"Well why don't you go bother him, and leave me in peace?"

"Did you fucking hear me, or are you just an idiot? I said he lives near seagulls. And we live very

far from the sea. Clearly he doesn't live close enough for me to hang out with."

Techno blinked. That... made a lot of sense, actually.

"Well, don't you have any other friends?"

Tommy muttered something under his breath, but Techno couldn't hear. Tommy looked away, almost looking ashamed. Techno got the hint.

"So... you're bothering me because you're lonely?"

"I am not lonely!" A pause. "Well, maybe I am, but so what? You're so boring and I don't even want to be here."

"Yet you are."

"Not because I want to!"

"... Who do you live with?" Techno asked, suddenly wondering if Tommy even had a home to go back to. He'd never seen the kid go anywhere but follow him, so he didn't know.

"The orphanage in town. My parents died when I was like, 3. But it was okay, because I had Tubbo, but now he's moved and I'm always bored because the other orphans suck ass."

Techno had a thought, and turned to begin walking home. Tommy, as expected, began following him.

"Hey, where are you going?"

"We're going to my house. I'm tired, but you clearly need some form of entertainment or your head will explode, if you watching me farm was anything to go off of. My brothers probably won't mind." Tommy didn't say anything after that, but Techno didn't have to turn around to know that he was smiling.

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"You... found an orphan, and you decided to bring him home? I'm confused, Techno." Wilbur asked, puzzled by the situation.

"He's been following me around for weeks. But I'm tired and he's clearly lonely, so i figured you or Phil could take care of him while I have a nap." Techno shrugged, and made his way to his room, only to be stopped by Wilbur's arm.

"No. Nope. You, my good brother, are not going anywhere." Wilbur ran his hand through his hair in frustration. "You can't just bring home a random child and fuck off? Seriously? We're taking you back to the orphanage, kid." Wilbur turned to Tommy, about to grab his shoulder.

"I'm not a kid!" Tommy held up his middle finger and swerved away from Wilbur's hand. He stood next to Techno. "Techno said you wouldn't mind."

"I said they *probably* wouldn't mind-"

"Same fuckin difference! I don't wanna go back to the damn orphanage! That place sucks. I'm

sleeping in your backyard from now on." Tommy huffed and crossed his arms. "I like my chances there better than at the orphanage, anyway. I don't fancy being stuck in that shithole for another 8 years."

"What's going on in here?" Phil walked into the room, and did a double take once he saw Tommy. "Who are you? Are you alright?"

Tommy looked Phil up and down before answering. "I'm Tommy, Techno brought me here because I'm bored but he wants a nap."

"Oh. I'm Phil, nice to meet you, Tommy. Where in town do you live, and how did you meet Techno? He isn't really one for making friends."

"He's not my friend." Tommy and Techno said, simultaneously. Techno shifted awkwardly on his feet, not sure how to explain to his older brother where the random kid had come from. Phil took notice of this, and motioned for everyone to follow him into the dining room.

"So, Tommy, was it? How'd you meet Techno?" Phil started, giving the boy a reassuring smile.

"I found him beating the shit out of a zombie and I wanted to try since I've never gotten to use a sword before but he said no. And then I saw him again and figured maybe I could steal his sword and show him who's boss, but he just farms potatoes and it's lame."

All three of the brothers seemed shocked at this, including Techno, who had not known what the younger's intentions had been. Phil blinked, clearly befuddled by Tommy's openness. Wilbur just continued to stare, trying to figure the kid out.

"O-kay then... What were you doing out past dark? I'm assuming it was night because you said Techno was killing a zombie. Do your parents not give you a curfew?" Wilbur and Techno winced.

"Nah, the social workers don't really give a shit where we are. Like, legally they do, but I remember a kid once ran off into the woods and didn't come back, and everyone kinda just assumed he died. No one even looked for him, but the workers said that they did because they're full of shit and don't wanna go to jail or something. Can't say I blame them. Besides, what dumbass goes into the forest at night? That's just asking to be killed." Tommy looked down at his hands. "I'd say I'm sorry for rambling, but I'm really not and don't give a fuck."

"You're an orphan?" Wilbur and Techno looked at Phil like he'd grown an extra head.

"Obviously, moron." Tommy replied, nonchalant. Phil nodded knowingly.

"Jeez." muttered Wilbur, who still wasn't over the fact they had a random kid in their house.

"Well, Tommy, would you like to stay for dinner? I won't mind either way, I usually make enough for leftovers so there's plenty of food." Phil's grin grew when Tommy nodded, the younger trying but failing to hide his excitement.

Techno inwardly groaned. He had just wanted a nap.

A few months passed. Tommy regularly visited and could be seen around the three brothers,

actively interacting with them or helping them with whatever they were doing. The town got used to seeing the trio hanging out with the kid, although some found it a bit strange. Tommy had even began sleeping in the brothers' guest room once he had let it slip that he had to either share a molding and broken twin sized mattress with another kid or sleep outside. The floor wasn't even an option, because many others chose to sleep there already. Phil had immediately gone into Dadza mode and insisted that Tommy take the spare room, as it wasn't like anyone was using it anyway. Phil had also insisted that Tommy eat at least one meal a day with them, because he didn't "trust the workers to be serving anything even vaguely nutritional".

The town had once dubbed the odd family as 'Sleepy Bois Inc.', for all three of them constantly looked tired in one way or another, but when Tommy ran into their lives, they stopped looking quite so 'sleepy'. Apparently, according to Wilbur, at least, Tommy's energy and passion was somewhat infectious.

It was fairly predictable what came next.

"So, I want to talk to you two..." Phil started, telling Techno and Wilbur to sit. "I've got a bit of an idea, but it requires both of you being in on it. After all, it's a family decision, so all family members should have a say."

Wilbur tilted his head slightly in confusion. Techno put his own head in his hands.

"Is this about a certain big-mouthed brat?" Techno questioned in his usual monotone voice. He didn't miss the way Phil's face fell.

"Yes, it is." he stopped, taking a breath. "Tommy's an... interesting kid. He likes to follow us and join us when we do things, and we like having him around so it's all cool. But, he's been staying here for a while, and, well..." Phil looked at his two brothers anxiously. Techno had a sudden revelation and realised why Phil had looked sad from his previous comment. Wilbur egged Phil on.

"I was thinking, he's already kinda part of the family, so why not make it official?" Phil looked at his two younger brothers. "I just thought-"

"Dude, I already view him as my younger brother. Shut the fuck up and let's do this." Wilbur grinned madly. Phil turned his gaze towards Techno.

"What about you?"

Techno paused. He knew his answer already, yes, but he didn't feel able to say it for some reason. So he just closed his eyes and nodded. Noticing this probably wasn't enough, he added, "Kid's okay, I guess."

He saw Phil breathe a sigh of relief and Wilbur's smile return. Techno felt a little hurt that they genuinely thought he might disagree, but he understood why Phil was anxious. This was a big thing to just... make official. Techno watched as Phil took another deep breath.

"Okay, I haven't pitched this to Tommy as of yet, for obvious reasons, but I have a feeling what his answer will be." Phil closed his eyes, relaxing. Techno wondered a little why he'd been so worried in the first place, but he supposed that didn't matter. Wilbur spoke up again.

"So, I guess we're now Sleepy Bois Inc. + Tommy, huh?"

"Oh my god, I forgot we were called that." Phil chuckled.

"How could you possibly forget? We. Are. The Sleepy Bois Incorporated!" Wilbur put his fist in

the air as if it were some glorious declaration. The trio all began laughing.

That was, until they heard a young voice from behind them shout in response.

"Plus Tommy!"