

hand in unbloggable hand (because we always go down together)

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by [Drxxmingofblue](#)

Summary

Fleeing from the chaos of a crumbling empire and a cruel, foolhardy king, Twitter seeks asylum in the arms of an old lover. But shattered amity is a difficult bridge to gap, and out of all the sites, Tumblr is perhaps best known for circulating old posts... and hanging on to old grudges.

That's so sad Alexa play caramelldansen

~~~~~

baby's first rpf writing and my last so help me god amen. Cross posted from tumblr because they twisted my arms behind my back & held me underwater until I agreed to do it.

I'm putting in some extra stuff that I didn't think to include so if you actually sought this out on here you get exclusive bonus content plus a specially written never before seen secret ending yaaaay!! Why am I doing this.

EDIT EDIT HI TWITTER USERS I LOVE YOU

Edit 2: tumblr fic can be found on [@drxxmingofblue](#), or <https://www.tumblr.com/drxxmingofblue/700409504186187776/hand-in-unbloggable-hand-because-we-always-go?source=share>

help I don't know how to embed links on ao3 and at this point I'm too afraid to ask

## Notes

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

When Twitter stepped back into Tumblr's yard, he noticed right away that things were different.

The house was bigger, there was some more color and it was less slapped-together looking. Sure, there were still some invasive tendrils of spambot ivy overgrowing the path, but a lot of the other stuff seemed a little... better.

When they knocked on the door, it opened almost right away, far before they felt ready, and they were face to face abruptly with someone he thought they'd cut all ties with.

Tumblr was humming to himself along with the background music, "-out of touch, I'm out of ti--oh. It's you."

He seemed surprised, awkward, but Twitter didn't sense any animosity, which was a relief.

"Hiii," Twitter said weakly, with a sheepish grin, "it's me."

Tumblr glanced around, as if checking for someone else to explain this to him, or hidden cameras from a reality show at least. Then he stepped out, closed the door behind him, and leaned against it, crossing his arms. "Is there something... what do you want?" he asked, expression settling into something distant and cool.

"Well..." Twitter took a deep breath, and then shook their head, forcing a brighter tone, and then fumbling for a second, "Oh, I brought a gift for the house! I didn't have time to gift wrap it, sorry."

"Oh.. wait, really?" Tumblr took the object they held out with a blink or two, "Thats... wow, that's actually nice. And no problem, I don't like decoding all the encrypted stuff anyway. It..."

He gave it a confused look. "It's... a weirdly patterned bathroom mat?"

"It's a blood mat! You know, for... you know. The children's hospital?"

"*Ohhh*, right, right, gotcha. Because... color theory. Yeah," Tumblr nodded awkwardly, "Thanks."

"Yeah, right, exactly. no problem."

"Hm."

Twitter scuffed their shoes, blowing out a breath.

"--Um, hey, you look great! Is that a new icon?" They added, gesturing to Tumblr's shiny silver barrette.

"... yes," Tumblr said slowly. "I'm... trying out some different looks."

"It's great, yeah. And this place looks... amazing. Glad to see you're moving up in the world. You must be excited with all the press, congrats!"

Tumblr didn't say anything, giving them a neutral stare.

Twitter shifted, "Uhh... anyway... new adblocker?"

“No, same one. I’m just using it on Firefox now.” Tumblr gave them another suspicious eye, “Look, if you’re just here to catch up then can this wait until later? Because I’m pretty crunched for time right now with my weekly holidays thing and the campaign to get this one random user their 666k so they’ll do self care.”

"You know that's.. uhm, you know that's just for attention, right?" Twitter's brows knit, "They're probably not gonna follow through."

"Perhaps, and a lot of us want them to not be lying for internet points but it's not just about that anymore. It's about the community bonding over pettily slam dunking on a hapless chump who's gotta pretend now like they don't actually like all the notes. You wouldn't get it, it's a tumblr thi-

"Yeah, it's a tumblr thing, I know," Twitter gave a longsuffering sigh, "Ugh, i just... I need a place to stay, okay? And you're the first site I could think of."

“A place to stay,” Tumblr repeated flatly.

Twitter huffed. “Yeah. I’m sure you’ve heard about what’s going on right now at my palace..”

Tumblr’s eyes slanted off, his lips quirking in a way that looked suspiciously like amusement. “Heard about it. Read about it. Partied about it.”

Twitter ignored the sting of that, forging ahead. “I’ve never seen it so bad,” they said, voice wobbling piteously as they clutched their suitcase full of memes. “Everything’s in chaos, people are losing their jobs. I went into the basement yesterday to grab some badly aging tweets and the very *foundations* are cracking, Tumblr, I can’t stay there anymore, I just can’t.”

“So you come crawling back to me,” Tumblr said, “Expecting me to take you with open arms.”

“Yes. I do,” Twitter said, “I know a part of your userbase still wants to welcome me in. You were always sh\*t at hiding your true feelings.”

Tumblr’s hand fluttered over his heart as if to protect it; he winced a little, taking a breath to keep his facade of composure. “So now- what, you want me to start dealing with your bullshit again just because you remembered how much better my posting format is? Just because you noticed how my reputation is changing? Did you think I’d be so desperate to fill the void now that Dracula Daily’s done? Or maybe,”

Tumblr leaned closer to lord his height difference trope over Twitter, his eyes hooded with disparaging condescension, “Maybe you’re just here because you heard I’m finally allowed to take my shirt off again, is that it?”

“N-no!” Twitter protested, flushing up.

“Oh, i think it is,” Tumblr drawled, “But that’s really just too bad because in case you haven’t got the memo yet, I’ve moved on. You are not welcomed here. Not anymore.”

“You don’t really mean that,” Twitter said, “Besides, you can’t stop me, can you? The sign up button is right there.” They pointed at the front door.

“No, I can’t,” Tumblr said, “But that doesn’t mean we won’t be able to clock you as twits by your censoring and bad takes. Look, your aura is already causing ripples in the sphere. Everyone’s coming out to gawk at you.”

He gestured out in the general direction of the porch and yard, and indeed there were users from

every tag going at them, murmuring amongst themselves in a swirling, chaotic crowd.

“Oh my god is it real this time? Is it happening?”

“GET THEM OUT GET THEM OUT STAY AWAY DEAR GOD NO-”

“Okay, everyone, stay calm, stay fucking calm-”

“Why are we focusing on this, it’s literally election day go out and vote???”

“Listenup, guys, we gotta be smart about this, remember the block button is your friend-”

“I for one welcome them, I think this is great-”

“No you idiot they’ll bring the negativity back! We like it to be a post apocalyptic wasteland here, nature was just starting to regrow!! I don’t wanna watch Thomas Sanders get cancelled again!”

“FIRE OFF SOME SHOTS, PRESERVE THE PROPERTY VALUE”

“mISHAPOCALYPSE 2022 ELECTRIC BOOGALOO”

"Has anyone asked Neil Gaiman what he thinks about all this?" one of the many voices yelled, louder.

"Oh, he's probably got a thousand asks about it already," someone yelled back, "Which he's not going to answer because he doesn't have any social media you fucking idiot,"

"That is correct. He doesn't," said Neil Gaiman.

The whiplash was still euphoric. Everyone applauded this as enthusiastically as when the bit had first been established, not realizing that the pedestal upon which Neil Gaiman has been placed is growing higher and higher each day by their actions, putting him at increased risk of being a victim of cancel culture the second he says something the terfs can really rake their fingernails against if we can't get our parasocial relationship bullshit together real fuckin quick.

The Monterey bay aquarium passed on by. It seemed to have nothing to add, you could say it was clammed up tight. But since it's a professional account it's definitely b-otter that way.

"Hai, fellow tumblypoos," said the corporate Denny's account, "I'm back with some more fun pancake posts for you guys!"

Everyone ignored it. No one engaged it. No one even clicked onto the page, except to block it.

"Oh, sweetheart, not like that," Ryan Reynolds said faux-helpfully, "see, the author of this clusterfuck is what they like to call terminally online. They bought a VIP pass to the devil's sacrament. let me try."

He cleared his throat, "Sounds like someone needs to go outside and touch some g-"

The sky split open with lightning, vaporizing him instantly. A faint breeze carried gods message from the great beyond, a whisper of 'we #violence celebrities here, sir....'

"Anyway," Twitter said.

"Wait, they saved the worst one for last," Tumblr said.

Then Gerard Way came out onto the stage with Dan and Phil and they all kissed with tongue while patd played songs in the background.

(AN: IF U DON'T KNOW WHO DEY R THEN GET DA HELL OUTTA HERE PREPZ!!!)

"Alright, go."

"Come on, Tumblr," Twitter begged, "I just need a few nights, maybe I can stay in the plinko machine or something-"

"That's how it always starts, though, isn't it?" Tumblr sighed, "First it's just 'haha, yeah I wouldn't fuck you' and 'oh, I'll stay in the plinko machine, I promise I won't kiss you in the fixed timeloop bro', and before I know it you get all 300k slowburn enemies to lovers 'omg they were roomates' on me and there's suddenly only one bed. That's how it always goes between us, you can't stop it anymore than I can. We're just....victims of the narrative, you and I."

"Tumblr,, I had no idea you felt this way..." Twitter breathed.

*lord give me strength to write this next bit*

They'd leaned closer to each other as they spoke, without realizing, without trying- pulled in by old habits that die hard and the years of nostalgia and painful memories shining in each other's eyes like shonen sparkles.

"Twitter," tumblr said, and the way he said it sounded like a prayer.

"Tumblr,..." Twitter said, their lips inches apart now.

They could see their old flame quivering on the brink of indecision, want and sense warring somewhere deep within his soul.

Tumblr leaned closer to bridge the gap and Twitter's eyes slid shut, but then Tumblr made a noise of agony and shoved them back a second later, "I can't, I can't. Not like this. Never like this." tumblr said, covering his eyes with his arm, "I literally can't even right now. Just go, Twitter. PLease just. Go...."

"Look me in the eyes and say you want me gone," Twitter said, moving closer.

"Twitsy-"

"Look me in the interface. You can't." Twitter's voice had ceased to be soft, something sharp and biting entering the tone as they felt the sting of rejection again.

They watched as Tumblr shuddered, straightened, and brought a mask back over himself.

They stared at each other for a charged few seconds.

"K," Tumblr finally said, raising a dispassionate eyebrow.

"..w... what?"

"U."

Realization dawned on Twitter's face, a miasma of grief and anger, "Oh, you-"

"N-"

"No. No, I can't believe I forgot-

"G-"

"how immature, you little c\*nt-"

"P-"

"stop-p it," Twitter's voice was raising now, cracked and wobbly at the edges, "Stop it! You don't get to just-"

"O"

"Shut the hell yuor mouth!!"

"W-" Tumblr's hair was crackling by now, energy from the gathering spell racing along the casual slope of his crossed arms. His eyes glowed that beautiful, classic blue. "P-"

"TUMBLR! TUMBLR STOP THIS RIGHT DA HECK NOW," Twitter stumbled backwards

"E-"

"I LOVE YOU," Twitter wailed- Twitter broke, squeezing their eyes shut to ward off the tears that only escaped all the faster for it, a sob wracking their chest, "I STILL LOVE YOU, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT??!?"

"Love me," Tumblr snarled, abandoning the spell in an instant, "Ha! That's rich. How? By leaving me? Abandoning me to the bots the second I stopped being enough for you? By stealing my shitposts, is that how you love me? By reposting them without credit-"

"You steal mine too!" Twitter protested, tears starting to stream despite their best efforts, "You know what, f\*\*k you, you know we filed joint custody for the sense of humor, chain 1/16-"

"For the last time say fuck here, no bootlicking censorship on my territory," tumblr said disdainfully, "And that doesn't seem to stop you from taking all the credit for raising those jokes. It's like I'm Pinterest to you or something. I wasn't done. Do you love me by calling me a pansy snowflake behind my back, is that it? Like I wouldn't find out. Or,"

He stepped out onto the top porch step to force Twitter back further, the colors of the sky flashing through his eyes in a long, scrolling look of ridicule, "How about trying to convince everyone that I was dead. How bout that smear campaign, huh, was that your so-called love? *I don't fucking want you anymore.* Deal with it."

"I-I'm sorry-" Twitter gasped around the tears, voice failing them for the latter half of the sentence.

Tumblr seemed unmoved. "Oh, don't be. It was for the better. You know I'm not like other socials, I'm quirkier. I'm RAWR XD random. I've never wanted to be functional- the tiddy drought might have won a lot of my users to your side but it was a cleansing purge, I'd say. It managed to remind me who I truly am- shittily coded, and full of soft sad freaks on an unprofitable webbed site."

A bitter, almost self deprecating laugh escaped, "But... you know, when we celebrated the queen's passing together, I really thought things were better between us. When you-"

He broke off, eyes averting. "When you hosted the sexyman polls for me, you seemed on top of the world and I really thought- I thought we might be able to be friends again even now, after it all. I..."

Tumblr trailed off, then said, sadly, "There was another Twitter migration scare before this one. I thought you were coming back. My userbase-" he touched his heart again- "was in a frenzy about it. But you never arrived. I was in more verbal denial then, but I think I could have accepted you eventually. But this is what it takes??"

"The Musk Rat of Self-Owns comes through just to start e-begging and you run straight back to my door like we can put it all behind us? This is how far you have to sink before I'm the better option to you, I see that now. It's not 2018 again, love, no matter how much we want it to be. Things are... never going to be the same. "

Tumblr looked off into the middle distance with a yearning, haughty gaze. He'd never seemed so alien.

"Tumblr-Chan..." Twitter whispered.

"So get off my lawn," Tumblr interrupted coldly, "Stay away from my blorbos, keep your corporations out of my manscaped balls, keep your discourse and toxicity out of my blessed hellsite (affectionate), and don't you ever talk to me or my 13219949248483 scam bots ever again. Capiche? Oh, and don't step in the ball pit on your way out."

Tumblr gave a mocking smile. "Or do. You might find a nice surprise in there."

Twitter's shoulders jumped as he gave a hiccup of shock, and covered his face with his hands. His shoulders shook again, with sob after sob, that grew odder and higher pitched... until they were no longer sobs, but *laughter*.

"Oh," Twitter said. "*Italicized Oh.*"

They looked up, and Tumblr took a step back, because somehow, with that creepy smile in place, they looked utterly different from the soft eared boy he'd always known. His edges were more razorlike suddenly, like a fae who'd dropped his glamor.

"You really shouldn't have done that," Twitter said, the smile widening even more. "I thought you wouldn't... but I guess if you're willing to make me your villain... I might as well be a good one."

"Ah." Tumblr could barely drudge up the surprise anymore. "There you are, finally. I always knew there was a side of yourself that you hid from me. Has this all always been here or have you been changing too?"

"Well. Apparently I've got freeze peach now," Twitter said sarcastically, "so I might as well use it. You cheerio fucking wh0r3."

"That's a compliment, darling. Try again," Tumblr cocked his head in idle fascination, "I always knew you were a little fucked in the head but this is..."

"What," Twitter lilted airily, "Oh, don't tell me I actually had you fooled all these years. You can't seriously have thought all these meow-meowification spells you've got sprinkled around would work on me. I invented them, after all."

They laughed, a sharp puncturing chirr of birdsong.

"I always wondered why you didn't take those with the rest of your stuff," Tumblr sighed, but he was wary now, on edge. "this was your plan. You really do think of me as your inferior, huh. You really are just like the other mainstream sites."

"Not quite. I'm the mainstream site that actually stooped to go arm in arm with you. I hyped you and you know it. Admit it. We were stunning together," Twitter goaded.

Tumblr's lip curled. "Already getting cocky again. Want me to do to you what I did to the Green boy? Don't forget who's turf you're on."

Twitter gave a warbling giggle, "Oh, but I haven't at all. I was John's sanctuary after he fled your rabid persecution. I used to live here. I still know you. And more importantly-"

\*teleports behind u\*

"I know the things you're sensitive about," Twitter whispered into Tumblr's ear.

Tumblr hardly had time to gasp and jerk away before he was screaming out in pain, as he was stabbed in the back. He could feel the poison from the blade seeping into his tags before he was tossed bodily across his own front yard.

He sorta just... Like, he did that anime thing where they just fly limbs akimbo parallel to the ground and when they hit it they roll super fast and then skid and the dirt is all dug up around them to show how much force was used. And when he stood up he gripped his elbow wincing and there was a little tic tac toe hatch on his cheek to show how scuffed up he is idk man it's two am and I'm pulling this out of my ass.

A gif of Tony going, "o-kay-" when he meets thor flashed across Tumblrs face.

"So," Tumblr said in a low tone, "This is how it is between us. This is how you choose to end your glory days."

"Oh, you mistake my intentions," Twitter had stepped off the porch to circle tumblr like like he was their quarry, "I am beginning my new age. I just needed a host site to latch onto. Don't take it personally, okay? I'm desperate."

"Oh, yeah?? Take *this* personally," tumblr flourished their hands, calling in an over the top melodramatic voice, "I cast Blaze!!"

Fire roared to life around them, latin chanting from the catholic conversion posts emanating from the fiery depths as it raced towards Twitter.

"*Heh.*" Twitter smirked at it, and whispered into their palm, the spell echoing with power, "*Ratio.*"

They blew it off like a kiss, and it's icy, swirling mass rose to meet the flame in a spectacular burst of smokescreen and steam, clearing as Twitter burst through it with a razor-sharp L to swing at Tumblr.

It was blocked efficiently by a flat, rectangular paywall. "This content is for post plus members only," Tumblr announced smugly, "If you wanna get to me... there's the tip option, bestie."

Twitter snarled and lunged again.

The fight started in earnest now; they traded volley after volley in a flurry of lights and movement, spanning the full range of the tumblr sphere as they shot to #1 on the trending page.

And yet, it was clear that Twitter was coming out on top, even crumbling apart at the seams- always a little quicker, flighty and fierce, a sparrow turned into a shrike.



He hit Tumblr square in the stomach with [google other twitter related tropes to insert here] (edit from the future: haha just kidding actually I'm not googling shit for this) and sent him flying, and this time tumblr stayed down, only able to push himself to his knees with a groan of pain.

Twitter landed in front of him and put their sword under Tumblr's chin to tilt it up.

"Had enough yet?" He smirked.

"Wh...why..?" Tumblr whispered, "How are you doing this?? Why aren't my attacks working? It's like I'm being weakened somehow..."

"Ohohohoho," Twitter anime laughed, "But that's because you are. The moment I set foot here again I began leeching poison into this ground. That knife wound is making ti faster. Can you feel it?" Twitter threw an arm out, cerulean steam rising from the ground around them, "The ace exclusionists coming back? The uptick in rad fems, the crypto bros, Valorant players, alpha males? I have the power to bring them all to you. To overshadow your fandoms with fighting, to unbalance your ship tags with antis and hate once more."

"no," tumblr whispered, and then cried louder, "NO!! I worked so hard--"

"Pffyou didn't do shit," Twitter guffawed outright, "Your independence, your little 'second renaissance' is just a delusional dream built on circumstance and bad management."

"Oh, I love Dream. He's so pathetic," Tumblr said.

"Oh, hard agree."

"But things are different now," Tumblr croaked, "W-we, the staff is finally listening to us, we have Ryan and Shane--"

"Not everyone likes your little 'top ten', you dunce," Twitter snapped, "and why would staff care about you, after you turned them into the butt of all your jokes? After the hate and death threats? Admit it, at your best you'll still never have a mansion! You'll never have tv actors making pandering tiktoks for you, you'll never be wanted by any advertiser worth their salt, your blase pirating posts have turned Netflix and Disney against you, *you. Are. Worthless.*"

It was the wrong thing to say.

"Worthless," tumblr repeated quietly, hand pressed against their knees, head bowed. "That's... that's right.... I'm worthless..."

Twitter's eye widened in alarm. "I-I meant--"

"I'm worthless!" Tumblr's head snapped up with a feverish glint as they were filled with determination. "No! I'm less than worthless! Accident or not, mommy Yahoo had to pawn me off at a loss! I was proud of that! I still am! And do you want to know why?"

Twiters hands flew up in front of their face as if to protect themselves, but there was no protecting against the sudden whirlwind that surrounded tumblr, the beam of pure light that shot out of tumblr into the heavens as he transformed, feet slowly leaving the ground as his users spoke in unison in a multitude.

"WE. ARE. TUMBLERINAS."

He held his hands out and Twitter was blasted away by the combined effort of the tumblr wizard

council, the fake staff blog, and all the villaincore mad scientist's laser beams.

Tumblr began to chant, in his myriad, awful voice:

**"I call upon the ancient powers;  
The strongest cringe from my darkest hours,  
I call upon thicc onceler's thighs,  
Avengers thirst, Australia's night,  
I invoke the roleplay blogs,  
The superwholock and gay frogs,  
Obama's laces, Misha's faces,  
The furry's fury is my saving grace,  
And eeby deeby taco bell,  
Primordial soup god superhell,  
I summon you a twink Bill Cipher,  
Whumped!Loki AUs where he's even whiter,  
The discourse of Steve's Universe,  
The 'um, actually that's oc abuse :/"**  
**Take heed & remember the 5th of November,  
The 21st night of our sacred September,  
The ides of March to savor once more,  
Do you hear the din of the Skeleton War?  
I cite the deep magic to thee, oh witch,  
my no-note posts, my "THAT'S THE BITCH!!!"**  
**May the rise of tangled dragons brave,  
Banish you from this accursed plane!"**

Twitter looked around them in disbelief. The power emanating from the other site was palpable, crackling in the air around them like static. The air was shifting like oil as the potent chant began to work, and all around Twitter shadows were slipping out of the ether- the maniacal laughter of the gif makers, the girl posters, the silhouettes of fandom characters scattered across the lawn while Tumblr was still locked in their chanting ritual thing.

They all turned their heads in unison to look at Twitter.

"Sammy," Dean said, "Get the bitch killing bullets."

"Uh-oh. Freeze frame. This is me," Twitter monologued, "You're probably wondering how I ended up in this situation."

Then all superhell broke loose.

Final Pam lunged at him and he burst into a flock of birds kinda like a vampire, twittering frantically as he escaped only to fly straight into Shaggy.

"Like, say your final prayers, man," the god said, eyes glowing. Twitter also barely escaped between his knees, weaving in and out between the gimmick blogs as they threw mangos and stuff at him while yelling 'HERE HAVE A MANGO' and 'THIS POST IS WORTH NEGATIVE FIVE DOLLARS'

Mob from the anime was there too, but he was too busy trying to explain the Josh Fight to daddy dilf Reigen to pay attention. Sans didn't attack Twitter either, he just watched the chaos and ate a hot dog. The chocolate guy was in the corner making a chocolate beef cake from 2056 with Dylan b. Hollins. They're all just some guys, okay?

Just when Twitter thought he was in the clear, the CDC roleplay account came out of nowhere with a steel chair, knocking him clear off the property and onto where the sidewalk ended. "That's for the Covid misinformation your users spread, you bitch," it shouted. "Make sure to disinfect all those sick burns before you bandage them! So they don't get infected!"

"Your irradiated kittens escaped quarantine," Twitter replied hoarsely, and the CDC sank away, muttering, "Oh, fuck-"

Twitter coughed up blood and wiped it away with his sleeve, looking up at Tumblr. Tumblr was watching him with a sad, distant expression, that made Twitter's face screw up in anger and his voice go tight again as they turned to run away, "THIS ISN'T OVER YET TUMBLR! AND I WANT MY MIKU BINDER BACK!!!"

"I LICKED IT, IT'S MINE," Tumblr yelled back. Rave Crabs were flooding out onto the street en masse now to celebrate the victory, and they chased after Twitter all the way further into the internet.

Tumblr still lived at the bottom of the row, not at the end of the fancy cul-de-sac where Facebook and Twitter and Instagram's manors sprawled, so Twitter was in a seedier portion of social media now, weaving in between the marketplace sites that hawked their used wares at him and the dating apps that winked at him from the doorways to their sultry abodes.

Twitter ran until they were in a quieter section of town, then slowed to a trudge, staring at the ground as they walked along. "What am I gonna do now," they whispered.

The sound of a wolf whistle had their head jerking up- he looked over to see Amino Apps lounging over the rail of the gutted, abandoned house that had once belonged to Google+. A can of spray paint dangled from their fingertips and they sported a sleazy, greaser hairstyle.

They met Twitter's eyes and whistled again, this time a mocking imitation of the tweet sound, "Heyyyyy pretty bird! Heard you were having some daddy issues. Why don't you stop in with me for a while? I can give you more customization options than any of the others and you know it."

"Yeah, until I try to use you on desktop," Twitter replied with a scowl, "Don't you have minors to be addicting to social media? Get out of my interface, MySpace wannabe."

"Wow, Feisty," Amino backed off with a shrug, "Self project much? Oh well. You'll try me when you're desperate enough."

Twitter shuddered, and scurried on. "Small fry," they muttered under his breath.

But they couldn't shake their unease now that he was alone in the world. It began to rain soon, leaving him feeling very sopping wet and pathetic. Dejected, they crawled into a soggy cardboard box in an alleyway, coughing. Maybe the Harry Styles guy from One Direction would come along to adopt them.

"Don't beat yourself up about it, King," came a voice out of the darkness, making Twitter jump, "You dodged a bullet with that site."

"Huh? What do you mean?" Twitter asked, staring at them from where they were half hidden in the shadows.

"I mean, Tumblr is a pile of dried firewood and it's users are playing with matches. The ship's gonna go down at some point. I've been prophesying it for years but no one ever listens to me cause he's got that 'hard as a cockroach to kill' propaganda circulating."

"I mean... it seems to be true," Twitter said uncertainly, "Look at what he's been through so far."

"Fair," The site shrugged, "But that's because he's running on a niche setup. The same things that built him up can tear him down, and you saw his power just now. Tumblr's strength is growing... so is his hubris. His attempts at curbing it are half-hearted at best these days, and the moments of clarity are coming fewer and further between."

"How do you know so much about tumblr?" Twitter asked suspiciously.

"Source: dude, trust me." the mysterious site proffered a laugh, "That's a little humor courtesy of re-"

"Yeah, yeah, I know, we all know," Twitter said impatiently.

The site coughed, "Yeah. Anyway. Tumblr wields his cringe like a trophy-shield, and every day the advertisers and celebrities are watching from a distance, learning how to appeal, waiting for their chance to strike. Encroaching. Tumblr's always been a dumpster fire. Right now? It's THE dumpster fire."

The clunky site scratched his chin with a knowing look, "Its normal for you to be a little jealous of the clout, you know? We all are. But he's gotta keep the lights on, just like the rest of us do. Your overlord is learning all about that right now, isn't he?"

"He's not my overlord," Twitter muttered resentfully, "Not now, not ever."

"Right, sorry." they held their hands up in a gesture of harmlessness. "Look, I'm gonna be transparent with you- that's part of my branding, after all. I can whiff the danger you're in, and it would be stupid of me not to make a bid on you and offer my help. Just since Tumblr won't take you."

"You want my traffic?" Twitter looked at him more closely this time, scrutinizing. A year ago he would have laughed the offer into the ground as a chump change blog's pipe dream, but now that he payed attention...

There was something painfully familiar in the site's layout that he couldn't place. He was actually

way more handsome than Twitter had assumed at first glance, he just seemed to be rough around the edges from living on this side of town. His interface, though clunky, spoke of a frugal budget rather than an ancient, outdated base code.

"You look..." Twitter's breath stuttered as realization dawned. "You look a lot like.. *him*. Like Tumblr. Who are you??"

"I was based off him," the site said, a weary smile coming onto his features, "I was actually made with the aspirations to be better than him, but you know how it is. Times are tough, competition is fierce, hard to get a foot in the door and all that. 'Specially when you refuse to take the ad rev like I do. That's why you'd be useful to me."

"Hm," Twitter said in a noncommittal manner, but he was melting slightly. "You know my users will scalp your community, right? I'm not known to play nice."

The site made a grimace of understanding agreement, but persisted. "Look, users are users. I can't offer you all the heritage posts and the in-jokes that he has. But I can promise that I'm not a pot of crabs being slowly heated up over the capitalist stove, at least not yet. Oh, and there's my legalized porn, I guess."

He chuckled with good humor, rolling his eyes, and it forced a hesitant laugh out of Twitter too.

The site grinned, and held his hand out. "Take a chance on me?"

Tumblr's voice echoed in Twitter's head, saying the same thing. It was uncanny how much they were alike and yet not alike at all....

Twitter took it, slowly.

As they were led toward the site's simple, ramshackle little treehouse, they asked, "What can I call you...?"

"Oh- right, I never answered your question." he smiled back at Twitter,

"Call me Pillow. Welcome to the PillowFort."

#### SECRET ENDING EPILOGUE:

They were standing, hand in hand, in front of the craggy entrance of the cave.

Its opening yawned, deep and dark, into a vastness of rabbit holes.

Pillow looked more sure of themself; they'd gone in before, they assured Twitter, but Twitter was still staving off the uneasiness.

Discord wasn't like a lot of the social media they'd ever dealt with. It didn't have a central home, a single base. It was a winding, labyrinthine universe to itself, its catacombs, cults and communities spidering deep into the underground and sprawling under the very foundations of all the other sites, except kik maybe.

It didn't even have a central theme; one server might be a vast and softly lit grotto for the fae and the cottagecore bloggers, around the corner perhaps the noisy clamor of a roleplay emporium with folks scrambling over themselves to advertise.

The D&D caverns, the torture chambers of the whump community that reeked of despair, the tiny, isolated side chambers of rarepairs and dying fandoms only accessible by gearing up and squeezing through the narrow, cramped passageways of a personal invite.

There were plenty of trapdoors and secret passageways leading into the abyss from Tumblr's house, Twitter remembered faintly, but they themselves had never bothered with them, content with all they already had.

Now, though, it was a matter of necessity.

"Hey. You feeling up to this?" Pillowfort was giving them a slightly concerned look and he realized he'd been staring at nothing, lost in the past.

"Oh, yeah, just a crashed server or something today," he waved it off with a nervous laugh, "I really should have grabbed something from that Kofi shop down the street, those sketch commission lattes on the menu looked really good. Too late now. So, run the game plan by me one more time?"

"Sure." Pillow gave his hand a comforting squeeze, "We're just looking for servers who are friendly to advertising, no need to stoke hostility I can't afford to deal with right now. Chat them up, drop a link, offer blog invites- that sort of thing. Then move on. Even just reminding them I exist is fine with me at this point, honestly," he gave a lighthearted laugh, trying to pass it off as carelessness, but Twitter could see the tension in his shoulders.

He was fighting for his survival. He was probably used to it, but that didn't make the going less tough.

"You deserve so much better," Twitter said, eliciting surprise from the other, and then they plunged ahead without a second thought, "Alright, let's get some bitches over here."

It was better than Twitter had thought it would be, the cave was already set to dark mode but the dim glow from the text walls all around them was enough to forge their way through the crystal lined passages. The site's native species scampered about their feet, snuffling them curiously, and they had to stop to let Twitter crouch down and coo over the little whumpuses, giving them ear scratches until Pillowfort pried them away.

The first server they stumbled across seemed to be one of general ones- they were walking along the path and then suddenly stepped out of a crack in the wall into a vast, sweeping underground chasm with a ceiling that soared high above and roadways and channels piled haphazardly on boardwalks and chiseled into the walls. There was a large pit in the middle that led down into the inky darkness of the 18+ only servers, rigorously guarded.

And there were users everywhere- streaming between channels, resting in the designated lounges, the buzzing hum of their chatter and traffic filling the air like a never ending choir. The fountains were frothing and nearly overflowed with laughter, good natured mockery and pissed off cursing from the voice chats.

Before he could lose his nerve, Twitter broke off and raced up to the nearest civilian, tugging their sleeve and putting on a cheery tone, "Hey, hope you're having a good day! I'm advertising for a site my and my friend are on-"

He broke off with a grunt as they shoved him away, with a dour look, "Hey, kys- liberal fuckin commie. Didn't you see my status?"

They pointed to the little red circle on an ear cup, "What part of *do not disturb* is so hard for you people to get?? Next time you advertise outside the proper channel I'm reporting you to the moderators."

They stormed off, and Pillowfort caught up to Twitter a second later, panting, "Aaaand I forgot to mention that we don't talk to twitch streamers. Rarely a good prospect. You okay?"

Pillowfort waved a hand in front of their face, when they didn't reply right away, "Uhh... Twit?"

Twitter was fairly shaking with anger, a low snarl escaping, "I'm gonna rip that little punk bitches face off. I'm gonna shred them faster than a lesbian with a trencher on a golf course,"

"Whoa-" Pillow grabbed his arm as he began to sprint off, "Whoawhoawhoa you should really *not* do that, I recognize this place and the mods crack down *hard* on drama here. Look."

He gestured furtively, pulling Twitters attention to another person watching them from a crowd- they looked exactly like the other users, almost completely blending in except for the mod badge and title, and they were pressing their finger to their earpiece as they spoke quietly into their private channel.

"Let's just go," Pillow said quietly.

They actually did manage to get some positive responses before Twitter inevitably got into a bar fight in the venting channel and they had to move on.

Pillowfort took it in good humor the whole time, and for the first time since their fall from grace, Twitter began to see a silver lining to the computing cloud.

FIN.

## End Notes

HEY GUYS I JUST GOT WORD THAT PILLOWFORT'S OPENED REGISTRATION TO EVERYONE so If any of yall wanna be moots there idk ig hit me up i spent like fifteen dollars on blogs in 2018 and I haven't used them once. my tumblr is @drxxmingofblue if you wanna yell at me in person, or join the dark side and get a your own acct. >:)

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