

love in a loveless server

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Summary

Planet does not sleep unlike his friends. Not that he minds really. If anything, he grew to appreciate it more. Says it soothes their soul more than “proper rest” ever would.

So, what do they do when everybody else is asleep? The answer to that is simple; they walk.

There are only a couple of hours on the server when everything is calm, devoid of any previously caused violence or pain. Whether because it’s a server mandate that all players must rest and PVP is turned off at a specific time, or whether it is because of untold respect and some odd sense of loyalty to one another, Planet isn’t sure. But it makes them happier to think it’s the latter. It gives the server more humanity and kindness in his opinion.

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Planet anticipates it every single night. It sounds ridiculous, to walk around a server that is almost always in ruins after constant wars and persist that it's this beautiful and kind place, but that’s what he truly believes in. Not a show, nor is it out of naivety.

Once the clock strikes midnight, only then does Planet quietly sneak out of their bed, leaving his friends Jaron and Roshambo in peaceful sleep. They quickly made sure to become an expert at making his exit as quiet as possible, not wanting to repeat the few times his heart nearly fell out their chest when Jaron suddenly called out their name in the hallway. He doesn't want them to worry.

After they leave the house, when the quietness no longer needs to be kept, Planet finds himself running around the grass and laughing to himself. Rolling around in the grass, feeling the air hit his face when they jump from hill to hill, while of course making sure to always have a bucket on hand in case the fall gets messy, is how he spent the first hour or two of their night.

After that, Planet calmed his energy down, then he just walks. They take in the views— some more savoury than others. It's comforting to him in a strange way. Seeing a server that is broken, yet tells so much. It tells the tale of the life and love that is built into it. He could always see how much care people put into their builds, some better seeming than others. And then there's some that are almost completely destroyed. It made no difference.

Despite how beautiful he claims it to be, they find themselves fixing things around each night. Sometimes it's simple; patching up creeper holes left around or light griefing of builds. Other nights it's harder, others it takes a couple nights to get anything finished, and others it is just beyond repair. Planet understands that. He also understands his work will be undone in no time by the rest of the members, he's not a fool. But they would still be there, each and every night, doing the same thing all over again.

Having a caring heart is not foolishness. Not when there's no danger around.

Rarely on those nights he saw a few players. Restless and tired. He didn't talk to them a lot. Oftentimes only observing what they did. Sometimes the people he saw would talk to their allies, and other times a so-called enemy offered them help on projects they worked on or let them talk until they felt calm enough to drift to sleep, and sometimes, they gave them a shelter until the night had ended. No matter who it was, they always seemed kinder to each other at those hours.

Maybe it's the tiredness. Maybe it's because they have no option to betray their trust during this grace period. But that is a horribly pessimistic way of thinking. They don't *have* to do kind things to one another, but they still choose it, every single time.

Planet loved the server, they cared for it deeply, just as much as he saw the others did. They never admitted to it outloud, but he could tell. In a server so full of anger, betrayal and loss, there still lies their builds. There still lies their compassion. A small, yet meaningful show of care and love. Every single one of them was attached to something in such a harsh place with no exception. Something like that surely would bring their demise, and it often did. Everybody had full knowledge of that. Yet, it always persisted. Planet thinks it's nice, an untold show of humanity in

the deadliest place he ever stepped foot in.

Every single player has a place in this messed-up server they all called home. Everybody contributes to its survival, to its life. And that is something he could never forget.

So when Planet gets asked what he does every night, their answer is always the same.

“I see the kindness around me.” And with that, the conversation ends.

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