

## make the world spin

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## make the world spin

by [Eteri \(orphan account\)](#)

### Summary

"There's a boy in the woods, did you know that?"

"Really? No. You better not be playing tricks on me, Impy." Tango teases.

"I didn't see him, but Cleo did." Impulse says.

OR:

There's a feral child living in the woods, and a couple hermits poke around to see what's up.

### Notes

i was reading this celtic myths book, and i also had hermit!tommy brainrot so this is what came out of it.

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

**i.**

There's a boy in the woods.

Impulse finds this out quickly. He can't say how exactly, the boy got into the land, but he's here now, and Impulse doesn't think he's leaving any time soon.

Impulse already warned Xisuma, but since the boy — Tommyinnit, if his player tag was correct — was here for a month already, before they settled here, so Xisuma rationalized that he probably wouldn't cause trouble.

"I know you're here," Impulse says in the middle of the woods, because where else would he be?

Nobody responds, but the wind picks up enough for Impulse's wings to ruffle, a sense of unease creeping up his spine.

Just a coincidence, he thinks, and the trees do not object.

**ii.**

There's a boy in the woods, with glowing eyes like the night sky.

Cleo finds this out, as a simple encounter. She is learning about the woodland magic, when she unwittingly finds it out.

It's late, and definitely not the right time, but Cleo feels like it *is*, so she sits down in the clearing, steadying her breaths.

Cleo can feel the magic surrounding her, and with her eyes closed she can see it, dancing and twirling around her.

The magic flickers in and out, Cleo hesitantly reaches out for it, for the magic to touch and flow through her veins, like blood does for the living.

The magic is so tantalizingly close, but so far as it skitters out of her reach.

Cleo draws back, and waits, but the woodland magic does not come back. She opens her eyes with a groan, stretching out.

There's a pair of eyes, though, dark and grey, glowing dimly. Cleo jumps back before she knows it, and the eyes flash with amusement, before disappearing.

Cleo waits with bated breath. The eyes, the *boy*, does not come back.

**iii.**

There's a boy in the woods, and he takes what you leave behind.

Tango doesn't mean to learn this, he just *does* .

He was passing through the woods, on the way to the Shopping District. Tango could fly, but it was a nice enough day to walk, his wings were kind of tired from building, and he was interested in this guy in the woods, so Tango resolves to walk through the woods and see what happens.

It would solve all his problems, wouldn't it?

What happens in the woods... is not a lot, actually. Tango has fun looking for the birds, spotting a few bees lurking around, but not anything amazingly spooky or any secret bases hidden in the forest.

Eventually Tango gets tired, and he rests against a tree trunk, pulling off his helmet (seriously, *why* did he even decide to wear it?!) taking in more air. He carelessly drops it on a stump, looking up at the slowly fading afternoon sky.

He can still make it to the Shopping District. Most likely. Maybe. Tango pushes himself off the trunk, stretching his arms, before moving along.

Tango completely forgets that he left his helmet on the tree stump. He only realizes it, in the middle of buying quartz, his last purchase of the day.

“Oh. I left my helmet in the forest, didn’t I?” Tango says out loud, swiping a hand through his golden locks, no helmet to be found.

Tango laughs self-deprecating at himself, spreading out his wings.

The forest isn’t hard to find, because it was huge and conjuncted with many other larger districts.

Xisuma had banned getting wood from there, pointing out that Tommy was living there, and it would be quite rude to destroy his home.

“It’s a pretty big place,” Jevin noted, sitting back in his chair. Nobody argued against that.

Tango swoops down, recognizing where he left his helmet easily.

The helmet’s not there, though, instead a smiley face carved into the log.

“Oh, c’mon, seriously?!” Tango exclaims, throwing his hands up. “That took me so long to get!”

Tango doesn’t see gray glowing eyes, but what he does hear is the giggles of the boy, entwining with the wind.

Tango can't help but grin alongside him.

iv.

There's a boy in the woods, and his Vex wants to know *who* .

Scar admires the way the trees twist and turn, branches reaching out. These trees definitely weren't man made, but they grew unlike any normal trees.

Maybe the boy has some small woodland magic in his veins, or some type of item.

Scar would ask his Vex, but they had left to go where Vexes went off to when they weren't with their servants.

Scar hasn't been in the woods more than a few minutes, and he knows he is being watched.

He can't tell where, and his Vex magic doesn't cooperate with Scar when he tries to use it and find out.

A few more steps and the prickly feeling of being watched, Scar's connection to his Vex magic shudders. He stops so abruptly he stumbles forward, and his Vex magic dies out completely.

There's a faint movement in the branches, and Scar turns towards it, reaching first with his magic *that wasn't there* .

It's a wrong movement on Scar's part, because the next thing he knows he is sprawling on the forest floor, two dark eyes staring at him.

The boy(?) grins at Scar, showing canines that are slightly longer than a normal human's, and the smile has too many teeth to be genuine.

It's then that the Vex enters Scar's mind, distracting him from the possible respawn.

The Vex are laughing, and Scar really doesn't know how to feel about that.

*Who is he?* Scar asks.

*An... associate of ours, you could say.* The Vex reply, an undertone of respect in their tone. *He's made many deals with us, and completed them all. It's a shame that he doesn't want to join our services.*

*What's he doing here now?* Scar wonders, and his Vex hears it... and mentally sends a shrug in reply.

*I don't know. It's remarkable he managed to shut down the magic we gave you. He hasn't done anything to you yet... I'll talk to him, find out why he did it.* The Vex finally murmurs.

*Shut down my magic?* You mean I won't get it back? Scar asks anxiously. Vex magic had always been a part of him, buried for far too long. He doesn't want to lose it, considering he just got it back.

Scar senses that the Vex have left his mind, not hearing his question.

The boy, Scar realizes, snapping back to reality, nods his head to someone, his Vex, probably, and moves away from him.

Scar doesn't take his eyes off the boy as he gets to his feet, but it doesn't matter, because the boy has already disappeared between the trees.

*He has a talent for disappearing,* his Vex notes.

"You didn't know that before?" Scar asks out loud, but the Vex has already left.

Scar's in the middle of the woods, his wings ruffling and still stinging from when he hit the

ground. Scar honestly wonders if he imagined the whole thing up.

No, his back and wings still ache, so he couldn't have.

Scar wonders how the boy sent him sprawling, because he didn't even see it.

Well, it probably wouldn't make you very good at living in the woods if someone saw you coming.

Scar doesn't want to fly, not with all the times he risked his wings even when they weren't up for the job.

Even if flying could get him back to the Shopping District quicker, Stress's warning still rang in Scar's ears the first few times he had tried.

Scar doesn't want to upset the humming bird again, because she could be mighty scary when she wanted to be.

So that meant Scar would have to walk. He needed to stretch his legs anyway, with the sun still shining bright against the sky.

As well as think about the boy in the woods.

v.

There's Fae in the woods.

Well, only one, but that's more than enough. Joe's seen him, watched as the boy laughs and how he pranks people in his forest.

It's a welcomed change, one that disrupts some of the peace in the forest. Nobody goes into the

forest often, but still the fae finds ways to make the forest vibrant.

Joe lives near the woods, and in the first few weeks he sees the fae. They've never interacted, and eventually the fae moves deeper in the woods.

No one except Joe knows that the fae means the world is slowly healing. The only fae previous to Tommy was a man named Zueljin, who was kind enough to not steal your name if you told him it.

Zeuljin, however, left after World Four ended, before they moved on to World Five.

Joe didn't know how to understand the world, what the shifts of branches and the rustles of leaves mean, then, so he has no idea about the Vex, the meaning of the Fae, or why many people would be joining them in World Five.

It's recovering.

Joe dips his quill into ink, beginning to write.

Once, in the middle of his writing, Joe looks up and sees the fae looking straight at him. The fae doesn't flinch at the sudden movement.

"Would you like a cup of tea?" Joe asks, softly.

The fae laughs, a loud sound, disrupting even the wind. He grins, shaking his head, and drops off of Joe's windowsill.

He looks down, but sees no sign of the fae, just the wind brushing past the leaves.

**vi.**

There's a ~~boy~~ fae living in the woods, and his name is Tommy.



Tommy's seen many different people in this foreign land, but he doesn't judge them, he's seen stranger.

But, one of the most interesting people in the land, in Tommy's opinion, was this... creeper cyborg.

He doesn't know a lot about the creeper, but the little Tommy knows is interesting.

The creeper doesn't exactly care about him living in the forest. Tommy leaves this, watching the creeper build practically next to his forest.

The creeper doesn't chop down Tommy's forest, and whatever the creeper is building looks interesting, a contrast to Tommy's woods, which got boring after a while, with only bees for company.

Tommy watches the creeper build, perching on top of a nearby tree. It's fascinating, seeing the creeper build, almost like it was magic.

He's heard though, that the creeper only specializes in redstone (like Sam) not building. Tommy thinks that's ridiculous, considering the half-cyborg's done better than anyone in—

Tommy shakes his head quickly. He's not going to finish that thought.

Tommy slides down from the tree, silent as an adder, casually walking towards the creeper.

"Hello!" He says, putting on his best voice. Tommy's voice isn't exactly the best, having not used it in... a while.

"Hi." The creeper grunts, not seeming too bothered about the random faerie appearing.

"What's your name? Mine's Tommy." He asks, looking up at the cyborg who *still* builds.

"Isn't there a thing where if you tell a fae your name they take it?" The creeper asks, still

building... whatever he was building.

Tommy blinks. "I certainly don't recall someone giving me their name, and I start using it."

The creeper huffs, whip-thin tail that Tommy didn't notice swishing on the brick. "Name's Doc. Doc Monster."

Tommy can't help the incredulous laugh that escapes him.

"What, you've got a problem?" The creeper asks.

"Nope, not at all. Just caught off guard, that's all. Pretty cool name." Tommy says quickly. *Not as cool as Technoblade*, his traitorous mind notes.

They're in silence for a while, Doc methodically placing stone bricks, with Tommy watching. Tommy has only built shelters out of cobblestone and dirt, rarely ever using wood.

They are not made to last, even when Tommy fools himself into thinking they are. They have always been temporary.

"How do you do that?" Tommy blurts out, before he can reel them in.

Doc stops, his tail twitching. "You don't know how to?"

Tommy shakes his head.

Doc pauses, thinking, before leaning down, cyborg arm outstretched. Tommy hesitates for a second, then takes it, feeling the cool metal, and Doc effortlessly pulls him up.

Doc pulls some stone brick out, setting it down.

“Well, first you start like this...”

Tommy watches as Doc slowly shows him how to put the bricks together, committing it to memory.

His first brick is tough, lumpy in a few places, crumbling slightly in others. It’s definitely a beginners brick.

“Don’t worry, it’s natural to mess up on the first try.” Doc murmured, putting down another brick.

Tommy tries again, because if Doc could do it for hours on end, so can he.

Tommy’s second is way better than his first, looking a lot like the ones Doc makes. Who’s to say that he’s not a fast learner?

It crumbles when he puts it down, though, so Tommy makes a third one.

It’s improved from the second, he took longer on making sure it was stabilized, carving it slowly and delicately. Tommy doesn’t actually mind how long it takes.

Former Tommy would have gotten bored, and bugged Doc, until he hated him like all the others.

When Tommy’s done, Doc picks the brick up, before nodding and adding it to the build.

Tommy grins, feeling his heart soar. With this small, insignificant brick, he was shoving the door on his past, leaving his mark in this new land. (That... might feel like home?)

Doc grins, too, even if Tommy cannot see it. It’s not for very different reasons for the fae, though.

End Notes

the idea that Doc can effortlessly pick up hermits is so funny to me. Imagine your just pranking someone and then this creeper-cyborg picks you up like your a sack of wheat.

i'm still deciding on people's wings, but the ones that i have so far are:

Doc: uses elytra

Stress: hummingbird wings

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