

## tout ce qui compte

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## tout ce qui compte

by [clairedreems](#)

### Summary

In a family, we are attached to each other by invisible threads that bind us, even when we cut them.

— Jean-Michel Guenassia

### Notes

originally meant to be a story written like snippets of diary entries about fundy to dadbur, but that changed.

# To Him

## Chapter Summary

The ramblings of a son to a father.

---

mum's death didn't hurt quite this way.

it was more peaceful-like.

she gave me a kiss.

i was sad, but i wasn't angry.

and yet with you...

---

i think about you a lot.

maybe i shouldn't.

***maybe i shouldn't.***

---

i told you mum's favourite isn't brown.

and it isn't a lie, not really, not entirely.

(because mum's favourite was always orange -

like her hair, like the sunrise, like the autumn leaves.

*like me.)*

but mum.

she loved brown.

she loved your curly brown hair and your brown eyes.

she loved you.

*mum loved you.*

---

today, it rains.

*pitter patter.*

you once made me a song about the rain on the window pane, about the little drops chasing each other -

down,

*down,*

***down.***

mum thought it was silly, but sang along when you told her to anyway.

i don't remember the words anymore.

sometimes, though, i find myself humming it still.

---

am i allowed to miss you?

am i, someone who's said he's let go of you?

am i allowed, dad?

because i miss you.

---

i've barely slept. i've barely.

i've barely done anything.

all i've had are nightmares.

i wish you were here, mum, dad. i wish i was three again crawling up your bed crying about it.

and you'll tell me to not worry because everything will be fine.

and at least then, it wasn't a lie.

---

today i found out that there's a place with more than a hundred words for snow.

i think maybe we should have that many for goodbyes too.

i think "promise" should be one of them.

---

"la famille avant tout."

you told me that, once upon a time.

you lied, didn't you?

(i can't even remember anymore. who was it that let go first?)

---

you probably don't even think about me.

and yet all i can do is think about you.

how cruel of you.

then again, i let go of you too.

---

i saw him today.

that man who's you but isn't you.

he's a mere shadow of you.

he can never be you.

but dad, dad.

why does he hurt me the same way that you do?

---

# A Dream

## Chapter Summary

Everything lost, can be found again.

He wakes up to the sounds of hiccuping and shaky sobs, something he innately knows was from his mother. Carefully tiptoeing his way out of his room, he watches his mum cry, head buried on her hands on the table.

Moonlight spilt through the windows, making her look almost like those tragic heroines — damsels-in-distress — in the books, he's read so much about. Tragic, but beautiful.

“Mum?”

His call startles her, and he notices she's trying not to cry further.

“Oh, sweetheart, did I wake you?” she asks as her trembling hands wipe away the tears on her face. “I'm sorry.”

He shakes his head. “I was thirsty.”

“Is that so?” she goes and gets him a glass, and when she gives it to him, he was struck by how seemingly human her hands look. He remembers a time when there were these light translucent webbings in between her fingers. And his dad had told him that before when they'd just met, his mother was all silver.

But now she's red and green, and all that remained of her silver was a streak of it on her otherwise red hair.

“Do you miss the ocean, Mum?” he asks, as he drinks the water from the glass.

The question must have taken her aback but instead of saying a yes or a no, she merely sighs. “It doesn't matter anymore, sweetheart. It doesn't matter.” She gets a glassy, far away look. That look makes it feel like he will never be able to reach her, no matter what he does. That look that makes it seem like she doesn't belong here, home, with them, *with him*.

He doesn't like it.

He doesn't like that he always sees her crying, the past few weeks. He doesn't like that they've barely talked to each other, Sally busy with her work. He doesn't like that she's said neither yes nor no to his question.

“You know, Mum, I learned magic today,” he says instead, as he chances on the coin on the table. He wants to ~~make her stay~~ cheer her up.

“Did you?”

He nods as he climbs up on the chair near her, taking the coin to his hand. “See, I can make this disappear—” and he does make the coin disappear, “—and appear again!” He does the trick thrice,

proud of what he's done, and looks up. To his horror, his mother had tears in her eyes again. She's crying again.

He was about to ask her if he's done something wrong, but she speaks first.

“Do it again. Do it again, *find it again.*”

“Mum?”

“Fundy,” she raises a hand, raises it to his head to mussing his hair and making him close his eyes to protect himself from the strands. “Everything you've lost, you can find again. *Always.* So find it again.”

He wakes up with a jolt.

He hasn't had a good sleep for a while now, and it's the first time the dream is a fully formed memory, instead of snapshots of his past or just outright nightmare or some amalgamation of both.

The telltale signs of the rising sun's light slipped through the window.

On his communicator, was a message from his grandfather.

## Forever (not)

### Chapter Summary

The memories of you and me.

#1

Uhm. H-hello? [pause] [scuffle] I don't. [scuffle] [mumbles] Ah, there we go, a better position. [end mumble] I don't know how this thing works, *or* how I should use it, but Wilbur Soot simply told me to use it. Press the button with the circle. *Speak to it*, he says, just— just... Just have sounds around. And then I can press a button to stop it, and then play it all over again.

#2

That was amazing. I just played it. *I heard myself!* Wilbur Soot, this just might be the best gift you've given me. It's interesting, the little toys he brings me. He's *interesting*.

#7

Prime bless him, he's like a crow [laughs]. He keeps... He keeps bringing me little gifts every time he visits. I never tell him but I record his songs... I hope—... I hope he doesn't get angry.

#13

My sisters warned me about *this*, you know. Charming boys with a smile so bright and full of lovely promises. I feel like I'm jumping headfirst on a hard place. But who can resist a boy like that? Oh Prime, he's... I don't know. *I don't know*. But I feel so happy simply knowing him. I feel like I can face anything as long as it's with him.

#18

[song]

[claps] That was *wonderful*, Wilbur Soot!

**Not as wonderful as *you*.**

[laughs] Whatever you say, Wilbur Soot.

**We've known each other for so long and still you insist on calling my full name. Don't tell me you like my last name so much?**

[giggles] Maybe I do. Maaaaaaybe I *want* your last name.

[pause] **Sally, don't say things you don't mean.**

*Wilbur Soot.* [pause] I can say whatever the hell I want.

#21

I think I'm in love with him. Maybe. I'm not quite sure myself... He told me once, what it felt like to fly. Apparently his father does have wings. And that's what it felt like with him. That's how it feels. Although I do wonder... Am I falling or am I flying?

#28

He made a song, just for me. No lyrics, this one. Just his guitar. I hummed along, once I've gotten the hang of the melody. I'm not good at singing—at least not as great as my siblings. But that's not gonna stop me from enjoying his gifts! His songs! I honestly wish he'd make me more.

#30

I told him I loved him. And then I left him there. I couldn't bear to hear his answer. I'm scared. I'm so, so scared.



#31

He prepared the most romantic thing. A lane of candles leading to him and his guitar, and he's playing a song I didn't get to record. But he promised me he'll sing it again and again and again to me.

Here's what I remember from it:

[humming and then—]

“All the moments that we've spend together,

It doesn't matter whether it's sweet or bitter.

I'll treasure it always and forever

I'll love you always and foreve-er.”

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