

## philza minecraft what the fuck

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# philza minecraft what the fuck

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

i hadn't planned on writing much more for the ghosts but i got a comment from Corpse\_Slacker that i really liked so here we are.

"Phil trying to get Tommy alone to "talk things out" and work out a possible resurrection attempt (old man doesn't give a shit about Tubbo so he wouldn't bring up Tubbo), causing Tubbo to go absolutely apeshit and not let Tommy leave his side for the next weeks at ALL."

i didn't follow this exactly because i didn't include the time after the encounter, so i hope this is good :] i think it's a little bit ooc, but i'm feeling pretty good about it

## Notes

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

tommy doesn't know where he is. he had seen a cow on the edge of the woods and wanted to see it closer. he didn't mean to get separated from tubbo! but the cow started walking, and he didn't want to leave it alone, and he didn't realize how far into the woods he was getting until he was already too far gone.

tommy groans in annoyance, and turns to the cow standing beside him. "guess it's up to us to find tubbo." he wraps his arms around the base of the cow's neck and presses his face against it. "i need to name you. i can't tell tubbo about you if i don't 'ave anything to call you. how do you feel about hamilton?"

the cow nudges its head against him, and he smiles. "hamilton it is." tommy hums softly and pushes his face further into its neck. "do you know where we are?"

he gets an answer he wasn't expecting.

"tommy?"

the boy tenses, his grip on hamilton tightening as he looks up at the voice. philza stands roughly ten feet away from them, dark gray wings splayed behind himself. tommy thinks there may have been a time where he found the gesture welcoming.

"...phil?"

"what are you doing out here buddy?"

phil's voice is soft, gentle in a way that unsettles tommy. honey-sweet and sickly in a way that makes him want to vomit.

"got lost," he mumbles timidly, attempting to stand fully behind hamilton as if the cow could shield him from phil. the man gives a hum, like he's thinking about his answer.

"i've been meaning to talk to you, do you wanna come with me?"

tommy shakes his head and hides it back into hamilton's neck.

"well-" phil hesitates for a moment, "it's fine, we can talk about it here." he steps a bit closer, and tommy flinches back. he doesn't know phil's intentions, but he certainly doesn't trust the man. phil lets out a deep breath and steps forward again. "how would you feel about being resurrected?"

tommy doesn't need to breathe anymore, but he's sure that if he did it'd catch in his throat right then. "*wh-what?*"

"revival, tommy. you'd be alive again."

"i-i- i don't-" tommy clutches onto hamilton tighter as he starts to shake. "i d-don't wanna be a-alive again," he whispers, eyes cast down at hamilton's hoofprints in the snow. he doesn't want to look at phil, fears the way the man is going to react.

“but, tommy, think about it! we could bring you and wilbur back together! you could have wilbur again! don’t you want to see your big brother?”

tommy flinches violently at the mention of wilbur, shaking his head fervently. he doesn’t want to be back with wilbur, because wilbur means *pain*, and *fear*, and *hurt*. wilbur means shouts echoing off ravine walls and hitting and *wilbur please don’t i swear i’ll listen i won’t leave again please don’t hurt me-*

“-mmy, tommy!” the blonde’s head snaps up to look at phil, eyes watery as his chest heaves. “tommy what’s wrong?”

“don’t- d-don’t bring him ba-ack, *please*, i-i don’t wanna s-see him!”

phil’s brow furrows and he frowns. “why wouldn’t you want to see him?” he asks the question like it’s something small and trivial, as if he just caught a wilbur mocking a six-year-old tommy and that’s why he’s upset.

tommy whimpers softly, trembling hands balled up into fists as he presses them into his eyes. a sob rips itself from his throat, and hamilton nudges his head against him again.

“he *hurt* me.” his voice wobbles, and it’s immediately followed by another sob.

“but he’s your brother, tommy. he loved you, he loves you. he didn’t mean that.” phil sounds far too close to wilbur for tommy’s liking, using the same patronizing tone wilbur would when he wanted to get something out of him. tommy steps away from hamilton, from the safety his new cow friend provided. his hands tremble violently as he grabs at his shirt, tugging at the fabric as he tries to ground himself.

“n-no, he... i-i don’t-” he cuts himself off with a hiccup. he doesn’t know what to say, doesn’t know what to do. he’s scared, and he’s upset, and he really fucking wants to be back with tubbo right now.

“don’t you want to be with your family again, tommy? don’t you want to see me and techno?”

“i-i *don’t!* i don’t wa-ant to! you all h-hurt me!”

tommy’s outburst surprises phil, whose attempted gentle expression is slowly melting into something annoyed. tommy doesn’t like that expression. that’s an expression he remembers seeing on phil, an expression that’s only brought problems.

“tommy. we’re your family, i’m your father. i want what’s best for you, and i think that being revived would be good for you.” phil speaks firmly, and tommy wants nothing more than to take his cow friend and leave to find tubbo. “i don’t want to upset you, tommy. i want to help you.”

all tommy does is let out another sob, raising his hands and pressing them harshly against his ears. “l-leave me alo-one,” he murmurs softly, eyes cast down to the ground as fat tears roll down his cheeks. phil steps forward. tommy shrinks back, curling in on himself as he does.

“leave me *alone!*” tommy’s chest heaves despite his lack of need for air, and phil freezes in front of him. there’s a long pause, all tommy can hear is phil’s breathing and the occasional odd noise from hamilton.

and then there’s a shout.

“TOMMY? WAS THAT YOU?”

it’s tubbo.

tommy lets out a cry of relief before calling back.

“I-IT’S ME! I’M HERE!”

phil only seems to get more annoyed, though he attempts to keep his face neutral. tommy gives a shaky sigh and slowly pulls his hands away from his ears. two minutes later, tubbo rushes into the area with them, stopping a few feet away from tommy.

tommy doesn’t miss the way his fist clenches when he takes in the scene before him.

“what the *fuck* did you do, philza?” there is no attempt from tubbo to hide his anger. all he cares about is that tommy is hurt and phil is the only person here who could’ve done anything to him.

“i- i was just-” phil stammers, but he doesn’t get the chance to finish his sentence. tommy launches himself into tubbo’s arms, burying his face into his shoulder with a sniffle.

“t-take me home, please tubbo, i-i do-on’t wanna be h-here. s’ not safe.”

tubbo wraps his arms around tommy, hugging him tight to his chest as he glares at phil. he really wants to give phil a piece of his mind, even if he doesn’t know what he did, but tommy takes priority.

“yeah. yeah, we can go.” tubbo continues to glare at phil for a moment, but then he turns with tommy in tow. “c’mon toms, we can go see if sam will let you play with fran.”

tommy gives no reply, but he walks with tubbo when the other starts. hamilton trots over to the two of them, and tubbo smiles. “do you know the cow?”

“s’ name i-is hamilton.”

tubbo hums.

“it’s a good name. we’ll build a pen for him.”

+++

true to tubbo’s word, they build a pen for hamilton together. it’s rag-tag and positively ugly, made of at least four different kinds of wooden fence and a small section of it is cobblestone wall. but tommy loves it, and tubbo can’t help but share his friend’s enthusiasm.

especially when tommy is curled up against the cow, babbling to him excitedly about how he can have all the wheat he likes. he's surprisingly calm for having been a sobbing mess not even three hours ago, but if tommy has anything it's the ability to bounce back. and it certainly helps that he's got tubbo around to keep him grounded.

the brunette walks over to tommy, plopping down next to his and wrapping his arms around his chest. tommy continues rambling to hamilton, but he brings one of his hands to tubbo's and squeezes gently. tubbo smiles.

eventually, tommy lets his one-sided conversation taper off. tubbo decides to take the opportunity to talk to him. "tommy?"

"yeah?"

"what did phil say to you that upset you so much?"

tommy freezes. tubbo worries he's upset him, and he feels the way tommy curls in on himself.

"h-he... he said he wants to bring me back. to life. a-and he said that i could see w-wilbur."

all of tubbo's previous anger comes back hard. he knows tommy is scared of wilbur, he's been there to comfort him through countless nightmares and panic attacks. he knows what wilbur's done to him.

there's a lot of things tubbo wants to do. he wants to curse out phil, he wants to get up right now and scream at the man for being so insensitive to tommy's feelings. but tommy is right here in his arms, watery eyed and desperate for comfort.

he chooses to put aside his anger.

"do you... do you *want* to go back?"

"no. i-i don't."

tubbo squeezes tommy's hand, and he squeezes back.

"do you wanna head inside?"

tommy shakes his head.

"i-i think i wanna stay with hamilton tonight."

"then i'm staying out here too."

"... thank you."

tubbo smiles, and even though he can't see tommy's face he knows he's smiling too.

they fall asleep like that, in hamilton's pen, tubbo holding tommy to his chest protectively and tommy with his arms wrapped around hamilton.

## End Notes

yes i gave tommy a cow friend it's because i fucking can, and yes the name hamilton was entirely intentional.

if you feel so inclined to see more of my stupid bullshit, my twitter is @stiniky

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