

« GOODNIGHT, HACKER »

A Short Transformers: Prime Fic

Written by **confoozledfox**

Synopsis: It's been too loud at home for Raf as of late, so he's devised a plan to stay with the Autobots for a night. Finally away from all the noise, he's ready to get a good night's sleep... except now he's not tired. Bumblebee, Optimus and a reluctant Ratchet then become determined to help Team Prime's littlest member get some rest.

Word Count: 2951

Beta read by @orionapraxnia on Tumblr. Thank you so much!

Also on Ao3 now!!!: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/93444241>

— —« [•] »— —

It was a serene evening in Autobot Outpost Omega-1.

Somewhere deep in the base, Optimus and Ratchet discussed the month's energon usage as they took stock of their small team's fuel reserves.

In the garage, Bulkhead prepared to wind down for the night by listening to a new metal track that Miko had shown him earlier that day- on a lower volume, that is.

From the top of the base, Arcee took one more long glance at the stars twinkling in the desert sky, before she turned to make her way back inside.

Tonight, all was quiet. Just how Raf liked it.

He'd told his parents that he was having another sleepover with Jack and Miko, and while he *had* hung out with them at base that afternoon, they didn't stay. He just needed an excuse to get away from all the noise at home.

It was always loud, but over the last week it'd been louder than usual.

He proposed his idea to the Autobots, promising he wouldn't get in their way, and they agreed to let him stay the night so long as he prepared a strong excuse for his family.

Team Prime's other human allies were in on his little scheme too: June, taking pity on him as he complained to his friends, suggested the sleepover idea to begin with. Agent Fowler was a bit wary of this, but after recalling the horror story that was his old university roommates, he ultimately sided with the idea too.

June even offered to cover for him if his parents called to ask how he was doing. Raf was pretty sure they wouldn't, but it was still a good precaution, so he took it.

He sat in the front-passenger seat of Bumblebee's vehicle mode (parked off to the side in the main room of the base), shoulders tense as he focused intently on the racing game displayed on the bot's central screen console. The clacking of his controller buttons echoed his fingers moving with aggressive precision.

"YES!" He exclaimed as his car passed the checkered finish line.

BWEEEEE-BOP! Bumblebee congratulated him, telling him he knew he could do it.

"Aww, really?" A heartfelt grin worked its way across his face.

Whrrrr-BIP!

"Thanks, Bee! I've been practicing a *lot!*"

On Bumblebee's dashboard rested a pencil and a scrap of paper, used to keep score. Raf reached for the pencil and added another tally mark to his side of the T-chart, comparing the scores with admiration:

Raf: 5

Bee: 26

It wasn't much, but it was better than last time. Bumblebee always reassured him that any progress was good, even if it wasn't a whole lot.

"Wow, we've played a *lot.*" He realised. "Maybe I should stop for the night."

BweeEEEEE, Bumblebee agreed.

Taking his controller, paper and pencil, he hopped out of Bee's alt-mode. The Autobot then returned to bot-mode and knelt down to ruffle his hair with a big metal finger.

"H-hey!" Raf giggled as he pushed it away.

The sound of a pair of heavy footsteps drew his focus. Optimus walked into the main room with Ratchet close behind, as they tied up the last threads of their conversation.

“Hello, Raf.” Optimus smiled warmly. “Hello, Bumblebee.”

“Hi, Optimus!” Raf gave the Prime a little wave, and Bumblebee chirped gladly.

“How have you been?” Optimus asked. He was always busy and more emotionally distant than his teammates, but he always made sure the humans knew he cared for them.

“Great!” Raf beamed, “It’s so nice and calm here.”

Ratchet smiled and let out a satisfied *hmph*. “You and I can agree on that.”

“He really *is* like you, old friend.” Optimus tapped Ratchet’s shoulder with the back of his hand.

The medic playfully shooed him off. “Oh, *please*.”

“Me and Bee were just playing some video games, but I think we’re done now. I’m gonna go to bed soon, because it’s getting kinda late.” Raf continued.

“That would be a wise decision.” Mused Optimus. “I am glad that our base provides you with some peace and quiet.”

“Y-yeah! Thanks for letting me stay!” Said Raf.

“Well, be off then.” Ratchet gave him a verbal nudge. “Good night, Rafael.”

“G’night Ratchet!” He echoed. “G’night Optimus, g’night Bee!”

He made his way up the stairs as Bumblebee walked over to the light switch. The ‘bot watched him kick off his shoes and pull a small, tightly-folded blanket out of his backpack, waiting for the cue to turn the lights off.

As the lights dimmed to nothing, Raf pulled the blanket he’d brought over his head and closed his eyes.

But he just couldn’t fall asleep.

— —⟨[•]⟩— —

The Autobot base was completely silent, save for the sounds of Ratchet working at the base’s main computer. Its soft green glow reflected off his metal plating and illuminated the room just enough to give everything the faintest outline.

Raf lay there for a few minutes, not sure what to do.

He’d planned this little scheme for days, and now that he finally had the perfect quiet space, he suddenly couldn’t sleep anymore.

But if he told the 'bots he couldn't sleep, what were *they* going to do about it? They didn't sleep like he did.

He did ask Bumblebee about sleep once, or "stasis" as Cybertronians called it. They did sleep, yes, but needed it far less often than humans, and they could sort of do it on command. A powering-down of sorts.

Optimus and Ratchet, Bee noted, powered down even less than the rest of them because of all the responsibilities they had. Upon relaying this information to Jack and Miko, the latter had joked that that was the reason Ratchet was "such a cranky old jerk- he just needs a nap!"

Raf knew Ratchet wasn't a jerk. Cranky, definitely, but he- all the kids, really- had begun to catch on that under the surface there was a lot more than met the eye. Regardless, Miko was right. Cybertronians may not need sleep as much as humans did, but they probably got the same way when they were tired.

After another minute of mulling over his options, Raf decided that, whether the Autobots could help him or not, he didn't want to stew quietly in his frustration by himself. He sat up and tossed off the blanket, then reached over to the table to fumble around for his glasses. The cold metal floor sent a chill through the bottom of his thin white socks as he stumbled to the edge of the railing.

The sound of him getting up stirred Bumblebee and Optimus's attention.

"Oh, Raf, you are..." began Optimus.

"I know. I can't sleep."

WHRrrrr-BEEP? Trilled Bee, worried for his little friend.

"Yeah, I'm okay!" Raf piped up. "I just... can't sleep. I'm not tired enough."

BEE-BEEP, bip-bip BEEEeeee? He suggested.

Raf considered his idea of staying up later, but quickly decided against it. "I could, but I *want* to go to bed, y'know?"

Bumblebee let out a resigned beep of understanding.

"Perhaps Ratchet may be able to help you." Optimus said, taking notice of their dejection. He turned to Ratchet, who paused his typing, aware the Prime was about to address him.

"Ratchet, Rafael cannot enter stasis. Do you have any ideas?"

Ratchet furrowed his brows. “Optimus, he’s- his biology is completely different to ours! I haven’t even *looked* into how they recharge yet, and...” he trailed off, going over all the things he didn’t yet know in his head.

He collected himself again quickly, though. With a sense of duty seeping back into his voice, he straightened his back and stated,
“I don’t know if I can help. But... I will try.”

— —⟨[•]⟩— —



Optimus and Bumblebee stood around the main computer- the latter with Raf cupped in his hands- as Ratchet surfed the human internet. Raf’s laptop sat at one of the smaller control panels, plugged into the computer systems, syncing the two to allow the Autobots temporary access to everything on it. In this case, his web browser.

“So you’ve tried... counting... *sheeeep*.” Ratchet squinted, cautiously sounding out words on a page he’d found for sleep strategies. It was obvious he had no idea what a “sheep” was.

“I’ve tried it *before*, but it doesn’t work for me.” Raf rested his head in his hands, glumly watching Ratchet scroll. He was getting bored, but unfortunately not bored enough to close his heavy eyelids.

“Hrm.” Ratchet hummed. “Oh, come on!”

A pop-up window insisted he sign up to the blog's newsletter for a dollar a month to gain access to the rest of the article.

"Not now, you stupid website!" He grumbled, tapping his keyboard rapidly with his finger in a futile attempt to maybe get the pop-up to leave him alone.

"Tell me, Rafael. Is there something on your mind?" Optimus inquired out of the side of his mouth, without taking his optics off the increasingly frustrated medic.

"I don't think so," Raf replied, in the same fashion.

They, and Bumblebee, continued to quietly observe Ratchet with bemusement.

"Alright, I think I've found something." Ratchet turned around, bringing the other three, who had begun to tune out, back to their senses. "Sounds. Music, white noise, we should try that."

"Oh! Good idea!" Raf engaged his proposal.

"Ah, yes! Here, Raf, allow me to..." Optimus trailed off, starting up his engine with a loud and shaky rumble. It was not very calming.

BEE-BEE-BEE-BEeeeeEEP! Bumblebee added, turning on his own radio and switching to a station that played acoustic indie rock.

"Erm-" Raf tried to object, but they didn't hear him.

"No, no, you two, he needs something like- like... rain noises or television static!" Ratchet argued, as Bumblebee began flipping through more stations.

"HEY! STOP!" Raf shouted, covering his ears.

All three 'bots immediately gave him their attention. Optimus and Bumblebee turned off their noises.

"I- I'm sorry, I didn't mean to yell, I just... wanted you to hear me." he stammered, his face turning a bit red.

BWWEEeeee. Bumblebee insisted. **BEEP-bip-bip. Bee-BEEEeee.**

"Yes, I apologise." agreed Optimus. "I was... too eager to help." he surmised.

"It's okay!" Raf reassured them both. "But maybe we should think of something... quieter."

"Such as...?" Ratchet prompted.

"Hmm..."

He looked up at Bumblebee. "Would you be okay to take me for a drive?"

BWRRrrrrRRR? He puzzled.

"Yeah! Car rides are actually really relaxing!"

“Perhaps we could join you.” Proposed Optimus.

“Wh- *we*?” Ratchet blustered. “With all due respect, Optimus- and Rafael- I...”

“...am not doing anything right now.” The Prime interrupted him, putting a steady hand on his shoulder. “Please, old friend. I believe this would benefit us *and* him.”

Ratchet opened his mouth to protest.

“It would benefit *you*.” Optimus implored him.

Ratchet sighed. “Oh, alright.”

The ‘bots readied themselves around the base’s exit tunnel.

Optimus looked down at the boy. “Raf, are you ready?”

“Ready!” Raf exclaimed.

“Ratchet, Bumblebee- transform and roll out!”

Raf watched in awe as plating, gears and pistons shifted around him with cautious precision, seamlessly transferring him from the palm of Bumblebee’s hand to the comfortable front passenger seat of the yellow Urbana 500.

Bumblebee then began to roll forward, following after Optimus. With Ratchet close behind, they drove out into the cold desert air.

“Stay behind me and stay on the comm lines.” Optimus commanded. “When we reach Jasper, we will turn around.”

— —⟨[•]⟩— —

There were so many stars visible in the sky on the roads outside of town. The highway was long and empty tonight. Raf rested his head on Bumblebee’s window, watching the landscape and listening to the rhythmic mumbling of his engine.

The electronic fuzz of the commlink buzzed in as Ratchet’s unmistakable voice came over the radio.

“Rafael?”

“Hm?”

“Could I... ask you something?”

“Yeah?”

“I was wondering... well, I was wondering aloud and Optimus told me to ask you-” he clarified, as if not wanting to give the impression that he wanted to talk, “What’s the difference between *human* stasis and *our* stasis?”

“Well, first of all, it’s called *sleep*.” Raf informed him with a cheeky grin.

“I see. And I figure you can’t enter ‘*sleep*’ on command, yes?” Ratchet considered.

“Nope.” Raf answered. “You guys can do that? I’m jealous!” He half-joked.

“Ha! I wish. No, we can’t, actually.” Ratchet corrected him. “I see it that we can enter stasis *more easily* than the average human, but it’s a several-minute process, and if we’re stressed... Well, if that were so, I would’ve done it already. Trust me.”

“You can’t sleep tonight either, *can you?*”

“No.”

Ratchet almost chuckled as he spoke, a kind of breathiness to his voice that softened his taciturn demeanour as though it itself were metal being heated.

Raf could tell he was now smiling with him.

“I’ve got a question for you, too! Do Cybertronians have dreams?”

“Come again?” Said Ratchet.

“Dreams? You know, um, you see or imagine things in your sleep- er, stasis?”

“Ah, yes. We do.” Ratchet bumbled over his answer. The scout concurred.

“Dreams, *dreams*. Okay.” He repeated the word a few times to feel out its sounds and commit it to memory. “We call them-”

Ratchet told Raf the word for dreams in Cybertronian, the harsh, metallic scraping of its phonemes punctuated by a single resonant note.

“Whoa. That’s... *pretty*.” Raf breathed. He couldn’t even hope to repeat it back.

“Indeed it is.” Ratchet agreed wistfully. He seemed very proud of himself.

“Raf, how are you feeling?” Optimus chimed in over the commlink awhile later.

“I’m... doing alright.” Raf mumbled. “Getting tired. Thank you.”

“You are most welcome.” The Prime replied kindly.

Sleep was definitely catching up to him now, though he wasn’t quite there.

He blinked slowly, watching a road sign pass.

NOW ENTERING: JASPER

“Huh. We’re here.” He thought aloud.

“Indeed we are. Autobots, follow my lead! Once we enter Jasper, we circle back.” Optimus reminded his crew.

Bumblebee and Ratchet confirmed that they’d remembered.

As familiar buildings began to dot the sides of familiar streets, Raf found he had one more thing to ask of his Cybertronian friends.

“Hey, Bumblebee,” he asked groggily, “could you tell me a story?”

BWEee BEEP, bip bip BEEeep?

“I don’t think you really get *too old* for bedtime stories.” Raf opined. “You just like different ones.”

Bee... whrrrrr-BIP?

“Any kind of story,” he said with a weary smile.

Whrrrrrrr-BEEP bee-bee-BEEP! Bumblebee declared.

“Bumblebee- *Tyger Pax?*” Optimus worried. “Are you *certain* you wish to recall *that* one?”

BEEEeeeeeep, He reassured him. It was his bravest feat during the war for Cybertron, after all. As one of his best friends, Raf deserved a good story.

— —⟨ [•] ⟩ — —

Bumblebee enthusiastically recalled his participation in the Battle of Tyger Pax, albeit skimming over the worst bits in consideration of his sleepy audience of one.

As he reached the part where he was found and rescued after Megatron’s interrogation, Ratchet—who had until this point been only half-listening- suddenly snapped to attention.

...Beep-bip-bip, bwrrrrrr-BOP, b-

“BUMBLEBEE!” He cut him off, sharply. *“Don’t tell him!”*

Any patient Ratchet failed, to him, was a shameful stain on his reputation *and* his conscience. He couldn’t live with his failures, and Bumblebee’s broken voice box was no different.

BWOOooo! Bee-beeEEE! Bumblebee protested. He wasn’t going to tell him, he explained, but that wasn’t enough for Ratchet.

“Rafael, you heard *nothing!*” The medic continued with harsh distinction. “Do you understand?”

“...Rafael?”

Optimus, Bumblebee and Ratchet pulled back into the main room of Autobot Outpost Omega-1. Optimus and Ratchet returned to bot-mode first, as Bumblebee slowly and cautiously shifted his plates and gears.

There, curled up in his hands, Raf had finally dozed off.

Success, mission accomplished. They'd done it.

"Would you consider this another patient saved?" Optimus nudged Ratchet lightly.

"...Yes." The medic conceded as his stern frown began to falter, feeling a little silly that he felt so happy about something as small as this.

His teammates took notice of the softness in his optics as a big smile crept its way across his face.

"He *is* rather cute, isn't he?" Optimus murmured softly, startling Ratchet as if he had just read his mind.

"I- well,- no. Yes. A little bit." He sputtered. "For a *human*." He added, trying to compose himself.

BWEEee-beep! Teased Bumblebee.

"So, how are we to place him back on the couch without waking him?" Ratchet asked, swiftly trying to change the topic.

BEE-BEEP. Bumblebee stated matter-of-factly.

"What? No! So you're just going to *hold* him all night?"

BEEeeeeeeep.

Bumblebee held out his cupped hands to Ratchet, who, without really thinking, instinctually brought his hands together as well. Confusion turned to realisation as it dawned on him that the scout had left him to hold onto the boy.

"*Bumblebee!*" He whispered angrily. "*Take him back!*"

Bumblebee chirped smugly as he sat down on the floor, then powered himself off for the night. Ratchet turned to Optimus, who shook his head, at which point he relented.

With Optimus's help, he carefully sat himself down on Bumblebee's left, and the Prime then joined him.

"I... suppose this is my life now." Ratchet stifled a breathy chuckle.

Optimus laughed similarly and replied, “Just for tonight. Good night, old friend.”

“Good night, Optimus.”

He powered himself down too, leaving Ratchet the last ‘bot awake.

Tonight, in the Autobot base, all was quiet. Just how Ratchet liked it.

He looked down at his hands, where Raf was still fast asleep, and he thought to himself that it’d been eons since he’d seen anything look so peaceful.

“Good night, Rafael.” He whispered, his optics beginning to close. It was time for him to rest as well. It seemed they’d been so successful, they’d managed to put him to sleep too.



« GOODNIGHT, HACKER »

A Short Transformers: Prime Fic

Written by **confoozledfox**

**THIS IS THE AWKWARD FIRST DRAFT GO TO THE TABS DONT READ THIS
DONT WORK ON THIS**

Synopsis: Under the guise of another sleepover with his friends, Raf's spending the night at the Autobot base, so he can get some work done away from his big, noisy family. However, despite Autobot Outpost Omega-1's relative peace and quiet, he still can't seem to fall asleep.

Fic basically intended to be a very transformers-y bedtime story for me since I always write my fics super late at night, and I love Ratchet and Raf <3

— —« [•] »— —

Raf closed the code window on his laptop's game engine to test his progress, fiddling with the keys as he moved the rudimentary pixel sprite around his screen to interact with various items and entities.

"Okay! I think that's enough!" He declared to Bumblebee, watching him over the railing. Raf sat on the floor right against it, so his friend wouldn't have to try *even harder* to squint at the little piece of human tech.

"I added a health system, an energy bar, another laser upgrade and... two new kinds of enemies for the new area!" He listed, visualising the number of things he'd done by counting them on fingers.

BEE-BEEP-BWEEee! Bumblebee congratulated him. **WHRRrrrr BEEP BIP?**

"Oh, well... I just started it for fun, you know? I can code, so I thought, maybe I should try making a game!"

BeeEEEEeee! Bee put his hand on his chin and nodded in acknowledgement.

"Of course, um, as you know, my family is really big and loud though, so I can't focus on... anything lately, really."

BWEEeee...

“It’s so nice and quiet here though! In comparison, at least.” He added. “You guys don’t yell and scream over each other all the time. Like... I could sleep here.”

BE-BE-BE-BEEeeP! Bumblebee chirped, playfully giving him finger guns.

“Exactly! I thought about it, and I went, ‘I’ve done it before, why not have *another* sleepover at the base!’ Without... anyone else... to get in the way of my work.” Raf’s excitement trailed off as he let out a yawn.

“Mhm... what time is it?”

“Eleven-o’clock, PM.” Ratchet, stationed at his computer, stated bluntly without breaking focus.

“Oh scrap! That’s like, an hour past my bedtime!” Raf snapped his laptop shut and scrambled to his feet. “I mean,” he reminded himself, “I don’t... *need* to go to bed at ten, my mom isn’t here, but...”

He rummaged through his backpack. First he pulled out a plastic bag with crumbs at the bottom. The remains of the sandwich he’d packed himself, since his ‘sleepover’ excuse didn’t cover the fact that dinner wasn’t really a possibility here.

“Gah, wrong one.”

Another plastic bag, this time with a worn toothbrush and a bottle of toothpaste in it.

“There it is!” He said. “... there’s a sink here, right? A bathroom?”

Bumblebee stared at him for a moment. He looked at Ratchet. Ratchet, as if sensing it, answered before either of them had to ask again. “I believe the amenity you are looking for should be down *that* hallway, on the left, five doors down.” He pointed.

— —⟨[•]⟩— —

On his way back to the main room, Raf stopped to look into a very large room on the right. A garage. In it, Bulkhead and Arcee’s alternate modes were parked side-by-side, and judging from the fact that neither said hello, he deduced they were sleeping. The Cybertronian equivalent, at least.

One time, with Jack and Miko, he’d asked Bumblebee about sleep. Bee explained to him that their kind had to power down and recharge too, but did so far less frequently than humans did, offhand mentioning that Ratchet and Optimus rested even less, on account of the responsibilities they had.

When he relayed Bumblebee’s response, Miko joked that his lack of sleep was probably the reason Ratchet was such a jerk.

Raf knew Ratchet wasn't a jerk. Miko probably did too, it was just a comment made in the moment. They'd all caught on by now that Ratchet had something buried deep inside that made him the way he was. Nonetheless, she was probably right.

Peeling himself away from the garage, he walked back to the main room with Bumblebee and Ratchet. Optimus had now joined them too, discussing a string of information on the computer screen. Raf could make out a couple words that Ratchet had taught him, but not enough for it to mean anything. Just word salad.

"Hello, Raf." Optimus smiled his gentle smile at him. Even when he was busy, he took the time to make sure the humans knew he cared for them. "Have you made good progress on your game today?"

"Yeah!" Raf beamed. "I'm going to bed now."

"I am glad our base provides you with your needed peace and quiet." Optimus nodded, then returned to focus on Ratchet.

Raf climbed back up the stairs. He put the bag with his toothbrush back into his backpack, and pulled out something else, a small blanket. A little too small, even for someone like him, but he needed *something* to sleep with besides the couch cushions.

"G'night, Bee!" He said, plopping down on the couch and kicking off his shoes.

BWEEeeerrr bip-bip! Bumblebee wished him goodnight in return.

"Goodnight, Raf." Optimus echoed, still watching Ratchet's screen. Ratchet didn't say anything.

Bumblebee walked to the wall and knelt down to a small switch to turn off the lights. Closing his eyes, Raf listened to the sound of Bumblebee's footsteps leaving the main room to join his teammates in the garage.

— —⟨[•]⟩— —

For all his tossing and turning, his moving and squirming, his attempts at all the going-to-bed tricks knew about, all those "goodnight"s from the 'bots appeared to be in vain.

Not sure if he'd been struggling to sleep for ten minutes or two hours, Raf finally gave up and threw off the blanket, sitting bolt-upright in frustration. In the pitch-blackness, there was nothing to look at besides the glow of the massive computer, and Ratchet, who still worked away in its green luminescence.

He didn't really know what to say or do, he felt really awkward bugging Ratchet. What would he say? What would he do about it? Would he even care?

Raf sighed loudly as he stared at Ratchet and the computer some more, hoping he could catch the bot's attention without talking to him directly. No success.

"... Ratchet?" He tried.

"Yes, Rafael?" Ratchet fully turned around to look at him.

"I... I can't sleep." He admitted, defeated.

Ratchet looked at him, a little puzzled.

"Sleep, like, *recharge*." He clarified, and the medic lit up upon realising the problem sounded like it might be in his wheelhouse.

"Is something on your mind?" Ratchet asked with a surprising amount of care and pity in his voice.

Raf was taken aback at it, he hadn't expected this kind of response at all.

"Um... not really? Except for the fact that I *can't sleep*, and now it's... really stressing me out."

"I can't guarantee I'll be able to help," started Ratchet, showing his awkward sympathy, "but... I can try. If you want."

— —«[•]»— —

"So you've tried... counting... *sheeeep*." Ratchet squinted, cautiously sounding out words on yet another human internet website he'd found for sleep strategies. It was obvious he had no idea what a "sheep" was.

"I've tried it *before*, but I don't know, it's just not for me." Raf rested his head in his hands, glumly watching Ratchet scroll the page.

"Hm." Ratchet ([descriptor](#)). "Oh, come on!"

A pop-up window insisted he sign up to the blog's newsletter for a dollar a month to gain access to the rest of the article.

"Not now, you stupid website!" He grumbled, tapping the screen rapidly with his finger in a futile attempt to maybe get the pop-up to leave him alone.

"I could probably get it to go away," Raf offered, but Ratchet shot him down.

"Don't. Your screen is likely going to keep you awake longer."

"But—"

"Think, Rafael. You've already said 'no' to everything I've found." He rubbed his temples. "Is it going to change *anything* at this point?"

Raf thought about it. For all Ratchet's habit of defaulting to pessimism, he did have a point this time. But what else could Raf do? Sit awake until he eventually got tired enough to sleep? Who

knew how long that would take. He felt like he needed to keep searching for the perfect solution out there somewhere, but he knew in his heart that he wouldn't like any of the answers he got.

He buried his face in his palms and let out a muffled "I don't know."

Ratchet rubbed his chin. After humming and hawing on it for a minute, he suggested,

"Have you tried to recharge... somewhere else?"

"And where *else* would I sleep?" Raf exasperated, starting to get uncharacteristically snappy. He enunciated his displeasure with a breathy sigh. "The *floor*?"

Ratchet stared at him incredulously until his face turned beet-red, realising how disrespectful he'd just been to the 'bot. Ratchet, on the other hand, began quietly wondering in his own mind if *that* was what he sounded like to the kids.

"I- I'm sorry-"

"Have you ever slept in a vehicle?" Ratchet swiftly cut him off, snapping out of his shock and returning to the goal at hand.

"... huh?"

"Are you *able* to sleep in a *car*?"

"... Oh yeah, I can!" Raf perked up, reignited with hope. "*Especially* with Bee, because I don't have to be in there with my sisters *yelling* at each other." He added, teeth just a little bit gritted. All the noise irked him just thinking about it.

"Wait, so are you saying that-"

"That I could take you for a car ride, yes." Ratchet stated matter-of-factly.

"O-oh! Okay, sure!" Raf stammered, still a bit puzzled by the openness of the medic's generosity but happy nonetheless.

Ratchet transformed into his alt-mode and waited for Raf, who held tight to the railing and slowly shuffled his way down the stairs towards him.

It hadn't occurred to Ratchet to turn on the lights, or even ask if he should. Cybertronians had excellent vision in the dark, and he must've forgotten humans were not the same.

No matter, Raf found his way to the bottom without incident thanks to caution and what little light made it across the room from the computer.

Feeling along Ratchet's sides, he found the door, and clambered his way up onto the seat.

He leaned his head to rest against the window as the Autobot began slowly rolling down the same hallway from earlier. The lights in the corridor had mostly been turned off as well, but a couple, presumably for emergencies, continued to flicker dimly.

They passed by the garage. Through the dark, Raf could still make out the fuzzy shapes of two cars and a motorcycle, fast asleep. He couldn't help but feel jealous.

"Where's Optimus?" He asked, noticing the semitruck's absence. Perhaps he had managed to fall asleep for a little bit, just at the right time to miss Prime leaving the room.

"Optimus has gone to take a routine stock of our inventory." Ratchet ([descriptor](#)).

Raf acknowledged his answer without response.

« GOODNIGHT, HACKER »

A Short Transformers: Prime Fic

Written by confoozledfox

Synopsis: ok plot planning uh uh uh uh hh umm

- Raf uses the guise of a sleepover to actually spend the night at the Autobot base because it's too loud at home
- Turns out he can't fall asleep here either because **INSERT REASON HERE**. Come up with the reason!! Writing is easier when you have the problem in mind!
 - Worried about something? Worried about someone?? (Ratchet?)
 - Upset about something, like his family?
 - Did actually fall asleep temporarily but had a nightmare about the Decepticons getting to him and his friends
- Ratchet and Bumblebee spend the story trying to help him get it off his mind
 - Looking at sleeping strategies online (fail)
 - Playing games?
 - Taking him for a drive??
- Bee does NOT go to bed with the rest of the crew at the start either. I need him to be INVOLVED!!

Optional ideas:

- Arcee wakes up at some point, she's been having night terrors about Airachnid and stuff too

— —«[•]»— —

Raf closed the code window on his laptop's game engine to test his progress, fiddling with the keys as he moved the rudimentary pixel sprite around his screen to interact with various items and entities.

"Okay! I think I got it working!" He declared to Bumblebee, who watched him over the railing. Raf sat right up against it, so his friend wouldn't have to try *even harder* to squint at the tiny piece of human tech.

"I added a health system, an energy bar, another laser upgrade and... two new kinds of enemies for the new level!" He listed, visualising the number of things he'd done by counting them on

fingers. “That’s enough for the night, I think. And when I see Miko tomorrow, I’ll ask her if she wants to draw some better sprites for me!”

BEE-BEEP-BWEEee! Bumblebee congratulated him. **WHRRrrrrr BEEP BIP?**

“Oh, well... I just started it for fun, you know? I can code, so I thought, maybe I should try making a game!”

BeeEEEEeee! The Autobot nodded in acknowledgement.

“I started it a few days ago at home, but of course, um, as you know, my family is really big and loud, so I can’t focus on... anything lately, really.”

BWEeeee...

“It’s so nice and quiet here though! In comparison, at least.” He added. “You guys don’t yell and scream over each other all the time. Like... I could sleep here.”

BE-BE-BE-BEEeeP! Bumblebee chirped.

“Exactly! I thought about it, and I went, ‘I’ve done it before, why not have *another* sleepover at the base!’ Without... anyone else... to get in the way of my work.” Raf’s excitement trailed off as he let out a yawn.

“Mhm... what time is it?”

“Eleven-o’clock, PM.” Ratchet, stationed at his computer, stated bluntly without breaking focus.

“Oh scrap! That’s like, an hour past my bedtime!” Raf snapped his laptop shut and scrambled to his feet. “I mean,” he reminded himself, “I don’t... *need* to go to bed at ten, my mom isn’t here, but...”

BRRrrrrrrpp. Bumblebee finished his sentence for him.

“Yeah, exactly. I don’t wanna be up *too* late.”

He saved his progress, closed his laptop and started to get ready for the night.

On the floor next to his couch, his backpack sat half-open, and on the table an empty plastic bag lay covered and filled with breadcrumbs.

The remains of the sandwich he’d packed himself before Bumblebee picked him up, since the “sleepover” excuse didn’t cover the fact that the Autobots would not and could not make him dinner.

He dusted the crumbs off the table and onto the floor, and put the bag back into his bag along with his laptop. He pulled out another plastic bag, this one containing a worn toothbrush and a

half-empty toothpaste bottle, and a small blanket rolled up as compact as he could get it to be. Setting the blanket on the couch, he turned back to Bumblebee.

“There’s a sink here, right? A bathroom?”

Bumblebee stared at him for a moment, before looking at Ratchet. Ratchet, as if sensing it, answered before either of them had to ask. “I believe the amenity you are looking for should be down *that* hallway, on the left, five doors down.” He pointed.

— —⟨[•]⟩— —

On his way back to the main room, Raf stopped to look into a very large room on the right. A garage. In it, Bulkhead and Arcee’s alternate modes were parked side-by-side, and judging from the fact that neither said hello, he deduced they were sleeping. The Cybertronian equivalent, at least.

One time, with Jack and Miko, he’d asked Bumblebee about sleep. Bee explained to him that their kind had to power down and recharge too, but did so far less frequently than humans did, offhand mentioning that Ratchet and Optimus rested even less, on account of the responsibilities they had.

When he relayed Bumblebee’s response, Miko joked that his lack of sleep was probably the reason Ratchet was such a jerk.

Raf knew Ratchet wasn’t a jerk, of course. Miko probably knew there was more to it too, she was just adding on to the conversation. They’d all caught on by now that Ratchet had something buried deep inside that made him so cranky all the time. Nonetheless, her comment likely wasn’t wrong.

Peeling himself away from the garage, he walked back to the main room with Bumblebee and Ratchet. Optimus had now joined them too, discussing a paragraph of information on the computer screen. Raf could make out a couple words that Ratchet and Bee had taught him, but not enough for the word salad he parsed to mean anything.

“Hello, Raf.” Optimus paused to give him a gentle smile. He was always busy and rarely had time to chat, but when he could he took the time to make sure the humans knew he cared for them. He was caring, but distant, and Raf found him a bit hard to talk to as a result.

“Have you made good progress on your game today?”

“Yeah!” Raf beamed. “Really good progress.”

“I am glad our base provides you with your needed peace and quiet.” Optimus ([descriptor](#)). “Are you planning to do anything else tonight?”

“Nope! I’m just going to bed now!”

“I see. Good night, then.” He nodded before turning back to focus on Ratchet.

“Um, thanks! Goodnight!”

Raf skipped up the stairs, and leaned against the railing to meet Bumblebee at approximate eye level.

“G’night Bee!” He smiled.

BEEP BIP-BIP BWoooOP! Bumblebee echoed as he gently ruffled his hair with a giant metal finger.

“H-hey! Stop!” He giggled, playfully pushing Bee away.

He took off his glasses and carefully placed them on the edge of the kids’ makeshift table, sure to keep them within arm’s reach from the couch but not so close that he’d drop them on the floor if he fumbled.

Bumblebee moved to turn off the lights as he kicked off his shoes and pulled over his blanket, closing his eyes and, soon enough, falling asleep.

— —⟨ [•] ⟩ — —

Raf woke up in a cold sweat. Throwing off his blanket and sitting up straight as a pencil, he took a few shaky breaths as he started to take in his surroundings.

He could feel the couch he was sitting on, he could feel his hands on the soft fabric of his pants, he could feel his feet in his socks and the weight of the blanket on top of them. He felt the tips of his fingers, subconsciously making note of all ten of them.

He gingerly touched the palms of his hands, and then lightly felt his cheeks. No scrapes, no cuts, no stinging pain.

There was nothing to see besides whatever reflected the soft green glow of the screens around the base, notably the shining, blobby outlines of Ratchet and Optimus.

He was in Autobot Outpost Omega-1. He was not onboard the Nemesis. He was not backed into a corner with Jack and Miko, with nowhere to run. He was not with a Vehicon. He was not hurt. He was not in danger.

brrrrrp? Bumblebee whispered, snapping Raf out of his half-asleep panic. He looked over the couch to see his friend’s large, round optics piercing the darkness, bright and blurry.

A groggy calmness began to wash over him, gradually easing his nerves like waves eroding a sand castle.

“What is it, Bumblebee?” Optimus ([descriptor](#)). Ratchet broke his attention from the screen as well.

“Huh...?” Raf mumbled, effectively answering Optimus’s question.

“Oh, I thought he was... recharging.” Ratchet remarked with bemusement.

Bweeee beep, Bumblebee explained, ***BEEeep boop BRRRT***.

“Is everything alright, Rafael?” Asked Optimus.

“I think I had a nightmare.” He turned to the blurry shapes of the Autobots, meeting the bright cyan of their optics but not fully achieving eye contact.

“A *nightmare*?” Ratchet scoffed. “What’s that?”

“A bad dream,” he rephrased. “It’s okay though, nightmares are normal. I’m gonna try to go back to bed.”

“All right,” Optimus bowed his head slightly, the tone of his stern-yet-soft voice like a comforting smile in and of itself. “Good night again, Raf.”

“Er, yes, goodnight, Rafael.” Ratchet concurred, following his old friend’s lead with awkward curtness before he turned back to the computer.

Beep-bip buvvvt! Bumblebee waved to him before sitting back down on the floor.

Raf pulled the blanket back over his head, closed his eyes, and tried to go back to bed. He tried to think of happy thoughts, he tried to think of nothing at all. He tried telling himself in his head that it wasn’t real this time, he was safe now.

But he just couldn’t get the dream out of his head, like a stain that wouldn’t scrub off.

After five minutes that felt more like ten, he sat back up again, eyes wide and breathing heavy. The harder he tried to get rid of the images in his mind, the harder they tried to stay. He couldn’t believe he’d come all this way to escape the noise of his family, only to still be kept up by something that this time, wasn’t even real.

Hearing Raf rustling around on the couch, Optimus glanced back in his direction, which caught the attention of Ratchet and Bumblebee and prompted them to do the same.

“I see your dream is upsetting you more than you let on,” the Prime remarked upon seeing him sitting upright again. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Raf did want to talk about it. At the same time, though, he didn’t want to think about it. And he didn’t know how comfortable he felt talking about it with Optimus and Ratchet. Both of them were so closed-off, in different ways. Ratchet, he worried, would roll his eyes at him for his childish problems, while talking to Optimus was just... awkward.

He looked down at his hands shyly- not that he could actually see them.

Sensing his hesitation, Bumblebee leaned in close over the railing.
BWo-whEEEE BEEP bip he trilled softly.

“I... I had a dream”, Raf began, “That... me, and Jack and Miko were stuck on the Decepticon ship, a-and being chased by a bunch of Vehicons. And... I.. got hurt. And they were gonna get me.”

« GOODNIGHT, HACKER »

A Short Transformers: Prime Fic

Written by [confoozledfox](#)

Synopsis: It's been too loud at home for Raf as of late, so he's devised a plan to stay with the Autobots for a night. Finally away from all the noise, he's ready to get a good night's sleep... except now he's not even tired.

Bumblebee and Ratchet become determined to help their little friend get some rest, and Ratchet gains some insight into TBD in the process.

— —« [•] »— —

It was a serene evening in Autobot Outpost Omega-1.

Somewhere deep in the base, Optimus and Ratchet discussed the month's energon usage as they took stock of their small team's fuel reserves.

In the garage, Bulkhead prepared to wind down for the night by listening to a new metal track that Miko had shown him earlier that day- on a lower volume, that is.

From the top of the base, Arcee took one more long glance at the stars twinkling in the desert sky, before she turned to make her way back inside.

Tonight, all was quiet. Just how Raf liked it.

He'd told his parents that he was having another sleepover with Jack and Miko, and while he *had* hung out with them at base that afternoon, they didn't stay. He just needed an excuse to get away from all the noise at home.

It was always loud, but over the last week it'd been louder than usual.

He proposed his idea to the Autobots, promising he'd stay out of their way, and they agreed to let him stay the night so long as he prepared a strong excuse for his family.

Team Prime's other human allies were in on his little scheme too: June, taking pity on him as he complained to his friends, suggested the sleepover idea to begin with. Agent Fowler was a bit

wary of her idea, but after recalling the horror story that was his old university roommates, he ultimately agreed.

June even offered to cover for him if his parents called to ask how he was doing. Raf was pretty sure they wouldn't, but it was still a good precaution, so he took it.

He sat in the front-passenger seat of Bumblebee's vehicle mode (parked off to the side in the main room of the base), shoulders tense as he focused intently on the racing game displayed on the bot's central screen console. The clacking of the controller buttons echoed his fingers moving with aggressive precision.

"YES!" He exclaimed as his car passed the checkered finish line.

BWEEEEE-BOP! Bumblebee congratulated him, telling him he knew he could do it.

"Aww, really?" A heartfelt smile worked its way across his face.

Whrrrr-BIP!

"Thanks, Bee! I've been practicing a *lot!*"

On Bumblebee's dashboard rested a pencil and a scrap of paper, used to keep score. Raf reached for the pencil and added another tally mark to his side of the T-chart, comparing the scores with admiration:

Raf: 5

Bee: 26

It wasn't much, but it was better than last time. Bumblebee always reassured him that any progress was good, even if it wasn't a whole lot.

"Wow, we've played a *lot.*" He realised. "Maybe I should stop for the night."

BweeEEEEE, Bumblebee concurred.

After he hopped out of Bee's alt-mode, the latter then returned to bot-mode and knelt down to ruffle his hair with a big metal finger.

"H-hey!" Raf giggled as he pushed it away.

The sound of a pair of heavy footsteps drew his attention. Ratchet and Optimus walked into the main room as they tied up the last threads of their conversation.

"Hello, Raf." Optimus smiled warmly. "Hello, Bumblebee."

“Hi, Optimus!” Raf gave the Prime a little wave, and Bumblebee chirped gladly.

“Has this evening gone as you planned?” Optimus asked. He was always busy and more emotionally distant than his teammates, but he always made sure the humans knew he cared for them.

“Yeah!” Raf beamed, “Actually, it’s *perfect*! It’s so nice and quiet.”

Ratchet smiled and let out a satisfied *hmph*. “You and I can agree on that.”

“He really *is* like you, old friend.” Optimus tapped Ratchet’s shoulder with the back of his hand. The medic playfully shooed him off with a more muted smile. “Oh, *please*.”

“Me and Bee were just playing some video games, but... I think we’re done now. I’m gonna go to bed soon!” Raf continued.

“A wise decision.” Mused Optimus. “I am glad that our base provides you with a sense of peace.” “Y-yeah! Thanks for letting me stay!” Said Raf.

“Well, be off then.” Ratchet prompted. “Good night, Rafael.”

“G’night Ratchet!” He echoed. “G’night Optimus, g’night Bee!”

He made his way up the stairs as Bumblebee walked over to the light switch. Bee watched him kick off his shoes and pull a tiny, tightly-folded blanket out of his backpack, waiting for the cue to turn them off.

The lights dimmed to nothing, and he pulled the blanket over his head and closed his eyes.

But he just couldn’t fall asleep.

— —⟨[•]⟩— —

The Autobot base was completely silent, save for the sounds of Ratchet working at the base’s main computer. Its soft green glow reflected off his metal plating and illuminated the room just enough to give everything the faintest outline.

Raf lay there for a few minutes, not sure what to do.

He’d planned this little scheme for days, and now that he finally had the perfect quiet space, he suddenly couldn’t sleep anymore.

But if he told the ‘bots he couldn’t sleep, what were they going to do about it? They didn’t sleep like he did.

He did ask Bumblebee about sleep once, or “stasis” as Cybertronians called it. They did sleep, yes, but needed it far less often than humans, and they could sort of do it on command. A powering-down of sorts.

Optimus and Ratchet, Bee noted, powered down even less than the rest of them because of all the responsibilities they had. Upon relaying this information to Jack and Miko, the latter had joked that that was the reason Ratchet was “such a cranky old jerk- he just needs a nap!”

Raf knew Ratchet wasn’t a jerk. Cranky, definitely, but he- all the kids, really- had begun to catch on that under the surface there was a lot more than met the eye. Regardless, Miko was right. Cybertronians might not need sleep as much as humans did, but they probably got the same way when they were tired.

After another minute of mulling over his options, Raf decided that, whether the Autobots could help him or not, he didn’t want to stew quietly in his frustration by himself. He sat up and tossed off the blanket, then reached over to the table to fumble around for his glasses. The cold metal floor sent a chill through the bottom of his thin socks as he stumbled to the edge of the railing.

The sound of him getting up stirred Bumblebee and Optimus’s attention.

“Oh, Raf, you are...” began Optimus.

“I know. I can’t sleep.”

WHRrrrr-BEEP? Trilled Bee, worried for his little friend.

“Yeah, I’m okay!” Raf piped up. “I just... can’t sleep. I’m not tired.”

BEE-BEEP, bip-bip BEEEEeeee? He suggested.

Raf considered his idea of staying up later, but ultimately decided against it.

“I could, but I *want* to go to bed, y’know?”

Bumblebee let out a resigned beep of understanding.

“Perhaps Ratchet may be able to help you.” Optimus said, taking notice of their dejection. He turned to Ratchet, who paused his typing, aware the Prime was about to address him.

“Ratchet, Rafael cannot enter stasis. Do you have any ideas?”

Ratchet furrowed his brows. “Optimus, he’s- his biology is completely different to ours! I haven’t looked into how they recharge yet, and...” he trailed off, going over all the things he didn’t yet know in his head.

He collected himself again quickly, though. With a sense of duty coming through his voice, he straightened his back and confidently stated,
“I don’t know if I can help. But... I will try.”

— —⟨[•]⟩— —

“So you’ve tried... counting... *sheeeep*.” Ratchet squinted, cautiously sounding out words on yet another human internet page he’d found for sleep strategies. It was obvious he had no idea what a “sheep” was.

“I’ve tried it *before*, but I don’t know, it’s just not for me.” Raf rested his head in his hands, glumly watching Ratchet scroll the page. He was getting bored, but unfortunately not bored enough to close his heavy eyelids.

“Hm.” Ratchet **descriptor**. “Oh, come on!”

A pop-up window insisted he sign up to the blog’s newsletter for a dollar a month to gain access to the rest of the article.

“Not now, you stupid website!” He grumbled, tapping his keyboard rapidly with his finger in a futile attempt to maybe get the pop-up to leave him alone.

“I could probably get it to go away,” Raf offered, but Bumblebee shut him and Ratchet down. **BWEEeee-BIP. BEEP BEEP, whrrrrrr bip BEEP.** He explained, pointing out that at this rate, they were just wasting their time.
Ratchet reloaded the page as if he didn’t hear him.

“Bumblebee makes a good point.” Optimus **descriptor**, putting a hand on Ratchet’s shoulder, cueing the medic to stop and listen.

“So what do you suggest?” Ratchet **descriptor**.

The three others shrugged, awkwardly realising they hadn’t actually come up with anything else. Ratchet opened his mouth to deliver a snappy “that’s what I thought”, but Raf thought fast and interrupted him.

“Wait, I think I have an idea!” He proclaimed. “You know what I fall asleep on really well? Car rides!”

Optimus and Ratchet’s eyes lit up and Bumblebee happily flitted his doorwings with a delighted buzz.

He walked over to the ledge and outstretched a hand, so Raf could carefully crawl under the railing and into his palm.

BEE-BEE-BEE-BEEeeeep? The ‘bot asked Ratchet, holding out his little friend to him, cupped in his fingers.

Ratchet waved a hand dismissively and told the scout, “*You’re* his friend, Bumblebee. You take him.”

“You should go with them.” Optimus nudged him lightly.

“Optimus, I- ...*what?*”

“You could stand to take a break from your work, old friend.” The Prime urged him, with a sly twinkle in his optic. “*And* connect a bit more with our human allies.” He smiled at Raf. It was too dark for Raf to see, but the inflection of Optimus’s voice signalled him to involuntarily smile back.

Ratchet began to stutter something out, but Optimus placed a hand on his shoulder to mellow him. “I will take over your duties.”

The medic let out a defeated sigh.

He stepped away from the computer and Optimus filled his post almost immediately. “Alright, come on, you two.” He gestured for them, making his way to the corridor on the opposite side of the main room. The lights in it hadn’t been turned off, but they had been dimmed to a soft yellow-brown glow.

At its entrance, he transformed into his alt-mode and waited for Bumblebee, who followed his lead. Raf watched in awe as plating, gears and pistons shifted around him with cautious precision, seamlessly transferring him from the palm of the bot’s hand to the front seat of the yellow Urbana 500.

BweeEEE? Bumblebee asked, starting his engine.

“Ready!” Said Raf, buckling in his seatbelt.

The ‘bot very slowly began to drive forward, as did Ratchet, careful to keep pace with his teammate.

— —⟨[•]⟩— —

Ratchet and Bumblebee gently trundled along through the base corridors, the rhythmic hum of their engines reverberating quietly off the walls.

Inside Bumblebee’s alt-mode, Raf leaned his head against the window, which he’d rolled down just a crack in case he wanted to talk to either of the ‘bots. However, the drive had been utterly wordless so far.

Not that Ratchet had a problem with this of course, since the silent drive helped him process the many thoughts that ran through his busy mind.

This was their fourth lap, Ratchet had been counting. He liked to keep track of mundane things, it helped him stay focused and grounded.

Each time they reached the end of the hallway, they would pull into the furthest garage on the left, drive in a circle around its perimeter and go back down the way they came.

They pulled into the main room again, and circled back around into the hallway.

“Lap five.” Remarked Raf, interrupting his stream of thought.

“You’re keeping track too?” Ratchet was surprised.

“Yeah! I like doing it.”

“... Huh. So do I.”

They could’ve gone right back to being quiet, but it then occurred to Ratchet that he had a question he wanted to ask the human.

“Rafael, um... why *do* you think you can’t enter stasis?”

“You mean *sleep*?” Raf corrected him with a cheeky smile.

“Er, yes, that.”

Raf was a little slow to answer.

“I... I don’t know. I *think* I might be stressed?” He admitted, albeit hesitantly.

“Would you... like to talk about it?” Ratchet asked, more out of polite impulse than actual concern. At least, that’s what he told himself.

“No,” Raf gave an offhand reply, to Ratchet’s relief. “But I *would* like to talk.”

“*Oh*. About what?” He inquired, not sure if he was actually interested.

“I dunno! I just... feel like talking!”

Beee-bwrrrrRRR? Bumblebee proposed, the electronic buzz of his broken voice box a quiet hum. His idea was that they could try and find things they had in common.

“Ooh, good idea!” **Descriptor** Raf.

Ratchet felt a disinterested groan building in the back of his throat and pushed it back down. He had been enjoying the way the quiet drive helped him think, and was *really* hoping he could get back to it.

But at the same time, he didn’t want to make Raf feel bad by telling him he didn’t want to talk to him. He reasoned it was because Bumblebee was present, but most of all it was because it simply wasn’t true. He didn’t feel like talking much, for sure, but he *liked* talking to Rafael. He rarely admitted it, but he really did.

“Hmmm...” thought Raf. “Okay, got one! Do Cybertronians have dreams?”

“Come again?” Said Ratchet.

“Dreams? You know, um, you see or imagine things in your sleep- er, stasis?”

“Ah, yes. We do.” Ratchet **descriptor**. Bumblebee concurred.

“Dreams, *dreams*. Okay.” He repeated the word a few times to feel out its sounds and commit it to memory. “We call them-”

Ratchet told Raf the word for dreams in Cybertronian, the harsh, metallic scraping of its phonemes punctuated by a single resonant note. Showing him his language made him feel proud.

“Whoa. That’s... *pretty*.” **Descriptor** Raf. He couldn’t even hope to repeat it back.

“Indeed it is.” Ratchet agreed wistfully. He was ready to end the conversation right there. That was it now, right? It was time to go back to being alone with his thoughts.

“Your turn!” Raf **descriptor**.

“Oh, alright, um...” Ratchet stammered. It turned out he wasn’t getting off that easy. It didn’t even occur to him to tell Raf ‘no’ though, like a part of him was actually hoping their chat would keep going.
“

- They discuss dreams, other stuff, similarities and differences, eventually get to a point where they connect over their love of peace and quiet. Ratchet remarks something on that last topic, Raf doesn’t respond, revealing that he fell asleep.