

to the previous responder:

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/53185999) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/53185999>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Relationships:	Mapicc & PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF) , Baconnwaffles0 & Mapicc (Video Blogging RPF)
Characters:	Mapicc (Video Blogging RPF) , PrinceZam (Video Blogging RPF) , Baconnwaffles0 (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Chatting & Messaging , Modern AU , petty apartment drama , Mapicc and Bacon are roommates , Zam (allegedly) pisses off of balconies
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-21 Words: 3,203 Chapters: 1/1

to the previous respo~~ndee~~:

by [orioncataclysmic](#)

Summary

IMAGE: more bolded comic sans. This time, it's held up by washi tape, patterned with dicks. It reads: i like war and death and asthma attacks and if you don't you're a bitch and your moms a hoe

OR: a battle of wits, told through an apartment corkboard, messages between Zam and Mapicc, and glimpses into Mapicc and Bacon's lives

Notes

my alternative summary for this was I was expecting a battle of wits, but you appear to be unarmed. / your mom suck me good and hard through my jorts

Small warning that Mapicc and Zam Do make some ableist comments towards asthmatics (though not extreme) because they are based off of teenage boys who are also assholes. It is in their nature

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

[IMAGE: a piece of paper tacked to the communal bulletin board. It reads: Can whoever's been vaping in the stairwells cut it out? It's triggering my asthma.]

MAPICC: LOOOOOOL LOOK AT THIS IDIOT

ZAM: asthma???? isn't that like a third grade thing????

MAPICC: yeah probably idk

MAPICC: whoever posted that is a bitch though

ZAM: wah wah wah i hate vaping wah wah

[IMAGE: a second piece of paper taped on top of the first one. Written on it in bolded comic sans: **grow out of it bitch this is a common space people can do whatever they want**]

ZAM: A COMEBACK HAS ENTERED THE CHAT

MAPICC: is he wrong though

MAPICC: is he wrong

ZAM: NO LMFAO

ZAM: if i want to piss off the balcony that is my right!!!

MAPICC: you are a disgusting freak do not do that

ZAM: i never said i was!!!! it's just a hypothetical!!!!!!!!!!

MAPICC: no it isn't

ZAM: fuck you mean no it isn't?????

[MAPICC is typing . . .]

[IMAGE: another piece of paper; half covering the words of the response. It's stapled to the board, and reads: So you're okay with people dying? You want people to have asthma attacks? You want an ambulance called to the front doors every week? Have fun writing that additional expense off, you dick]

MAPICC: ASTHMA BOY GOT HANDS

ZAM: do you think he's a communist

ZAM: ooooh keep the building tax low oooooh

MAPICC: my name is asthma i hate capitalism

MAPICC: i want things to be AFFORDABLE and NICE

ZAM: don't be classist mapicc you are a horrible person

MAPICC: i think YOU're a communist wtf are you saying

MAPICC: bitch

MAPICC: bitch

MAPICC: bitch

MAPICC: bitch

MAPICC: bitch

ZAM: WHAT TEH FUCK DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME I'LL FUKING KILL YOU

[IMAGE: more bolded comic sans. This time, it's held up by washi tape, patterned with dicks. It reads: **i like war and death and asthma attacks and if you don't you're a bitch and your moms a hoe**]

ZAM: things are escalating!!!!

ZAM: the girls are fightingggggggg

MAPICC: are you enjoying seeing the big boy words zam? are you and your filthy communist ass enjoying conflict? are you being a little bitch who's mom is a hoe?

ZAM: whose*

MAPICC: do you like my asthma cosplay?

MAPICC: i'm throwing you off the balcony

[IMAGE: another piece of paper, stapled directly over the insults. It reads: Are you so idiotic and careless that you would want someone to die? Do you have no heart? The amount of ambulance visits wasted on an asthma attack instead of something far more important should make you feel ashamed of yourself. You are a horrible person, and I hope you fail to pay rent.]

MAPICC: we got threats!

MAPICC: karen is in the house

ZAM: "i hope you fail to pay rent" ok homeless enjoyer

ZAM: personally i love hearing ambulance sirens i don't know about you

MAPICC: perfect alarm clock at 8pm

MAPICC: love hearing the sound of someone dying

[IMAGE: a post-it note, in neon yellow, is stuck right on the seam between arguing statements. In angular, all-caps, it reads: *INHALER.*]

MAPICC: a new challenger has entered the chat

MAPICC: with LGOIX

MAPICC: LOGIS

MAPICC: LOGIC

ZAM: take your time

MAPICC: im gonna fucking kill you

ZAM: me? with my big old eyes? and my handsome ass face? you want to kill me?

ZAM: mapicc wants to kick princezam like the football!!!!!! jail!!!! jail for many years!!!!

MAPICC: go back to pissing off the balcony. pissboy

ZAM: SHUT THE FUCK UP OH MY GOD I DONJOT PISS OFF OF BALCONIES

MAPICC: cap

[IMAGE: a plain, a4 piece of paper, from the original poster. It reads: inhalers are far expensive to be using them every single time I so much as want to get up to my house purely because some idiots have no sense of common decency. Stop sticking your nose into something that does not apply to you.]

ZAM: damn this asthma got hands!!!!

MAPICC: mans argument so weak he cant handle someone else saying he's wrong

MAPICC: fucking L

ZAM: skill issue tbh

ZAM: what does he even WANT

ZAM: to be god of the building?

MAPICC: he's bullying addicts someone cancel him someone throw him off the balcony

MAPICC: ohhhh no i hate nicotine i hate fun

ZAM: who hates banana flavoured vape juice huh? it's fun!

MAPICC: BANANA???????????

MAPICC: you're a freak. die

ZAM: oh so suddenly this is not a safe space

[IMAGE: a paper with bolded comic sans, taped up with clear tape. It reads: **wowwww who the fuck pissed in your cheerios? balcony pisser? you dont own the board other people can post whatever they want. go call another ambulance.**

Stuck to THAT is another neon yellow post-it note, in the same all caps handwriting: *MULTIPLE CHARGES CAN GO INTO ONE INHALER. ARE YOU AN IDIOT? A DUMBASS? THIS ISN'T AN EPI-PEN. GET MORE CHARGES.*]

MAPICC: hey zam look you got a shoutout

ZAM: I DO NOT PISS OFF OF BALCONIES!!!!!! WHAT THE FUCK!!!!!!!!!!

ZAM: THIS IS SLANDER

MAPICC: she slan on my der until i get caught pissing off balconies

ZAM: i hope you get killed bt asthma boy i really do

MAPICC: he has ASTHMA

MAPICC: you think he could beat me in a fight???????

ZAM: yeh

“Hey, Bacon,” Mapicc greets, arms above his head in a lazy stretch. His roommate is sitting at the table they saved from a junkyard, and frowning at his computer. “Still studying? Like a nerd?”

“I am not a nerd,” Bacon defends, but it’s half-hearted, and he viciously backspaces a sentence. “It’s a personal project. You know what those are, right?”

“Noooo,” he deadpans, smacking Bacon on the back of the head on his way to the fridge. He’s fucking *thirsty*, has been locked in a gaming trance intense enough to rival Zam, when he gets going. Outside the balcony window-doors, the sun is slowly starting to set. “All I do is ignore homework and kill people. Yes, I know what a personal project is. And I also know that you’re making it sound like porn.”

Bacon whips around, and fixes Mapicc with an absolutely offended, shocked stare. In turn, Mapicc ignores him, grabbing a juice carton from the fridge, and drinking right out of it. “It is not porn! You’ve been spending too much time with Ro and— *stop drinking out of that!* We share that shit! Gross!”

Very pointedly, Mapicc makes sure to wipe his mouth when he puts the carton down, wiping the spout clean with his middle finger. “Oops.”

“Fuck you,” Bacon says, in that voice that means he’s tired of Mapicc’s shit and is ready to start ignoring him again. Mean. “That’s your juice now. I’m getting my own and locking it up.”

“Whatever you say, man,” he responds, capping the juice and putting it back in the fridge. “Zam is coming over to study in half an hour, so keep your porn to your room.”

“It is not porn!” Bacon yells again, shutting his laptop. Hm. Exactly what a porn watcher would be saying. “Stop being a freak, oh my god.”

“Suggestion denied,” Mapicc says, hopping up on the table. Distantly, he can hear the sound of their printer going. “What is this, the eighteen hundreds? We don’t send nudes by carrier pigeon these days.”

“Mapicc, I am going to throw you down every single set of stairs this apartment has, and make sure you get pumped full of atmospheric vape juice as you scream. Why am I rooming with you again?”

He shrugs. “I dunno. You asked me, buddy boy number three.”

“I don’t even want to know what that means.”

[IMAGE: another piece of paper, this time tacked up to the top of the board. It is adjacent to the previous row of papers, which have made it to the bottom of the board. It reads: Whoever is pissing off of balconies is breaking indecency laws, and should be ashamed of themselves. A balcony is not a bathroom, nor is it a reason to expose yourself. That aside: you are an asshole, and I hope you never make friends with someone who has a chronic condition. You have no manners, and no care for whether someone vulnerable lives or dies. This is a public board, and should not be used for private arguments. All I want is for people to stop vaping in public spaces.]

MAPICC: motherfucker brought out the big bog words

ZAM: “bog”

MAPICC: stfu u little bitch

MAPICC: MY POINT is that asthma has some Real Big Feelings

ZAM: cope

MAPICC: exactly

ZAM: you think he has anger issues?

MAPICC: you think he'd be doing this if he wasn't?

MAPICC: casual arguments with strangers through paper is just a hobby. Just a hobby bro i promise

ZAM: keying cars is gonna become a hobby real soon too

ZAM: better jump in the cadillac and put some miles on it before it gets ruined

[IMAGE: bolded comic sans on paper, once again held up by dick-patterned washi tape. The text is an absurdly large size, and reads: **SUCK MY COOOOOOCK** . Below it, in smaller bolded comic sans: **if you have asthma stop using the fucking stairs god DAMN bro it is not this serious what is wrong with you**]

ZAM: COMIC SANS HAS ANGER ISSUES TOO LOOOOOOOL

ZAM: "suck my cock" is a one hit KO apparently

MAPICC: i mean have you seen when ro says it

ZAM: YEAH??????

ZAM: literally everyone starts hitting him what is your point

MAPICC: BUT IT SHUTS THEM UP

ZAM: NOT IN A GOOD WAY??????

MAPICC: if you poke another hole in my bag full of water i will put cockroaches in your bed

ZAM: whatever you say cockroach boy

MAPICC: BUGS ARE SCARY. YOU WILL BE SCARED

ZAM: ,':]

MAPICC: out that fuckinf thisn away rugth now iswwar to god

[IMAGE: a4 paper, stapled neatly at all four corners, reading: Your choice of language gives away how immature and pathetic you are. I will be contacting building superiors if this behaviour continues. Stairs are good for health, and the elevator breaks every other week. Anything else?]

MAPICC: look zam i know you're a piss boy but you've GOTTA stop pissing on the elevator gears it's not good for asthma

MAPICC: it's albelist

ZAM: BITCH!!!!!! FUCK YOU!!!!!!

ZAM: WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM

MAPICC: i said piss boy can you not read

ZAM: asthma clearly can't either

ZAM: he wants to speak to your MANAGER!!!!!!

"Don't forget your binder this time," Bacon calls out the second Mapicc reaches for the door. He's got papers held close to his chest, a couple things of tape in his pocket. "I don't want you to message me in the middle of class bitching again."

"It's Sunday, Bacon," Mapicc says, like he's stupid, because he is. "The fuck kind of class is on Sunday?"

"Sunday school?" He pauses, and when Mapicc turns back, he's frowning a little. "Wait, no. You'd burn up the second you step foot into a church. Heathen."

Mapicc resists the urge to roll his papers up into a tube, and beat Bacon senseless with them. He tries, and he fights, but eventually, the papers are in a round shape and Bacon is yelling bloody murder, trying to swat at Mapicc like a particularly annoying fly.

He's losing the battle, clearly, judging by all of the yelling, and he's only saved by the fact that their neighbour knocks on their door twice before letting himself in. Planet, tailed by Jaron, walk unto their apartment, and Mapicc stops mid-swing. "Oh, hey guys! Nothing going on here!"

"Are we killing Bacon?" Planet asks, cheerful as ever. Behind him, Jaron wanders into their (admittedly tiny) living room, and pulls a newspaper out from behind the couch, which was *definitely* not there before. "I love killing Bacon!"

"Of course you do," Bacon days, taking the chance to elbow Mapicc in the gut, following it up with a charley horse a second later. "Do you want to be like him? Do you want to be crying on the floor like a baby? Like Mapicc?"

Mapicc, who is on the floor, and is most certainly not crying, glares at Bacon, flopping around just enough to kick him in the ankles. He still has his papers, but they're in a much loose grip, starting to unravel, showing large black text. "Kill him, Planet! Get him!"

"I am not your dog," Planet says rather primly, heading over to close the door. "But I sure can kill him!"

Then, without hesitation, he bounds over to Bacon, just barely missing Mapicc's body, and tackles him off of his chair.

[IMAGE: bolded comic sans, big enough that only one word fits per line: **YOU DONT KNOW ME**]

ZAM: bro's pressed as FUCK

ZAM: someone hates beint called immature

MAPICC: ok immature ass

ZAM: I AM NOT IMMATURE WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU

MAPICC: you were saying?

ZAM: FUCK YOU!!!!!!

ZAM: BITCH!!!!!!

[IMAGE: a4 paper, stapled to the board. Each corner has a staple that is at an exact 45 degree angle punched through it. It reads: No, I clearly don't, and I do not want to. You are a horrible, spiteful little person, who does not care about others. You cannot even respect someone asking something politely. I know more than enough about you, and it is that you are nobody I would associate with. At the bottom, hastily covered with whiteout, are the words: YOU ARE A BOOTLICKER. YOU ARE A STUPID LITTLE WEASEL WHO WON'T LISTEN TO A KIND REQUEST. FUCK YOU.]

MAPICC: someone's angyyyyyy

ZAM: is this how old women feel about soap operas because i think I'm starting to understand them

ZAM: drama! in the building lobby!

MAPICC: you watch soap operas for fun you are not beating the allegations buddy

ZAM: I DO NOT WATCH SOAP OPERAS!!! WTF!!!

ZAM: WTF!!!!

ZAM: WTF!!!!

ZAM: WTF!!!!

MAPICC: but you do piss off balconies

ZAM: open your door right rhe fuck now i am going to throttle you

MAPICC: meh meh meh im Zam i think i'm sooooo cool i can totally kill people

ZAM: ten

MAPICC: ten?

ZAM: nine.

MAPICC: oh

ZAM: eight.

Tape held loosely in his hand, Mapicc rocks back on his heels to look at his work. It's one of his best yet, carefully crafted threat and swear, with a particularly special little kaomoji at the bottom. It's a penis, spewing come all over the place! Exactly what asthma boy deserves.

He's just about to head for the elevator—which Zam has said is broken again, but Mapicc doesn't trust Zam, because Zam is a little bitch who lies for fun—when the building doors swing open, clattering against the wall, because nobody ever fixed the doorstop. Obviously, he turns to look at whatever idiot forgot that the door doesn't work right, and is greeted with the sight of Bacon. There are a couple of shopping bags hanging off his arms, and a backpack on his back, because he's a nerd, who actually *likes* going to class. “Bacon! Hey!”

“Yo,” Bacon says, a little out of breath. What, was the dumbass running here from his car? It's fucking *April*. The humidity is bad when walking! “Mind grabbing these bags for me?”

“No,” Mapicc says, even as he walks over and grabs a handful of bags, the plastic crinkling around between them. “What the fuck did you buy? These things are *heavy* .”

“Groceries. You know groceries, right? You're not an idiot? You can buy things?” He shrugs his backpack off of his shoulders, dropping it down onto the courtesy lobby seats to rummage through it. “Looking at the board argument?”

Mapicc laughs, twisting his wrist around until he can drop the tape folded in his palm into the bag. “Yeah, you could say that.”

“Annoying, isn't it? Just, back and forth *you're a bitch, you're inconsiderate, I'm gonna swear so much, can you just stop vaping in the goddamn stairwell?* Petty shit. Any updates?”

Mapicc turns, leaning against the nearest wall, and watches as Bacon makes a small noise of victory, pulling something out of the backpack. “Yeah,” he says, fighting the urge to snicker. “Pretty recent, actually.”

“Oh?” Bacon seems more focused on the thing in his hands, a half-metal, half-blue plastic thing. He raises it to his lips, and presses down on the metal, letting out a hiss of air. “Haven't seen it yet.”

“Are you the stairwell vaper?” Mapicc asks amusedly, even though he knows Bacon wouldn't go within seven feet of a vape. “*Bacon*, man, I thought highly of you!”

“I do not vape!” he yelps, sounding highly offended. It’s not really a *new* Bacon tone of voice, but it’s still a *funny* one, and Mapicc can’t help but laugh. “I have asthma, dude. The pollen and humidity suck ass.”

All of a sudden, a whole lot of things start to fall into place for Mapicc. Oh. Oh *no*.

He can’t help the way he bursts out laughing, dropping the grocery bags on the floor with little care for what’s inside. Bacon looks at him funny, but this isn’t about *Baconwaffles*, it’s about the fact that he hasn’t once thought about why they’ve been running so low on printer ink, and why the printer just keeps going and going. He’s a moron. They’re both fucking morons!

Distantly, he can hear Bacon asking what the fuck is wrong with him, but Mapicc’s too busy laughing his guts out, hands pressed to his stomach like it could stop the ache. Holy fuck. Holy *fuck*. He’s been fighting with *Bacon*. Zam and him have been bullying *Bacon*. Zam doesn’t even know that he’s been the other person arguing!

Zam, he can’t help but think, looking at pages of white broken up by the occasional neon yellow post-it note, has also been arguing. Maybe. Probably. God, they’re all fucking stupid. This is the hardest he’s laughed in ages.

“Bacon,” he asks, voice half a wheeze. Wheezy. Like Bacon, the asthma boy. “Bacon, have you been putting papers on the bulletin board?”

“Huh?” Bacon asks, and his own voice is a little squeaky and strangled. “What? Me?”

“You,” Mapicc says, trying to calm himself the fuck down. “Asthma boy. You’re the motherfucker putting up half the papers.”

“Why would I—“ he cuts himself off, and the look of cold, hard reality crashes down over his face. “*You*.”

“Me!” Mapicc returns, straightening out his shirt and pressing thumbs into his cheeks, trying to ease away the ache of smiling so hard. “You.”

“Someone kill me, please,” Bacon groans, face pressed into his hands. “You of all people. *You*. Mapicc. My roommate. I’ve been arguing with you.”

“Yup!” Mapicc confirms, a little too cheerful despite the fact that he’s just found out he’s been calling his own roommate an ass-kissing Karen-loving stupid fucking cunt, all because he doesn’t like that Mapicc’s been vaping. In the stairwell. “And I’m pretty sure that Zam’s been doing it too.”

Bacon groans again, loud and frustrated, right before he starts hitting his head against the wall. Same, buddy. Same.

End Notes

It is remarkable what a guy can get tone in zir notes app while watching youtube. huge shoutout to today's stream, which i did NOT watch, but instead learnt about second hand through a friend . this is their fault <333

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!