

## The Vital Importance of a Good Night's Sleep

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/40598925) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/40598925>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Hermitcraft SMP</a>
Character:	<a href="#">BdoubleO100</a> , <a href="#">Ethoslab</a> , <a href="#">Grian</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - The Magnus Archives Fusion</a> , <a href="#">Blood and Injury</a> , <a href="#">Taphophobia</a> , <a href="#">Eye Trauma</a> , <a href="#">Nightmares</a> , <a href="#">Transcript Format</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 27 of <a href="#">From the Archives</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">Hermitcraft x TMA fics</a> , <a href="#">Hermitcraft Book</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-07-27 Completed: 2022-11-08 Words: 2,407 Chapters: 2/2

## The Vital Importance of a Good Night's Sleep

by [Sixteenthdays](#)

### Summary

[GRIAN]

So I've recieved a letter.

The postman dropped it at the front desk; it's addressed to 'whoever has Etho's job now, the VOID Institute, London.' No return address, just the name 'BDUBS.' In all caps. I've only glanced at it so far, but it's definitely intended as a statement. It's a bit unusual, but we've had statements in letter form before, and I'm fairly sure there have even been a few mailed in over the years, so I figured I'd record this just like the others.

So, statement of... Bdubs, no last name attached, regarding... my predecessor, I think.  
Received and recorded today, July 21st, 2022.

### Notes

**from this point on, the statements are going to start spoiling, or potentially spoiling, some worldbuilding elements of the magnus archives-** season four, mag 154, in this case. there will still be no spoilers for the specific plot or characters of the main podcast- if that changes, i will warn for it.

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

## Statement:

[Click]

**[GRIAN]**

So I've received a letter.

The postman dropped it at the front desk; it's addressed to 'whoever has Etho's job now, the VOID Institute, London.' No return address, just the name 'BDUBS.' In all caps. I've only glanced at it so far, but it's definitely intended as a statement. It's a bit unusual, but we've had statements in letter form before, and I'm fairly sure there have even been a few mailed in over the years, so I figured I'd record this just like the others.

So, statement of... Bdubs, no last name attached, regarding... my predecessor, I think. Received and recorded today, July 21st, 2022.

**[GRIAN (STATEMENT?)]**

Hey! Hi. So. I know you guys like having people come in and talk to the guy or whatever, but I'm not doing that! Not again. Learned my lesson once! So I'm writing everything down instead and I'm gonna make Etho listen to it and tell me if it's good enough, and that'll have to work. I'm not setting foot in that dumb building ever again! I just got my sleep back!

So. A long time ago, I guess a couple years ago, I had a weird little thing happen to me. I already gave the statement about it, Etho says it should be somewhere around there still if you want to read it, I guess. It's not really that important. I fell asleep under a tree, some stuff happened with composted dirt and rotting leaves, it was gross, I couldn't breathe, whatever. Read the statement! I'm not writing it all down over again. I'm being *careful* this time, okay?

The thing I'm writing about today didn't start until after all that, anyways.

See, cause, *after* all that stuff with the compost happened... I couldn't sleep.

And I value my sleep! If you ask anybody who knows me, they'll tell you, 'Bdubs loves his sleep!' It's a necessity! I know some people can get by fine with like six, seven hours a night, but not me, okay? I lie down at nine and wake up at nine, on the dot, and it's the best part of my whole freaking day. I need my twelve hours! If I don't get it I get all messed up and out of sorts and it's just terrible.

And I couldn't sleep.

Like, sometimes I could fall asleep easily enough, all easy and dreamless and perfect, but sooner or later I'd always start feeling those slimy leaves on my face, burying me, getting in my mouth, and I'd realize I couldn't breathe, and then either I would wake up because I couldn't breathe or I *wouldn't* wake up and I'd just be stuck there, suffocating, until eventually it was morning and I'd open my eyes without feeling rested at all. I hated it!

It really started doing a number on my day to day life. Everybody around me could tell something was up. And I tried everything I could think of to try and get rid of them! I went to a doctor for sleep disorders, I tried taking melatonin, I stopped eating before bed, I even started keeping a journal in case it was a repressed anxiety thing or whatever, but nothing worked! None of it!

I was just getting more and more tired, and more and more angry about it. I started drifting off

during the day just because I was so exhausted all the time, but I would have the nightmares then too, if I slept long enough. I couldn't get away from them!

Every night I would be back in that stupid compost pile, and every night I tried to claw myself out. I wanted to think if I could just climb out of the heap, get into open air just once, the nightmares might stop. I tried and tried and *tried*, but that stuff... it would get into my clothes, into my shoes, against my skin, all... wet and cold and rotting, and I could never get any traction against it, so I'd just be *stuck* there, *suffocating*.

And then eventually one night, I did get out. I made it! My hand broke out into open air, and then I dragged the rest of myself out after it until *finally* I got my head out of the pile where I could breathe and see.

But all I could *see* was somebody standing there, *watching* me.

I couldn't make out any of his face. Everything was dark. I could only see his silhouette and the glint of eyes. Definitely watching me. I yelled at him, y'know, to come help me out, because I just needed to get out, and not just *stand there* like a *big useless sack of garbage*, but he didn't! He didn't move, he didn't say anything, he just watched. And then the pile started to *move* around me, like it was *alive* or something, and I lost my grip.

It was just like- I would wake up tired, fall asleep on the bus, wake up tired, fall asleep at work, have a nightmare, wake up tired, go to bed, have a nightmare- It sucked! I hated it! And I couldn't do anything about it!

A couple days after that, I happened to bump into Etho.

I hadn't seen him since I'd given him my statement, but he recognized me right away. He could tell something was up with me, too. He said- well, he didn't *say* I looked like an absolute mess, but he was thinking it! I could tell. Nah, but what he actually said was that he'd buy me lunch if I told him what was up, and it's not like I was gonna turn him down.

So I caught him up, and he said he couldn't make me any promises but he was gonna look into my whole sleep problem, because he thought it might be something to do with something they had going on at the Institute? He wasn't super clear, but at that point I didn't even care. It was plenty enough for me that he was even gonna try.

Well, we kinda became buds, you know? He's a pretty cool guy, even if he's kind of a dick sometimes. But we started hanging out a lot. At first it was just cause he was trying to help me fix my problem, but pretty quickly we wound up just talking and trading stories. I'm a landscaper at my day job, and Etho was big into, like, interior design at some point, so we talked a lot about that sort of thing. We got along pretty good!

And then after that there was kind of a long stretch of time- a couple months, at least- where nothing really changed.

I kept having nightmares, kept not getting any of my precious, *precious* sleep. Etho and I kept hanging out, and he kept trying to figure out how to fix my problem. I think he was getting into some other weird stuff I didn't know about around then, too. He got less and less willing to talk about his work, and I also think he was spending less time there? At the time I just sorta figured he hated his job. I asked him once if he was planning on quitting, cause, you know, I figured I could put in a good word for him with my boss if he was gonna be looking for a new job, but he just sort of brushed it off and didn't answer.

And then one day I came home, like usual- I think it was a Friday- and Etho was lying on my couch with his face covered in blood.

Well, obviously I freaked out! *He* was really calm about it, which mostly just made me mad, because he was *really hurt!* His *eyes...* I kept asking him what had happened, if he'd been attacked, if he could even *see*, but he just kept saying he'd be fine. I think he might've been sort of delirious. He was smiling, like he knew something I didn't. It was *creepy*, is what it was. It weirded me right out.

I was in the process of trying to physically drag his dumb lanky ass off my couch to haul him to a hospital when he grabbed me by the shoulders. It caught me by surprise enough to make me stop, because I hadn't even thought he could tell where I was. But he grabbed onto my shoulders and stared right at me, even though his eyes were all bloody and swollen shut, and grinned, and said, 'I finally figured it out, man.'

Of course I didn't know what the hell he was talking about. I *might've* been kind of panicky at the time. Just a little! I mean, it's not like I've got a weak stomach. I'm a tough guy! But his eyes... it was hard to look at. And he wasn't letting go of me.

I asked him he was talking about, and he said, 'Your nightmares! Fixed. I mean, I think.'

To be honest, at the time I thought he'd just gone sorta cracked in the head. I mean, if you spend all day every day reading stories from people who think they saw a ghost- that's probably gonna do things to a guy's brain, right? No offense, obviously, I'm sure you're very normal.

*Eventually* I managed to bundle him off the couch and drive him to the ER. I sort of think he only agreed to go at all to humor me, but I didn't care so long as he got there. Doctor said his vision was a total loss, which wasn't exactly a surprise because his eyeballs were popped like grapes. He didn't seem sad about it, though, not even when they told him he wasn't going to see again. I think they thought he was in shock, but by that point I was starting to figure there was something more to it. There had to be.

He said he didn't want any surgery or anything to try and fix it, so they couldn't do much but clean it out and bandage him up and discharge him.

On the way back to my place, he told me, almost as an afterthought, that he'd quit his job. Asked if he could stay with me for a bit while he figured out where he was gonna go next and all that. I said yes, but only if he explained things to me *properly*, 'cause I don't like being kept in the dark! And he agreed, and did.

I'm not gonna tell you everything he told me. Partly because he asked me to keep most of it secret, partly because I don't want you to be able to figure out where he's at now. So far as I'm concerned, you guys aren't gonna see him unless he wants to be found. It took a hell of a lot for him to get away from your dumb Institute! I'm not giving you my full name or anything, either. He told me about how your sort might get when you want to know things.

I will tell you this, though: that night, I had the best night of sleep I've had in my entire life.

[Click]

[Click]

**[GRIAN]**

...I went to go tell Xisuma about the contents of the letter- I'm sure he'd be relieved just to know Etho's alive, even if... well. But I'm pretty sure he's having one of his migraine days today. The lights were all off in his office. I didn't want to bother him. I'll tell him later.

*(Long pause)*

Well. Um. I think I need some time to think about this one.

Etho's alive. He quit his job- does X *know*? Why wouldn't he tell me? And what was Etho looking into before he quit? What happened to his eyes? This is so *vague*! I just want to know what *happened!*

And the dreams... well. It's probably a coincidence. It's almost certainly a coincidence. But after I first gave my statement... I had a similar... well. They've stopped, now. It doesn't matter. Although I wonder...

*(Pause)*

I wish I'd talked more to Etho before he disappeared. I'd *kill* to just sit him down and hear what he knows. Maybe it's somewhere in here...? He left at least *some* notes, even if none of the ones I've found so far have cast any light on what happened with him. If I could just find whatever led him to *whatever* revelation he had... *(frustrated noise)*

I just want to know! ...So long as it doesn't mean I have to go blind.

[Click]

## Supplemental:

[Click]

*(Door creaks open.)*

[SCAR]

Ah, he emerges from his nest at last! The prodigal parrot.

[GRIAN]

*(Distractedly)* Scar-

[SCAR]

Oh, don't be like that. It's not every day a man gets real mail, these days! *(In a terrible imitation of Grian's accent)* Chin up! Enjoy your letter! *(Pause)* What was in there, actually? I heard you recording?

[GRIAN]

Oh, nothing. Well, something. Well- It doesn't matter. I just need to think about it for awhile. That's all.

[SCAR]

You sure? You look like death warmed over. *(Snicker.)*

[GRIAN]

*(Under his breath)* Yeah, at least I've still got both my eyes.

*(Normal volume)* I need to talk to X, and then I'll be right back down to record the follow-up. When you're done with your break, can you look into anything we've got about incidences of blinding? Particularly as a solution to problems, not as the problem itself.

[SCAR]

That sounds like a lot of work for nothing! It's nothing *buuuut* you need me to do research about it, and you have to do follow-up about it, and it was definitely a statement, and you have to talk to the Head of the Institute about it. *(The accent again)* Oh, Scar, and I've also got a bridge to sell you.

[GRIAN]

I never said I needed to talk about the letter, Scar. Maybe we had lunch plans.

[SCAR]

Maybe you did! At four thirty in the afternoon.

[GRIAN]

*Maybe I did.* Oh, and- I'm not a parrot.

[SCAR]

*(Cheery)* Whatever you say! I'll tell the feathers you shed everywhere, too. I'm sure they'll appreciate the update!

[GRIAN]

I'm sure they will. Don't forget to look for blindings!

[SCAR]

Aw, Grian, you know me. Memory of an elephant. You can count on me!

[Click]

## End Notes

well this is one i've been looking forward to for a LONG time. congrats chris i hope u are enjoying yourself. you DID guess correctly. i was absolutely losing it when you were first theorizing on stream.

for all the new readers- i hope you have enjoyed!! maybe leave a comment? this series also now has a [fanart masterpost](#), so go have a look at all the awesome art people have done!!

Works inspired by this [one](#), [Everything, Everywhere, All the time](#) by [420\\_im\\_lonely](#)

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