

this thing is real

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by [Bee_4](#)

Summary

Ren and Doc have a conversation on the way to Season 9, after waking up from the Hermethius.

Notes

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

Doc finds Ren sitting in a tucked-away window of the Hermethius, alone with a case of beer, staring at the stars. He watches Ren play with his bottle for a few moments before shrugging, climbing his way into the window as well, and sitting next to him.

“Oh, hey Doc,” says Ren. “Come here to wallow too?”

“That what we’re doing?” Doc says, settling his four legs into place under him awkwardly.

“Oh, you know, dude. Wondering if anything’s real, wondering if I’m cursed, all that nonsense.”

Doc blinks. “Cursed? That’s a new.”

“Come on, man. Last season, what with Pamela and the Renperor, we’ve got whatever was up with Grimdog, the less said about Third Life or Last Life the better, and now this season? I’m just saying, man. Twice is a coincidence, but however many this is, is like. Enemy action. Or a curse!” He takes another swig of his drink.

Doc—

Doc thinks about Beef and Etho and Bdubs, all too slow to wake up this time and all left behind the time before. Doc thinks about a portal lined in diamond and bad decisions. He thinks about blood running down his hands, shoulder-to-shoulder with Ren, oblivion hanging over their heads and no way to change it. He thinks about—

He flexes his robotic hand. “If you’re cursed, man, what does that make me?”

There must be something in his expression, judging by Ren’s. “Touché, my dude.”

They sit quietly next to each other for a bit, staring out as the stars go by. From up here, the constellations are meaningless, Doc thinks. If he looks out the window again in an hour, they all will have changed. Ren has a point about doubting reality, he thinks—how on earth is he supposed to know, if the stars won’t be the same next time he looks?

Maybe they’re all dead, and this is the dream afterwards. Moon fell, after all. How are they supposed to know? They’re cursed after all.

Doc reaches for one of the beer bottles.

“Oh, hey, dude, I propose a toast,” says Ren.

“A toast?”

“Yeah.” Ren holds up his half-empty bottle. “To Season 9! May it hopefully be real and less terrible than the last!”

Doc snorts. “To Season 9,” he says, clinking his bottle against Ren’s and taking a drink.

He pauses and looks at the bottle.

“Ren, dude, this is shit beer.”

“I’m trying to get drunk through an emotional breakdown, not have a good time,” Ren responds. “Also, it tastes terrible enough that I’m *pretty sure* a computer couldn’t fake it?”

“I’m offended,” Doc says. “It’s the good stuff that’s hard to replicate. If we’re going to wallow anyway, I refuse to drink this... *swill* in the process. I still have pride, man.”

“You have better stuff?”

“Yeah, sure.”

“Lead the way, dude.”

They unfold themselves from the window. Doc gestures to Ren, who walks past him, and they set off back into the ship to find Doc’s actually *decent* drinks. And if their laughs on the way to each other are these shattered, sardonic things—well, no one’s here to watch. The other Hermits don’t have to know about anything other than a bad hangover in the morning.

End Notes

one of several big moon oneshots i'm gonna bring over from tumblr (along with some

others). i just think they both have so much shit to work through now...

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