

THIS IS WHY YOUR MOTHER DOESN'T LOVE YOU

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THIS IS WHY YOUR MOTHER DOESN'T LOVE YOU

by [Corvid404](#)

Summary

He grumbled, but begrudgingly tried his swing again. He could do it. He glanced back a few times, and Pause was just smirking at him. He had a feeling they weren't going to get through all eighteen holes at this rate. He swung again, and this time Beef grabbed him and dragged him back onto the couch.

"I hate both of you," he hissed, watching as his ball moved about ten feet. At least it stayed on the green. "I hope you die."

Etho shuffled to the side as Beef stood up for his turn. "Honestly? I hope we all die."

"What if Wii Golf is our purgatory?" Pause said, very frantically. "Oh god what if we're never free? What if there's infinite holes and we're trapped here forever?!"

I am drowning. There is no sign of land. You are coming down with me, hand in unlovable hand. I hope you die. I hope we both die. (AKA Team Canada get high and struggle with Wii Golf.)

Notes

shout out to my bestie, val, and that one time we played wii golf and started screaming about society and the lyrics to no children. love you <3 (i know you have no clue who these minecraft block men are but shhh)

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

“*THIS IS WHY YOUR MOTHER DOESN’T LOVE YOU!*” Pause shrieked.

Etho cackled, watching as the TV proudly declared that he’d made a hole-in-one. “Aw yeah, baby! I never lose.”

Beef groaned, standing up to take his turn. “It’s not fair—*nobody’s* good at *Wii Golf*.”

Etho shrugged, taking his seat on the couch next to Pause. “Oh, I don’t think that’s repeatable at all,” he added. “Just a fluke off the motion control.”

Pause grumbled, crossing his arms and leaning back. “I’m gonna ‘fluke’ you into next week if you *somehow* do that again.”

It didn’t happen again. In fact, three holes and a bong rip later, Etho had been capped after swinging too many times from getting stuck in pits, water, the rough—he’d swung more into out-of-bounds than actually anywhere on the green.

“Oh come *on!*” he yelled, all but throwing his remote at the screen as he hit 18 swings and was barred from trying again. “This is stupid.”

Beef snorted. “Okay, Mr. ‘I never lose.’”

He sat back down, throwing him a glare. “Not a *word* from you, you’re like fifteen over par.”

“At least he made it into the hole,” Pause added, tacking an immature giggle.

He rolled his eyes and shoved Pause off the couch on his way to stand up. “You both *suck*. I need better friends.”

“*Hey!*” Beef snapped, only to be cut off by Pause.

“I swear to *fucking God* I’m going to throw this *entire console* out!” He gestured up to the screen as it showed a replay of his ball flying into the water. “Look at this shit!”

“Ohh, not so tough now, are ya?” Etho jeered, watching as he grumbled and swung again, this time barely landing on the grass.

Etho traded places with him, standing up to take his swing. He had to get this right—or at least, not land in the water. That couldn’t be too difficult, although his entire body *did* feel like a bag of wet sand. He practiced his swing a few times, before going for it for real and—

Pause shoved him forward, and Etho almost crashed into the TV. “*Dude!* You fucking *jerk!*”

Etho watched with his jaw dropped as his character swung, and the ball flew so far into the ocean that it went into the render distance fog. He glanced back to Pause, who was snickering and smirking up at him.

“What? I didn’t do anything,” he said.

He grumbled, but begrudgingly tried his swing again. He could do it. He glanced back a few times, and Pause was just smirking at him. He had a feeling they weren’t going to get through all eighteen

holes at this rate. He swung again, and this time Beef grabbed him and dragged him back onto the couch.

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Etho propped his elbows on his knees and watched as Beef also swung too little, not landing far behind his golf ball. This was hell, actually. Why hadn’t they chosen something actually *fun* to play on the Wii, like *Mario Kart* or *Smash Bros* or one of the *good Wii Sports* games? Why *golf*? *Wii Golf* was nothing but suffering, especially with impaired motor function.

Etho silenced his thoughts with a Dorito.

Then he threw one at Beef.

“You— *you*—”

Etho giggled, ducking his head and standing up to take his turn.

They barely made it to the sixth hole before Pause turned the Wii off. It’d been an hour of throwing stuff at the TV, yelling about how terrible the gravity was, and a fair amount of Etho saying he could make a better golf game faded. (Which, honestly, he could. He’d also need a metric tonne of Redbull.)

“What’s that quote? War never changes?” Beef started, watching as his ball flew off into the ocean. “*Wii Golf*. *Wii Golf* never changes. Since the dawn of *Wii Sports*, or—whatever, I don’t know the rest of it.”

Etho hummed. “You picked the longest monologue, of course you don’t know the rest of it.” He giggled, sitting back. “I think you’re losing your memory, old man.”

Beef grumbled. “I’m *not old!* I’m only like, a year or two older than you!”

He smirked. “Wow, your bones are turning into dust.”

Pause returned to the Wii home screen and took the CD out of the console. “We’re done, this is stupid.”

“It was *your idea!*” Etho snapped, pulling the strap off his remote and tossing it onto the floor.

“Yeah—well, it was a bad idea!” he said.

“That’s a terrible defense,” Beef piped up. “In fact, that’s not a defense *at all.*”

“At least I’m admitting I was *wrong.*”

Etho casually checked his phone for the time—almost midnight. His throat hurt from a combination of the smoking and screaming, and was also absolutely *starving*. It didn’t help that the tray of cookies he’d made had weed in them, and he still had to get home.

Pause huffed and sat back down on the couch. “Do you guys wanna play anything else?”

Etho shook his head. “I’m gonna order an Uber home.”

Beef glanced between him and the tupperware box of cookies. “Are you taking them back with you or can we have them?”

He sighed. “Keep them. My roommates have a bad habit of eating stuff without asking me what it is, then getting *shocked* when they’re high an hour later.”

Pause snickered. “Really? Does Ren *still* do that?”

He made an exasperated sigh. “*Yeah!* He does! I think he’s mistakenly eaten something containing pot like, five or six times now. He never learns, he’s worse than my dog was.”

Beef hummed. “Didn’t Chester act super stupid when he was stoned, though?”

“It was *cute*, that doesn’t mean it was *healthy*.”

The three were quiet for a moment, the silence filled by Wii home screen music. Video game night was Etho’s least favorite night—it was easy to get frustrated at the games, something that happened a lot less over board games and card games. Although, to be fair, Pause *had* threatened him over *Uno* last week. And they couldn’t play *Monopoly* after Pause and Beef’s neighbors filed noise complaints. And—okay, maybe they just needed to take breaks from playing competitive games.

Pause cleared his throat and spoke up. “I think we should do something that’s actually *fun* next week.”

Etho and Beef hummed in agreement.

“I think we need to take *Wii Sports* out of the rotation,” Beef suggested. “Why don’t we play like, *Minecraft* or something? We have an Xbox, right?”

Pause nodded. “*Minecraft* could be cool. I’ll have to see if we have it.”

Etho tilted his head. “I thought next week was board game week?”

Beef opened up his phone. “No, I think—yeah, next week is whatever we want. I’m voting for *Minecraft*, if we have it.”

“I can always teach you guys—”

Pause groaned. “Etho, we are *not* playing *Magic*.”

“I wouldn’t understand that game *sober*,” Beef added, “And I *made* a card game.”

Etho huffed, leaning back on the couch. “You guys suck. It’s not *that* hard.” His phone buzzed, declaring that his driver had arrived. “I’ve gotta get going, I’ll see you guys next week.”

They both yelled their goodbyes at him as he slipped out the door.

we live in a society, no children by the mountain goats, etc etc etc wii golf is hell. this fic has been the most fun one so far, so i really hope yall enjoyed it!! i think its kind of wild that team canada have such an important place in this au in my head yet i hadnt explored their friendship yet, so here they are :)

thank you so much for reading!! leave a comment if u feel so inclined, and have a good day/night <3

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