

**he told me he enjoyed laughter and dancing, riot grll, and getting very very very high**  
Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/42846636) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42846636>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Hermitcraft SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">EthosLab &amp; Rendog (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">EthosLab &amp; Rendog &amp; BdoubleO100</a>
Character:	<a href="#">EthosLab (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Rendog (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">John Booko   BdoubleO100</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hermitcraft Season 9</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - College/University</a> , <a href="#">Recreational Drug Use</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">EthosLab-centric (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">monolith college roomies</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-11-04 Words: 1,744 Chapters: 1/1

## **he told me he enjoyed laughter and dancing, riot grll, and getting very very very high**

by [Corvid404](#)

### Summary

“Etho?” he asked, and Etho tilted his head back slightly to his name. “Dude, what’re you doing out here?”

Etho was swaddled in a green sherpa blanket, sitting cross-legged in a lawn chair Ren didn’t know any of them even owned. He would have attributed Etho’s momentary silence to him taking up late-night people-watching or being half-asleep, if not for the small trail of smoke curling up from his fingers. Ah.

Ren's roommate has been a mystery to him since he moved in late. It doesn't help that he, apparently, makes it a habit to smoke on the fire escape in the middle of the night.

### Notes

hi. there's a bigger au around this silly little fic. will yall ever see it? idk!!!

anyway. etho does weed. they're college roomies bcuz i miss the monolith roommates situation it was so fun. have fun reading

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

Ren didn't really consider himself Etho's friend. They were roommates—they didn't need to be friends. Etho kept to himself, and Ren did the same. They had the occasional chat in the kitchen when Etho was cooking, and that was about it. Shallow things like *classes* and *work*.

So when Bdubs slammed his door open to ask him if he'd seen Etho, he didn't have an answer for him. It wasn't like they actually spoke when they weren't in the same room by coincidence.

"No clue, I've been working on my essay all night."

Bdubs pursed his lips. "Okay, thank you Ren."

Now, *Bdubs* and Etho, that was a very different story. Ren wished he knew how an insomniac stoner became best friends with, well, Bdubs.

Ren shrugged off the intrusion as just that: an intrusion. Bdubs was definitely one for slamming open doors just for the drama of it. Still, Etho had apparently gone missing. Ren scoffed—who was he, their cat? Etho had probably just gone to get something, or had something unexpected come up. He didn't need to report to anyone, they were all *adults* for goodness sake.

The hours ticked by. Bdubs never seemed to stop pacing the house, until it hit ten and the apartment went silent. If Ren had to stare at his essay for one more second, he was going to implode. He reached over for his bottle of water, and after a gentle swish found it empty. What a perfect excuse to get out of his chair!

As he stepped into the hallway, though, his attention was pulled to the sound of traffic coming from the end of the hall. It wouldn't have been strange if it wasn't three in the morning in mid-October; cold air snaked in from the open window that ended the hallway of their apartment. Bdubs was good about closing windows before he went to bed, and constantly pestered Etho about closing his window for some reason or another, he really never paid attention.

He grumbled to himself about the heating bill as he drew closer, and already had his hands on the window to pull it shut when he caught a silhouette on the fire escape, sitting quite still.

He blinked. Normally, in horror movies, the protagonist could blink and the ghost would simply vanish, but this figure remained in place. Maybe it was some homeless person that had climbed up the fire escape to get away from the cops? The more Ren squinted out the window, the more his eyes adjusted to the slightly darker light outside, the more the figure sitting there took the shape of a familiar person with white hair.

"Etho?" he asked, and Etho tilted his head back slightly to his name. "Dude, what're you doing out here?"

Etho was swaddled in a green sherpa blanket, sitting cross-legged in a lawn chair Ren didn't know any of them even *owned*. He would have attributed Etho's momentary silence to him taking up late-night people-watching or being half-asleep, if not for the small trail of smoke curling up from his fingers. Ah.

Etho drew his brows together, before finally responding: "I like sitting out here, sometimes." He took another drag, and sat back in his rickety lawn chair that really could tilt over at any moment. He opened his mouth as if to say something else, but all that came out was a tired, high giggle.

Well. He guessed the mystery of Etho's location was solved. He must've been standing there for far too long, drinking in the cold air and ambient sounds of their fake-quaint college town with his hands still propped on the edge of the window to close it, because Etho spoke up again.

“Wanna join me?”

Ren froze. “Ah, uh, no, I’m not really into—”

Etho shrugged. “You don’t have to have any if you don’t want. Y’ can just sit and enjoy the atmosphere, it’s... Refreshing, I guess.”

A tempting invitation. But one he couldn’t take in good faith. They weren’t friends like that. “Still gonna be a no,” he replied, “I’ve got an essay to write.” An essay he was damn tired of working on, but nonetheless he needed to get it done.

Etho shrugged, wrapping himself tighter in his blanket. “Suit yourself, then.”

He stepped away from the window, returning to his mission of stretching and refilling his water bottle.

He ought to tell Bdubs about Etho’s new little hiding place. See, Etho was a private enough guy—or at least, Ren got that impression of him—and Bdubs was a nosy motherfucker. Ren offhandedly mentioned someone he didn’t like in his highschool, and somehow Bdubs managed to get him to squirrel out all the nastiest gossip he could remember about them. Bdubs liked talking, and Etho solidly did not, although they seemed to make exceptions for each other. But if Etho had managed to find somewhere Bdubs wouldn’t interrupt him... He wasn’t going to deprive Etho of that alone time.

Besides, they weren’t even really friends.

He must’ve passed out at his laptop, because when his alarm jolted him awake in the morning, he awoke to the outline of keys in his cheek and several dozen pages of alphabet soup and twenty sticky keys windows. Ah, whoops.

---

Ren didn’t *mean* to keep stumbling upon Etho’s private smoke sessions. He really didn’t. It just happened that they both stayed up too late and coffee made Ren antsy when he was the sleepy kind of tired. It must’ve been one or two in the morning when Ren had made his B-line for the kitchen, whether to refill his mug or wash it was yet to be decided, when he caught sight of Etho’s silhouette on the fire escape again.

It’d only been a week or so since he’d first found Etho sitting out there, but the weather had finally snapped for good. The air leaking through the open window made his teeth chatter. He didn’t know much about the effects of weed, but he was pretty sure smoking didn’t counteract teeth-chattering chills.

He poked his head out, and quietly asked Etho if he was cold. Tonight, he’d wrapped himself in—shit, was that *his* robe? Sticky-fingered thief. Whatever, it was fuzzy and warm, and Ren wasn’t using it. He’d confront him about it in the morning. On top of it, Etho seemed to have dragged out his bed’s comforter, like he’d started smoking in bed then decided to migrate outside.

Etho shrugged.

“Do you at least want anything hot to drink? I was gonna make some more coffee...”

He shook his head, then held up his joint. “Caffeine and weed don’t mix well in my brain, it makes me anxious.”

Ren nodded, and dipped back out, leaving him to it. Afterall, he had assignments to do.

The next time, he really wasn't even intending on finding Etho. He just needed to be anywhere other than staring at his laptop or he was going to throw it at the wall. He rooted through his closet for all of two seconds before grabbing the thickest sweatshirt he owned and tossing it on, plus a blanket because one can never be too cozy, and climbed out the window without giving it a second thought that it was already open.

He wasn't *surprised* per say that Etho was there in his lawn chair, wearing his own sweatshirt and swaddled in his own blankets. He hoped he wasn't disturbing his peace and quiet with his frustrated grumbling.

And *damn*, Etho was really onto something. It *was* refreshing to be outside, with the cold air biting him through his hoodie and masking his caffeine shakes with shivers. He closed his eyes and leaned against the railing.

It was odd, just sharing space with Etho. Not that it didn't happen, it was just that it was never intentional, and neither of them had intended on it. He didn't mind it, he decided. Neither of them spoke for a few minutes, content to sit in the cold fall air.

Below the soft hum of fading traffic and the upper-story winds, he could *swear* he heard Etho humming. He cast him a glance, and Etho smiled. "Fan of riot girl, Ren?"

He quirked an eyebrow. "Can't say I've heard of such a thing."

Etho lit up. "Oh man, you're missing out on some *real* hardcore stuff!" he chirped, far faster than he'd ever heard a stoned person speak. Etho proceeded to chat to him for hours on end about bands he'd never heard of because, "Theater majors, man! You guys live and breathe showtunes, you're missing out on *real* music. Stuff with a message."

"Musicals have *messages!*"

Etho snickered. "No, not the kind of messages that riot girl has."

Apparently, it was a punk subgenre—not the kind of stuff he expected Etho to listen to, but he decided to stop setting expectations about Etho—spelled as riot grrrl, with however many r's seemed appropriate. He went on quite the tirade that Ren was a tad too tired to listen to properly. Something about feminism, the 90s, and how the scene died down due to infiltration from Nazis.

"Sounds sick," Ren chimed in.

Etho grinned. It had been so long since Etho had last touched his joint, caught up in the fervor of explaining the genre, that it had burnt out. Ren had a feeling he was rather sober at the moment. "Do you want some bands to listen to? I think you'd like Bikini Kill. Ooh, or Sleater Kinney, they're good too for getting into the scene!"

And so he went back inside, now with a laundry list of bands to listen to. It wasn't until he finally caught Etho the next evening, stirring something very good smelling in a pan in the kitchen, that he finally managed to say, "Good talk last night."

Etho hummed, flashing him a sideways smile. "I'm gonna get you to listen to Bratmobile, Babes in Toyland, the whole scene."

He laughed. "Yeah, with what spare time?"

Etho snickered. "I'll find it. Probably when you least expect it." He leaned back, using his free hand to gesture. "You'll be like, monologuing or something, and I'll walk into your room with my

radio and turn on *Reject All American.*”

“What’s got you two laughing?!” Bdubs shouted from somewhere in the living room.

“Nothing, Bdubs!” Etho yelled back.

Okay. Maybe Ren was a *little bit* friends with Etho.

## End Notes

etho's music taste is not at all inspired by a recent comment of the day at all 🤔 yep 🤔i just felt like talking about riot grrrl mhm yep 🤔🤔🤔

leave a comment if u feel so inclined and have a good night!! :D

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