

rocky horror picture show

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rocky horror picture show

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Summary

After ten or fifteen minutes, Etho stopped his tirade with a dramatic sigh and dropped his head into his hands. “I am not nearly high enough for this,” he grumbled.

“Y’know, you really shouldn’t—”

“—smoke when I’m stressed, it can lead to bad habits that can ruin my life.” Etho propped his head back up. “Gee, I get enough of that from my mom, dude.”

Bdubs puffed up his chest. “Yeah, well, your mom has a point!”

Etho grinned. Oh no. “*Your* mom got a point last night.”

Etho let himself into Bdubs' room for a few hours. They chit, they chat.

Notes

hi. im having fun writing etho being stoned so u get more of him, now from bdubs' pov. i'll write sober etho for this au eventuallyyyyy but that day is not today lol

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

Bdubs loved Etho. He really did! He wouldn't have invited him to be his roommate otherwise. But, there were times he really, *really* wished he made a better habit of locking his door when he wanted to be alone.

Like right now.

He'd barely noticed that his door had creaked open, far too focused on over analyzing the color choices on his screen. He needed to make this still life stand out, and he'd chosen to go the overly and unnaturally colored route. He was flipping between making the model's hair have red highlights or yellow highlights when someone leaned over his shoulder that smelled like burning.

"Okay so you know how—"

Bdubs made a very manly-sounding, high-pitched *shriek* as he was suddenly snapped out of his trance, spinning around in his chair and haphazardly shoving his uninvited guest back.

"*Etho!*" he shrieked, watching as his friend stumbled backwards a few steps. "Dude, can't you at least *knock?!?*"

He snickered. "Can't you lock your door?" Etho had draped himself in *his* green sherpa blanket—when he'd managed to poach that off his bed, he wasn't sure, but at this point it wasn't worth taking back. When Bdubs took no action to throw him out other than an annoyed grumble, he sat down on the area rug and kept talking.

"As I was saying, y'know how shrimp have like, 12 color rods in their eyes or something ridiculous like that?"

Bdubs tilted his head. "I think I've heard of that somewhere."

Etho gestured to his monitor. "Your painting kinda reminds me of how I think shrimp would see."

He sighed. "Seriously? *That's* what you're givin' me a heart attack for?"

Etho shrugged. "No, I wanted to talk to my friend. Is that illegal?"

Bdubs crossed his arms. "No, it's not, but I was busy."

Etho propped his head on his hands. See, Bdubs considered himself an expert on Etho; knowing a guy since middle school had that effect. And the way Etho was tilting his head and staring at the wall meant one thing:

"What's botherin' you?"

Etho sighed. "So I was working on a thing for my game design class—"

Bdubs did not understand a word that came out of his mouth. A lot of computer-y, science-y, technological gobbledygook that flew right over his head. Algorithms, calculators, simulators, loops and gates. Etho got real heated about it, too, gesturing all over with his hands in the way he only got when he was real frustrated. Occasionally it even sounded like English!

After ten or fifteen minutes, Etho stopped his tirade with a dramatic sigh and dropped his head into his hands. "I am not nearly high enough for this," he grumbled.

“Y’know, you really shouldn’t—”

“—smoke when I’m stressed, it can lead to bad habits that can ruin my life.” Etho propped his head back up. “Gee, I get enough of that from my mom, dude.”

Bdubs puffed up his chest. “Yeah, well, your mom has a point!”

Etho grinned. Oh no. “*Your* mom got a point last night.”

Bdubs sputtered, and Etho just about fell over laughing. “Hey! It wasn’t *that* funny, dumbass!”

“That’s not what your mom said,” he spat back, still laughing his smug little ass off.

Bdubs groaned and threw the nearest object he had at him—a small stuffed Among Us plushie. Wait, when the hell did he get that in here!? Etho reached to catch it, and missed by a spectacularly wide margin.

“You jerk,” he giggled, reaching over to where the plushie had landed on the floor. “Y’know, my buddy Beef spent like fifty bucks on this little guy—”

“Fifty bucks too many for that piece of shit!”

“—only for you to throw him on the floor? I’m gonna call the ASPCA on you.”

Stupid claw machine Among Us thing. He didn’t even *like* the color pink, so it was fitting that it was smeared with dirt from when Etho had hidden it among all his potted plants.

“I can’t believe I fell for a stupid ‘your mom’ joke,” he grumbled.

Etho snickered. “Well, when the opportunity presents itself—”

“*Shut it.*”

He groaned and moved across the room to his bed—it was unlikely he’d be getting any more work done until Etho left, so he might as well be comfortable. Etho stayed put, happy with sitting on his area rug. To be fair, it was a very nice rug, all fuzzy and soft, the kind that would probably lose its fluffiness with too much foot traffic; or in his case, his friend running his hands through it too much.

As annoying as it sometimes was to have Etho barge in on him, he had a habit of doing the same thing when he needed to tell him something immediately, and had *definitely* interrupted projects more frustrating than a digital painting. At least Bdubs could say he was sober when he did that, though.

Etho leaned back against the bed and closed his eyes. He was tempted to offer him one of his many pillows, but he also didn’t want Etho getting comfortable and falling asleep in here—not that he’d really mind, he just knew Etho would blame him in the morning for letting him fall asleep on the floor. Or he’d wake up in the middle of the night and make a ruckus. Neither of those things sounded particularly appealing.

There were a few moments of comfortable silence. It wasn’t time for him to go to bed, but it was certainly later at night, and if Bdubs wanted any chance at having his work done in time for critique tomorrow he ought to get back to it. Etho wouldn’t mind. Then Etho leaned his head against the side of his leg, or maybe he’d just lolled his head to the side and happened to hit his knee. Either way, Bdubs was now stuck in place.

“D’you ever think about what it’d be like to be a star?” Etho blurted.

Bdubs frowned. “Can’t say I have.”

Etho hummed, pulling his knees up to his chest. “I dunno. I like to make up hypotheticals, like, ‘*What would it feel like to be a piece of dirt for a day?*’ or the sun or a molecule of water or an electron. Like, what would it feel like to be a star?”

Bdubs couldn’t really see his head from where he was sitting, but Etho was definitely doing that thing where he looked at him without actually looking at him. Expecting some sort of answer. He cleared his throat. “I don’t think it’d feel like anything,” he finally mustered up. “You’d just be a burning hot ball of gas.”

Etho hummed again. “Yeah, but do you think stars know that they’re burning? Do they feel their own heat?”

Bdubs snorted and reached down to ruffle Etho’s hair. “I think you’re just stoned.”

Etho snickered. “Yeah, but still! If stars experience consciousness the way humans do, would they know that they themselves are hot? Or is their heat like, their body temperature, and they think the vacuum of space is cold?”

Bdubs shrugged. He didn’t manage to add anything else before Etho continued.

“Is it a lonely existence? Like, most of the time stars are one of a kind in their immediate area, if you consider a planetary system spanning hundreds if not thousands of lightyears to be immediate. They’re the only star. They might have a partner star, but it probably isn’t close enough for them to feel the heat of it. They just have these rocks spinning around them, sometimes super dense balls of gas, but it’s not like them. It’s a star.”

Bdubs, finally, grabbed a stuffed animal—a horse he’d gotten from Build-A-Bear a few years ago—and passed it to Etho. “You are *definitely* stoned.”

Etho giggled. “Okay, okay, I’ll cut the existentialism out.” He examined the Build-A-Bear horse, smoothing down its very wrinkled green shirt. “This one’s... Lulu, right?”

“Uh-huh,” he replied, getting back up to return to his desk. “So you best treat her with *respect*.”

Bdubs quietly went back to work on his painting. Etho kept talking about whatever popped into his head; he did his best to listen and engage, but he *did* have critique tomorrow. He needed this done.

He figured Etho’s high had probably worn off after he stopped talking so much. At some point he’d moved to sitting cross-legged on his bed—he had long given up on getting him to keep his feet off the covers, it never worked with that man. Not when they were in high school, and it definitely wouldn’t now.

At some point though, just as suddenly as Etho had barged in and sucked up two hours of his time, he quietly left. He made a mental note to check on him before he went to bed. They weren’t kids, Etho didn’t need to be babysat, but he couldn’t help it. He made another mental note to try and drag that idiot out of the house soon; maybe Ren had some good ideas.

hope u enjoyed!!! like i mentioned at the start, high etho is fun to write so expect perhaps more of him. and more of this au, its very sweet n silly! i've got a few ideas to keep it going, but im just vibing with it for now :)

leave a comment if u feel so inclined, and have a good day/night <3

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