

THE DIVORCE OF THE CENTURY

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THE DIVORCE OF THE CENTURY

by [glossyblue](#)

Summary

The court proceedings of Hermitcraft's first ever divorce, centering on Grian (Petitioner #1), Scar (Petitioner #2), Mumbo Jumbo (defense lawyer), a cat (also somehow a defense lawyer?), several judges since they keep quitting because of all the nonsense, and your tireless Court Scribe JoeHills.

Notes

Many people have speculated on Grian and Scar marrying for the benefits, and I salute you all, but for the divorce concept and the funnier jokes here thank you to TJ, cocoabats, eirian and choco, you know what you did. Plus to the incomparably talented keen for the whole of Grian's bachelor party.

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

TRANSCRIPT OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS, DAY 1:

His Hon. Judge BdoubleO100: Silence in the court!

[Court is not silent]

His Hon. Judge Bdubs: Silence in the COURT! I can have you all HANGED!

[The court falls as silent as is possible with a dozen Hermits present]

Judge Bdubs: Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today—

Cleo: Ahem.

Judge Bdubs: WHAT?

Cleo: That's for weddings, Bdubs. We're not doing a wedding. In fact, if you think about it, this is about as far away from a wedding as you can get.

Judge Bdubs: *Fine* fine FINE. Dearly beloathed, we have all been dragged here today because SOME PEOPLE can't get ALONG. Grian, step forward!

Grian: Do I— is this the podium for witnesses? Who built this and why did they make it out of nothing but trapdoors? So. Okay. I'm filing for divorce.

Scar: Wait, I thought *I* was filing for divorce.

Judge Bdubs: LET THE DEFENDANT SPEAK.

Ren: Bdubs, my man, that's the petitioner. The court hasn't accused Grian of any crimes.

Cleo: [darkly] Yet.

Grian: I haven't done any crimes! I'm filing for divorce from Scar, obviously. As my lawyer will tell you—

Judge Bdubs: Do you have a lawyer?

Grian: Yes, your Honor. This is my defense lawyer Mumbo Jumbo Esq. [Waggles a hand behind his back and hisses] *Mumbo!*

Judge Bdubs: Mumbo's your defense lawyer? Aren't you supposed to have a *divorce* lawyer?

Mumbo: [steps forward and bows nervously] Well, I've never divorced anyone, but I have got a lot of experience in defending, er, mainly myself, come to think of it, and also my

valuables. From Grian, as a matter of fact. So I think I'll stick with 'defense lawyer' if that's alright with the court, thank you.

Judge Bdubs: [leans aside to confer with Cleo] Is that alright with the court? Ask Joe.

[Court Scribe JoeHills confirms this is probably alright with the court]

Judge Bdubs: Good, good, next! Scar, do *you* have a lawyer?

Scar: Oh, absolutely. My lawyer is this cat I found outside.

Judge Bdubs: Not Jellie?

Scar: Jellie doesn't believe we're really divorcing and wouldn't come.

Judge Bdubs: Is *this* cat a qualified divorce lawyer?

Scar: She's a—let me look at those markings—she's clearly a personal injury attorney.

Cleo: Have you been personally injured, Scar?

Scar: Why, thank you for asking, I *have*. My feelings have been very hurt!

Ren: Uh, Bdubs, maybe the court should establish some facts. Why they're divorcing, what the court can do for them, that sort of thing.

Judge Bdubs: YES. Let's start with the facts. Now, we all know why you and Scar got married in the first place. Don't stand there and make that innocent face at me, Grian, I know all the secrets. You got married because Etho and I had the WEDDING OF THE CENTURY last month and you were JEALOUS—no, don't talk, THE JUDGE IS TALKING—you were jealous of us. [aside] Bdubs and Etho had the wedding of the century, Joe, are you writing this down?

Court Scribe JoeHills: Yep, your Honor, I've written that down.

Grian: It wasn't that good.

Judge Bdubs: YOU TAKE THAT BACK.

Grian: Etho had his bouquet wrapped in a Kleenex box.

Scar: [sentimentally] Don't you listen to him, Bdubs, I thought the flower arch was lovely.

Judge Bdubs: *Thank* you, Scar! I—

Cleo: You can't find in favor of Scar because he said something nice about your own wedding decorations.

Judge Bdubs: [with dignity] —was NOT going to do that. Ahem. So, you and Scar got married because you were jealous—

Grian: We didn't! It wasn't like that!

Judge Bdubs: —and now you want to get divorced. Why?

[At this point Petitioner Grian and Petitioner Scar, who have been studiously avoiding each other's gazes, appear to lock eyes by accident. They both jerk away like they've touched a blaze rod. Grian immediately swivels to face the bench, and this scribe has to note that at normal times Grian's stare is disconcertingly like two soulless voids looking back at you, so it's even worse when he's attempting a poker face. Scar becomes very interested in his eat defense lawyer and doesn't look at Grian at all.]

Grian: The thing is, you see, this marriage was a scam from the start.

*

EVIDENCE #1

[Dramatization by Court Scribe from participant testimony]

One month previously, a note landed in Scar's bedroom attached to a firework rocket with a red bow and rose. This was very romantic, or at least it would have been romantic if the rocket hadn't lodged in the rafters and set itself and a chunk of the surrounding wall on fire, but in any case it was clearly Grian making an *effort*, so Scar deciphered the coordinates scribbled on the charred note and set off to find out what was going on.

They pointed to a spot in the middle of nowhere. In Scar's long experience of Grian, this meant an equal chance that they were going to make out or he was going to get inventively murdered, but this was always a gamble worth the odds.

But when he arrived, on a green hill in a quiet spot of the server, it was neither. The top of the hill had been leveled off and covered with birch wood, on which Grian was industriously spelling out something with white wool, though Scar couldn't make out the words from his low angle of approach. Grian stopped when he spotted Scar and launched up to meet him. His wings beat so fast they were nearly vibrating.

"Scar," Grian said, "Scar." His grin was one of a cat who had stolen not only the cream, but the milk, the cow, and everyone else's cows for good measure. "Scar, I've had an idea."

This was clearly a planning-a-prank type of meeting, which probably meant no making out, but Grian's pranks were not to be missed. "I'm in," Scar said. "Do we get fancy costumes? I want a fancy costume."

"No, Scar, that's *not the point*—wait, yes, actually." Grian angled his wings to carve tight spirals around Scar's coasting flight, always a sign of excitement, and nudged the angle of their joint descent to land on top of the white wool scrawls. "Yes, fancy costumes are a big part of it, but that's not—listen, this is my big gesture. Just look down."

Scar looked down. The wool said, WILL YOU MARR.

“I ran out of wool,” Grian said. He flapped a hand. “Just because it’s a big gesture doesn’t mean it has to be finished.”

“What was it supposed to say?” Scar said innocently.

“*Scar!*” Grian shifted from foot to foot when he got agitated, which was always funny. “Fine! Okay! Stand there.”

The hidden trapdoor beneath their feet gave way as Grian pressed a switch. Scar yelped for form’s sake, but nothing exploded, and the only thing at the bottom of their tumbled slide was an underground bunker.

It had a table, and two chairs, and a huge corkboard on the otherwise blank walls. Grian had always had a thing for bunkers.

“This,” Grian said, with a flourish, “is the *Wedding War Room*.”

Scar looked around the bunker and asked the important question. “Are you going to decorate it?”

“Am I going to—no, listen, that’s not the point either. You can decorate it, if you want. The *point* is, you know how Bdubs and Etho got married?”

“It was beautiful,” Scar agreed immediately. “That wedding chapel? Incredible, honestly, Bdubs is a true artist. Oh! Remember the part where Etho put a river of lava through the chapel roof and glitched it into a heart?”

“Okay, but, you know what Bdubs and Etho got?”

“Eternal happiness?”

“*Scar.*”

“No, what?”

“Bdubs and Etho got *royal diamonds*,” Grian said impressively. “From the vault.”

“Are they still royal diamonds if Ren’s not king anymore?” Scar said. “I thought we blew up the vault, anyway. You blew it up. I was there.”

“Do you pay any attention to anything that’s not Scarland?” Grian said. “Mumbo didn’t know what to do with the diamonds so he and Iskall built a new vault. I think Mumbo and Iskall and Impulse are the only ones who really know how to get into it. Anyway, everyone got so warm and fuzzy about Bdubs and Etho’s wedding that they all decided to open the vault up and just *gave them diamonds*.”

“Free diamonds?” Scar said thoughtfully.

“Free diamonds!” Grian’s eyes glittered. “Think of that vault. Stacks on stacks on stacks of diamonds. *Thousands* of diamonds! We could have some of those, for nothing, just by saying some words. And that’s not even mentioning the wedding presents! We’re out here spending days and days grinding resources and stocking our shops when we could be swimming in it! *That could be us, Scar.*” Scar had entirely forgotten the lack of interior decorations; he always did, when Grian got on a roll as mesmerizing as this. “And so,” Grian took a deep breath and held out his hand, “Scar, will you marry me?”

Scar took his hand with an enormous wave of affection. “Grian,” he said sincerely, “I have never, in my whole life, wanted to marry anyone more.”

*

EVIDENCE #2

Mumbo took the news more earnestly than Grian had expected.

“Oh,” said Mumbo. “Oh, haha, wow—seriously? Scar said something and I thought it was just a joke, but you guys actually... Wow!” He cleared his throat. “Grian, mate, it’s been a long time coming. I’m so happy for you.”

“Don’t get *sappy*,” Grian said. “It’s just a wedding. I mean,” he clarified, “it’s a very important wedding, obviously, because it’s my wedding, but I don’t need you to get sappy about it. I don’t even need you to talk about it. I just need you to bring diamonds.”

“I didn’t even know you were going to ask him,” Mumbo said, ignoring the very clear instructions Grian had just given him. “Or did he ask you, or—mate, that’s just brilliant. This is brilliant. Is it because Bdubs and Etho had that wedding? That was really beautiful, I don’t mind saying, I got a little bit teary.”

“This has nothing to do with any weddings anyone else had,” Grian said with dignity. “Our wedding will be better, but that’s unrelated. I didn’t come here to talk about that. I came here to ask you something.” He took hold of Mumbo’s hand in the most meaningful grip he could muster. “Mumbo, we’ve been friends for years, right?”

“Of course,” Mumbo said nervously.

Grian gave it a second’s pause for the sake of drama. “Mumbo Jumbo, will you be my best man?”

“Ah,” Mumbo said, which was not what Grian had expected. “Ah. Er. Might be a problem there.”

“What’s the problem?”

“Well, you see, five minutes ago, Scar...”

*

EVIDENCE #3

<Grian> scar

<Grian> scar

<Grian> scar

<GoodTimeWithScar> yES?

<Grian> my base.

<Grian> now.

<GoodTimeWithScar> On my way

GoodTimeWithScar hit the ground too hard

<GoodTimeWithScar> oNE MINUTE

<Grian> come in the back door

GoodTimeWithScar hit the ground too hard

<GoodTimeWithScar> Was that a trap??

<Grian> mumbo is mine

<GoodTimeWithScar> No he isn't, Mister!

GoodTimeWithScar was slain by Ravager

GoodTimeWithScar was slain by Ravager

GoodTimeWithScar was slain by Ravager

GoodTimeWithScar was slain by Ravager

Grian was shot by GoodTimeWithScar using [*HoTgUy*]

<Grian> MUMBO IS MINE

GoodTimeWithScar was slain by Vindicator

GoodTimeWithScar was slain by Ravager

Grian was shot by GoodTimeWithScar using [*HoTgUy*]

<Renthedog>: :o

GoodTimeWithScar burned to death

<Renthedog> Everything okay there, gentlemen?

<Grian> best man debate

GoodTimeWithScar was poked to death by a sweet berry bush

<Grian> all settled now

<Renthedog> wait

<EthosLab> Wait

<BdoubleO100> WAIT

<TangoTek> are you two...?

<Grian> invitations dropping tomorrow. wedding gift mandatory.

<GoodTimeWithScar> Come one, Come all!

<Grian> only diamonds will be considered real presents

<PearlescentMoon> huh

<impulseSV> omg finally! So happy for you guys!

<PearlescentMoon> be honest Grian, is this because Bdubs and Etho got married and you

had to one-up them?
<Grian> NO IT IS NOT

*

EVIDENCE #4

The bachelor party negotiations were even more hard-fought than the best man.

They held the impromptu negotiations in the Wedding War Room, which was now covered with loving maps and hundreds of bits of paper that neither of them had read since putting them up there. They looked good, though, so Scar kept adding more.

There was a pile of paper strips on the table in front of them. Scar and Grian sat facing off like two negotiators at a ceasefire.

“Mumbo’s my best man,” Grian said, picking the first name off the pile without breaking eye contact and moving it to his side of the table, “so he comes to my party.” Scar gave in with a modicum of grace. The possibility of having bachelor parties at different times had been wordlessly considered and then summarily dismissed by both combatants.

Scar escalated it to a blood sport as he picked up the next bit of paper. “Pearl’s coming to my party.”

Grian yelped and grabbed Scar’s wrist. “She is not. I knew her first!”

“I know her better,” Scar countered. “Or at least,” he added, “I know her building style better.”

“You can’t just steal my friend because you like her building! That’s not how that works!”

“I think she’d enjoy it,” Scar said meditatively. “I’m going to have champagne. Glitter. Razzmatazz.”

“I will have *more champagne*,” Grian said mutinously. He hadn’t taken his hand off Scar’s wrist. “And more razzmatazz. You can’t have Pearl.”

“Oh, all right then,” Scar said, since Pearl was one of Grian’s oldest friends and he’d never had a chance of getting her anyway. Grian plucked the piece of paper out of his hand and put it on top of Mumbo’s paper. “I get Bdubs, though.”

That was a given. Grian didn’t seriously dispute it, though he opened his mouth to try. “I—yes, fine. You can have Bdubs.” Scar swept the piece of paper to his own side of the table.

“And that means,” Scar proceeded, with the grand momentum of a train starting to roll, “that I get Etho, as well.” He shuffled through the bits of paper and displayed Etho’s name like a

magic trick.

He watched Grian calculate his chances of getting Etho if Bdubs was going to Scar's party. "...okay, yeah, you get Etho."

"Also that means I get Cleo," Scar said. "She'll come if Bdubs does. We don't want to split up friends." He drew Cleo's name towards him, sliding another couple of slips underneath it at the same time. "Oh, and Joe as well, if Cleo's coming."

"What's that other one?" Grian said suspiciously. He trapped Scar's hand and pried out the third name. "What—no, you can't have Ren."

"Okay, okay, okay," Scar said in his most reasonable voice. "Hear me out. I have Cub, right?"

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"Well, I have Cub, and Bdubs, and Cleo, and Joe, so, by royal decree..."

"You can't have Ren just because the five of you were in a royal murder cult with him!"

"Excuse me, mister, that wasn't a cult. That was the royal court!"

"It was too a cult," said Grian, a man who had once persuaded Ren into living in camper vans in the woods with him for weeks in order to break into a military base and steal a magic box.

Ren's name was already safely on Scar's side of the table. "And if I have Ren, then I have to have Doc—"

"Look, Scar, if you get all of Bdubs' current and former exes—"

"—what's a 'current ex'—"

"—Etho and don't interrupt me, if you get everyone Bdubs has ever had a relationship plus their plus ones you get ninety percent of our friends."

"Is it my fault I throw good parties?" Scar protested. "Look, you can have—"

"I'm having Impulse," Grian interrupted, pulling his name out. "I need more redstoners."

"What for?"

Grian waved a hand. "You just need them around." Scar nodded, unable to find a flaw in the logic. "Also I get Joel. And Martyn. And Timmy."

"I built Jimmy a train," Scar objected. He put his fingertips on the other end of Jimmy's name while Grian attempted to steal it.

"All right, this is the 'disputed' pile," Grian said, pushing it to the side. "Who else?"

Now they had a disputed pile, it started filling up. "If I have Cleo," Scar said, "then technically I should have Scott—"

“You can’t keep using that trick!”

“Then how are we going to fix it, Grian?” Scar’s tone was eminently reasonable. “I think we should just let people be friends.”

“They are friends,” Grian said. “They’re friends with me.”

“They could be friends with *me*.”

“Tell you what,” Grian said, a warlike gleam coming into his eyes. “We’ll ask them.”

*

TRANSCRIPT OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS, DAY 1 (CONTINUED):

Judge Bdubs: So that’s how the split started?

Cleo: You weren’t even married at that point.

Grian: Right! Exactly! We weren’t even married and Scar used underhand methods to steal my friends!

Scar: Excuse *me*. You went around the server threatening everyone who you didn’t think was coming to your party. Talk about underhand methods! I just offered them a good time.

Grian: You bribed them! You bribed them to come to your bachelor party! [stabs a finger at Judge Bdubs] You even bribed *him*, so I don’t know why we put him in charge of this divorce.

Judge Bdubs: Nobody is allowed to question the integrity of the judge! I am as PURE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW.

Scar: That’s a good point. I gave you netherite, Bdubs, you should be ruling in my favor.

Judge Bdubs: You gave me ONE netherite ingot, I’m not giving you a ruling for that.

Scar: Grian, I think this judge is biased.

Judge Bdubs: HOW DARE YOU.

Grian: Scar is right, this judge is corrupt! I can’t believe we were forced into this farce of a trial and the judge is corrupt! Joe, I demand a new judge.

[Court Scribe JoeHills indicates that he is pretty sure this whole divorce trial was Grian’s idea in the first place, and also that judges cannot usually be replaced just like that, and the Court Scribe personally does not have a reserve list]

Judge Bdubs: I refuse to SIT HERE and be SLANDERED! You're both guilty! [slams gavel]
TAKE THEM TO THE DUNGEONS.

[Court Scribe JoeHills confirms that the petitioners have not actually been accused of anything—despite obviously having committed many crimes, Cleo would like to me to record—so cannot be found guilty, and in any case we don't have any dungeons]

Judge Bdubs: Fine! I give up! CLEO, YOU'RE THE JUDGE NOW.

Judge Cleo: Wait, am I?

[Judge Bdubs forcibly transfers the judicial wig to Cleo, upon which the snakes in her hair make a spirited attempt to eat it.]

Scar: Can we get on with it?

Judge Cleo: Yes, you can shut up. You can all shut up! Thank you. That's better. Are you sure you two can't just settle it out of court so we can all go home?

Grian: No, we can't. Me and Scar have [checks his notes] undergone an irreparable breakdown.

Scar: Sure, we might have had an eruptable breakdown, but you can't say it was my fault. *I* tried to make it work. I built us a honeymoon island! It had palm trees and deckchairs and everything. I'm coming here in good faith and I deserve to be the innocent party.

Grian: I want all the diamonds Scar has.

Judge Cleo: Joe, is he allowed to ask for that?

[Court Scribe diligently references the law summary he found on the internet, suggests that at this stage the judge can grant temporary financial orders on petitioner request]

Grian: Fine, I want *half* of Scar's diamonds.

Scar: I need all my diamonds for Scarland materials!

Grian: They're not your diamonds! They're my diamonds!

Scar: Then I get half of all your dark prismatic, thank you *very* much, that will be amazingly useful.

Grian: You're not touching my dark prismatic! I'll sell it all if you try!

Judge Cleo: Nobody is touching anyone else's anything! Ren, stop laughing, this is a serious courtroom. Grian, you're not allowed to sell your dark prismatic. Scar, you're not allowed to hide any of your diamonds. Everyone is going to keep things *exactly as they are* until this trial is done.

Grian: Do you trust him? Look at him, look at his face, would you trust that man? Of course you wouldn't! All the diamonds should stay in my base while we're having the trial.

Scar: This is outrageous! This is an outrageous demand! You can't just question a man's honor like that!

Judge Cleo: Well, put them somewhere safe. Joe can keep them.

Grian: [grudgingly] I suppose we could put them in the Royal Vault.

Judge Cleo: You want to put your valuables in escrow?

Scar: I don't see what birds have to do with it.

[Short pause while the concept of 'escrow' is explained to both petitioners]

Scar: Well, I'll do it, but I think Grian should put *all* his resources in escrow. Seeing as it's all his fault.

Grian: I did everything right! I was the perfect groom!

Judge Cleo: You know, Grian, somehow I have my doubts. Go back to your marriage testimony. What happened next?

*

EVIDENCE #5

"Ahem," said Mumbo. "Ahem."

Grian rolled his eyes, jumped up on a table, decided that wasn't good enough, flew up and perched on the light fitting, and yelled, "Everyone! It's happening! The best man is speaking!"

Silence fell.

"I was actually going to announce you," Mumbo said. He cleared his throat. "All right! So! This... is a bachelor party!"

The bachelor party—all three of them—looked at each other.

"Woohoo!" said Iskall.

"Party time!" tried Pearl gamely.

"I was promised champagne," said Scott, who had been lured through the portal with one bribe only.

“There will be champagne,” said Mumbo. “As best man, it is my job to plan the bachelor party, and to plan a party that is... appropriate, and thoughtful, and informed by my long friendship with Grian, so,” he coughed, “if everyone could check the boxes under their chairs for supplies, we do have an event. Sort of thing. Kind of a party game.”

“Er,” said Pearl, checking under her chair. “This is... quite a lot of...”

Iskall started to giggle.

“Seriously, I was promised champagne,” said Scott.

“Yes, yes, we’ll get to that,” Mumbo said. “First, we’re going to sneak into the other party and blow them all up.”

“...so many ender crystals...” whispered Pearl.

“Look how they sparkle!” said Iskall.

“What about the—”

“And! When they’re all dead,” said Mumbo, “we can take their champagne.”

Grian flew down from the light fitting and landed in front of Mumbo. His eyes were shining. He took Mumbo’s hands in his. “Mumbo,” he breathed. “I’ve changed my mind. Can I marry you instead?”

“Er,” said Mumbo. “No?”

“Did you even order any refreshments?” said Scott.

“Listen,” Mumbo said, “it’s Grian’s party, we were going to end up doing this anyway, and it’ll be fun.”

“Dibs on blowing up Scar!” said Grian.

“We understand, Grian,” said Pearl.

“I suppose that’s sort of romantic?” said Scott in an undertone. “You’d think he’d have more trauma about it, after all the—”

“This is going to be so funny,” Grian said, scooping up handfuls of ender crystals. “Best–best man–*ever*.”

*

EVIDENCE #6

The actual wedding was a subdued affair.

The wedding venue had just about survived, by virtue of being several hundred blocks away from either bachelor party, though the smoking craters were visible in the background. From the front, the building was a charming mansion with flowers in every window. From every other angle it might be a gray shell, but Grian was a very busy person who was getting married and he couldn't be expected to get to everything.

On the morning of the wedding, when Grian finally pieced himself together and dragged himself back from respawn he was met by the two Best Man candidates: Mumbo, who was sitting on the step of the venue dismally trying to piece his scorched suit back together, and Cub, who was completely unruffled and appeared to be doing a crossword.

"Oh, Grian, you made it." Mumbo abandoned his scorched hems in relief. "Some people haven't even respawned yet. We really do need Scar, though—"

"I'm here! I'm here!" Scar, impeccably dressed in a blue morning suit, swooped in from above, trailing flowers and losing his top hat in the process. "Gosh. Nobody else made it, huh?"

"I don't believe this," Grian said. "None of them?"

"Weren't you supposed to open the portal again for the Empires people?"

"I forgot," Grian said. "But we can't focus on that. We have to focus on the fact that at least twenty Hermits promised to come, and now they *aren't here*."

"I, um," Mumbo said. "I take full responsibility for the original idea, but I think the seventh time you blew up Bdubs and Ren and Doc and Zedaph you *did* blow up all their stuff as well. And I think some people got hit so hard they won't respawn for a week."

"That was their fault," Grian said. "For being in the way of my ender crystals."

"Seven times?" Cub said.

"Oh, as if you've never blown up someone and all their stuff seven times and pushed their respawn into next week."

"So, what?" Scar said. "Do we just...not have a wedding?"

Mumbo coughed. "I think you should still get married."

"What?"

"I just think," Mumbo gestured vaguely. "You know, your whole thing. And Jevin made you the suits and everything. It would be a shame. You could have an intimate wedding without any guests, you know. I'm just saying."

Grian attempted to trade a skeptical look with Scar. This didn't work, as Scar had gone faintly red and wasn't looking at him. "An intimate wedding, you mean, right here?" Scar

said. “Now? Oh, yes, of course, but you know, now I come to think about it, I don’t know I can get married.”

This smelled like weakness. “What’s wrong with marrying me?” Grian demanded. “Are you backing out?”

“No, I—I need my top hat! I can’t get married without my top hat!”

“Are you *scared*, Scar?”

“Of course I’m not scared!” Scar said indignantly. “We’ll do it right now! Who’s marrying us? Oh—Joe’s still respawning, isn’t he? Cub, you can do it, can’t you? Cub’s an ordained priest, you know.”

“That’s right,” Cub said agreeably.

“Is he?” Grian said suspiciously. “Which religion?”

Cub’s faint smile didn’t change at all. “Don’t worry about that.”

“You don’t want to think too hard about it,” Scar said breezily. “But he’s very official! Very well-respected in the community.”

In all their planning, Grian had given no thought at all to the actual wedding. He was nearly certain that the chanting from the officiant was supposed to be pleasant and inoffensive, about, well, love and stuff, and he was also fairly sure the officiant’s eyes were not supposed to turn black as a flaming rift appeared behind him spewing an unknowable sense of dread, but at that point Scar kissed Grian thoroughly, and that lasted so long that Mumbo had to break it up after a few minutes with a polite cough, and by that time Cub had finished chanting and gone back to his crossword.

“That was very touching,” Mumbo said, apparently relieved they weren’t still kissing right in front of him. “Shame about the guests, but you can’t have everything.”

“Shocking,” Scar agreed. “Do they still have to give us presents? Maybe if we waited a week and did it again? I have to say, I could use a little more time to get the trees right on Honeymoon Island.”

“We’re not having a honeymoon, Scar, I told you,” Grian said. “This wedding is just business, and we don’t have any business without the presents.”

Mumbo was wearing the expression that Grian had always vaguely compared to an accountant breaking the bad news about something unspeakable going on in the stockmarket. “To be honest with you,” Mumbo said, “I don’t think many of them were in a present-giving mood. I think, um, you might have to write off the presents.”

“Are you telling me,” Grian said, “that this whole scheme has been a *complete failure*?”

*

TRANSCRIPT OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS, DAY 1 (CONTINUED):

Judge Cleo: So, let me get this straight, the plan was to scam all of us—

Scar: *Scam* is a strong word. More like a trade, if you think about it! A trade where we get presents and you get a warm sense of fuzziness and wellbeing.

Judge Cleo: —exactly, to scam us, and it all went wrong, and you realized the marriage was a mistake? That was weeks ago, though. What happened between that and the divorce?

*

EVIDENCE #7

LIST OF POST-WEDDING WRONGDOING COMMITTED BY GRIAN AND SCAR,
VARIOUS (condensed from two hours of court arguments)

- i. “Well, then I took some deepslate from Grian because I needed it for Scarland, which is just borrowing, if you think about it.”
- ii. “Scar really *owed* me diamonds because it was his fault the scam didn’t work.”
- iii. Lengthy descriptions of the damage from ensuing weeks-long prank war.
- iv. “He should honestly have expected me to put chickens in his storage system.”
- v. Evidence received from Xisuma that this lagged out the entire server.
- vi. Evidence received from Grian that Scarland lags out the entire server anyway and this is probably a crime so why can’t the court do something about that.
- vii. Strong representations from both sides that the other one snores and hogs the covers and this probably *ought* to be a crime.

TRANSCRIPT OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS, DAY 1 (CONTINUED):

Judge Cleo: [face down on judicial bench] Have they stopped talking yet?

Court Scribe JoeHills: No, they’re still going.

EVIDENCE #8

FURTHER LIST OF WRONGDOINGS COMMITTED BY GRIAN AND SCAR

- viii. “Yes I did blow him up after that, but it’s not illegal if it’s funny.”
- ix. Complicated debate about whether ensuing sabotage was funny enough not to be illegal.
- x. Representations from Grian that everything is Scar’s fault with absolutely no legal backing at all.
- xi. Representations from Scar, ditto, with the addition of fake law he says his ~~eat~~ defense attorney told him.
- xii. At this point, Court Scribe JoeHills has given up attempting to make sense of the petitioners’ ongoing argument.

TRANSCRIPT OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS, DAY 1 (CONTINUED):

Judge Cleo: Enough! ENOUGH! No! Shut up! If I have to listen to one more attempt at utterly specious reasoning from either of you I am going to pick up this gavel and I am going to *drive its handle through my own skull*. This is definitely both your fault, you are terrible people, and I hope you get divorced harder than anyone has ever got divorced in history.

[Mildly stunned silence in the court]

Judge Cleo: Right. Good. I am about to quit. But before I quit, because Joe asked me nicely to come here today, I am going to order one of you to serve the other with divorce papers before tomorrow. That’s the next thing on the list: one of you has to formally divorce the other. No, I am *not* going to hear any more arguments, I’m done with this whole thing, you can find a new judge. Yes, Scar?

Scar: [lowers his tentatively raised hand] How do we know which one divorces the other one?

Judge Cleo: [looks blank] Well... I suppose it’s who serves their papers first?

*

COMPLAINT TO COURT:

Submitter of complaint: SCAR

Body of complaint: Grian wont accept divorce papers and keeps avoiding me.

COMPLAINT TO COURT:

Submitter of complaint: GRIAN

Body of complaint: scar didn't take a single copy of the papers despite the fact i filled his bedroom with them

COMPLAINT TO COURT:

Submitter of complaint: SCAR

Body of complaint: Grian paid impulse to make a divorce paper printing redstone machine. It feels like this, should be illegal!

COMPLAINT TO COURT:

Submitter of complaint: GRIAN

Body of complaint: scar employed my best man to make him a rival printing machine. this is sabotage.

COMPLAINT TO COURT:

Submitter of complaint: ZEDAPH

Body of complaint: Er, I know you're doing a whole trial thingummy, but I would really like to be able to move around my base without swimming through mountains of divorce papers. Does it look like this is going to be possible any time in the near future?

COMPLAINT TO COURT:

Submitter of complaint: DOCM77

Body of complaint: WHY HAVE SEVENTY THOUSAND BADLY-PRINTED COPIES OF DIVORCE PAPERS BEEN SHOVELED INTO THE PERIMETER! I AM HOLDING ALL OF YOU PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE! I WILL RAIN DOWN FIRE AND BLOOD!

*

TRANSCRIPT OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS, DAY 2:

Judge Mumbo: Right, so, apparently I'm supposed to be ruling on who served who with papers.

Scar: Excuse me! Objection! This new judge is clearly biased.

Grian: No, he's not. This is all completely fine. Mumbo can be the judge now, and he can just wear a different hat when he's being my lawyer.

Judge Mumbo: I am a bit biased, I have to admit.

Grian: *No you're not, Mumbo.*

Scar: Admit it, there can't be a fair trial for Grian under these circumstances!

Judge Mumbo: Uh—

Scar: Because I know Mumbo, and he can't resist these... *HoTgUy abs!*

[Minor chaos as the court attempts to enforce a dress code]

Judge Mumbo: [removes his wig] Sorry, Grian, he's right. Scar's papers are accepted.

Grian: TRAITOR.

Mumbo: Scar, can I have another calendar?

*

TRANSCRIPT OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS, DAY 3:

Judge Ren: Court is called to order! Where's—oh, there you are. Scar, you're late.

Scar: Sorry! I was working on our honeymoon island.

Grian: What do you mean, our honeymoon island? Scar, we're divorcing.

Scar: That doesn't mean you can just abandon a build, Grian. *Some* of us don't leave our backsides unfinished.

Cleo: Someone please get Ren a glass of water, I think he's going to choke.

Judge Ren: Ahem. Now, gentlemen, I understand Scar is filing for divorce from Grian on the grounds of [checks his notes] desertion, abandonment, and unreasonable behavior.

Grian: Excuse me, what! If I've been unreasonable, what about *him*?

Scar: I have been a model of rationality and recti—rectic—ridiclitude.

Judge Ren: Indeed. I have heard Scar always finishes his backsides.

Grian: I'll give you unreasonable behavior! This whole thing is your fault! If your bachelor party hadn't been so badly defended I wouldn't have been able to blow you all up.

Scar: Well, mister, if you hadn't overthrown Ren in the first place he might have shown up to our wedding in spite of it!

Grian: If you'd been better at your job I wouldn't have been ABLE to overthrow him!

Scar: You—you—oooh, I oughta—

Grian: [tauntingly] Ought to *what*?

Judge Ren: Scar, no, not in court...!

Scar: HOTGUY! [Retrieves bow from improbably small pocket and summarily murders his co-petitioner on the witness stand. Chaos ensues. Trial name hastily changed.]

TRANSCRIPT OF TRIAL PROCEEDINGS FOR THIRD-DEGREE MURDER, DAY 1:

Judge Ren: Listen, Scar, did you, or did you not, kill another petitioner right in front of me?

Scar: What? Oh, yeah, I just shot Grian.

Judge Ren: You can't just—My dude, this might have been a crime of passion, but you understand this is a court and that was murder, right?

Cleo: Objection.

Judge Ren: Yes?

Cleo: We can't start prosecuting for murder *now*.

[Pause as the court considers the comprehensive history of all Hermits present.]

~~TRANSCRIPT OF TRIAL PROCEEDINGS FOR THIRD-DEGREE MURDER, DAY 1~~

TRANSCRIPT OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS, DAY 3:

Judge Ren: [once Grian has returned from spawn] You're going to have to come to some sort of agreement, gentlemen. It's been days.

Grian: I think we should fight.

Judge Ren: This court does not do trial by combat. I refuse to be witness to such barbarity.

Cleo: I mean...if you think about it, it *would* stop them arguing.

Judge Ren: ...

Judge Ren: I think I could stand to watch someone else compromise their morals. From a distance. Who wants this wig?

Judge Pearl: [settling in at the bench] Right! *I* think you two should fight. To the death.

Grian: LET'S FIGHT.

Judge Pearl: Riding ravagers.

Scar: What?

Judge Pearl: It would be funny.

Scar: Ravagers, though—

Grian: Don't listen to Scar, he just murdered me. He doesn't have a leg to stand on.

Scar: Alright! Alright, we can fight, but I'm only doing it if it's somewhere dramatic.

Grian: ...What do you mean, dramatic?

*

TRANSCRIPT OF DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS, DAY 3 (CONTINUED):

[The court has moved proceedings from its custom-built courthouse to a location considered 'acceptably dramatic' by Petitioner Scar. We are now in the dim, cavernous monolith of the Royal Vault, where the walls are sheer deepslate lit only by flickering lanterns, and mountains of diamonds and chests gleam softly in the shadowed gloom. The court is gathered here to watch the petitioners fight symbolically over their own escrowed valuables, which are piled in the middle of a stone platform built by Grian and Pearl, and see a final conclusion to this bitterly-fought split. At either end of the platform are pens with two enraged ravagers donated by Tango, salivating at the buffet of violence and blood about to—]

Judge Pearl: [leans over the edge of her observation chair] Joe! What are you doing down there scribbling?

Court Scribe JoeHills: Oh, I'm just adding narrative color.

Judge Pearl: Well, stop doing that and pay attention to the fight! We're about to start!

Bdubs: FIGHT!

Cub: Let's go!

Mumbo: Grian, mate, you've got this.

Bdubs: RUN HIM THROUGH, SCAR. TEACH HIM TO MAKE FUN OF MY WEDDING DECORATIONS.

Doc: What happens if they both die? I would like them both to die.

Judge Pearl: Contestants! Mount your steeds!

Grian: [has succeeded in landing on his ravager's back, something Scar has not yet managed] I want you to know, Scar, that whatever happens—

Judge Pearl: Scar! You can't just stand there, you have to TRY to ride it.

Grian: —I think we can count this as a—

Bdubs: FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Scar: [his head comes up to look at Grian] —a double victory?

[As if this is a code word, Grian and Scar's gazes meet. The Court Scribe feels obliged to note that when Grian and Scar smile at the same time, history suggests something terrible is about to happen.]

Scar: Well, hello there, Mister Ravager! Would you like to get out of that pen?

Bdubs: Wait, what's he—Scar, you ain't supposed to break the wall that lets them at us! SABOTAGE!

Judge Pearl: GRIAN!

Grian: [shrieking as his ravager swerves into the crowd of spectators] Scar! *The switch!*

[Your trusty Court Scribe hurriedly dives out of the way as Scar flings himself into the pile of his and Grian's valuables, where the tell-tale glint of redstone has been hidden under the piles of chests.]

Ren: Why do both of them have all those empty shulkers?

Cleo: Wait, wait, did we just *give Grian and Scar unfettered access to all the diamonds in the vault?*

Judge Pearl: WATCH OUT, THEY'VE HIDDEN TNT UNDER THE—

[Scar slams a switch. The world explodes. The Judge and most spectators are instantly blown up. The only survivors are your Court Scribe, who managed to get behind an obsidian pillar,

and Cub, rising above the chaos on pre-equipped elytra wings with the philosophical serenity of someone who saw this coming.]

POSTSCRIPT

It's a beautiful day, the sky is a clear and serene blue, and Grian and Scar have gotten away with everything.

Grian coasts joyfully ahead of Scar on outstretched wings, loaded down with boxes and boxes of ill-gotten diamonds, looping head-over-heels only when he can't contain the energy bubbling through him. "We are the greatest, Scar. We are geniuses. We are the greatest geniuses who ever lived."

"Oh, we are," Scar agrees instantly. A lesser person might have pointed out their first plan failed spectacularly and their hasty second one only succeeded by luck, but this is why Grian married Scar specifically. Only he's not married to Scar any more, is he? For one shining moment Grian had forgotten that.

The crater of the Royal Vault is far below and receding, the debris scattered like little jeweled toys. Grian is recalled to the present gleeful moment in which they are geniuses who have pulled the whole thing off and are richer than every other hermit put together. "Where are we going?"

"I was following *you*," Scar says.

"I didn't think this far ahead! I only planned up to the part where we stole everyone's diamonds!"

"Oh, well, that's easy," Scar says confidently. "Change course to Honeymoon Island!"

Grian doesn't have a good argument against that, and anyway, he's too happy and diamond-dazzled to argue. Scar strikes out to the azure ocean and Grian dips into his wake and soars behind.

Scar has outdone himself, as usual. Honeymoon Island is just one long crescent-shaped beach with crystal seas, golden sands, palm trees, deck chairs, and—somehow—little iced coconut drinks that keep reappearing and each have a little paper umbrella. Naturally, Scar hasn't thought of including a *safe room* for all their *new valuables*, so Grian has to dig out a makeshift bunker for all their ill-gotten gains, but when all that excitement is done, Grian throws himself onto a deckchair with a coconut drink and closes his eyes.

"So?" Scar says, in the expectant tone of someone who has spent three weeks fiddling with the palm trees that are currently casting an exquisitely-latticed shade over Grian's eyelids, despite the fact they were technically divorcing all that time. "What do you think?"

"It is very pretty," Grian admits grudgingly. "We can't use it for a honeymoon, though. We're divorced."

“Are we divorced?” Scar is thoughtfully making origami out of his paper umbrella. “We did ditch them all before the trial officially finished.”

“Oh, we’re absolutely divorced. Super divorced.”

“I suppose you’re right. No honeymoon for us, then?”

An idyllic silence falls over the palm-fringed beach. The sea laps at the shining sands, creating a soft music from the shells and pebbles. The leaves rustle. This coconut drink in Grian’s hand is surprisingly good.

“Scar—”

“Hey, Grian—”

There is a pause.

“Go on,” Grian says impatiently.

“No, no, I think you should ask.”

“I asked last time!” This is ridiculous. It’s a shame Grian has been enchanted by the ridiculous for years now. “We’re probably not even talking about the same—”

Scar interrupts, which is rude, but unfortunately he’s picked his most golden and unfair voice, like the sea caressing the sand, and Grian is momentarily helpless. “Will you, Grian,” Scar says, “do me the *great* honor of marrying me? Again?”

Grian throws a paper umbrella at him. “Scar,” he says, “I thought you’d never ask.”

End Notes

On tumblr at good-chimes!

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