

## End Condition

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## End Condition

by [Sixteenthdays](#)

### Summary

#### [SCAR]

...so- oh! Okay! It's recording now? I think it's recording now. Well, not that it really matters if it's not. I've just got something to get off my chest. I'm not going to file this in the archives- so I suppose that means if you're hearing this, somebody's been snooping about! (*Laughs*)

Statement of me, Scar Goodtimes, archival assistant, regarding... hmm. What do I call it? ...Regarding an *exceedingly* strange medical condition. Statement begins!

...Man, this is weird to just jump into! I'm not even sure where to start! You know, Grian makes this look a lot easier than it is.

### Notes

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[SCAR]

...so- oh! Okay! It's recording now? I think it's recording now. Well, not that it really matters if it's not. I've just got something to get off my chest. I'm not going to file this in the archives- so I suppose that means if you're hearing this, somebody's been snooping about! (*Laughs*)

Statement of me, Scar Goodtimes, archival assistant, regarding... hmm. What do I call it? ... Regarding an *exceedingly* strange medical condition. Statement begins!

...Man, this is weird to just jump into! I'm not even sure where to start! You know, Grian makes this look a lot easier than it is.

I guess I'll start by saying that I don't have any problems at all with not being dead. Just in case anybody is listening to this, don't get me wrong, I am *delighted* every day to still be alive. And I'm not the sort of guy who looks a gift horse in the mouth!

It's just, well-

I think the first time it happened, or at least the first time I remember, I was just a little kid. I was... eight or so? Somewhere around there. My neighbors had a pool in their backyard, when I was growing up, and they would have pool parties every two weeks in the summer. People brought chips and soda and stuff, it was a lovely time. But, you know, times like that, with a big pool and a bunch of kids running around, and it's not like there's a lifeguard on duty- well! Well. Scary things can happen!

Now, I'm a pretty strong swimmer, if I do say so myself. But what happened was I had just learned how to dive, and- you know how kids are. I wanted to show off to my friends! None of *them* knew how to dive. So I gave it a shot, but... (*sighs*)

Okay, it's a little embarrassing. I dove into the shallow end. Which, if you don't know, you *never ever* dive into shallow water. Don't do it!

I hit the bottom of the pool hard, and something just... broke. It felt like everything from my shoulders up just shattered like glass. I couldn't tell how bad it was- I just knew it was bad, and I was underwater, and I couldn't feel anything. I'd gasped for air when I hit the bottom, and swallowed water, so I couldn't breathe, and I couldn't *move*-

Here's an official Scar Goodtimes life tip, if anybody *is* listening to this: drowning with a broken neck is a *terrible* way to die. Terrible! Do not recommend it at *all*.

And then I was lying on my back on the concrete next to the pool, my parents absolutely freaking out, and I was... okay! Like, I could breathe, I could move- as it turned out, the worst that happened was I'd swallowed a little bit of water. My mom had called emergency services, and they checked me over when they got there, but I was a hundred percent fine. Not even a bruise. They gave me a clean bill of health and told me be more careful jumping into pools, and that was it.

I thought... gonna be honest, I don't know *what* I thought! I guess I thought I must have imagined it. I mean, I was a kid. Kids don't really worry that much! I was fine, so it was fine! I probably would've brushed it off entirely, except for- well.

Once I was back on my feet and they were sure I was fine, they let me go back by the poolside, and there was... blood, in the water. It didn't seem like anyone else could see it. They were all just back to splashing around, now that they knew I was fine. But there was this big red stain in the water, spreading out as people swam around, starting right from where I'd hit the bottom. It looked- it *really* looked like someone had died there, and nobody was noticing.

And I was fine! But I wondered... well. You have to wonder!

I forgot about it, for awhile, to be honest. I was busy! Living life, having fun, doing kid stuff. And then... well, then it happened again.

The second time I was... thirteen, I think? Eighth grade, whenever that was. I was on a hiking trip with some of my classmates. There was a big group of us, but me and some friends of mine- okay,

look, again, I *know* this is stupid, *buuuuuu* there were a bunch of old stories about gold in the woods, and we thought it would be an adventure to go on a little unsupervised treasure hunt. I mean, you know, kids will believe there's pirate gold under every rock if you tell 'em the right story.

So we went hiking off the trails, me and two friends, and there was a spot where the ground wasn't, well... solid. The roots and leaves covered it all up pretty well, but it was a straight drop down into a sinkhole, and, well, I just fell straight through. The drop was... oh, a good twenty feet at least, and there were some *very* sharp rocks down there. Not a good time!

And I thought, you know, this is it. Didn't have much time *to* think, mind you, but I distinctly remember thinking I was going to die.

I hit the rocks and everything hurt for a moment- it was a lot faster than the first time, that was the good thing. Like my vision went white, and then black, and then that was it! Great beyond, here I come.

Except I didn't. Again. I opened my eyes again and I was sitting down at the bottom of the sinkhole like nothing had happened, one of my friends yelling down at me that the other was running back to get help, and I felt perfectly fine. Just like before. Not even bruised, not a mark on me. I lost my hat and tore up my jacket a little bit, but that was it.

Well, they had to call in a park ranger to hoist me out of there, and afterwards I got the longest scolding of my *entire* life, but that was it. I was just fine.

You know, they say twice is coincidence, and you need three of anything to make a pattern, but after two times I felt pretty confident that something was up. And after that, it just... kept happening. I got into a pretty bad car crash when I was first learning how to drive. The car was totaled, but I walked away fine. To be honest, I've lost track of how many times it's happened by now. And I'm always just... fine!

And between me and you, it's not like I don't need the help! I am *terrible* at staying alive. It's like the world is out to get me. I swear, I've been hit by cars that *weren't* there when I stepped into the street. But I've started to wonder if that's part of this whole thing, too. Like, maybe that's the trade-off, you know, for not being dead? In exchange for not ever dying for real, the world is always trying to kill me?

The other thing I wonder about is... well. Normally it's not too hard to find your heart rate, right? Push on your wrist or the vein in your neck, wait for a couple seconds, and you're golden. But, ah... that has been... harder than it should be, for me, sometimes. Not all the time! Most of the time it's fine, and I can find it right away, thumping away. But sometimes- sometimes!

I've gone to a lot of doctors. They all say my heart is fine. Every single time, it's the same result I got when I was eight and the paramedics checked me over after they hauled me out of the pool. Perfectly a-okay, no logical reason why my pulse should be taking a vacation.

In some ways, it's just like any other chronic condition. I'm used to it, mostly. Dying is never fun, obviously, and sometimes it hurts a lot- one time Grian sent me to follow up on a statement about spontaneous combustion, and that *certainly* wasn't pleasant!- but it's a little less scary when you know you'll bounce right back.

I'll tell you what does terrify me, though. It's the thought that someday, maybe, I *won't*.

But I try not to think about that! There's no point at all to worrying about it right now, anyways. I've done well enough at managing things so far!

And I'll take this over being *dead* dead any day.

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**[GRIAN]**

Scar?

**[SCAR]**

Oh, hey, Grian! How's it going?

**[GRIAN]**

What are you still doing here? I thought you went home.

**[SCAR]**

Oh, just working on a little personal project. Nothing important.

**[GRIAN]**

Is that- have you been messing with my tapes?

**[SCAR]**

No, I just borrowed your recorder! I didn't touch any of the statements. Cross my heart, hope to die. (*Snickers*)

**[GRIAN]**

What's so funny?

**[SCAR]**

Aw, nothing. Inside joke. Maybe someday I'll explain it to you.

[Click]

## End Notes

not gonna lie im very proud of the title on this one. if you know you know winky face

scar is so funny, because like, he could be interpreted so many different ways in tma because he's evil and full of problems and capitalism. however the concept that he actually dies regularly when grian sends him out to investigate stuff but just brushes it off occurred to me and it was too funny to not use

comment?? they help keep my brain in the ridiculous nyoom mode that's so far had me writing and posting these things basically daily

Works inspired by this one

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