

Répondez S'il Vous Plaît

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Répondez S'il Vous Plaît

by [Sixteenthdays](#)

Summary

[GRIAN]

(Audio crackles) Come on, now, Tim. You're not going to come all the way here and then leave without giving me anything interesting, are you?

(Pause)

[JIMMY]

Well...

Notes

would recommend reading at least [werewolf games](#), [freezing point](#), and [moonstruck](#) before this one! the events of those statements are referenced pretty heavily here, it may not make sense without context.

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

[Click]

(Rapid footsteps; door swinging open)

[JIMMY]

I'm here! I'm here! Nobody's dead. Right? Nobody's dead?

[GRIAN]

Hi, Timmy, nice to see you too, Tim, yes it *has* been awhile, how're the cats?

[JIMMY]

Well, I'm *sorry* for having priorities such as you not being dead. You're fine? Pearl's fine?

[GRIAN]

More or less, yeah. Finally decided to swing by, did you?

[JIMMY]

Yeah, well, just for a minute. You know, checking in on friends, normal-like, but, uh, you seem all fine, *so-* actually, did something happen to your arms? And you've got something in your collar?

[GRIAN]

This again... (*Shuffling*) No, that's... from awhile ago. I'm fine.

[JIMMY]

Oh! Well, then. That's good. I'll just be-

[GRIAN]

(*Audio crackling slightly*) Oh, sit down.

(*Chair creaking*)

[JIMMY]

Um-?

[GRIAN]

What?

[JIMMY]

...Nothing? I think. My brain just did a little- that was weird. Um, doesn't matter.

So, uh...

[GRIAN]

How's Scott?

[JIMMY]

Oh, right, you said he came in here! Better. Sold his house, finally, got a pretty nice price for it and all. He's been a lot more like himself since then.

[GRIAN]

Good! He... seemed like he was in a pretty terrible mood when he came in here. So that's good.

You wouldn't happen to know- I mean, he hasn't told you about any old statements he's given here, by any chance?

[JIMMY]

Um... well, I know he gave one about the thing with Joel a few years back. You've got that one, right? You called me about it.

[GRIAN]

Yeah, I found that one. That's all?

[JIMMY]

So far as I know. Why?

[GRIAN]

(Sighs) No reason. It was a long shot, anyways.

But speaking of statements...

Something gives me a feeling *you* might have one for me. While you're here and all.

[JIMMY]

Me? Oh, um, I don't... really think...

[GRIAN]

(Audio crackles) Come on, now, Tim. You're not going to come all the way here and then leave without giving me anything interesting, are you?

(Pause)

[JIMMY]

Well...

Okay. There *is* something... weird that's been happening. For the last few months. It's, um, actually part of why I came here today. It started...

I guess maybe it started with Joel.

The camping trip, with Lizzie and Scott and Joel... I mean, you already know, I don't need to retell the whole thing again. What matters is what happened after.

I started getting... letters.

The first one was maybe two or three months after we got back from the trip. It just showed up in my mail in a fancy sort of envelope, one of those ones with the nice cream paper? It was from somebody I'd never met, or at least somebody I didn't remember ever meeting, based on the name. Honestly, I would've just assumed I'd gotten mail meant for one of my neighbors, but it was addressed to *me*. I opened it up and it was a wedding invite, for two people I'd never met in my life.

I looked the names up, in case one of them was a high school classmate I'd forgotten or something. They were real people, but seeing their photos didn't spark any memories or anything. I figured it was a scam, honestly, so I ignored it. I think I just threw it out.

Now I sort of wish I'd kept it, just to... check up. I didn't, though. Don't even remember the names now. I just... forgot about it.

At least until the next one.

The next time, it was a text. From a number that wasn't in my phone, mind. 'Hey, Jimmy! We're thinking of going to a concert on Friday, want to come?' Or something like that. And a time and place. Again, I would've thought it was a wrong number, but they had my *name* right. My next best guess was spam text, but... well, it would be a *weird* spam text, wouldn't it? They normally

try to get you to click on links or something, not... meet up for a concert.

I texted back, just asking who it was, but I never got an answer.

It kept happening, every month or two. Sometimes it was paper mail, sometimes texts, sometimes emails. Always invitations, usually to some event happening in a week or two. Once some guy literally stopped me on the street to invite me to a party. When I asked him *why* he invited me when I'd never even met him before, he just sort of shrugged and said he thought I was a friend of his and he'd like to have me there.

It took me a while to even notice the pattern, honestly. It was just so... innocuous, I guess is the word? And even when I did notice it, I wasn't, like, *scared*. Not then. It was just a weird thing that kept happening. I think at the time I was half-convinced it was one of my friends pulling a long-term prank. I would've suspected Joel, if not for- well. It would've been just his style, you know?

But then... this past winter, in March, Scott invited me, Lizzie, and a couple other people to his place for a movie night. And I went.

You... I mean, you know this story. We talked about it on the phone. I'm just glad I went back, eventually. I almost didn't. Figured he could take care of himself, and if he needed help he'd call or something, but I just... felt *sure* something was *really, really* wrong. And as it turned out...

I'm pretty sure he would've died if I hadn't gone back to double check. Which is *scary* to think about. The idea that it was all down to me, and... how easily I could've messed it up.

It was only after everything happened and we were both out of the hospital that I realized that movie night had fallen right when I'd been just about due for another mystery invitation.

And *that*, um, that scared me.

I'd been able to just brush it off before that, right? Like, occasional weird letters and texts, whatever. Nothing special. But with Scott- a *friend* of mine almost *died*. And I started wondering if there was something more to it. If I'd been *missing* something the whole time, like an absolute idiot.

I went into my text history and looked up that concert, the one where I asked who was inviting me and never got an answer. And the first article that came up... apparently the crowd was packed too close together, at that show, and five people got trampled to death in the mosh pit.

And I thought, you know, I could've been there. I got *invited* there. What's that mean?

After that, I followed up on as many of the invitations as I could find or remember. I'd thrown away a lot of the paper ones, but most of the texts and emails I still had saved. And *every single one*- bonfire at house party starts blaze, three dead. Hiking party vanishes in the Alps, all presumed dead. Road trips, parties, dinners, *every single time*, people were dying.

And every single time, I'd been invited.

I wanted- I wanted *so* badly to find one, just *one* time nothing bad had happened. One time everyone had been fine. And I couldn't. There wasn't. It was just- disaster after disaster after disaster.

So... a couple months later, like clockwork, the next invitation rolled in, asking me to come to an awards show I'd never even heard of before. And... I went.

It was... weird. I *felt* like I stood out- I don't really have any nice formal clothes, so I actually borrowed one of Joel's old suits from Lizzie, and it *definitely* didn't fit me properly. But nobody seemed to even notice. Everyone there greeted me... not like they knew me, really, but like they knew *of* me? A few of them called me by my name, which was horribly spooky.

It was like everybody expected me to be there, but nobody would really *interact* with me. I tried to stop a lady who said hello to me and ask if she knew me from anywhere, but she just sort of shrugged and wandered off. I hated it. It made me feel like a- like a ghost, or something.

I was tense the whole night. I *knew* something bad was going to happen, and not just because of the pattern. It was like I could feel it in my stomach, this sort of- horrible gnawing dread. In hindsight, I think it was the same feeling that made me go back to Scott's house, that night. I even tried to suggest to some people that they should, um, maybe leave early? But I kept getting brushed off. Nobody would *listen* to me.

Finally everybody stopped mingling and sat down- um, there was a chair labeled for me, which was... I really didn't want to sit there, honestly, but everywhere else was full by the time I saw it, so I didn't have a choice. And the presenter came out and started giving out awards. To be honest, I don't even remember what they were for. Some sort of acting thing. I was so on edge I wasn't even listening.

And then, right towards the end, right when I started to think that maybe, *maybe* me being there had somehow countered whatever weird curse was happening, or *something*- I heard a creaking. It was so quiet, and I couldn't tell where it was coming from. I looked around to see if anyone else was hearing it, but nobody was even paying attention. They were all looking at the stage.

The creaking got louder and louder until it was almost deafening, and I was sure everybody else *had* to be hearing it, and I felt- panicky, like I knew we had to get out of there *right away*, and I stood up, and-

The floor fell out from under us.

I can't... I mean, I'm not sure, it all happened in a matter of seconds, but I think it finally gave in right where I was standing.

I remember falling. I remember hitting the ground, and the worst noise I've ever heard, and everything *hurting*, for just a moment, and then everything went dark.

I woke up at home, in bed.

For a second, I thought it had just been a dream... or maybe that's just what I really wanted to think. I thought about just going back to sleep and pretending none of it had been real at all.

I didn't, though. I got up. I had to know.

The first thing I did was check my closet. Joel's borrowed suit was still hanging there, all neatly pressed. And... the next thing I did was go to the TV and turn on the news. It was right there, top story. Hotel hosting an awards banquet collapses in on itself right in the middle of the event.

They were still looking through the rubble at that point, but they said so far as they could tell, everyone was alive and accounted for. They said it was a miracle.

I guess maybe it was. Didn't feel much like one to me.

I just- I don't get the *rules*. If there even are any. I don't know if me being there makes things

worse or better. I don't know if that one time nobody died was a fluke or not. I don't even know if I'm going to go to the next thing, when the invitation comes. Because it's *going* to come. I'm sure of that.

When you mentioned on the phone that I should come to the archives sometime, I wasn't sure, um- you know, if it counted or not? So I kept putting it off, and putting it off, and hoping that if we both eventually just forgot about it nothing bad would happen. But that... didn't happen. When you told me Pearl was in the hospital, I was *sure* that I'd messed up, and she was going to die because of it.

So, I'm just... you know. I'm glad you guys are all okay.

(Pause)

Wow, um, I... did not mean to talk that much. Sorry?

[GRIAN]

Oh, that tends to happen in here. I'm hardly complaining, though. Makes for good research material. Very good.

[JIMMY]

...Right. You are okay, though?

[GRIAN]

I'm... sorry, what?

[JIMMY]

Okay. Are you okay?

[GRIAN]

Oh, me? Fine as a fiddle! You don't need to worry about me. I'm better than I've been in awhile, really. This job's really been good for me.

[JIMMY]

(Doubtfully) If you say so.

Um... if that's all, then, I'm going to go home. And- please don't get in touch and ask me to go anywhere. Just in case.

[GRIAN]

Sure. Hey, want to go to a theme park this weekend?

[JIMMY]

Don't!

[Click]

[Click]

[GRIAN]

You know, one convenient feature of this whole... whatever's going on with me is that I don't have to bother too much with follow-up research anymore. If it's a real story, I can tell. The fake

ones are just... obvious. And this is very real.

I'm curious about a few things. There's a few similarities between Jimmy's statement and some of the other ones I've looked at; specifically, it reminds me of statement 9091029, about the desert monument that gave visions of other people's lives and deaths. Obviously the circumstances are very different, but something about them just... feels the same? I'm not sure.

(Thoughtful hum)

And that camping trip.

Lizzie, Jimmy, and Scott have now *all* been in here at some point or another about supernatural occurrences in their own lives. And knowing what I do now, I feel certain there's more to what happened there than Scott was able to understand when he came in to give his first statement.

Which only leaves the one question. Where's Joel?

[Click]

End Notes

i have been wanting to do a jimmy statement for AGES. shoutout to all the guys who individually asked me for one As i was writing this, it was very funny for me.

mr bad omen!! <3 he is having a terrible time and it's going to get worse

Répondez S'il Vous Plaît is french for 'please respond', and the source of the acronym RSVP. the more you know!

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