

Stargazer

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/38849712) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/38849712>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Hermitcraft SMP
Character:	Pearl PearlescentMoon , Grian
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - The Magnus Archives Fusion , Original Statement (The Magnus Archives) , Blindness , (temporary) , Quote: Moon's Big (Hermitcraft) , space
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of From the Archives
Collections:	Hermitcraft x TMA fics
Stats:	Published: 2022-05-07 Completed: 2022-11-08 Words: 1,307 Chapters: 2/2

Stargazer

by [Sixteenthdays](#)

Summary

[GRIAN]

It'll take like ten minutes, and I'll buy you coffee after.

[PEARL]

Coffee *and* lunch.

[GRIAN]

Fine, sure. Statement of Pearl Moon, regarding an incident of temporary blindness. Statement recorded direct from subject, May 5th, 2022. Statement begins.

Notes

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Statement:



[Click]

[PEARL]

Grian, is this really necessary?

[GRIAN]

Look, you're having strange experiences, you should make a statement! That's how it works! Mumbo gave one!

[PEARL]

Well, yes, but Mumbo was also turning into a vegetable. I don't think this is really comparable.

[GRIAN]

It'll take like ten minutes, and I'll buy you coffee after.

[PEARL]

Coffee *and* lunch.

[GRIAN]

Fine, sure. Statement of Pearl Moon, regarding an incident of temporary blindness. Statement recorded direct from subject, May 5th, 2022. Statement begins.

[PEARL]

Well... I've always liked stargazing. Ever since I was a little kid.

I used to live way out in the middle of the outback. The sky down there isn't like it is here at all- there's no light pollution out there, and barely any tall buildings to block the view, most places. I could just lay in the bed of my mom's truck and stare up at the sweep of stars from one horizon to the other. For a year or two when I was in high school, I was really into star charts- you know, the navigational ones they use at sea? I think I just felt there was something really lovely about that, the idea that you could always find your way home by the night sky.

Sometimes, when I was out there, it would be like the whole rest of the world would fade out, and it was only me and the sky. Did you ever do that thing, when you were a kid, where you sort of prop yourself up and stand on your head and all of a sudden it seems like the sky's underneath you, instead of overhead, and you're just hanging over this big endless pit of blue? It would be like that, but not... scary. Just... nice, I think.

I kept up the habit when I moved to London, although it's an absolutely terrible city for it. Half the nights you can't see the stars at all, and they're different stars, anyways, different hemisphere and all, but I would always find myself out on the balcony looking anyways.

It happened a little less than a week ago. It was late, and I was in my pajamas already. I stepped out onto the balcony, and- the first thing I noticed was that the sky was clear. *Really* clear, full of stars the way it used to be back home, the way it *never* is in London, not a single cloud in the sky. The moon was full, even though it should've been waning by that point, and it looked... bigger than it usually did. Not... a *lot* bigger? Maybe two or three times as big as usual. But definitely bigger.

I was staring up at it for a long time, trying to figure out what was wrong with it. I wasn't paying attention to anything else, only the moon. It seemed like it got bigger as I stared up at it, like it was slowly filling up my whole field of vision.

I don't know how long I stood out there. It might've been about twenty minutes. I was just looking up at the moon and all the too many stars. But it eventually occurred to me that I ought to go inside, because I had work the next day, so I went to look away and go inside, and... I couldn't.

Or. Well. I *could*, I could move my head and everything. But I couldn't *see*. No matter where I looked, all I could see was the night sky and the stars, and the moon, too-big and staring at me. I could- I could tell I was still on my balcony, I could feel the railing and I knew I was standing on the boards, but if I looked down, I would just see the sky underneath me. It felt like I was floating, or falling, even though my feet were right where they'd always been.

It was... beautiful. I think it's what I've always imagined floating through space would be like,

millions of miles from everything. But it was also horribly disorienting- I could barely tell which way was up and which was down. When I put my hand up to my face, I could tell my eyes were open, but closing them didn't help at all. I could still only see the stars.

I stumbled inside my apartment. I tried to keep my hands on something all the time, some door handle or piece of furniture or the carpet. It felt like that was the only thing holding me in place, and if I lost track of where I really was, I would just... *fall*.

I found my way to my bed, eventually, and crawled in. I don't know why I felt like I would be safe there, but it worked. Once I was lying down, in my blankets, it got less scary. It just felt like I did when I was a kid, staring up at the sky from the bed of the pickup truck. The stars were all around me, holding me. It felt... cozy, almost.

The moon was still there, huge and white, hanging right above me. I think... I remember reaching up to touch it. I couldn't reach it, not quite. It was too far, and the space too vast. I couldn't reach it, but I *wanted* to.

I... fell asleep, eventually, I think. I don't really remember. But when I opened my eyes again, it was morning, and my room was around me, just the same as it always was. It felt different, though. Smaller. Cramped. Sort of... boring, and dark and lightless. As soon as I woke up I wanted to get outside. And then once I was outside, I was completely fine.

And... that's it. Honestly, it was just a weird dream or something, Grian. I don't know why you're so fussed about it.

[GRIAN]

And it only happened once?

[PEARL]

(Hesitates) Yes.

Hey, what's with that look?

[GRIAN]

...Nothing. Er, you can go now.

[PEARL]

Uh-*huh*. You owe me coffee and lunch now, remember.

[GRIAN]

Yeah, yeah, I know.

[Click]

[Click]

[GRIAN]

...I'm not sure Pearl realizes there are stars in her pupils now.

[Click]

Supplemental:

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

[Click]

[GRIAN]

I can't decide if I should be worried about Pearl.

I mean, starry eyes or not, it was just a dream, wasn't it? A weird dream that *definitely* happened multiple times—look, knowing when Pearl is lying is a prank war survival mechanism, okay?—and a weird dream that's so unsettling she's lying to herself to convince herself it's a dream-

Okay, wow, saying that really makes it sound like I'm also lying to myself.

Which I am, to be clear. For the record.

It wasn't a dream. Pearl got stranded in outer space for a bit. With a moon bearing down on her like, like, in that one Zelda game. That happened. That's not in question.

It's just, I can't decide if I should be worried. Not like with Scott, even though his statement is from years back, and everything with Joel all seems as over and done and tragic as it's all ever going to get. I can't help being worried about Scott, a little.

But when Pearl was giving her statement, she didn't sound the least bit terrified. She sounded peaceful. Relaxed. Happy, almost. I mean, being consumed by the void of space doesn't sound pleasant to me, but Pearl's always been a little weird. I don't want to investigate too deeply into this if it's just something that makes my friend happy, you know?

But she was so insistent that it was a dream, and that was a lie.

...I'm gonna ask Mumbo if he'll poke around for anything that might help. At least with the stars in her eyes, if nothing else.

[Click]

Chapter End Notes

All supplementals written by Cowriter Zeph

End Notes

claps my hands MOON BIG

'mumbo turning into a potato' was written into a statement [here](#) by [kishdrabbles](#) and i think they did a delightful job with it- i'm not going to write abt those events since they've already covered it very effectively, but a version of it can be assumed to have happened in my version of events as well because i think it's funny as fuck

while i'm reccing fics, my two favorite other statements other folks have written so far for this au are [Ptilium crista-castrensis by nonbinary mermaid](#), in which bdubs has a very normal one, and [Testing Chamber by Schattenfell](#) which was actually inspired by my own zedaph statement! both r delightful and i recommend them if you're seeking more good hermit archives works

comment?? they make me happy :eyes:

Works inspired by this one

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