

## The Anniversary

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## The Anniversary

by [Sixteenthdays](#)

### Summary

#### [GRIAN]

Statement of Lizzie Shadowlady, regarding a wolf in the woods. Original interview transcribed August 27th, 2020. ...Presumed connected to the events described in [Statement 0190915](#). Statement begins.

### Notes

This is the first statement to not be standalone! It follows from [Werewolf Games](#) and I would recommend reading that first, though you probably don't strictly have to.

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## Statement:



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**[GRIAN]**

Statement of Lizzie Shadowlady, regarding a wolf in the woods. Original interview transcribed August 27th, 2020. ...Presumed connected to the events described in Statement 0190915. Statement begins.

**[GRIAN (STATEMENT)]**

To be honest, I feel a bit silly even coming here. But, well... Scott told me that you lot didn't laugh when he came to tell you about what happened on the trip, and that this would be the place to come if I ever wanted to talk about it or anything else that happened, so... here I am. Because something else happened.

Joel and I weren't married long, before he went missing. It had just been our second anniversary when the trip happened. August first. After everything happened... I didn't want to move out of our house. It's too big for just me, really, but- we'd only just finished unpacking everything, when we went on the trip, or at least it felt like that. And it felt like moving out would be like... giving up.

They never found his body, you know? I guess I figured if he was still alive, and he came home, I should be there. I didn't want him to come home and find our house empty, or with other people living in it.

It wasn't too bad. Friends came over to keep me company, and Jimmy stayed over a lot. Scott was our neighbor, before everything, so he was around a lot, too. It was... pretty quiet, for a little while. I even went back to work.

It was maybe two months after we got back from the trip that it started happening.

At first, I thought there was a... stray dog, or something, hanging around my neighborhood. Maybe a pack of them. It wasn't big things. I'd find clumps of fur around, and now and then find some bloody bones or feathers from some poor small animal that had been killed. One of my neighbor's cats went missing, and she started keeping the rest inside. That sort of thing. A little strange, but I figured it wasn't anything worth worrying about.

But then I started hearing howling.

It wasn't every night. The first time I heard it, it was a full moon. It was the middle of the night, but as soon as I heard it I woke up right away, because the last time I'd heard that sound was-

Well. You know.

The scars on my back hurt, when I woke up. For a moment I thought I'd woken up back on that horrible mountain, in my tent with Joel, and I was about to die. I hadn't, of course. But that sound... it was just the same.

I ran to my bedroom window, and looked out. I don't know what I thought I was looking for. There's a pretty thick stand of trees outside my house, and I looked out at it to see if I could see anything moving, but I couldn't. I still didn't feel... safe, though. The howling stopped, eventually, but I knew there was still something out there. Watching me.

I didn't sleep at all the rest of that night. As soon as it was early enough in the morning that I figured Jimmy would be awake, I called him and asked him to come over. He did, of course. He's sweet like that. I asked him to help me look around outside, just to make sure... just to make sure.

We didn't find anything out in the trees. Nothing at all. But when we came back to the house, we found claw marks in the back door.

I panicked. I remember I was just thinking how close that door was to my room, if you break through it, and how easy I would be to get to, if something broke it down. Jimmy tried to cover it up, but I could tell he was scared, too. We both *knew* something had followed us back from those mountains.

We knew- I mean, we'd *gotten away*. I think all three of us had been scared that... whatever it was

that did *that* to Joel, got in his head like that, that it wouldn't be willing to let us go so easily. Maybe it took awhile to find us, but now it *had*.

We went over to Scott's place to... just think, and plan. And it felt... safer, in case whatever it was came back that night. Jimmy suggested maybe I should move, but I don't exactly have the money for that- our house wasn't even paid off yet, it wouldn't be for years. And besides, it still felt wrong to leave the house I bought with Joel.

Scott came up with the compromise. He suggested I go stay with Jimmy for a week or two, and he'd keep an eye on my house and see if anything happened. It sounded like a good plan. I didn't want to be alone. So we went back to my house and I packed a bag, and went to stay with Jimmy.

That week was pretty quiet. Jimmy and I played a lot of board games... it was nice. We kept in touch with Scott, but he said he'd been checking in regularly and nothing seemed wrong. He didn't hear any howling or anything. Eventually... well, I couldn't stay there forever, and everything seemed to have quieted down, so I went back home.

And then the next month, it happened again. The howling.

I woke up- my back hurt- and I didn't look out the window, and I didn't leave my room. I didn't want to go anywhere *near* the back door. I just dragged my dresser over to block the door, and sat down against it, and waited for the sun to rise.

Nothing happened. Again, nothing happened. Eventually, morning came, and there were more scratches at the back door, around the hinges and the lock, and bite marks, but I was fine. I called Scott right away, of course, and he hurried over and helped me check through the house to make sure there was nothing there, but there wasn't. It was all... fine. I called animal control to put them on alert, just in case that would help, but I think I already knew it wouldn't do anything.

What I didn't get was why *me*. I mean... Scott lived like three blocks away, and when we were on our trip, that- force, that *whatever it was*, it tried to get *him* first. But there weren't any wolves at his door. Only mine. I thought maybe it was because I'd gotten clawed. Maybe it had... had marked me, somehow, when that happened, and that was why it was following me. I didn't know.

I started to get used to it, odd as it sounds. I mean, it wasn't like there was anything I *could* do about it except move, and I still... that still didn't feel right to do. And part of me felt like even if I *did* move somewhere else, it would just follow me wherever I went. So I stayed where I was, and every month I'd block up all the doors on the night of the full moon, and that was... fine, for awhile. Scott and Jimmy worried about me, I think, but there wasn't much else they could do.

I was still terrified, of course, but you can get used to terror. I didn't want to spend the rest of my life just... too scared to do *anything*. I didn't think that's what Joel would want for me, either.

It was a few months into that that I saw it for the first time. I'd gone so long only hearing it and seeing the traces that I think I'd half-convincing myself it was some sort of... ghost, I don't know, not a... a physical animal. That had been what it looked like on the mountain, when... when we were running, and we looked back. Those things that were chasing us, they looked like wolves, but not *real* wolves. More like... shadows shaped like wolves. I remember, the only parts of them that really looked real were their eyes and their teeth. Everything else about them sort of melted together, into each other and into the darkness.

This was different, though. This one was definitely, definitely real. And it was big. I didn't know wolves were that big. I'd picture them as being, you know, the size of a large dog? But this one was bigger than that. It was brown. I just saw it in a glimpse, that first time, outside my window.

Just brown fur and teeth, and then it was gone.

Things just... went on, like that. A few more of my neighbors had pets go missing, and there would be sightings, now and then, of some sort of big animal in the woods, or people finding pawprints in their gardens. Sometimes there would be weeks, or even months, where I wouldn't hear from it or see it at all. But it always came back, eventually...

In hindsight, I probably should've figured it out sooner. I mean, all the evidence was right there for me. Maybe I just didn't want to.

On the night that the... that the holding pattern finally broke, I suppose, it wasn't a full moon, so I hadn't blocked up the doors. It had *never* tried to get inside on any other night. But I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of something *slamming* against the door, again and again, heavy and loud, until the wood just shattered, and then it was inside the house.

I was... frozen. It didn't even occur to me to try to block the door to my room, or hide, or anything. I figured that was just... it. It had been following me for months and months, and now it had finally made it inside.

I could hear claws clicking on the kitchen floor, and the breathing. It came right up to my door and then stopped, and then the door creaked open, and it was Joel, standing there.

He was wearing the same clothes he'd been wearing when he went missing, all torn up. He looked... mostly the same, just if he'd been living in the woods for a year, which for all I knew he had been. But his eyes were wrong. They used to be brown. Now they were too bright. Almost orange, or gold.

He smiled, when he saw me. Laughed a little, and apologized for coming home late, for looking like such a mess. It was almost like he'd never been missing at all, if I didn't look at his eyes. He was still wearing his wedding ring.

I just started crying. His whole face dropped, and he came over and sat next to me on the bed and rubbed my back until I felt a little better. It was the first time in months that the scars there didn't hurt at all.

I asked him where he'd been, and he wouldn't tell me, exactly. He said he'd been having a lot of fun, but that he'd also missed me a lot. He said he wanted me to come with him. I asked him what that meant, and he smiled, really big, and his teeth were all... wrong. Too sharp. He looked so excited, like genuinely happy to have me there.

You know, I wanted to. I really thought about it. I missed him so much. And it seemed *so much* like him. His laugh was just the same. He held my hand and wanted to hear about what I'd been doing since he'd been gone and apologized about getting the blankets dirty, as if I'd even *care* about that. And I thought, you know, maybe it would be worth it, to go with him, whatever it meant.

But I remembered... up on the mountain, the terror and the darkness and the blood and the howling chasing us down, the eyes and the teeth, and I didn't want any part of that. I didn't want to be near anything like that ever again. No matter what side of it I was on. So I told him that I was sorry, but I couldn't leave with him.

He seemed disappointed, but not... giving up, if that makes sense. Like if you get told you can't have something, but you know you're going to sneak back for it later anyways? He just smiled again and kissed my hair, and curled up next to me, and stayed there until I fell asleep.

I'm still not sure if it really was him or just something pretending to be him, but...

He remembered our anniversary. I only realized after. That night, at first it seemed so random, because it wasn't a full moon, but- it was our wedding anniversary. I didn't even remember, but he did.

When I woke up, he was gone. And... that's it. I haven't seen him since.

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**[GRIAN]**

I'm sure I don't need to point out this statement seems to follow directly from the one I read a few days ago about the camping trip in the Pennines from Scott. To be honest, I'm a little surprised Scott didn't tell me Lizzie had also given a statement when I called him to follow up on his. Maybe she didn't tell him?

Obviously, this account opens up a lot of questions. Either Joel's alive after all, or something's running around wearing his face. *Or* Lizzie's gone a bit mad. The former is obviously the best case scenario, but it still leaves a lot of things unanswered. Not least what he's been up to.

*(Shuffling papers)* It didn't really occur to me to check into it too thoroughly when I was first looking into Scott's statement, but there *has* been a general increase in unidentified wild animal attacks in the UK in the past three years. I can't be sure of anything, but... *(sighs)*

I'll have to look into those reports some more. Hell, maybe there's some more statements buried somewhere in this absolute mess of an archive that might cast some more light on the situation.

I still haven't been able to get in touch with Lizzie to talk to her directly.

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## Supplemental:

### Chapter Notes

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

[Click]

[GRIAN]

*Hold on just one second-*

Joel and Lizzie are *married*? And they didn't *invite me to the wedding*?

*(Pause)*

Okay, I'll *allow* that this must have happened when I was living on Mumbo's couch, completely out of contact from everyone I knew. And I'll *allow* that I didn't *notice* they were married till now, because they may as well have been married this entire time, the way they act- *acted*. And I'll allow that I probably would have been an awful wedding guest!

But *come on*. They couldn't even hunt me down to send me an *invitation*?

*(Highly offended noise)*

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### Chapter End Notes

All supplementals by Cowriter Zeph

### End Notes

hey, longest statement fic so far!

i normally don't feel the need to state this i think it's obvious but i feel obligated to here just bc there's some stalky behaviors on display here. obviously these fics r not about the real people. i don't know shit abt them and i would not presume to. i write these by just grabbing elements i think r fun from roleplay series and the fanon surrounding them and fleshing them out and adapting them to suit this au. fingerguns

in this continuity lizzie and jimmy are siblings, drawing from their empires dynamic because i think it's really cute. i didn't state that outright here because there wasn't a natural place for it, but that was the intention.

let me know if u like the followup statements! most of them will probably continue to be standalones, but there are several threads i intend on carrying forward/circling back to, and

this is one of them.

Works inspired by this one

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