

Harvey (Fang)

Backstory

Harvey and Groppal were out foraging for herbs and exploring one of the stream gullies that flows into the oasis lake east of Timbuktu. Groppal, a budding Grung ranger was leading the way along the small stream that had carved out the gully. They followed the curve of the gully as it turned northward. Suddenly, there was a great rush of sound. Both Groppal and Harvey hopped up the steep bank, desperately trying to avoid the rushing floodwaters that they assumed were cascading down the gully. After a couple of minutes with no extra water visible in the stream, they slid down and continued their trek towards the cacophonous sound.

They found a roiling torrent of water rushing down a thin forested valley that ran roughly parallel to the gully they had been following. A small streamlet broke away from the tumultuous flume of white water. They were intrigued and delved deeper into this “hidden valley”. The foliage of the trees and bushes was thicker, blotting out the sky. They continued upstream and uphill, picking some of the odd pinkish berries growing on vines in the rockwall.

Groppel reached out over the water rushing dozens of feet below them to pluck some orange grapelike fruit from a vine crossing from the opposite wall a large bird flushed out of the foliage. The sudden blur of movement and shrieking caws startled the young explorers. Harvey spooked and leaped away from the bird, managing to clutch onto a tree limb. Groppel did not recover as well from his startled leap, crashing down the slope to dangle just above the rapids.

As Harvey caught his breath, he looked around, searching for the brightly plumed bird. He spotted the bright iridescent colors of the bird, caught in a large spider web on the other side of the river. Over the roaring water, he heard a feminine voice calling, “Help me before the spider attacks!”.

Harvey Prime

Harvey looked down to survey his perch above the river and saw his comrade clutching to the slimy rocks below. He could see Groppel slid a few inches further toward the roiling rapids and could barely hear the intent plea, “Harvey, I’m slipping.” He looked back over toward the ‘bird’ caught in the web. There was no spider in sight and something seemed a bit off about the webbing. Sliding down the gnarled trunk of the tree, Harvey reached a crotch in the tree that would afford him some leverage and pulled out the rope from his small pack. He tied off one end of the rope and tossed the other end down to Groppel, who leaned out and made a desperate hop to grab the dangling rope. Groppel climbed up the rope and the two explorers carefully shinnied along a branch back to the rocky bank.

Harvey climbed up the bank far enough to get a clear look at the far side and the spider web. Instead of a bird with bright plumage, there stood an elegant, tall elf woman in a diaphanous, feathery dress. She scowled with derision at Harvey. “You chose that slimy pollywog over me?” she

screeched. She launch darts of energy at the rocks they were standing on, causing the boulders to start sliding into the river. Harvey and Groppe! hopped to a slightly more substantial perch just before the ground gave way. "Run away little vermin." She cackled dismissively, then whispered to the trees around them. Harvey and Groppe! raced back to the cleft in the rockwall where the streamlet veered away from the river, branches and weeds grasping at their clothing the entire time.

When they reached a familiar clearing, they collapsed in amid the shafts of bright sunlight.

Through gasps of gulped air, Groppe! swore in awe, "I think we crossed in the FeyWild back there. Who was that woman?"

"Someone I hope to never meet again," replied Harvey.

Harvey Omega

Harvey looked down to survey his perch above the river and saw his comrade clutching to the slimy rocks below. Groppe! was clutching a boulder with the sticky pads on his hands and feet. He looked back over toward the 'bird' caught in the web. For a moment, it looked like a beautiful woman where a feathery dress caught in the massive web. Blinking the weird vision away, he caught movement along the edge of the web out of the corner of his eye. He glanced back down toward Groppe!. Over the roaring of the water, he could barely hear Groppe! shouting up to him. It sounded like a garbled, "Harvey, I'm fine."

Harvey crawled over to the trunk of the tree, slid around the gnarled trunk and shinnied out onto a limb extending toward the far bank. He got as far out as he could and then leaped for the rocky embankment. Scrambling up from the edge, he could see the woman clearly as she called to him, "Help me and I will reward you." He ran over to the web, slicing furiously at the web with his small hatchet. A spider the size of grapefruit rushed from a cleft in the rock to protect its web. Harvey planted the hatchet firmly into its body, splattering ichor across the rock.

"My hero", the woman's voice gently caressed. "Join me in a victory feast." She laid out a small picnic of orange grapes, pinkish berries, and scones. As Harvey sat down to enjoy the offered food, he heard a loud splash from rocks below.

Harvey returned to Timbuktu alone after spending a wonderful afternoon with the mysterious woman. Returning home, his mother scolded him for being gone for three days and nights. He had no answers for Groppe!'s family about where his friend had disappeared. As time went on, Harvey became more distant from his old friends. Harvey spent days and even weeks at a time exploring the valley with the roiling waters, often meeting up with the mysterious elven woman to talk and delve into Fey magic. The increasingly short periods of time he spent in Timbuktu found him wandering amid different areas of the city, seldom visiting the same places twice. Stories began to get back to his home neighborhood about a Harengon that ensorcelled and took advantage of people for his own gain.