

HÆRVIU

You see, science has overcome time and space.
Well, Harvey has overcome not only time and space, but any objections.
Elwood P. Dowd – *Harvey*

Quote: Are you sure you won't have any whisky with me? I promise I'll get you home if you get a mite to spliffed...

The Haerviu, Huirnvui, Hairviev, (pronounced as Harvey, Herver, or Magillicuddy depending on whom you ask) are a very old-world family of Adhene. They are so old in fact, that most get their name wrong. Twisted and Macabre merchants of irony and two-penny peddlers of miracles, the Haerviu have been granting wishes since the beginnings.

These Denizens exist solely to manifest one of the perhaps the most ancient and primal rule in creation. *Nothing comes for free.* In this, the Haerviu make it a point to ensure that those who wish for glory, fame, or money get their wishes granted, and fall prey to their own misgivings in doing so.

The Haerviu perform these tasks with an almost bored detachment. They have been doing so for ages and won't stop anytime soon. This leads many to believe that the Adhene is the most alien of all the Denizen families. Some have even called them evil. This is not so. They aren't evil by any stretch of the term, and they certainly do care. They just care enough to let mortals get their own way.

Appearance: They are dapper, no matter their Mien. In Mortal Mien, the Haerviu appear as incredibly dapper men with sharp suits just a touch out of date. Fedoras, spats, vests, and pocket watches, fobs, and umbrellas are all the rage amongst the family. All male to a one of them, they are either dark-skinned with skin so black it's almost purple, or white skinned and so pale that it's almost clear. In Fae Mien, they appear much the same, though taller and lankier. They also have the heads of rabbits. Again, this Denizen comes in two flavors: either dark-furred and shining sleek blue-black or white furred, all fluffy and soft. The eyes of the Haerviu in Fae mien seem cold and dispassionate, almost hollow, though they glow in an unnatural plethora of colors. The voice of the Adhene is the most unsettling. It is a slow and measured resonance that comes across as both mocking and sincere.

Lifestyle: Haerviu appear here and there, now and then, to this one and that one. A benign but mischievous creature, very fond of rumpots, crackpots, and other miscreants....Many mistake them for Pookas, and perhaps there is some truth to that. No Haerviu has ever denied the relationships. Yet unlike the Pooka the Haerviu is always honest and to the point, Haerviu will never use two words when one will do.

However, it should be noted that many Haerviu find a nice mortal to hang out with, akin to a dreamer for lack of a better term (maybe the Background, maybe not). These mortals become Oath-mates and allies, drinking buddies, and homies... Said mortals have no pretensions, and much like the Haerviu, understand the finer nuances of reality and wish-craft both. Haerviu prefer these oath-mates to anyone else, Fae or otherwise.

Ariá: It is hard to see any real differences between the Haerviu's Ariás. Only the Haerviu themselves can understand the difference.

❖ *Dionae Haerviu* smile more when asked to grant wishes. They also demand a little more deference in their dealings (although fear or blood sacrifice is acceptable).

❖ *Araminae Haerviu* sigh more when asked to grant wishes. They rub their eyes when asked for stupid things and tend to be a little tetchy with the unimaginative.

❖ *Apollaie Haerviu* stall more when asked to grant wishes. IF they like the person who is seeking miracles, they may even provide a caveat...

Glamour Ways: Haerviu's gain Glamour from the cold irony of fate, and those hapless mortals caught in its wake. That or he gains Glamour from drinking whisky with his mate, and enjoying the occasional bit of diatribe down at the local watering hole.

Unleashing: Unleashings by Haerviu taste like cheap whisky, , but with bitter unpleasant finish. There is also a nauseous feeling that arises in the stomach, and a stifling apprehension that the bottom is about to fall out.

Affinity: Time

Birthrights:

Invisible: Even when manifest in the mortal world, the Haerviu can remain invisible to all but their special oathmate mortal ally. Anyone else will simply overlook him, even if actively looking for him and staring directly at him. If he should wish to make himself visible, he has only to roll his Willpower at a difficulty of his target's Banality rating.

Wish-Craft: The very Hub of their power, Haerviu's can craft miracles. Such marvels are beyond the scope of mortals, and can bend the rules of physics, space-time, even the Dreaming itself. However, while these wishes are beyond the scope of those who dream of them, the Haerviu is only but the conduit through which the Miracle occurs.

These miracles, must be met with certain criterion on both parties' behalf. It is a steep price and must be paid in full by the party seeking the miracle. (*This must be played out extensively and well thought out, nothing comes for free...*) The part owed by the Haerviu, however, is just as steep a price to pay.

In game terms, when terms are negotiated properly and the target pays dues proper, the Haerviu spends 5 points of Glamour. By doing so he has access to any cantrip at any level needed to fulfill his end of the bargain. No bunks are required, and no rolls. The Dreaming itself will ensure that destiny bends to the will of the Haerviu... *There is a caveat of course...*

Frailties:

Criterion proper: Haerviu can be resentful and insist on proper chiminage and protocol. Reverence and politeness are mandatory, and the taste of fear acceptable substitute for blood sacrifices. Respect and honesty work wonders. They Haerviu also have a soft spot for sob-stories, (Despite their seemingly callous nature) and prefer to work with pleasant folks who are down on their luck versus haughty treasure-hunters. Whenever someone approaches the Haerviu without proper deference, the Haerviu must make a willpower roll difficulty 8, to plot said persons demise. That person's demise of course, being through the wishes: A Wish that the Haerviu really shouldn't grant because it takes 5 points of glamour...

Monkey's Paw: All of the Haerviu's miracles come with a caveat – a wish for wealth manifests in a loved one passing away and leaving millions in insurance, a wish for true love means ending up in the hospital and meeting the nurse-love you'll marry. No matter how much the Haerviu tries to control the details of the wish-craft, it always takes a dirty turn.

IF the Haerviu likes a person, he will warn of them of this Catch-22 approach to the Wish. If the Haerviu doesn't like the person, then he will revel in the misfortune that befalls the twat-badger what made the wish in the first place.

Brynmor, or Harvey to his mates, has a deal for you if you're interested....

Jabberwockeyes: Perhaps a necessity, but not my cup of tea; such academic hair-splitting (Hare-splitting?) might have purpose, though for the life of me I can't hazard a guess what that is.

Kuta: The giants? Are they still around? Simply wonderful news.

Pillywiggins: Laughably predictable, same old wish for greatness. Was it worth it, I wonder? Joining your nemesis in bed?

Rose Dryads: After their wishes, I have to shower.

Snarks: Sometimes, one may grow tired of another's company. With these folk, one doesn't have that problem. They are never the same company for more than a few minutes.

Springheels: These blokes? They already have everything they want.

Pooka: Pookas? Us? I can't see why not. We're both word smiths I suppose.

