

Hector

the
Nectar
Collector



* **THE MARSH ORCHID TALE** *





Deep in the garden
the scent of summer sings.



Flowers flaunt
their fantastic foliage.



Critters crave
a nuance of Nectar.





RAVENOUS arrives early



HECTOR
softly snoozles



LESTER
wantingly waits

Our tale starts one summer morning with a gathering of friends in the tomato garden.



Hector wakes to a dream of daa**anger**ous Dandelions.
Fearsome flowers are reason to ramble for a pastoral prize.
Today they search for a *spectacular specimen of gigantic size!*

HECTOR loves to eat green tomatoes.
The squishy fruit gives him a summer's worth of stamina and strength.
He will use it for high flying and seeking out great smelly flowers
He is - HECTOR THE NECTAR COLLECTOR!



Ravenous, is a great gatherer of goodies.
Seeking strange snacks in far away places.
Bringing home **feasts** to fill friends faces!



RAVENOUS is a Raven. He and Hector are unlikely friends.
Like all other garden groovies, they are nutty for nectar.
They are super duper pals - two airborne adventure captains!

LESTER the flea neatly nestles under Ravenous' wing.
Hungriy harvesting **Rav's red river** is his thing.
All three critters now ready to go!
Soaring above the racket of crickets and crow.

LESTER - THE NEST INFESTER is a circus flea.
He is well travelled and will be the friends faithful navigator.
Being a flea, he doesn't like to slurp nectar.
But it makes Ravenous taste delicious.



* Oyster's PEARL is the written record of all water's ways and the mystic message of every critter that drinks from it.

Oyster is speaking in Bug-Speak

To find a rare nectar-giving flower one must do a little research.
Luckily, Hector knows the right person to talk to.



They go to **Oracle Bay** to find Oyster and her pearl - **the Library of Liquid!**

Oyster tastes all water that flows and travels the world,
from melty mountain top, to that primal puddle in paradise,
she gathers the memory of water's ways into a pearl of **wetted** wisdom.

Ravenous loves to eat - and eats to travel.
For him, texture is key to savoury snacks,
and starfish have a bit of everything!
BUMPY, CRUNCHY, SLIMY, even a bit sandy, near the centre.



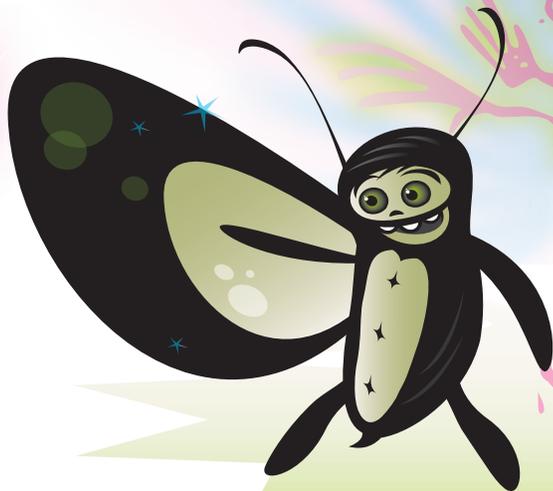
“You dream of a great flower,” says Oyster
“Cross the line of Lost, go to the Lake of Mist and Murk.
You will find the carnivorous flower you seek, the Marsh Orchid!
Take this Map of Ramble to guide your awesome trip.”



This is the MAP OF RAMBLE.
Most people cannot follow one - if you try, you might get dizzy!
If you accept that we are 70% water you can just go with the flow.

Ernie Earwig's

{ WING WAX
& WHIFFLE
EMPORIUM }



ERNE EARWIG 
presents his latest Wing Wax.

He is still a little woozy
from barfing up this recent collection.

With a map in hand, Hector now needs to get supplies for the long trip ahead.
They head to the next garden over - to Ernie Earwig's Wing Wax & Wiffle Emporium.



ERNIE EARWIG sells Wing Wax fit for the skies.

Jars of jeweled jam fill the room - senses stir a **sinus surprise!**

“This fine organic ear wax is filtered of all hair and sediment.

It wears well for long trips and night flying!”

Today HECTOR is looking at a briny batch
from an old man in a neighbouring garden.
Hector favours Vintage Wing Wax
for its superior speed, waterproofing, and long wing life.



Next Hector visits **SCENTY-PETE**, Ernie's Wiffle-maker,
who whips up **Whiffle** to **woo** ferocious flora.

Pete presents his best scent ever - **ANGEL'S AURA!**

“A flower within range of this smell will always surrender nectar.”



SCENTY-PETE'S Whiffle ingredients
are made from 100% organic dust bunnies.
This batch was gathered from the closet
of a famous tap dancer named Pom-Pom!



Dear Murtle

(a letter home to Murtle)

Now ready to go - they go and go. Day and night - far from home....

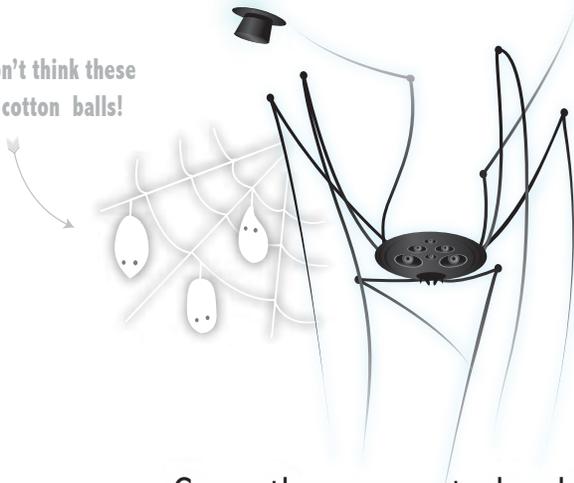
Cumulous clouds
and lunar pluminescence!!!



- SQUEEE!

The friends fly due east toward a rising midnight moon.
Hector selectively sampling nectar from gardens along the way.
Ravenous chewing and chomping in a joyful **SWOON**.

I don't think these
are cotton balls!



One night they happened upon a beautiful thorny rose bush.
It was the home of DANDY SPIDER who lured them
with many fantastic stories.

Despite his somber funereal attire he appeared upbeat and friendly.
To Dandy's dismay Ravenous gleefully gobbled all the chewy
cotton ball snacks hung from his elaborately-crafted drapery.

Soon they come to lands less friendly - devoid of green.
Reduced to drinking dewdrops with no water to be seen.

A **Night Hawk** tries to make friends.
Diving and screeching in a most unusual way!

FOREBODING is unknown to our flighty friends,
Trouble seems to come and go.
So why worry?





Our weary friends find “The House of Honey” and welcome from Helen, Queen of Bees!



Helen’s hive is **HOT WITH HUM!** Buxom bees dance and fly
in the wuzzing woods serving honey and Pollen Pie.

Critters have gathered from every garden.

They **greet** and **gorge** till they’re **green** and **burpen**.

POLLEN PIE has a fragrant flower filling
with restorative powers and natural tooth-whitening properties.
The perfect balm for weary travellers.



Soaring above the trees, Hector and Helen dance to summer’s song.
She softly whispers, “**Why pass into Lost? Stay! Put off your flight.**”

Down below, stuffed with pollen pie, Ravenous pokes around the hive.
He finds honey pods and **DELICIOUS DUMPLINGS** squirmy and white!

Ravenous pounces on this dancing dessert - is it alive?



BABY BEES are not dumplings!
When Hector discovers Rav’s new favourite snack
he realizes they won’t be welcomed back to the Hive again.

His feast is cut short by angry Bouncer Bees.

With sharp stingers they **★ DIVE ★ INTO ★ ACTION ★** and Ravenous flees!

Seeing his friend in retreat Hector flies to his side.

Once more in **FULL RAMBLE** they head for horizons wide.

RAMBLING ISN'T EASY

Find with your finger the way of the wanderers!



The friends are visiting BEETLEBUTT for a night.
He tries to coax Hector to stay and live amongst his fancy flower garden,
but Hector pretends to be busy studying his map.

BEETLEBUTT is most content chewing on his log of a home,
making new rooms for friends who just never visit anymore.
Sadly he waves them good-bye as they leave for LOST.

Hector's Map of Ramble



FINISH



START



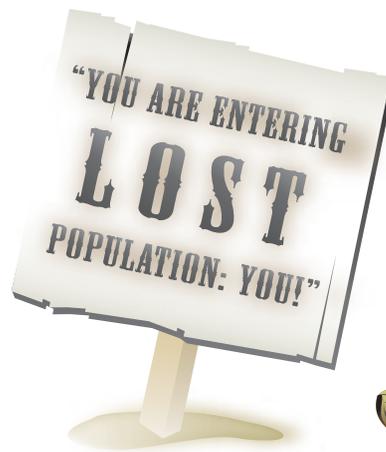


Now fleeing east, following their map, paradise turns to desert. LOST lies right ahead...



The air is hotter than **HOBBO HORK**,
The ground an **ENDLESS-EARTH-JERKY**.
Only a single green tree in the distance,
WITH FRESH CUTS OF PRIME BEEF IMPALED ON ITS THORNS!

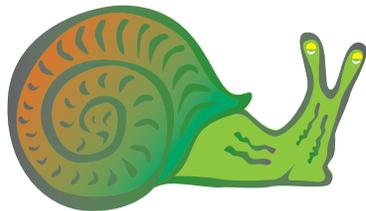
Whoever made this sign,
had a very peculiar CENSUS of humour...
You had to be there, I guess.



ha hahaaa!



Desolate. No water anywhere.
They quench their thirst on **THIN WET TRAILS**
beneath the tree - left by snails.



MEAT TREE SNAILS aren't very tasty.
They are chewy and gooey.
Making Ravenous spit - SPATOOEY!

The air starts to swirl and spin,
There, **Hot** on the horizon
they see a storm coming in.



The storm approaches - heat turns to horror - snails scatter!



**THE SKY GROWS DARK WITH BLACK-ORANGE-CLOTTED CLOUDS,
LIGHTNING BURSTS FROM A CHURNING NIMBUS SNARL,
BRINGING THE STORM TO A SCREAMING, RAGING HEAD!**

"WHO EATS MY MEAT!!!?"

A foul gust from the fiend's fearsome mouth sends Hector and Ravenous tumbling across a riverbed, dusty and dry. The blowing so hard, the Head **squirts** out a giant tooth.

With bleeding gums the Head begins to **CRYYYY!**



Ravenous manages to save the **GIGANTIC TOOTH**. He now boils it over and over to make a delicious and savoury "Tooth Soup". Everyone **FREAKS** for it!

A flood of teardrops EXPLODE from the RAGING HEAD

pouring tons of tidal tears into the now rising riverbed.

It sends Hector and Ravenous rushing downstream far from the blubbering bogeyman's scream.



THE LAKE OF MIST AND MURK

Is the tempest terminus of all unfortunate spills.

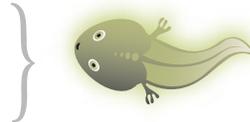


The friends are washed far downstream. The flood slowly turns to dark drippy jungle.



Suddenly, **Fireflies** swarm across the inky night.
The sound of singing frogs is music to their ears!
Even the sight of Tadpoles **wriggling** to the rhythm
is a glorious feast for their tired eyes.

Tadpoles are great dancers
Just don't step on them!



If you eat them
fast enough
The fire
just goes out!

A happy Ravenous gobbles up the **smokey fireflies**.
Hector searches his mangled map - **THEY HAVE ARRIVED** - his spirits rise!



FROG SONG is pure optimism.
It literally translates to "life's good,
I'm so HOPPY - tonight I sleep in mud."

Perched at the water's edge, a friendly frog sings!
"Welcome to the Lake of Mist and Murk.
Beware of Wood-Woe, the rotting root born of an ancient flood.
You will find the Marsh Orchid waiting for your blood."

WOOD-WOE is the name of this ancient tree.
It once stood over 300 feet tall
until the floods came and delivered rot to the roots.
Hector will look there for the MARSH ORCHID.





* GHENGIS GAS is the gate keeper to the Wood-Woe.
He is very protective of the Marsh Orchid and just mean!

The ancient Wood-Woe stands before him in the murky mist. He approaches with Whiffle in hand.



Hector wades through the shallows and stops...

The water starts to churn and burble...

The air **rises** and **falls** like a bag of ROTTING RHINOS.

THERE BEFORE HIM - **G H E N G I S G A S !**

REALLY
STINKY

OOPS! Hector has dropped his ANGEL'S AURA!
The story really should end here.
If you think a little gas is a problem
try approaching a hostile mega-flower without Whiffle...
it ain't going to be pretty!



His knees buckle and Hector falls unconscious.

BLOATED with fireflies Ravenous sees Hector

helpless before the **MONSTROUS SWAMP GAS !**

Ravenous rushes in facing this awful stink attack.

It rakes at his core and he **BARFS** up his smoky snack.

Released, the Fireflies hit the air!

In a flash the gas ignites

and a **FLAMING FIRE STORM** the darkness lights.



EXPLODING VOMIT

has to be the most effective
defence mechanism ever. Try it!

Ummm... Where's Ravenous?



The fireball fades to the black night of the lake. All is quiet.
Thick streams of mist slither from the great Wood-Woe.
It moves as if it is seeking. As if alive!



The Mist coils around an unconscious Hector
pulling him deep into the cavernous **WOOD WOOOOE**.
It draws him ever closer to the Marsh Orchid's terror.

Her one piercing eye rolls back into her head.
The flower fangs open to a mouth **vile and red!**

MOANING MIST

The captured souls of the Marsh Orchid.
They do her bidding however unpleasant.



Ravenous, **ALIVE** appears at the entrance
all burned, boggy, and blackened.

Rav's smoking feathers blowing gusts of burny smell
working like **a CHARMING CHANGE POTION** - just like **WHIFFLE!**

The great flower relaxes - she starts to sigh and snuffle.



WIFFLE-RIFIC!!!

Ernie Earwig will hate the idea
of a sooty Ravenous being his own Whiffle source.
It's just bad for business!



JOY


HOW DOES WHIFFLE WORK?
Basically, flowers LOVE really good stinky smells.
Just as they LOVE good stinky earth to grow in!

The Marsh Orchid is full of good nature.
Soothed by accidental Whiffle. She hasn't felt so happy in years!

Ravenous wafts more of his **CHARRED FUNK** for her to smell.

Overcome, the Marsh Orchid begins to blush and bloom.

Her beautiful eye appears - she smiles and swoons!



The captured souls of the Moaning Mist
are locked in this special nectar.
They will be released on consumption and be forever FREE!

Sunshine rushes in as the mist begins to part.

A flood of Nectar erupts from Marsh Orchid's heart!

A triumphant cry rises from Hector
echoing through the valleys: **NECTAR!**

FINE NECTAR!
This is a bottle of Marsh Orchid Nectar.
It will go on auction to raise funds for
friendships and dance studies!





Home again, the three friends are welcomed with a GARDEN PARTY!
They gather to hear of the great flower and try some very rare Nectar.



Our Marsh Orchid Tale is told to a meeting of friends,
THE CRYPTO-NECTO SOCIETY OF SECRET SAP SUCKERS.

Senses tingle - a clamour of thirst - **a murmur of YUM and YURMLE!**

The Garden Groovies ready for a supper of sipple.

A reporter from the Society Archives is here tonight.
Some think this nectar will make Hector famous!



Dandy Spider dances.

Ernie cries, “the Colour is Gilded Sun-Slobber!”

BettleButt pipes up, “Oooh! The funkle, it whiffs of wildness!”

Murtle’s one eye is wide with wonder.

Her little mouth pinches and pools with drool.



MURTLE MAGGOT is Hector’s new girlfriend!
She brings him really nice flowers to sniffle and slurp.
He is sweet on her, despite the fact that she always
hogs the buffet leaving it covered with her
special brand of fragrant drooble!

All friends delight and drink.

BUGLES CALL with *furious joy*. **BOUNTEOUS BOOTY**

and **SQUIZZY GIFTS** flow from near and far.

“Well done Hector,” they cry. “Hooray! Huzzah!”

Hector was a Hornworm



One summer, my Mother was growing green tomatoes. They were being eaten by a hungry Tomato Hornworm. A Hornworm is as big as your index finger. It is bright green with a black horn on its butt. It is a remarkably beautiful and destructive animal.

I moved the critter to a jar with some earth and with half of a green tomato. I wanted to witness the routine of a Hornworm for a little while longer so I took it home. I did some research and discovered that it would eventually turn into a lovely Hummingbird Moth. A big, furry, grey, nectar collector!

For three days it ate constantly and like clockwork - every 18 minutes - squeezed out a bright, green, jube-jube, poop. Not once did it ever rest. On the fourth day, it disappeared into the earth to go into its pupal stage.

He reappeared two weeks later sitting on a branch I had supplied to the jar. There, with a furry body and wings, he greeted me with big black eyes in all his natural moth splendor. I named him HECTOR because it rhymes so nicely with NECTAR COLLECTOR.

It was a beautiful sunny day. I opened the jar to the summer air and saw his wings flicker in acknowledgement. Not one second passed before he flew from the jar in spastic moth-like flight. The rambling movements took him straight up into the sky and he was away on his own forever.

One day, I made a daydream-doodle of Hector. For a moment he was living the life I imagined for him - an adventure beyond Mother's garden. The doodling continued until I had completed his story - a summer of dreaming in critter.



Chris Parsons

