



HEKLA ANDERS

Three Billy Goats Gruff (The Troll Under The Bridge)

PRONOUNS

She/Her

AGE

24

HEIGHT

7'0"

OCCUPATION

Surf Shop Owner

“Yo, DUDE!!! You are NOT gonna believe the wave I just caught, brah!”

OFFPRINT

ORIGIN

STRENGTH

14

DEXTERITY

13

INTELLIGENCE

8

HEALTH

14

[LINK to GURPS SHEET](#)

PERSONALITY

Active

Adventurous

Cheerful

Passionate

Casual

Emotional

Tough

Proud

Abrupt

Boisterous

Extreme

Gullible

Hekla can be...a lot, at first. Honestly, the fact she's so **open and positive** may come as a surprise considering her monstrous heritage and appearance, but then again, trolls are anything but delicate. She is what traditionalists call "unbecoming of an antagonist" and modernists call "an absolute chad", but she just **prefers to ignore labels** entirely. After all, when you're known as the folks who tried to eat some goats and died in a variety of ways due to their own greed and you just lay down and take it, Hekla would be...well, *that!* After who-knows-how-long of living under a bridge and living up to their reputations, **SOMEONE has to be the change** they want to see...and Hekla has taken it upon herself **to make that first step!** She's **welcoming, overly friendly**, and so **SO psyched that you wanted to chat!** I mean, who could be scared of someone like that?

HISTORY

TLDR; Hekla's family is in charge of the construction company that's primarily in charge of any and all buildings in Fabletown, most notably the wall that surrounds Neverland. Hekla grew up in Neverland's gated community and faced constant backlash due to her Origin's past, eventually leading her to run away for one night as a teen once she got a glamour. She met some chill humans who taught her everything from surfing to what the rest of the world had to offer, which would lead to her love of the ocean and San Francisco. Now as an adult with a surf shop, she finds herself torn between taking over the family business like her pops wants, or to abandon everything and finally see what this human world has to show her.

Trolls. You've heard of them, surely. Affinity for bridges. Serious goat problem. You know the story.

And unfortunately for Hekla's Origin, so did everyone else in EverAfter. Everyone talks about their place in famous fables, but no one seems to talk about the infamy that comes with being a cautionary tale. A shame, really.

Because no one wants to listen to a troll.

Hekla was born to one of the most popular troll families in Fabletown, with her great-grandfather being the very one that lived once upon a bridge...err, under it, technically. And though Hekla would LOVE to go up and ask him "what's up with the goat thing bro?", he had long since left to his own devices since the migration to San

Francisco. There's lots of talk among the troll community if he's even still alive, most quietly agreeing that he's dead, perhaps in the exact way his tale told it. Hekla, however, was inclined to believe he's still out there SOMEWHERE. Like, all of these other Origins are still kicking it, so why would HE be any different? Besides, trolls are basically invincible! Totally! And when she eventually finds him, she'll have a troll-sized pile of questions for him...because for some reason, no one in her family wants to talk about it. A little troll would go to her dad, chanting "Papa! Papa! Why do we live under a bridge?". But that father would simply sigh and go back to his matters, questions unanswered. As for why no trolls would even attempt to answer...Hekla had the small beginnings of a hunch...

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She doesn't remember when her and her pops moved into this bridge, but all she knows is that he's the only other troll she knows...that stayed, anyways. This bridge was her childhood home, you can tell which one it is by the cobblestone walls reaching the bottom of the riverbank, and the large circle windows in the front...and the fact the top was a bridge, of course. Her grandfather built it with his own two hands, both his home and his career. Most simply overlooked it, but if you're in the architecture scene, you may have heard of "Karl's Konstruktion", a popular construction company who has built some of the oldest buildings in the city. Originally founded by her father's father (Karl the First), it's really her pops (Karl Jr.) that brought it into success and turned it from a one-troll gig to a team of various creatures with the power to build. Turns out, trolls knew a thing or two about building and held immense pride in their practice, so much that it was considered fair to pay a toll just to cross their precious bridges, with cash or riddles, to be *honored* with such an *experience* as to cross their perfect bridge. (At least, that's what her pop says.) And really, what's a bridge but a building with no walls? Regardless of accuracy, years upon years of building for the city and minimal repairs is a testament to a troll's skill. Hekla's grandfather was skilled, her father was skilled, and she too was skilled in the way of the craft.

Unfortunately for the Anders, she simply didn't want to build bridges. Not physical ones, anyway.

Hekla grew up in the gated community of Neverland, a gift from its founders for building their ivory walls. After all, they needed someone who could remember the ways EverAfter's homes and streets looked like and could build them...though it's safe to say they would have liked to keep someone less *controversial*. Beggars can't be choosers, and there's been yet any other creature that could compare to those walls and their quality...but even after shoving them to a riverbank, there are mixed opinions on keeping trolls around such a precious part of the city, and thus not everyone has been kind to Helka's small family growing up...

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Hekla could have sworn she was kind, back then. She could have sworn she attended school on time, that she never tossed anybody for fun, that she never grew taller than everyone else on purpose...but that never stopped the hesitant stares and cruel words. At least the physical bullying stopped when she hit her growth spurt and her tusks came in, but nothing could stop the overwhelming idea that she didn't quite belong. Every day she saw only the backs of her classmates, and all she could hear were rumors. They ranged from ridiculous to downright rude, but the worst one was the idea that the very thief that led to The Unbinding all those years ago...was a troll! That couldn't be true! What would a troll even want with some stupid book, they could never...r-right? Alas, those rumors only

continued to grow and grow, and Hekla found herself alone most of the school day. All of this because she was tied to someone she never even met...

Did she...hate her great-grandfather?

...No. Of course not. Never, he's family...*he's family*.

This nagging feeling only grew worse in her teen years. She didn't hate her great-grandfather. She could never hate her family. She was just going through the motions, that's all. Some very heavy, angry, restrained motions. Motions that clawed at her every day until they started to yell that she needed an escape, that she needed to get anywhere but *here*. So when glammers were on the rise, she jumped at the chance to leave the city, if even for a moment. Her father's construction made good gold, she was one of the lucky few to get one before the subsidization. It feels like so long ago, but she remembers the first time she snuck out. She remembers grabbing her glamour and turning it on in haste, she remembers running as far as the wind could take her, as long as her glamour could last. She sped past unfamiliar buildings, streets riddled with humans who'd never guess what lies in their midst.

And eventually...she reaches the sea.

And for the first time ever, she felt small...like she wasn't that not-so-little girl who was shoved to the back of the class. Like she wasn't the terrible troll who could've caused The Unbinding. Like she wasn't the scary monster that could destroy the very houses her family built.

And never had she felt so freed before.

She remembers diving into the water, eager to disappear into the comforting black. To be unnoticed, to be *harmless*, if just for a moment.

The sight of a random teen girl laying in the water face down did catch the attention of a local bonfire party, however. She hadn't even noticed until some kids around her age suddenly tore her out of the bliss. She was cold, sopping wet, and maybe a bit frazzled at the thought people were talking to her. They were talking to *her*. But it had to be because of this human disguise...

Because no one wants to listen to a troll.

They welcomed her to the party and kept her warm with towels and the fire. For the first time in her life, she wasn't met with any sort of hesitance, let alone fear. There was laughter, there was conversation, there was *smiling*.

"So anyways, where are you FROM homie? Diving into the water like that was *nuuuuts*, dude."

She was heard.

"...Would you believe this is my first time here...dude?"

Hekla was inclined to say her life became much, *much* happier after that first contact. The rest of her childhood wasn't a breeze, but she remembers laughing a lot more often. She grew to trust these random humans, ones who would visit that same beach every day of every summer. They taught her to surf. They taught her about this other world. They

taught her about this PLANET. Those years were filled with her realizing this world was more than just Neverland, let alone Fabletown. There were whole *countries* with *hundreds* of cities, if not thousands, if not MILLIONS. She found herself eager to learn about it all.

Though, she'd soon discover her father was not so eager.

He'd forgive her sneaking out. He'd forgive her for picking up this *strange* language and these *strange* hobbies. He'd even forgive her meddling with humans so long as she didn't get the FFA called on her ass. But her thinking of leaving this city, her home? Absolutely not. It was that night Hekla realized the two had very ideas of her future.

Karl wants his daughter to take over the family business.

She wants to see the world.

Both of them just want someone to listen to a troll.

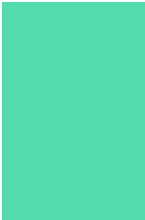
As adulthood came, life, as always, changed. Those humans eventually stopped visiting as they grew up and began their own lives. The pressure to continue her family's legacy only became worse and worse as her dad grew older and older. Hekla liked to build and bridges, she was a troll at the end of the day, she wasn't *meant* to see this world for humans. She even admits that construction wouldn't be the worst path to take...but could she stand Neverland's judgment for the rest of her life? Could she live a happy life knowing she never even entertained seeing all of these sights she was told about? Could she simply hide from it all?

She built her surf shop with her own two hands, and she makes every board she sells. She crashes there so often, it's a question if she even still *lives* under that old bridge in that old town...and every day she smiles. Despite it all, she continues to fight for her place in society, whether that be among humans or fables. She will welcome, because she was never welcomed. She will cheer, because no one cheered for her. She will thrive, because she was told to rot.

And she will be heard.

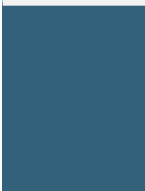
Because no one wants to listen to a troll.

RELATIONSHIPS



Karl Jr.
(Father)

A stern and reclusive man who's currently in charge of Karl's Konstruction and just wants what's best for his very confused daughter. A notable name for town organizers and those who need something built for the city.



Karl the First
(Grandfather)

Not to be confused with her great-grandfather, who was the original troll under the bridge and Hekla's Origin, he is the Founder of Karl's Konstruction, a seemingly kind troll despite the two-faced praises he'd get from the less

		accepting. He disappeared many years ago after visiting the local woods to personally investigate reports of something causing trouble at a gathering site, leaving his son to suddenly take over the business in his stead. No one has found him to this day.
	Cobblestone (Surfboard)	She made it herself and spent many hours painting its design. Her magnum opus.



“Ayo! Where’s my troll toll homie?”

TRIVIA

LIKES	DISLIKES
Painting	Heights
Karaoke	Sour Food (low sour tolerance)
Bridges	Staying in One Place

- It’s been a LOT of work, but she has slowly introduced surfing to a small portion of Fabletown, her dream is to open a shop within its borders.
- Her surf shop is called “20,000 Leagues Under the Bridge”, or “20KLUB” for short. She makes and wears her own merch.
- She calls hugs “paying the troll toll”

- May not know much, but get her started on blueprints and bridges and you'll realize really quick why no one asks her when they're short on time

RUMORS

- I. "Yeah yeah, Karl's Konstruction is neat and all, but how is Hekla even HERE? I've heard her mother abandoned Fabletown the first chance she got..."
- II. "Hekla's grandfather? Someone told me he lied about checking resources, and is actually conspiring to destroy the city behind the scenes...once a troll, always a troll."
- III. "You're not going to BELIEVE this, Hekla actually kissed a shark! Like, lips and all. It was honestly kinda tear jerking-- wait, what's CPR?"

RP INFORMATION

NAME	Pega
PRONOUNS	She/Her
TIMEZONE	Pacific (PST)

Howdy howdy howdy! I'm PegasusGem, but ya'll can call me Pega! Don't hesitate to DM me or ask about headcanons, I love to chat about characters! I am a bit forgetful though, if you notice it's been a while since I replied to something (like a few days to a week), feel free to ping me, I probably intended to reply but forgot!

NSFW: Preferably not? I can joke and do some vague hcs, but it's honestly unlikely I'll do anything serious like rps lmao, I am but a wee ace on the internet

RELATIONSHIPS: Oh absolutely! I'm always willing to pre-establish anything from friendships to ex's! Current romantic relationships are also available, but do expect some back and forth to see if they're compatible! If it happens naturally during the plot then obviously that becomes a bit easier lol

UNCOMFY VIBES: Please avoid any graphic gore or close up photos of bugs, thank you! :D

