

# TWINS OF SHADOW BONUS BOOK

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CHARACTER PHOTOS, BIOS, AND SIDE QUESTS

ABBY ARTHUR

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TWINS OF SHADOW BONUS BOOK  
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ALBREE  
PHOTO AND BIO

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NAME

ALBREE SETH VAYDMEHN  
(AL-bree) (VAYD-men)

NAME MEANING:

1<sup>st</sup> Guardian

2<sup>nd</sup> Appointed

3<sup>rd</sup> Man of Proving

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NICKNAME

Al

BIRTHDAY

Mûlay 23, 1217 J.E. (March)

AGE

17

EYE COLOR

Amethyst/Purple

JÄYÜNIC ABILITY

Shadow Walking

RACE

Human

KINGDOM

Jasikx

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TITLE/STATUS

Prince (2<sup>nd</sup> in line to the throne of Jasikx)

PARENTS

King Denifo and the Late Queen Sora

SIBLINGS

Twin brother (Elder) – Tarrek

Little Sister — Sheva

WEAPON OF CHOICE

Needles shot from his gauntlets

KNOWN LANGUAGES

Fluent in Aluens (The national language) and  
Grâstömèn (The dark magic language)

Can get by in Ancient Naerthen (The human's  
natural magical language)

Is learning Choy (The language of southern Jasikx)

HOBBIES

Playing guitar

Writing songs/Singing

Video games

PET

A gryphon named Wihxen

FAVORITE COLOR

Yellow

FAVORITE ALËUNNÁ BAND/ VOCAL ARTIST:

Larch Mouth – Gothic metal

The Masks – Hard Rock

Playing with Fire – Rock

BIGGEST DREAM IN LIFE

To be free of Csharynn (The Dragon's) control.

GREATEST WEAKNESS

Girls with red hair

DEEPEST SECRET

He's great at keeping secrets

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ANYTHING SPECIAL?

A tattoo of a dagger along the inner part of his left bicep

Plays bass for *Sheva and the Serenities*

RANDOM FACT:

Reading was a challenge for him as a kid. Maybe that's why he doesn't care much for school ...

LET'S START A BAND  
A TWINS OF SHADOW SIDE QUEST

UPON THE END of a long day, the Vaydmehn kids gathered in the crown prince's room. It wasn't a common happening, as they were often too busy with weapons training, school, and the daily encounters with people that came with being royals.

But on a day like this, when Albree had flunked a pop quiz in his ninth-grade mathematics class, Tarrek had lost half his fingers sparring, and Sheva had been the one to chop off his fingers, it was nice to be together, to pretend they were normal.

So Sheva sat on the crown prince's couch, holding a sketchbook as she doodled a dress in her favorite gothic fashion. Albree lounged beside her, holding his bass guitar and plucking the strings without making much noise, as it wasn't plugged in. And across from them, at the grand piano, Tarrek tested his newly attached fingers, pressing the keys as hard as he dared.

Out of this quiet moment together, meditating on their folly, Sheva sang the words “I’m sorry,” and Tarrek’s lips tugged ever so slightly. His fingers pressed the keys a bit harder, and his melancholy song grew louder. “It’s my own fault,” he sang back.

And Albree added with his beautiful tenor, “Sure is, brother. Should have known better. Shouldn’t let her get so close.”

“I wasn’t trying to cut off his fingers,” Sheva sang in retort.

“They’re all back,” Tarrek sang, pressing the keys some more. Sheva sat down her book and pencil. Moved to sit at the piano by her brother. As he played, she joined in on the higher keys. Their song grew more intricate and fun. Sheva sang:

*We’re a bunch of misfits in a family of power.  
Can’t see why they let us be in charge.*

Albree came close, carrying his bass, and plugged it in this time. He added:

*Sometimes I think we could try harder  
But the steps of perfection are too hard*

Sheva:

*So we’ll hide in the shadows without a care  
Who are we to be perfect?*

Tarrek:

*We are the showstoppers  
The danger, the fighters,  
But the realm will only know half the truth.*

Albree:

*Because we aren't what they think of us  
And we'll never be who they perceive us*

Sheva:

*We're living in a world of make believe.*

Tarrek stopped playing, his newly attached fingers giving him a fuss.

“That was good,” he said, grinning.

And Sheva grinned back. “Maybe we should start a band.”

Albree nodded. “I could make time for that.”

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HINYA



NAME

Hinya Vandiir

NAME MEANING:

1<sup>st</sup> Power

2<sup>nd</sup> Good

ABBY ARTHUR

NICKNAME

None

BIRTHDAY

Árién 12, 1125 J.E. (February)

AGE

109

EYE COLOR

Neon Red

JÄYÜNIC ABILITY

Healing

RACE

Ètâscèn

KINGDOM

South Lemuel

**TITLE/STATUS**

Peasant Healer

**PARENTS**

Father – Edgar

Mother - Zara

**SIBLINGS**

Brother – Tristian

**WEAPON OF CHOICE**

Magic

**KNOWN LANGUAGES**

Aluens (National Alëunná Language)

Hayönï (Ètâscèn's magical tongue)

Omani (Language of South Lemuel)

**HOBBIES**

People watching

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PET

A cat named Riggy (he passed away a few years ago)

FAVORITE COLOR

Orange

FAVORITE ALËUNNÁ BAND/ VOCAL ARTIST:

Quinn – a folk singer from fifty years ago

BIGGEST DREAM IN LIFE

To become a great chef

GREATEST WEAKNESS

People close to death

DEEPEST SECRET

She knows Albree's future

RANDOM FACT:

Her family lives scattered across the realm. But every five years, they go to Jasikx to celebrate Luel. (Yes, it's

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an annual holiday. But Ètâscèn are busy beings. Every 5 years is hard enough!)

## HOW TO MAGIC

### A TWINS OF SHADOW SIDE QUEST

DEW COVERED Hinya's feet as she walked across a grass field, head low in shame. At sixteen, her magic skills should be further along. Her talents should blossom like the flowers lining the Ètâscèn Haven. Healing should come naturally.

So why was it so hard to mend a simple paper cut? Her friends, the other young Ètâscèn, could already grow back human flesh or mend a shattered bone.

It's not that seeing any of the injuries on the humans threw her. Ètâscèn didn't get queasy around blood or gore. They weren't made like that.

The magic inside her, it wouldn't listen. Like it would rather sleep for ages then come to her when she called.

"There you are, Sister," her brother's voice said. Hinya didn't look up to greet him, just kept her slow procession across the grass field. Her eyes, red like a

burning sun, lingered on the birthmark guarding her hand—the mark that should glow when her magic woke.

“Hinya,” Tristian said as he reached her side, chest heaving from the run he did to get close. “You’ll get it. Every Ètâscèn comes into their power. Some just take longer.”

Hinya didn’t speak, just slid a sour glance to her kin before walking faster towards the woods.

Tristian followed, only his steps making noise in the quiet morning. In silence, they listened to birds greet the dawn. Being two hundred years older than his sister, Tristian knew to wait. The young were always so quick to emotions, even Ètâscèn.

It was during this waiting they came across a young bird hobbling along the ground with a broken wing.

Hinya’s breath caught in a gasp of sympathy. She glanced to her brother with a pleading bend to her brow, begging him to help the creature.

“You saw it first,” he said calmly. “You fix it.”

Shoulders falling with dismay, Hinya looked back to the bird. She knew her brother well enough. He wouldn’t help. Even though he was tenderhearted, he was stubborn when it came to her education.

Swallowing, she approached the creature. It fluttered one wing and squawked, as if screaming of its pain. But it didn’t run. Animals could sense the kindness of Ètâscèn, knew they weren’t dangerous like humans.

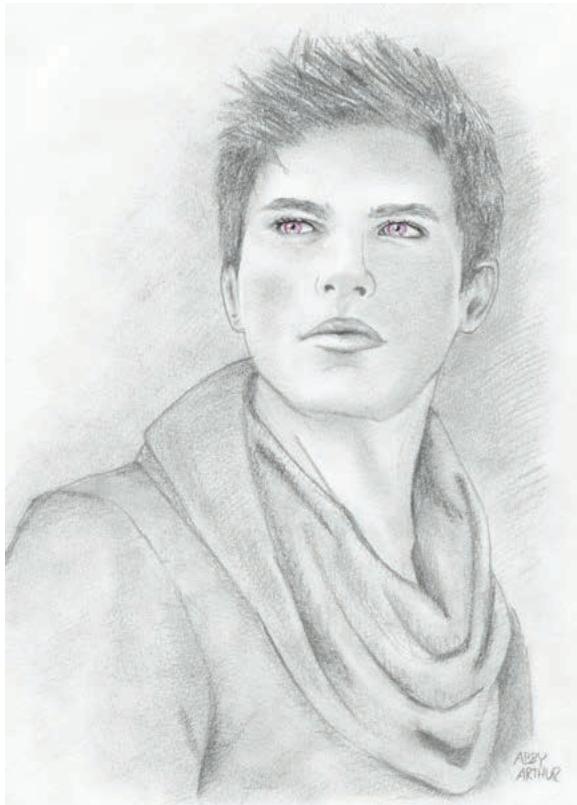
Hinya held out her hand, the one with her birthmark, and the bird hopped onto her palm. She closed her eyes, thinking of what spell to cast, and the words she had studied tumbled from her lips. It wasn't the most elegant spell. She had much yet to learn. But when it was said, she opened her eyes to find her birthmark glowing blue. Magic swirled around the bird, and its wing moved back into place.

"I did it," she whispered as the bird flew away.

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## TARREK



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NAME

TARREK JENTRY VAYDMEHN  
(TAHR-ek) (VAYD-men)

NAME MEANING

1<sup>st</sup> Morning Star  
2<sup>nd</sup> Well Born, Noble  
3<sup>rd</sup> Man of Proving

NICKNAME

Rick  
He hates being called Tar

BIRTHDAY

Mûlay 23rd 1217 (March)

AGE

17

EYE COLOR

Amethyst/Purple

JÄYÜNIC ABILITY

Invisibility

RACE

Human

KINGDOM

Jasikx

TITLE/STATUS

Crown Prince of Jasikx

PARENTS

King Denifo and the Late Queen Sora

SIBLINGS

Twin Brother (Younger) - Albree

Little Sister - Sheva

WEAPON OF CHOICE

Bow

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## KNOWN LANGUAGES

Fluent in Aluens (The national language) and Grâstömèn (The dark magic language)

Can get by in Ancient Naerthen (The human's natural magical language)

Is learning Choy (The language of southern Jasikx)

## HOBBIES

Listening to music

Writing poetry/ songs

## PET

Gryphon named Fillin

## FAVORITE COLOR

Sapphire

## FAVORITE ALËUNNÁ BAND/ VOCAL ARTIST

Larch Mouth – Gothic-metal

The Masks – Hard Rock, Jasikin

BIGGEST DREAM IN LIFE

To be someone else

GREATEST WEAKNESS

The Darkness Within

DEEPEST SECRET

He can't remember the last time he had fun

ANYTHING SPECIAL?

Tattoo of a human skull on his lower abdomen

RANDOM FACT:

The bow wasn't always his first weapon of choice. He used to love the sword. It's sharp edges and the noise it made slicing through the air... But then he saw the archers of Elena. Their speed, their adaptability. He knew in his gut he had to be like them.

## ROYAL LUEL

## A TWINS OF SHADOW SIDE QUEST

ON LUEL MORNING, sunlight lingered far below the horizon when nine-year-old Tarrek woke. So low was the sun that his room still dwelt in the dark of night. Shadows covered the entire space—the domain of his twin.

It was from those shadows Albree appeared, materializing only to jump on his brother's bed.

Tarrek shot upright, his fingers finding the dagger by his pillow almost as fast as his hand found his brother's throat. He stopped the dagger from drawing blood when he realized it was his twin who beamed at him, unafraid of the sharp metal Tarrek almost stabbed through his neck.

"Dad's already up," Albree said with so much glee his teeth shined in the moonlight.

"So?" Tarrek hissed and threw the dagger to the floor, let it clatter. "I almost killed you."

Albree pushed his brother's hand from his neck and fixed his jacket with a smug smirk. "I knew you wouldn't. Come on." He slapped Tarrek's leg. "Get up."

"*I am* up," Tarrek growled, but Albree had already disappeared into the shadows. The crown prince was still pushing his blankets off when a jacket and pants fell from the darkness.

"Put those on," Albree said. "You'll want them for this."

"Riding clothes?" Tarrek's right brow lifted. "They told you not to peek!"

"I have to practice shadow-walking *someday*."

Sighing, Tarrek slid into the clothes his brother had dug up from the depth of his closet. "They will suspect you when we show up like this."

"Maybe that's what they want from us."

Tarrek didn't reply. The second he got the jacket zipped, Albree snatched his hand, and the shadows consumed him.

The castle was quiet, even the servants had yet to wake. But in the flash of darkness, the two found their father, King Denifo of Jasikx, awake at his throne with a mug in hand. Bold letters on the mug read "Realm's Best Dad". At the king's side, Queen Sora, still in her nightgown, knelt on the floor by two beautiful creatures half her size. They had feathered wings, but their bodies did not. They had the face of an eagle, the legs of a lion in back, and talons like a dragon in the front.

"Gryphons!" Tarrek cried in glee as Albree dropped

him on the floor, materializing at his side. “You got us gryphons for Luel!”

“That we did,” Queen Sora beamed while petting one’s head.

“Looks like one of you already knew,” King Denifo added with a brow risen, looking like Tarrek did earlier. His gaze settled on Albree, who shook his head. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.” He looked to his mom. “Can we ride them? Please!”

“You must name them first.”

“Wihxen!” Albree said. “Mine is Wihxen.”

“You came up with that fast.” Sora said, her ice-blue gaze hinting she knew why. “How about you, Tarrek? What will you name yours?”

“I don’t know,” he said, still captivated by his present. One dragon claw scraped at the great hall’s floor. Two bright green eyes looked to the crown prince. “What should I name you?” he asked the creature.

The gryphon lifted his head, and a youthful voice touched his mind. *My mother called me Fillin*, it said. And Tarrek gave a nod. “Fillin you are. So Fillin you will be.”



ABBY ARTHUR



NAME

Lupel Revr Yumlic

(LOO-pel) (REH-ver) (YOOM-lik)

NAME MEANING

1st Leader

2<sup>nd</sup> Nobel

3<sup>rd</sup> Young Lord

NICKNAME

Not Applicable

BIRTHDAY

Rork 23<sup>rd</sup> 1192 (Zègur January)

AGE

42

EYE COLOR

Ice-blue

JÄYÛNIC ABILITY

Artisan – can learn any form of Jäyûnic Ability as long as he studies it.

Best at Ice

RACE

Human

ABBY ARTHUR

PROVENCE

Julisaven, in the realm of Zègurkö

TITLE/STATUS

Slave trader

PARENTS

Father – Versi the Director of Slaves

Mother – Shemra

SIBLINGS

None

WEAPON OF CHOICE

Magic

KNOWN LANGUAGES

Fluent in Zègur (The national language of Zègurkö) and Grâstömèn (The dark magic language – according to the people of Alëunná at least)

Can get by in Aluens

## HOBBIES

Hanging out at bars

Directing Arena events when he's home for the holidays

## PET

Bird name Sir

## FAVORITE COLOR

Gray – it blends in well.

## FAVORITE ALËUNNÁ BAND/ VOCAL ARTIST

Why would you even ask?

## BIGGEST DREAM IN LIFE

Taking over the family business and becoming the next Director of Slaves.

## GREATEST WEAKNESS

Dragons

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DEEPEST SECRET

He loved a slave once, would have married her ...

ANYTHING SPECIAL?

Nope

RANDOM FACT:

He hates winter. A lot! Which is ironic considering his Jäyûnic ability...

SLAVE TRADER'S DRIVE  
A TWINS OF SHADOW SIDE QUEST

STINK from too many fresh flowers attacks my nostrils. I'm sitting in the passenger seat of a truck's cab, which I smuggled into this gods-awful realm, and we're slowly traversing a dirt road.

It's amazing to me that even the air has to smell putrid here. As if it can mask the poison of this place. How the people of this realm can act so oblivious to their folly is beyond me. It's their fault the human race is separated. Their fault we are no longer one realm.

"Lupel," my driver whispers to me as we approach an old man crossing the street. A basket of flowers dangles in his arm, freshly picked from the ghastly meadow.

Our truck slows to let him by, but the old man doesn't look our way, doesn't even hear our wheels. All our silence is because of my magic cloaking our vehicle. It's been at work since we drove it off a ship on the

coast. And now, a hundred miles in, my magic is still doing its job.

“Leave him,” I reply. “We don’t have need for an elder. He wouldn’t be entertaining.”

My driver remains silent, simply nodding until the man is by. He knows what I mean. Who wants to watch an old man die in the arenas? There’s no fun in the show when they can’t fight back. It’d be better just to kill him here.

As much as I want to, as much as every Alëunná scum deserves to die, I know better. Killing this man would draw attention we aren’t interested in. Our mission is delicate, after all.

We must be smart about the people we take, selective of our slaves. Because even if this realm deserves the fate I bring, its people retaliate.

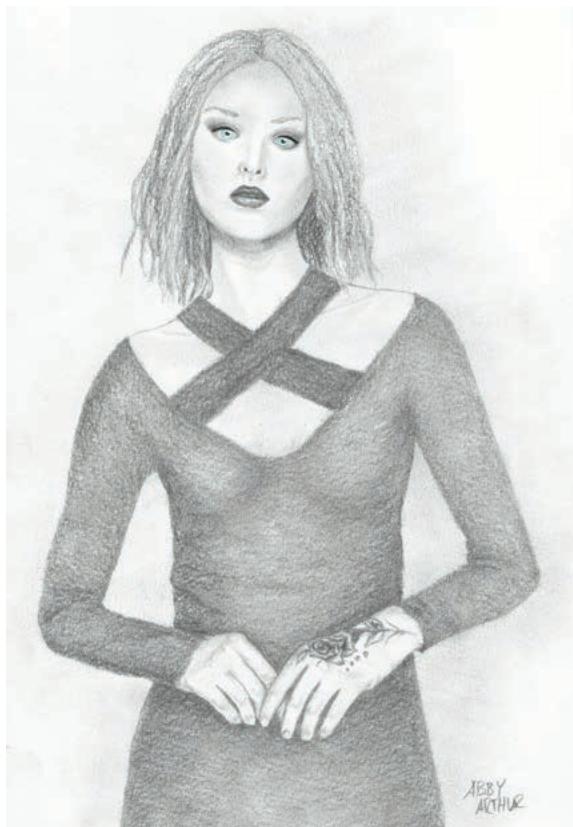
That’s what makes this game so entertaining. My profession is the best I could ask for. We strategize our way into the realm. Pick our targets like a lion on the prowl. And when we move, it’s swift and sharp.

The kingdoms of this realm have fought us for centuries. But they don’t know our secrets, and so we move. Deeper into their land, into the heart of their folly.

And one day, there won’t be a man left to take. One day, every person in this realm will belong to Zègurkö, my home. For that is their fate when all pieces of *Reality* fall into place.



ABBY ARTHUR



NAME

Sheva Jezebel Vaydmehn  
(SHEE-vah) (VAYD-men)

NAME MEANING

1st Promise, an Oath  
2nd Un-exalted

3rd Man of Proving

NICKNAME

Jez

BIRTHDAY

Täsöfay 7th 1219 (April)

AGE

15

EYE COLOR

Ice-blue

JÄYÜNIC ABILITY

Artisan – can learn any form of Jäyûnic Ability as long as she studies it.

RACE

Human

ABBY ARTHUR

KINGDOM

Jasikx

TITLE/STATUS

Princess of Jasikx (3<sup>rd</sup> in line for the throne)

PARENTS

King Denifo and the late Queen Sora

SIBLINGS

Older Brothers – Tarrek & Albree

WEAPON OF CHOICE

Magic

KNOWN LANGUAGES

Fluent in Aluens (The national language) and  
Grâstömèn (The dark magic language)

Also fluent in Ancient Naerthen (The human's  
natural magical language)

## HOBBIES

Singing

Writing songs

Creating fashionable clothes

## PET

A gryphon named Meshin

## FAVORITE COLOR

It's a tie between black and ice-blue

## FAVORITE ALËUNNÁ BAND/ VOCAL ARTIST

Herself – Sheva and the Serenities– Gothic rock

Within Reach – Alternative

Annihilating Jubilee – Gothic metal

## BIGGEST DREAM IN LIFE

Make Csharynn Proud

## GREATEST WEAKNESS

Her mum's murder

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DEEPEST SECRET

The chocolate stashed under her bed

ANYTHING SPECIAL?

Tattoo of a rose on her left hand

RANDOM FACT:

She loves to dance and enjoys the look of surprise people get when they see how good she really is.

BEFORE THE SNAKE WHISPERER  
A TWINS OF SHADOW SIDE QUEST

COFFEE, the bliss of life—as far as the Vaydmehn kids cared. Their occasional trips to Yatter Café for a hot cup of bitter warmth was their one chance to feel normal.

It wasn't a daily occurrence for them to make the trip from their castle to the inner city. Nor was it a matter of not being able to get the coffee at home. It was easy to tell a servant to fetch it if their teenage minds desired. But this, sitting in the window seat disguised like the average Jasikan, was a treat.

Together, the three sat in the window seat of Yatter Café along the main shopping strip of their city. Tarrek wore a beanie to hide his hair, and green contacts to disguise his eyes.

Albree had his hair pulled back from his face, a very unlike him thing to do. And for his eyes, he'd chosen brown contacts. But he'd left his piercings in today. The

last time he took them out for a disguise, the holes had grown shut. The major difference he went with now was the lack of makeup. Since Sheva and the Serenities, the public had learned to see him with thick eye liner.

Across from the two, their little sister sat, wearing a platinum blond wig. Her outfit was simple. A zip-up sweatshirt and sweatpants. Her ice-blue eyes were covered with brown contacts, and she too had no makeup. It was strange to see the deva so bare. So strange, no one could tell who she was.

Like this, the siblings sat, sipping their cup of black. The more they drank, the more they talked. The caffeine filling them with chatter.

Laughter carried from their souls, and the three seemed normal. Seemed free.

But then the voice entered their head, and the smiles had to flee. At least from the brothers, because Sheva didn't care. Her smile grew larger, in fact. For the dragon that spoke, she loved with a vengeance. And it placed a mission in their minds.

"Ah, I can't," Sheva said, her smile gone. "There's a press conference for our new album. If Albree can't make it, that's one thing. But if the lead singer isn't there, we'd have to reschedule. The twins can handle a snake whisperer without me. I don't need to go."

And for reasons unknown, the dragon conceded. Sheva remained at the Café while the dragon sent away her brothers.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Abby Arthur lives in small town Iowa with her husband and son. She's absolutely obsessed with writing young adult fantasy and mildly enjoys sleeping, eating, and breathing. When she's not writing, she's thinking of her next book to create and watching Asian shows or Marvel movies.

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