

Writing Commisions, Editing Services

Table of Contents - Portfolio

[My Experience, Turnaround, & Information](#)

[Pricing](#)

[Terms of Service](#)

[Scene Examples](#)

A. [Scene 1](#)

B. [Scene 2](#)

C. [Scene 3](#)

[Character Examples](#)

A. [Character 1](#)

B. [Character 2](#)

C. [Character 3](#)

[Editing and Proofreading Examples](#)

A. [Page 1](#)

B. [Page 2](#)

C. [Page 3](#)

[Queue and Trello](#)

[Contact Methods & Links](#)

My Experience, Turnaround, & Information

My Writing Experience

I'm the author of a 77,000-word YA high fantasy novel which I'm currently sending into literary agents for traditional publishing. I have been writing for over 6 years and still furthering my knowledge and education in creative writing, editing, and proofreading. I have written over 750,000 words for my project and writing commissions.

Turnaround

Currently my turnaround is flexible. Writing can be difficult and hard to write; I always provide constant updates on the working of your piece and will happily provide WIPs at any time. Small pieces generally take me a couple days to a week, but depending on the situation, can take longer. Longer pieces can range from a couple of weeks to a couple of months. Larger projects (10,000+ words) I will work with you over a period of time, usually these are done within a year but can take a shorter time depending on my queue and current status with my book. Due to the COVID-19 outbreak and quarantine in my house without a job for a month at least, times are much faster than usual.

Writing Style

I write in third person point of view when writing biographies. In scenes, I write first person past tense. This is negotiable but I'm skilled with description in first person past tense. I can also do poetry, but it won't rhyme. We can negotiate a style for poetry since I adapt to what the client wants. I'm kind of a jack-of-all-trades writer.

Editing Services

Inquire for the price for an editing service. I can pretty much edit anything. I'm pretty good with grammar and story structure constructive criticism. Editing services will likely run at a lower rate than writing commissions. Although I'm best at fiction and scene editing, I'd be happy to go over a character profile/bio or even your profile/bio. I can edit up to 10,000 word-pieces. Proofreading is also an option.

Pricing

My rates run at \$3 per 100 words. This is a little bit lower than industry standard for freelance, non-commercial but still in range for commissions!

DEAL - Buy Two Get One Free!

I am now offering a simple deal on all my services. Buy two get one free on all.

Type of Comm	Regular Price	Deal Price
Character Biography (100-300 words) - A three-paragraph biography for a character.	\$3.00 to \$9.00	\$6.00 to \$18.00
Character Profile (300-500 words) - A three-paragraph biography, likes, dislikes, stats, and trivia.	\$9.00 to \$15.00	\$18.00 to \$30.00
Small Piece of Literature (750-2000 words) - A narrative scene written from the chosen character's perspective.	\$22.50 to \$60	\$45 to \$120
Medium Piece of Literature (2000-4000 words) - A more detailed narrative scene written from the chosen character's perspective.	\$60 to \$120	\$120 to \$240

Type of Comm	Regular Price	Deal Price
<p>Large Piece of Literature (4000- 10000 words) - A large, very detailed and longer narrative scene written from the chosen character's perspective. Optional short chapters or dividers, depending on size.</p>	<p>\$120 to \$300</p>	<p>\$140 to \$600</p>

Terms of Service

1. **You may NOT use my work commercially!** This is non-negotiable; writing is an entirely different service than art. I have an author's name and profile in the writing industry and don't want my freelance work connected to my personal work. Plus, many people don't know how to use commercial writing correctly, so it's really a hard thing to mess with. **The exceptions to this are editing and custom species lore/writing.**
2. **I must be credited in any place that you repost the writing,** and you absolutely may not claim the work as your own.
3. **I retain the right to use the work in my portfolio** although we can work something out if you've got a good reason! I also will ask the user beforehand before doing this.
4. **You can resell the writing,** but only when selling it with a character. My writing cannot be sold separately. **But it must be lower than the original price,** and please contact me before you do so.
5. **Please credit me as Alphanix.** I really don't want my author's name all over my freelance work.
6. **I will not refund unless it is my fault.** However, I do allow changes to the final piece, since writing is a lot different than art, and I wanna make this perfect for you! But there are no refunds unless I deem necessary, writing takes time and work, people.
7. **Characters commissioned must be original; you must own your character.** An exception would be if you are gifting writing for a friend or relative's character that they own. Surprisingly, it is illegal to commission fan art/writing. This is due to the franchise not benefiting when the artist/writer makes money. I don't make the rules; although I probably wouldn't get caught doing commissions for fan characters, it isn't lawful, and for that reason, I don't accept commissions for fan characters or fandoms. However, I will accept writing trades for fan characters or canon characters, since I do not make a profit.

Scene Examples

A. SCENE 1

The following scene is the first polished, revised chapter to my YA novel. Please do not redistribute anywhere. This is a copyrighted work and concept!

A tiny relic rested in my hand, a reward well worth the risks of being alone in Conviction Woods.

I turned the tarnished silver pendant to see all sides even though I could've sworn I felt the piercing gazes of creatures in the woods. The necklace was coated with silt from the muddy creek. It was in the shape of a Zodiac wheel, an aged crystal embedded in the center. A blue hue flickered within when I tilted it.

I stuffed it in my tattered satchel. It was a remarkable find and would be a lovely necklace when restored.

For a moment, I paused to survey my surroundings. Thick foliage and trees were nestled around the creek's banks, shielding me from the sunlight. A few rays peeking through the canopy reassured me I still had time before sundown when the creatures would hunt. I'd seen them before; snarling, vicious shadows, prowling through the moonlit trees and seeking their next victim.

I'd been an explorer as long as I could remember, but bound to Conviction Woods. Restricted by age, I was given the rights only to explore Conviction's territory and the Hub of Gardian, our kingdom. If I were to step foot in another Union's territory, I'd be jailed.

I hurried back the way I came. The sun was sinking over the trees, and I didn't want to be late for the Ceremony. If I missed it, the officials and Ceremony Master would become suspicious of me trying to hide a magic. The last thing I wanted to do was give Scorpio a worse reputation than we already had.

My thoughts consumed me as I walked. The night's excitement buzzed in my mind. For sixteen years I had waited for the ceremony, and for sixteen years I had dreaded it. I knew how they treated Scorpions during the Ceremony, tough inspections and foul insults.

The bushes rustled and I froze. I was sure I saw a pair of eyes flare in the shadows. I shivered and picked up the pace, eyes stuck to the surroundings as I watched for movement in the still environment.

“Akira!”

My head jerked up as I heard my name. The voice was boisterous, aggressive, and definitely not soft. No one other than my sister had a voice like it. I was near the cabin.

Our meager home squatted in the forest beneath the canopy. The last bits of sunlight from the day cast across the wooden roof, shadows on the building shifting as leaves danced above. The forest around us protected us well if we were ever threatened by anyone hungry for blood.

Rustling bushes near the back of the house captured my attention. An obscurity shifted alongside the wooden walls, the reflection of a prowling canine-like creature. I ducked into the cover of the woods and shielded myself behind a tree. They were back again, as if we hadn't scared them away enough.

The creature vanished into the trees. My body ran cold as I lost sight of the creature. I knew them too well—they lurked in packs, too dumb to wait until the moon rose to hunt. When there was one, there were many.

I instinctively reached for the sword which rested on my back, sliding it out of my sheath. I kept my eyes glued to where the canine was last seen. The metal of the katana caught a ray of sunlight that shone through the leaves, and I quickly adjusted the angle. My mind whirled as I debated running into my house, but I didn't know how many hounds there were. I'd encountered them too many times for my own comfort. Thankfully, they weren't very smart.

A growl came from behind me. I spun around. A pair of glowing eyes emerged from the bushes. My heart started pounding, and I backed up as the creature stepped out of its hiding place, saliva oozing from its hungry jaws. I pointed my sword at the dog with a yell as it stepped forward while baring bloodstained canines at me. The mutt was mangy and feral, skin and bones. I was its next intended meal.

A battle cry rose from behind me, followed by the sound of gunshots. In the near distance, a pained howl cried out. The mutt in front of me perked its ears with a glance in the direction of the howl before launching at me. I swung my sword and jabbed the hound.

The gun shot again. A bullet flew past me into the mutt.

I shrieked and ducked as a deafening sound rippled through my head, gripping my scalp and making my ears buzz. The hound limply collapsed. With a gasp, I whirled around.

“Those stupid mutts.”

Relief washed over me as the shooter slid off her hood. Her dirty blonde hair tumbled out of the hood, shimmering tangerine eyes meeting mine. I relaxed as I recognized my half-sister.

“Did you really have to shoot it right next to my head, Avia?” I grumbled, heading toward the house. “Idiot.”

“It was you or the mutt. Admit it.”

I shut the door quietly. “I could’ve handled it myself. Are you sure there were only two of them?”

“Yeah, two. They’re whatever, nothing against the two of us”

I mentally noted her black suit and messy hair. “Look at you, you’re a mess. We have the Ceremony in a couple of hours. Were you on a mission again?”

“You know I’m not supposed to tell anyone about it.”

“I’m your sister; you’re allowed to tell me.”

She gave me a playful smirk. “Yeah, and you’re not supposed to express emotions. The Scorpio Code, remember?”

“Yes, Avia. I’ve lived with it my whole life. You’re my sister. You don’t count.”

“You know the rules.”

The Scorpio Code recited itself in my head: never show emotions, never befriend other Signs, and never fall in love. I’d never broken it, with the exception of my sister. After all, she was the only person I was ever around.

“I can’t wait until we get out of this house,” Avia said out loud. She slumped over the table. I sighed. The house was in poor condition—the walls creaked with every gust of wind, a January chill leaked in from the shoddily-sealed windows, and the furniture was unkempt and dusty. Neither of us had time to clean.

“Look what I found by the creek today,” I said, withdrawing the necklace from my satchel. I sat down in a wobbly wooden chair that was once was the same shade of brown as the table. “Must’ve been washed up. No one really goes down to that creek.”

“Oh, that’s nice.” She poked at the necklace. Her attention was clearly elsewhere, as she glanced back at me. “Today the Ariesian leader came to me for my mission.”

I perked up. The leader was certainly a big deal. “Oh, what’s-his-name Fulbright?”

“Atlas,” she corrected, “and he didn’t say much, but it was still pretty cool.”

I leaned over in my chair to catch a glimpse of what it was like outside. We had some time before we would travel to the clearing where we’d go through the Zodiac Ceremony.

Avia sat across from me and set her elbows on top of the table. I could feel heat radiating from where I was sitting. If she put her hands on the table, she’d risk starting a fire. As a

Fire Elementist, she had the ability to manipulate and summon fire. Her skin always burned at a higher temperature than normal.

“I suppose I should get something to eat.” “No, don’t,” Avia stopped me. “The Ceremonies always have feasts. Big feasts. You know how they are.”

I shook off the thought and pulled out my map, running my index finger across the paper. The only details on the map were in the sections of Conviction Woods. The other three fourths of my map had simply the names of the other territories written out—Societal, Assiduous, and Autarchic. Soon, I’d be able to fill in the blank spots.

Avia tapped her fingers against the tabletop. “Can you shapeshift my dress for tonight? That’ll pass some time.”

“Alright.”

I rose from the table and made my way down the hallway. She sprang from her chair and bolted past me to her room. I grumbled at her high energy and enthusiasm. Typical Aries.

When I entered the bedroom, she had already started scrounging through the closet to find something clean. It was filled with black dresses and shirts. We’d learned early on it would be easier and cheaper to buy low-quality clothing and have me shapeshift it into something of higher quality.

Avia yanked out a worn dress and placed it on top of her bed. “Okay, I want something golden, not yellow. Golden with sequins—that’s the prettiest. Add in some swirls with red. Aries-like. I don’t want the officials thinking I’m a Libra if I’m wearing gold.”

“I would’ve done that anyway,” I reassured, stepping forward to put one hand on the black dress. “You’d be in big trouble, that’s for sure. Yellow and red match you. You shouldn’t be wearing gold at all, you know.”

“Make it gold, they don’t care. It’s a shade of yellow.”

I knew better than to argue with her. “Whatever.”

I closed my eyes and focused all my power on the dress in front of me. I pictured what she wanted, exactly how she told me. It didn't take much for me to shapeshift the dress, as I was used to the process. The shapeshifting light pooled from my hands, enclosing the fabric in a white luminance.

“Perfect!” Avia expressed. “Now, shoo, go do yours. I need to change.”

I caught a glance of the dress before walking to my room. It was one of my finer pieces of work.

I entered my room and headed straight for my closet. It was the same as Avia's—coal-colored dresses, all the same size. Mine were slightly longer than Avia's, because I was taller than her. We were close in height, despite her being a few months older than me. We'd also paid for her dresses to be enchanted with a fireproof curse so she didn't ignite them.

I used the same process as I had on my sister's dress.

When I opened my eyes, my new black and red dress was in front of me. Scorpio colors. Unlike Avia's flashy dress, mine was fairly simple, embroidered with red spirals and patterns. I slipped into the dress.

“Akira! Let me see!”

Her voice cued me to hurry out of my room and into the hallway where Avia was waiting. She looked stunning in the dress which stuck close to her body and flowed with her stride.

“You look amazing,” she complimented, and I glanced down at myself with a half-smile. “Your hair and eyes go great with your outfit.”

I leaned into the bathroom to look in the mirror. My long, sleek raven hair blended well with the black in the dress. One scarlet eye and one golden eye made the outfit pop and the dress clung to my slender body.

I walked out of the bathroom and flopped onto the living room couch. Dust puffed out of the cushions. “What now?”

“We could start walking to where they’re doing the Zodiac Ceremony,” she suggested. “It’s in Conviction Woods.”

“Here? Why near us?”

“It’s another Convictionist.”

“How do you know that? Who’s going to be there?”

“A boy and his family.” She rubbed her forehead as if she was trying to remember the facts. “That’s what I was told by a couple other Aries. I think he’s a Libra.” I paused to process her words before standing up.

“Well, if you know where the spot for the Ceremony is, you can lead. I suppose we can get there early.”

She sprinted toward the door with an eager nod. We were off to the Zodiac Ceremony.

B. SCENE 2

The following is a sample scene from an older draft of my novel. This novel is YA fantasy written in 1st POV.

The metal binding that kept the raft in one place was readying to slip off, and the log that I held onto wobbled and crashed into the river. I lurched back and grasped onto the next, although loose. [HIDDEN NAME] almost fell into the waters with me, but somehow saved herself with quick reflexes.

We're going to die.

The single thought that I could manage. There was nothing more to my mind; the others couldn't hear me when I announced that the binding had fallen into the river, and the logs broke apart. I found myself going from the raft to the turbulent waters. I screamed right as my head was forced under, and the logs blocked my way of taking in much-needed oxygen. My breath was stolen away from me.

I was too fragile to move the logs, my lack of breath multiplying my weakness. I inhaled water into my already-weak lungs and the sensation of incredible burn coursed through them. It was unlike anything I'd ever felt. I desperately held onto my backpack to save the cat. That was, if I could save myself. Eventually, the logs allowed me a gap to reach the surface, but my gasp of air didn't last long as I was slammed against a rock. An object cut my leg, and when I gasped to fill my lungs with air, rain poured into my mouth.

I'm actually going to die. I was thrown against another rock and wheezed, my thoughts blurring. My vision spotted with light and sensed the halt of my functionality. I couldn't talk, I couldn't breathe. I was dying, faster and faster, and I could do nothing about it.

But in the following moments, there was no water around me.

That caught my attention. I flashed open my eyes, only to see I was surrounded by air. I had fallen off a waterfall. There was a pit of water beneath me, feet below, and I was falling.

Falling. Falling. Falling.

I'm going to die.

Falling. Falling. Falling.

The water was so close, so close. My life was going to end in shock, terror, and panic. It wasn't my ideal ending, but it wasn't my choice.

But as the lake beneath me got closer, my life seemed to sprint through me. I began to remember all my moments - the best, the worst, the people I knew. There weren't many smiles. That was my fault. That was my fault for obeying the Code. Regret flashed through me as my life did, and I closed my eyes. I did not want to watch my own death.

My last thought was compelling.

I wish I would've smiled more.

I hit the water.

My vision faltered, my muscles tensed, and my lungs dysfunctioned. I could've sworn my heart stopped pumping. I was dying. Dying. Falling off the cliff was the end of my life. My organs stopped functioning, one by one, each until my brain wasn't.

Darkness.

C. SCENE 3

The following scene was written for a writing trade. These characters do not belong to me, but the writing itself does. The characters below belong to Kirbygal.

It was a clear day, clouds absent from the sky. The Sun shone bright on the city in Egypt, reflecting off the stone and clay buildings, sidewalks cooked from the heated rays. I leaned over the edge of the passenger ship, closing my eyes as the ocean breeze curled through my hair. Oh, how I loved the salty scent of the ocean, and the fresh air that circled it.

Mylani, though, had the opposite of a good experience on the boat. He was somewhere in the decks, probably sick to his stomach, like he had been the entire trip. He wasn't sure if he ate something bad, or the sea just wasn't his friend. I didn't want to investigate.

Vax was somewhere, that was for sure. He needed his alone time, and I respected it. I'd be with him soon enough, anyway - Egypt was nearing in sight. I narrowed my eyes and held my hand over my eyes to try to catch sight of the people on the streets. It was far more colorful and bright than Greece.

Shouts called out when we neared the deck, and the ship's horn blew out, resounding toward the horizon. The Sun was at apex in the sky; we were perfectly on time with the schedule.

"We're close?" It was Mylani's voice behind me. I didn't turn to see him as he approached me, but listened to the two steps of footsteps approach. "Oh, thank God."

His face was pale and lavender crescents rested underneath his eyes. Vax approached from beside, watching him carefully while staying a close distance.

"I'm fine, Vax." Mylani sighed. "You don't have to act like I've got the plague."

"I'm just being careful," Vax insisted. He wrapped his hands around the metal bars of the railing and leaned over, drawing in a deep breath. I tried not to stare at him as the mist brushed through his raven hair, the sunlight reflecting off his face and illuminating his blue eyes. I tore my eyes away from him and back to the waves.

“All passengers disembark!”

A man pulled down the boat’s ramp to the wooden deck, and a snapping sound filtered through the air as it smacked against the surface. Other passengers trailed off before us. Mylani took the lead as he hurried off the boat and Vax patiently followed him with an amused look spread across his face. I trotted after them, soaking in the sights and sounds of the ocean at Egypt’s bay.

Mylani had already been called over by a man in casual clothing, a t-shirt that looked even heavy for the Egyptian heat. Vax was already sweating in his black clothing. Maybe he’d learn, for once, to wear less black.

As I neared them, the man’s voice was more audible. “I recognize you from the picture Dmitrios’ mother sent to me.”

“He’s right here.” Vax motioned with his head toward me.

The man’s eyes lit up. “Ah! Dmitrios. Your uncle is out right now, but allow me to take you back to his house.”

The man, clearly full of exuberance and energy, hurried off through the streets of Egypt. Mylani sighed as he sped off. I didn’t object and followed him closely, as the streets were full of merchants and pedestrians, yelling and calling out to each other in various languages.

Thankfully, the house wasn’t too far away. It nestled on a beach where less activity was evident, and the sandstone streets faded into sand. My uncle’s affiliate opened the door to the quaint and comfortable house, decorated with various sea items. A fisherman’s net was spread against the wooden wall, and two couches sat in the living room. Shelves filled with curios edged the room, plenty to look and observe. I sat down on the couch, eyes skimming over the various sights.

“Look at all this stuff.” Mylani’s voice trailed off as he looked around. His eyes were wide as he took in the sights.

It was all comfortable to me. The ocean-themed room reminded me of home back in Greece. It brought a smile onto my face. There were many objects around that appeared to be taken straight out of the sea, some with crusted old barnacles, while others with colors softened and bathed by ocean sunlight. Various souvenirs originated from different countries.

My uncle's affiliate scratched his bearded chin and tried to follow our eyes as we soaked in the atmosphere. Mylani asked questions, while he attempted to answer in a broken English.

My head was throbbing from so many sights and sounds that I was too exhausted to separate one from another. Vax, however, leaned forward as he listened to the man, explaining each and every object that Mylani inquired in.

"Excuse me," I interrupted politely. Mylani shut his open mouth to gaze at me curiously, and the man smiled at me.

"Who are you, if I may ask? And how long until my uncle will meet us?"

He grinned back at me. "His friend. Not long, he said. Thirty minutes?"

His English was slurred with a heavy Egyptian accent. I wasn't sure I'd ever listened to a true Egyptian accent, so even that was fascinating. I waited patiently, and Mylani went back to asking about different items.

It wasn't long until the door creaked open.

"Hello!" another man's voice introduced, and the door shut softly. At the sight of my uncle, I stood up to greet him, brimming as he met my eyes and nodded at me. It'd been some time since I'd seen him last.

"Uncle!"

I spun around at Mylani's voice. He, too, was standing up, facing my uncle with eyes bright and jovial expressions. They swiftly turned as he sent a confused glance at me, narrowing his eyes. I wasn't sure how to react other than narrow my eyes back and tilt my head in confusion.

"He's my uncle," I said slowly. Had Mylani lost it? Was he confused? Was there a possibility that his uncle just looked a lot like mine?

"What are you talking about?" Mylani furrowed his brows and shook his head at me. "He's my uncle. I've known this man for a long time. I've been to Egypt before to visit him. You haven't been to Egypt at all before, have you?"

"But I've been with him in Greece." I wasn't sure how to react to Mylani. Maybe he did have food poisoning, and it was getting to his brain. It certainly looked like it was; he was still pale and clearly tired from a lack of sleep on the boat. "I think you need to rest, Mylani. You're pale and exhausted, perhaps you just need a good sleep."

"I don't need a good sleep to recognize my own uncle!" he protested.

"Wait," he interrupted. "Your mother has neglected to tell you something."

Both of us went silent.

He went from confident to slightly nervous in seconds. "Both of you - I'm your uncle. Not one of yours. Both of you. You're related."

My jaw dropped and my heart felt as if it skipped a beat.

Mylani's mouth moved as if he was trying to speak, but no words made it past his throat.

Our uncle silently motioned for us to sit back down, and he pulled up a chair, resting his chin in his palms as he stared at us. Even Vax was surprised, eyes wide as he tried to absorb all the chaos. Our uncle's acquaintance quietly left the room, shutting the door behind himself.

My uncle cleared his throat. “Dmitrios. Your father - he does care about you, you know. He’s still alive, out there. Your father, like myself, is a natural adventurer. Shortly after you were born, he set off on a few fishing trips, but would always come back. I’m sure you forgot those, by now, or the memory is very faint in your mind.”

“One day, your father hungered for an adventure that was past Greece. I was used to him coming and going, and as you know, I took care of you when you were a child and helped out your mother. But after that day, he never returned. He set out with his crew, waved goodbye as if it was another normal trip, and left. Your mother and I presumed him dead, somewhere lost at sea to the waves or creatures that lurk in the depths.”

“I waited for months, although I tried my best to accept the fact he wasn’t going to return. We adjusted to living without him, no matter how painful that was, out of fear of hurting you, too. But one day, years after your father disappeared, I received the most shocking letter I’d ever gotten in my entire life.”

“Your father - he was still alive. He is still alive. The letter explained it all. He’d left with his buddies, as usual, but had ventured too far and ended their journey North. There, they landed in a small town of Russia. Your father was always the type to be fascinated with whatever happened around him, and was naturally drawn to a very beautiful native woman of the town.”

“He and his friends stayed underneath her hospitality for awhile, curious and interested in the Russian culture. After all, they’d never traveled as far North as they had. One night, your father made a mistake. He said he couldn’t remember anything about the encounter, only to wake up in bed next to the woman. He immediately took her and placed her back in her own bed, and left the house.”

“He said he was riddled with guilt. He felt as if he betrayed you and your mother, Dmitrios, and that he couldn’t return. He left the town that morning without any warning to his friends, wandering off and sending out the letter to me, in hopes he’d reassure me that he was still alive and out there. He attached a picture to it.”

Our uncle reached into his pocket, breaking his speech. I soaked in the information, my head spinning as I tried to make sense of it all. Was I hurt? Shocked? Relieved that he was still alive? I wasn't sure. My emotions were clouded and foggy and I struggled to make out what feelings were dominant.

The uncle unfolded the sketched picture, flattening out the creases. He reached out toward Mylani, handing it to him while pressing his lips together, awaiting his response. Mylani was as taken aback as I was, surprise spread across his face. I could tell, though, that his experience with the situation seemed positive. I wasn't so sure.

"That looks like my mom," he murmured, index finger pressing on the worn-down paper. "After a couple of months, I went to go visit her, out of my own curiosity," our uncle continued. "At first, the people of the town were suspicious and nervous of me, thinking I was the father who came before. I reassured them, and with a great deal of convincing, they calmed down and let me see the woman. To my suprise, when I met her, she was holding a tiny baby boy in her arms. He had striking brown hair - unlike his mother's blonde. I'd recognize it out of anywhere as my brother's."

"Their ages make sense," Vax intervned into the conversation.

"The years between them, adding up the time of a pregnancy and travel. It makes perfect sense, actually. There's no way that they aren't half-brothers."

I held my head as I soaked in all the information. Somehow, Mylani showed through all my emotions. Surely, meeting him in the woods couldn't have been a normal encounter. There was no way that meeting him wasn't fate-driven, or some force beyond our perception was working with us to get us together.

Mylani grinned at me. "So, guess we're brothers now?"

I couldn't help but smile back. "I suppose so."

Character Examples

A. CHARACTER 1

The following is an example of a short character bio. This character is owned by me.

August is an angel who prefers not to go on Earth - mostly, because those earth people kind of carry bad energy, in his opinion. But, he'll happily look over them from Heaven. As not a guardian angel himself, though, he prefers to converse with other angels and do his job as a Virtue, watching over nature with a close eye. He, in particular, keeps an eye on the weather. Although he doesn't have any humans to watch over in particular, he has an affinity for a little girl from Britain whose parents died, and likes to make the weather around her brighter and sunnier. He enjoys hanging around with the other angels, usually, especially Ezylnn.

He can't remember the time when he didn't know Ezylnn. He's immortal - who can remember thousands upon thousands of years of memories, anyway? But, boy, can he remember the first time he fell in love with her. It was in Heaven's flower garden, while she was planting the roses, the sun upon her stunning blue eyes. At first, he was terrified of his own emotions - he's an angel, why is he falling in love? But, as time passed, he adjusted to his feelings, and when Ezylnn told him she feels the same, it was an understanding between both of them that it was okay to feel the way they were. He generally hangs out around Ezylnn when he's not working.

August is pretty sure he pisses off the guardian angels... he practically claimed Sara, the orphan. He knows well that he's not a guardian angel, and in fact, shouldn't be contacting humans at all. But he has his heart set on the idea that she needs all the help she can get, and if that's from a Virtue, so be it. Although she's never seen him, he tends to leave her little gifts when she's down - a white rose on her desk, or a pile of golden glitter underneath her pillow. The five-year-old is too young to understand his gifts, although he appreciates them. August always makes the sunsets the prettiest in Rye, England, just for her. He and Sara's guardian angel, Eros, are often in disagreement, since Eros is supposed to be taking care of her, after all, and definitely not a Virtue.

August is an open and warm individual. He always keeps a warm smile, and loves to brighten others' days. Rarely will he get into heated arguments with other angels, and tends to keep a civil mindset. He's extremely gentle and ginger, especially with others' emotions - he never wants to make

anyone upset. He has a low tolerance for lower energies, and will protect himself from them no matter what it takes. He won't admit it but it's one of the reasons he doesn't like going down to earth - he actually fears the negativity. To cover it up, August will cloak with humour, sneezing whenever someone starts to get negative. It's his way of warning others that they're getting to be a little negative, while at the same time, protecting himself.

B. CHARACTER 2

The following example is of a short character bio. This character is owned by me.

Ezylinn, like August, is a Virtue. Although, unlike August, she's terrified of breaking the rules, and won't even get near Earth or humans unless it's absolutely needed. She's quite timid and shy, and reluctantly to anything that jeopardizes her rank and job. She's an angel in control of flowers and gardening, but prefers to stick around flowers. In her free time, she enjoys creating new species of flowers, especially lilies. She tends to stay in the naturistic parts of Heaven, where she can spend time alone and recovering. Although she doesn't mind interacting with other angels, she's quite an introvert, and enjoys the company of her own mind.

August is the only exception. Boy, she could talk to August for hours. She can remember the day they met, even if flighty August couldn't. It was a starlit night out in the meadows, where she was sitting alone, and he went out for a walk. Their personalities chimed perfectly together; August's loud spirit was calmed by Ezylinn's soothing personality, and their gentleness blended. They began working together; weather and gardening, a perfect combination. They fell in love over a long period of years, until they gave into their feelings. At first, Ezylinn feared she was doing the wrong thing, as she thought she must be devoting her life to her job as a Virtue. As time passed, she realized that she was doing the right thing, and allowed her love to prosper.

Secretly, Ezylinn is friends with Eros, Sara's guardian angel. Although she'd never stop August from doing what he loves and protecting Sara, she does believe that it's Eros' job to watch over her. Eros is a calm, sweet angel, and only wants to help Sara. Although Ezylinn doesn't usually interact with angels lower on the hierarchy, she will with Eros, but only because he's involved with August. Ezylinn prefers to only talk to other Virtues, and sometimes, Powers, but she secretly thinks Powers are a little aggressive, for her. Ezylinn's personality is simple. She will help anyone who wants to be helped, at any moment, as long as they don't jeopardize her role as an angel. She is soft-spoken, and has a honeyed voice, soothing to anyone that listens. She can tend to be shaky, as she does get anxious quickly, but nothing that August can't solve. She is quiet and subdued, but gentle, and wouldn't harm a fly, ever. Like August, she completely veers away from any negative energies, no matter what it will take.

C. CHARACTER 3

The following example is a longer character profile commissioned by YumiTheVampy#9136. All character rights belong to her!

As a child, Celestia was a happy and bright girl. She grew up around her mother, who was soft-spoken and treated her well. She was an energetic and exuberant kid, ready to tackle anything that would come in her way. Although she grew up very close to her mother, her father, however, had abusive tendencies and actions. He would often attack both Celestia and her mother, as they were the only people around him he could target. Celestia became clever as she grew up, knowing when to dodge or run from her father. He was unpredictable, and she became intuitive to his emotions, detecting when there was a subtle shift. Despite her father being abusive and hateful toward her and her mother, they were forced to stay with him, due to a lack of money. The abuse Celestia went through as a child created life-long issues with her mental health. She often got anxiety around males, and tended to be careful who she trusted. She didn't have many friends when she was little out of fear that they'd leave her behind or hurt her. However, she was close to her mother, and grew a deep bond with her. She generally made friends with only other girls.

In her teenage years, Celestia and her mother were on the run. When a trusted family member finally donated to them enough money to survive on their own, they escaped. Celestia, as her mother taught her, always had a positive outlook for the future. Although she struggled with anxiety, she fought through it, and always looked forward for the best, no matter how difficult it became to manage. As a teenager, Celestia excelled in school, despite these issues. Her mother, being an intelligent woman, always did her best to help tutor and teach Celestia when she was out of school. When in public schools, most often Celestia was quiet and subdued because of her anxiety and lack of trust, and she had a difficult time making friends. It didn't bother her too much, as she accepted the fact people come and go.

However, the teachers often cared and reached out to her in hopes that they could help her get through whatever she was going through. Celestia, once settling down in one place when her aunt took her and her mother in, was able to make friends and establish bonds in school. She was bright and looking forward to her future, since her past lacked in what she would have liked it to be.

As an adult, Celestia took on the career of being a nurse. Since she loved helping others, it was ultimately the perfect career pathway for her. She accomplished quite a bit and proved to help save

many lives. She was especially apt at detecting issues in the home with children who would come in for appointments, as she herself went through the common past. She was often known for being extremely empathetic and intuitive to everyone who walked in her way. Although used the information well from her past to better herself in the present. As an adult, Celestia didn't like to think of her past. Instead, she looked toward the future, implementing lessons she learned as a child. She thinks of her mother, frequently, but rarely does her father come to mind. She never was the type to dwell on issues or negative emotions, as she was taught through her childhood to pick herself back up and move on. Her anxiety, however, never left; she remained nervous and flighty. Overall, she had a happy and successful life, to her standards.

Her death was the last thing anyone would've expected. On accident, she caught an illness from one of her patients after not being careful enough around them. Rarely in her life had she become ill farther than a simple cold or flu, and so she denied the fact that her illness was worse than she expected. Once she realized she needed urgent help for her "cold," it was too late. She died alone in her apartment out with a fever while on a phone call with an ambulance. The doctors showed up to find her utterly ill and infected with a rare disease, peacefully lying dead in bed. Her mother was devastated to find her death caused by her job that she loved so dearly. No one really hated her, and for that reason, everyone around her mourned for her death as if they were related to her.

For the first time, Celestia became resentful and angry at herself when she transformed into a spirit. It was the straw that broke the camel's back; the pressure she faced from neglecting herself out of ignorance was too much. Her past came tumbling back on her, and for years, she outcast herself to spiritual seclusion. She refused to try to interact with humans, and rather, roamed the earth pointlessly as she tried to forgive herself for what she did. Celestia's anger and fury at herself deepened when she watched her mother, with her own eyes, fall into a depression from Celestia's death. Celestia herself became sad, as she began to work through intense and fuming emotions. Celestia, during her seclusion, shifted from angry, to sad, to solemn. She eventually settled herself as her lasting emotion, intensity and regret for her own actions from refusing to speak up for herself.

Now, Celestia will approach people of all kinds in hospitals. She is often drawn to the sick and ill; their experiences with her are either good or bad, depending on how sick they are. Some feel her presence as threatening and brooding, as if trying to tell them a warning of some kind. However, some feel her personality from when she was living; caring, soft, and delicate, trying to help everyone and

anyone that was ill. She lurks, traveling between Chinese hospitals. She is a rumor spread around in every hospital; they say that if you smell something sweet or tangy, it might just be her, approaching from the other side.

Editing and Proofreading

Examples

- **Page 1** — The following page is a page of the older version of my novel which I edited and revised.

"She's so ^{fragile} ~~thin~~" he ^{meeting} ~~whispered~~ ^{glancing down at my eyes} glancing down at my eyes. I met his for a moment and ~~tried~~ ^{tried to scan them, but I failed to read anything} failed to read anything. His emotions were far too deep and complex at the moment for me to get a grip on them. ^{the start of them}

"Do you think you can just carry her?" Bella asked. ^{from transporting everyone}

He looked up sharply. "I'm not sure. I don't know if I'm strong enough."

"Chase, you liar, you and I both know you have muscle ^{hiding} ~~hiding~~. Disguise off, mister," she ^{commanded} ~~commanded~~ and his eyes flickered with something too quick for me to catch. "I know that Hugo taught you the curse so you could hide your strength from the Officials." ^{I've known it for awhile}

"Because they don't like trained Librans," he ^{pointed out, shaking his head} ~~pointed out~~. "They believe in ^{too much} ~~too much~~ peace. It's ridiculous. They don't let any of us train in combat, and teach us ^{instead for mathematics and English} ~~instead for mathematics and English~~."

"I know that," she ^{murmured} ~~murmured~~, "But you're not in Gardian anymore. You don't need ^{to disguise yourself} ~~to disguise yourself~~. It's only Akira and Avia, and I guarantee that they're not going to do much. If anything, they wouldn't care at all." ^{rattle on you}

"It makes me a person I'm not." He and Bella ^{headed me to} ~~headed~~ into the woods, watching their feet carefully. But with Chase walking backwards, he ^{tripped multiple times} ~~tripped~~ and almost dropped me a couple. ^{times}

"This could be so much easier on you," she ^{sighed} ~~sighed~~, but before anything else could happen, they reached a ^{small} ~~small~~ cave that was in the rock wall of the side of the valley. Chase backed in carefully and Bella let go of my legs, letting them hit on the ground. I ^{attempted} ~~attempted~~ to hold of them, but my muscles ^{still didn't work} ~~still didn't work~~. Did any of Chase's healing actually help?

Chase gently set me down on the sandy cave floor, ^{once we were in} ~~once we were in~~. The space wasn't too big, but just enough for the three of us, especially with me ^{lying} ~~lying~~ on the ground. I stared at the ceiling, ^{unsure} ~~unsure~~ what to think about the situation.

"Chase, let the disguise go."

He stared at her for a moment, his mouth opening and closing. ^{as if he was grappling for words} ~~Finally~~, he reached for a silver ring that was on his fingers and yanked it off, ^{wrapped} ~~closing~~ his eyes tightly. His shape ^{went right} ~~altered~~ for a moment before his true self was shown.

He was a bit bulkier and stronger without the disguise. ^{It appeared similar} ~~Bella was right~~. He wasn't totally duked out, but he seemed like he could take on Avia and possibly win. ^{for the push to be the} ~~He had about~~ the same muscle strength as her. ^{in Gardian} ~~I believed~~. I wasn't too sure if I should've been surprised or not. Librans weren't allowed to train and become stronger because they were supposed to ^{supporting peace} ~~supporting peace~~.

"There you go," Bella ^{sighed} ~~sighed~~. "All that training wasn't for nothing." ^{experiment in weaponry} ~~Phrased weirdly~~

I reached for my bag that Bella had dropped on the ground, and she shifted aside to let my limp arm grab it. I grasped for the zipper and undid it as well as I possibly could, enough to let the cat out inside of it.

The poor ^{guy} ~~guy~~ had somehow survived, but was completely soaked. He slipped out and curled up on my stomach as soon as I let him free. I lifted my arm up enough to stroke him on his head and he ^{hid} ~~hid~~ it against my neck, purring. His warmth felt really good and his comfort was enough to ^{make} ~~make~~ a tiny smile slip onto my face.

"That is one unique cat." Chase's attention was on Haruki now. "He was wild, but he ^{absolutely} ~~absolutely~~ loves humans. I think he's taken a liking to both Akira and I. I'm not sure why, but there has got to be a reason behind it." ^{Too much foreshadowing!}

Are they still walking

is what supposed to mean

This is when you realize it's a 400-year-old

- **Page 2** — The following page is a page of the older version of my novel which I edited and revised.

leaned over, blowing it out. Eventually, the thoughts of the day ^{fell} ~~hattered~~ away, and I finally ^{needed myself to remember on which side I desperately needed.} could get some of the sleep in that I so ^{stuck full of} desperately needed. They were filled with darkness, ^{horrible} I had horrible nightmares through the entire night. I assumed that it was ^{was so vivid} fire, and hatred. There was me, on fire, burning and screeching. I assumed that it was ^{was so vivid} Shiva's fire, caused from the anger that I had put her into by betraying her trust. I could ^{was pinked to my heart} imagine Chase's furied face ^{was so vivid} and Hugo and Bella turning their backs to me. All ^{was pinked to my heart} four of them, leaving me without even a goodbye. ^{was pinked to my heart} And then the punishment from the Officials and Leaders came. I saw their cruel ^{was pinked to my heart} faces, and I was on my knees, begging and crying that they didn't kill me. Yet, there ^{was pinked to my heart} was a sword in one's hand, sharp and glinting with the lantern light that lit a dark room. The ^{was pinked to my heart} Leader was shadowed by the darkness and had such a vindictive, narcissistic smirk on their ^{was pinked to my heart} face. It made me sick to see it. ^{was pinked to my heart} And then she was lifting up the sword, higher and higher. It was pointed ^{was pinked to my heart} straight at my back, its tip glimmering and shining. I was cowering, gripping the floor with what sanity I ^{was pinked to my heart} had left. The sword was advancing ^{was pinked to my heart} slowly, my death would be a slow one. A ^{was pinked to my heart} slow stab. ^{was pinked to my heart} I felt it penetrate my skin and my blood spurt out. I could feel my insides sliced as it ^{was pinked to my heart} slid through me, like a knife going through warm butter. I screeched out at the sheer agony ^{was pinked to my heart} from it, from the horrible death. It was almost nearly as bad as smelling my skin burn from ^{was pinked to my heart} my own sister's fire. ^{was pinked to my heart} I forced myself awake. ^{was pinked to my heart} I had a suspicion I'd ^{was pinked to my heart} It wasn't even morning yet, but I knew that I would be awake for the rest of the ^{was pinked to my heart} night. My head was surrounded by a pool of tears, and my face was soaked. I hadn't cried in ^{was pinked to my heart} years, and yet here I was, my eyes dripping with saline water. I hoped to death that I hadn't ^{was pinked to my heart} shrieked in my sleep and woken anyone up. ^{was pinked to my heart} It just convinced me more to not say a thing. I could turn Avia's Sign back to Pisces ^{was pinked to my heart} without her knowing. She hadn't felt it change, now she wasn't going to feel it change back. I ^{was pinked to my heart} had to just ignore this power, and pretend like it didn't exist. It was such a horrible feeling, ^{was pinked to my heart} but I knew that was I must've done. ^{was pinked to my heart} I stared at the ceiling for the longest time, until sun leaked in through the windows. It ^{was pinked to my heart} was an eerie red light, the same scarlet that had dripped from my chest and hands in the ^{was pinked to my heart} dream, and stained the slate floors. I hated the red, and tore my gaze away from it and to my ^{was pinked to my heart} black covers. ^{was pinked to my heart} I felt myself reaching for the note that Chase wrote.

Queue and Trello

The fully updated link to my Trello can be viewed here. This link and list is frequently updated with my working status for commissions and editing.

<https://trello.com/b/nIhbsfC4/alphanix-writing-commissions-trades-queue>

The queue is currently: LOW

Last updated 4/24/2020

Contact Methods and Links

Toyhou.se: <https://toyhou.se/Alphanix>

DeviantArt: <https://www.deviantart.com/alphanix>

Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/alphanix>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/sadrialioness>

Instagram (in progress): <https://www.instagram.com/alphanix/>

Email: serenawinter.asw@gmail.com

Discord: Alphanix#0508

Telegram: Alphanix

I respond quickest on Toyhou.se, DeviantArt, Discord, and through my email if you would like to reach me fastest.