

Hi, my name is
Jia Peach

AGE: 16

BIRTHPLACE:

CONCORD, CA



The night it all changed

1. Playing piano into the night.
2. Long talks with Zilly.
3. The sound of rain on the roof.



Music is my anchor.

Fun facts:

I enjoy spontaneous adventures, dancing to my favorite songs, and sharing laughter with friends.

About me

I used to think my life was ordinary — school, music, friends. Then everything fractured. Now I'm learning what it means to carry magic, loss, and hope at the same time.

Music & Magic

I've learned that both come from the same place — the space between emotion and instinct. Music helps me feel human again, even when the world feels impossible



PART ONE *THE SPLIT*

JIA:

It was like a monstrous split in the universe. There was everything that came before. Then there was everything still to come after.

The night my mother passed away, as I held her hands in the sterile hospital room, I tried to tune out the beep and soft hums of the machines, the distant voices down the hall of nurses, doctors, and visitors. I thought of my father, Kim, six thousand miles away in Korea. Of my best friend Zilly, whose mother was struggling, hiding in the bottom of a bottle nearly every night. Of my dream to go to college, start a band, play piano, and become famous—or at least make enough money so I didn't have to have a real job.

Before, all those dreams and people in my world were safe and sound, even though sometimes I wondered if they ever thought of me. Because if no one thinks of you, do you really exist? But then I'd hear their voices, see their texts, and look forward to the next time I saw them. When I wanted to create, I'd sit at my keyboard and dream up chord changes and melodies. When I was bored or depressed, I'd gingerly pick out notes to try and lift myself up.

But now everything is different. Mom's gone, and there's no explanation why. Even the doctors are mystified. Her mother—my grandma Constance—showed up the next morning with no clear reason how she knew it was time, but at least I had an adult around. I still wonder what would've happened if she hadn't come. Would child services have shown up? Would they have taken me away from Zilly—and from my piano? I shake to even think about it.

It was overwhelming enough without the secrets Mom kept. The stories she hinted at with that hesitant smile, as if she wanted to tell me but wasn't quite ready. Stories about our family going back dozens of generations. She told me about the amulet—a triquetra, a Celtic symbol. The night before she died, she told me where to find it in her closet, and to never, ever let anyone else have it. It's been passed down for a thousand years to the firstborn in her family. She said it held special powers, though she never explained what they were—only that I'd inherit them when the time came.

That time is now. She's gone, and I'm left with the amulet. I can't give it away, can't throw it away—and I have no idea what happens next.

“Some places stay behind
long after you’ve left them.”



“He doesn’t talk, but he listens.
Maybe that’s why I trust him more than
most people.”



Part Two – Where Jia Peach Came From

I started writing Jia’s story about six years ago. The funny part is how it began. One night I had a wild dream about a half-man, half-monster tearing through a city. The image was so vivid that I woke up laughing in the dark, unable to shake it. My wife was softly snoring beside me, our dog curled at the foot of the bed, and my mind refused to go back to sleep.

A monster that came to life... who was he? Where did he come from? I began building a backstory right there in the dark. His name was Theodorus, a historical figure trapped for a thousand years between heaven and hell by a magic spell. Now he’d broken free, desperate to find the person who had imprisoned him. But instead of confronting his ancient enemy, he began hunting one of their descendants.

That descendant turned out to be a young woman named Jia Peach.

By morning, I was still thinking about her. I’d always wanted to write a novel, but there was always an excuse—no time, no plan, no clue where to start. This time, I didn’t let the idea go. I began taking notes, sketching characters, and before long I had nearly 90,000 words. The first draft was rough and uneven, but it was alive. I’d created Jia and her world—modern Portland, Oregon—and I knew I was hooked.

From there I kept going: a second novel, then a rewrite of the first, then a third and fourth. I sent early drafts to generous beta readers and kept learning. By the time I finished a fifth book, Jia’s voice had become second nature to me. But I realized something important: I still didn’t fully understand the world she lived in.

How did the magic actually work? Where did it come from? Were there others like her?



About two years ago, I stopped writing long enough to figure it all out. I built the world from the inside out—defining the rules of magic, its boundaries, and its history. I mapped out other magical lineages, rival powers, and the consequences of crossing them. That process revealed what was missing: Jia’s origin story.

I already knew her mother was Irish and her father Korean—how they met, the distance between them, and the legacy they left her. But I wanted to explore what it meant for Jia to stand between those worlds. To show how loss and magic intertwined to shape her destiny.

That’s how *Forged in Ancient Fire* was born: a coming-of-age story rooted in family, myth, and the mystery of the Triquetra amulet. It’s the bridge between two cultures and two realms—and the spark that forged Jia Peach into who she was always meant to become.

When grief meets magic,
worlds collide.

