

knihy, kterou
nosím v hlavě

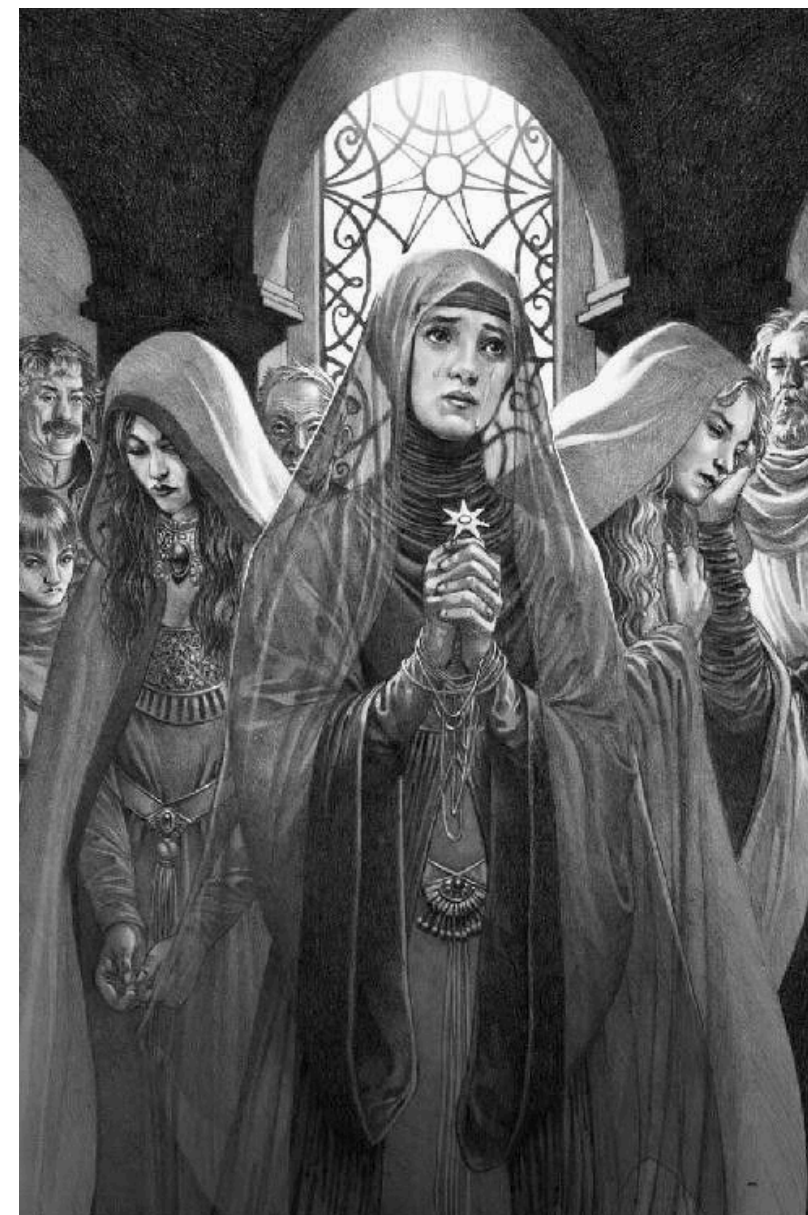
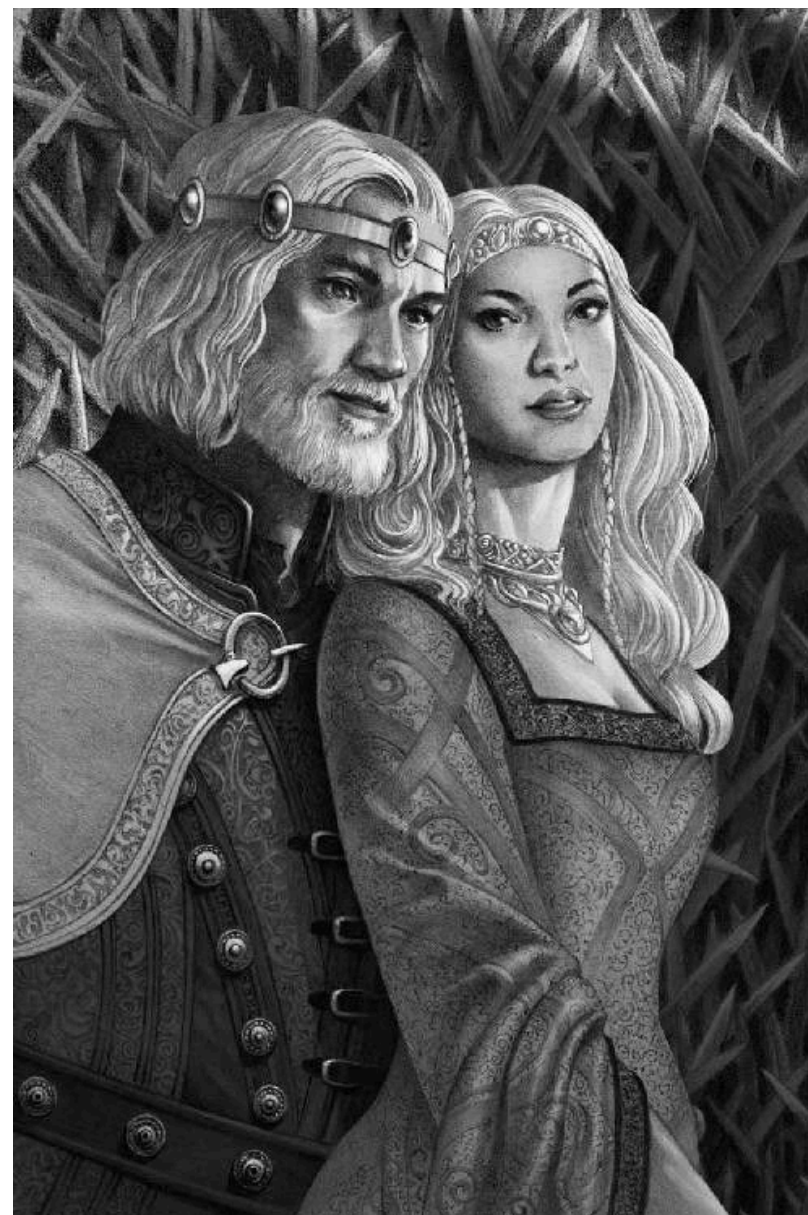
Úvod

- príbeh
- mapa
- characters
- čiernobiele ilustrácie (kresba, preskenované)
- očíslované stránky
- šitá väzba s tvrdou väzbou čiernou a záložkou červenou
- sieťotlač zlatá na vzory na obálke
- rozmer A5, aspoň 5 kníh
- plagáty
- webstránka wix - predávanie knížky
- knižné záložky papierové
- piny

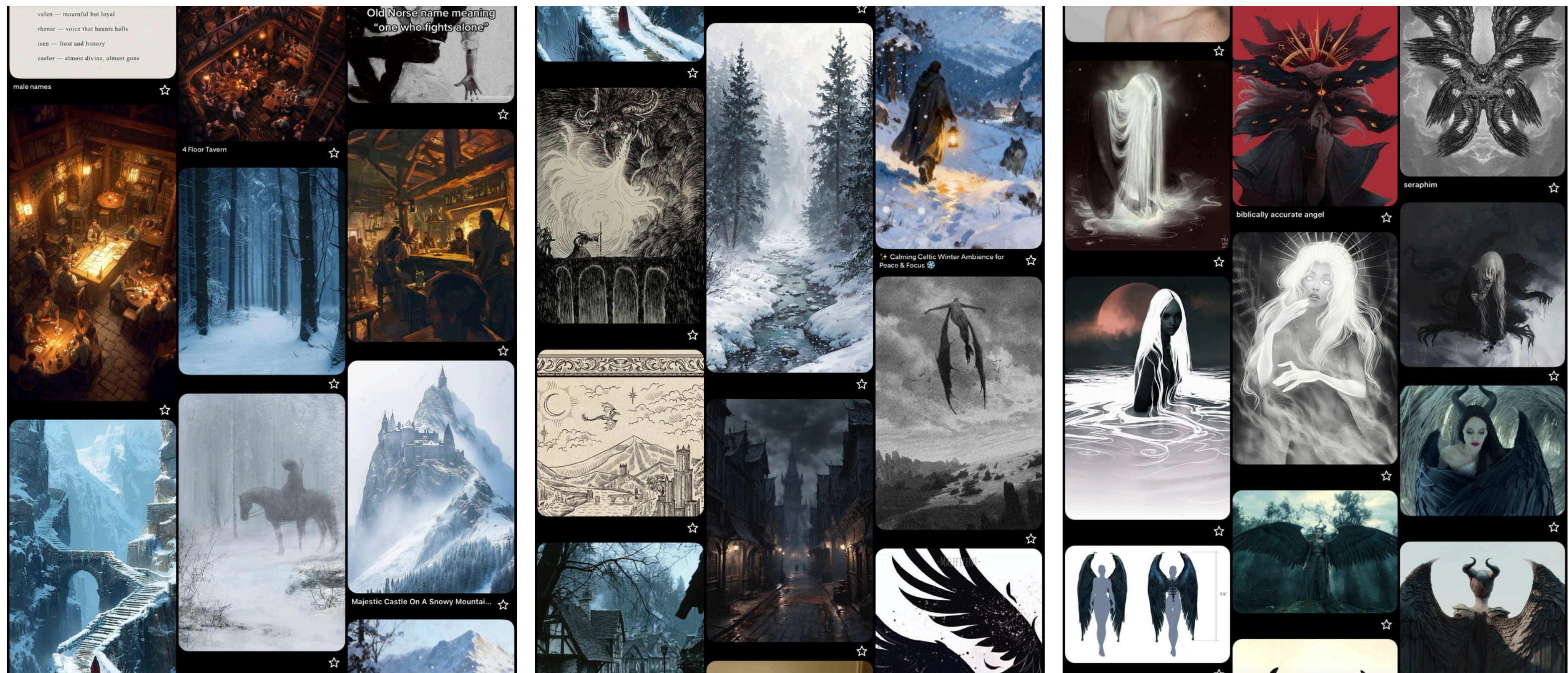
Inšpirácie

- **Game of Thrones** = high fantasy, rody, história, Valyria
- **The Witcher** = Yennefer, dej, hl. postava nie je úplne hlavná
- **Throne of Glass** = vedľajšie postavy sú rovnako dôležité ako hlavná
- **A Court of Thorns and Roses** = prvá taká kniha, ktorá predstavila férov nie ako víly, špicaté uši ako elfovia a schopnosti
- **Crescent City** = snaha zvrhnúť totalitný režim, rôzličné druhy fantasy bytostí, nečakané zvraty a smrť postáv
- **Grishaverse** = príbeh vedľajších postáv pokračuje v ďalších knihách

Inšpirácie



Moodboard



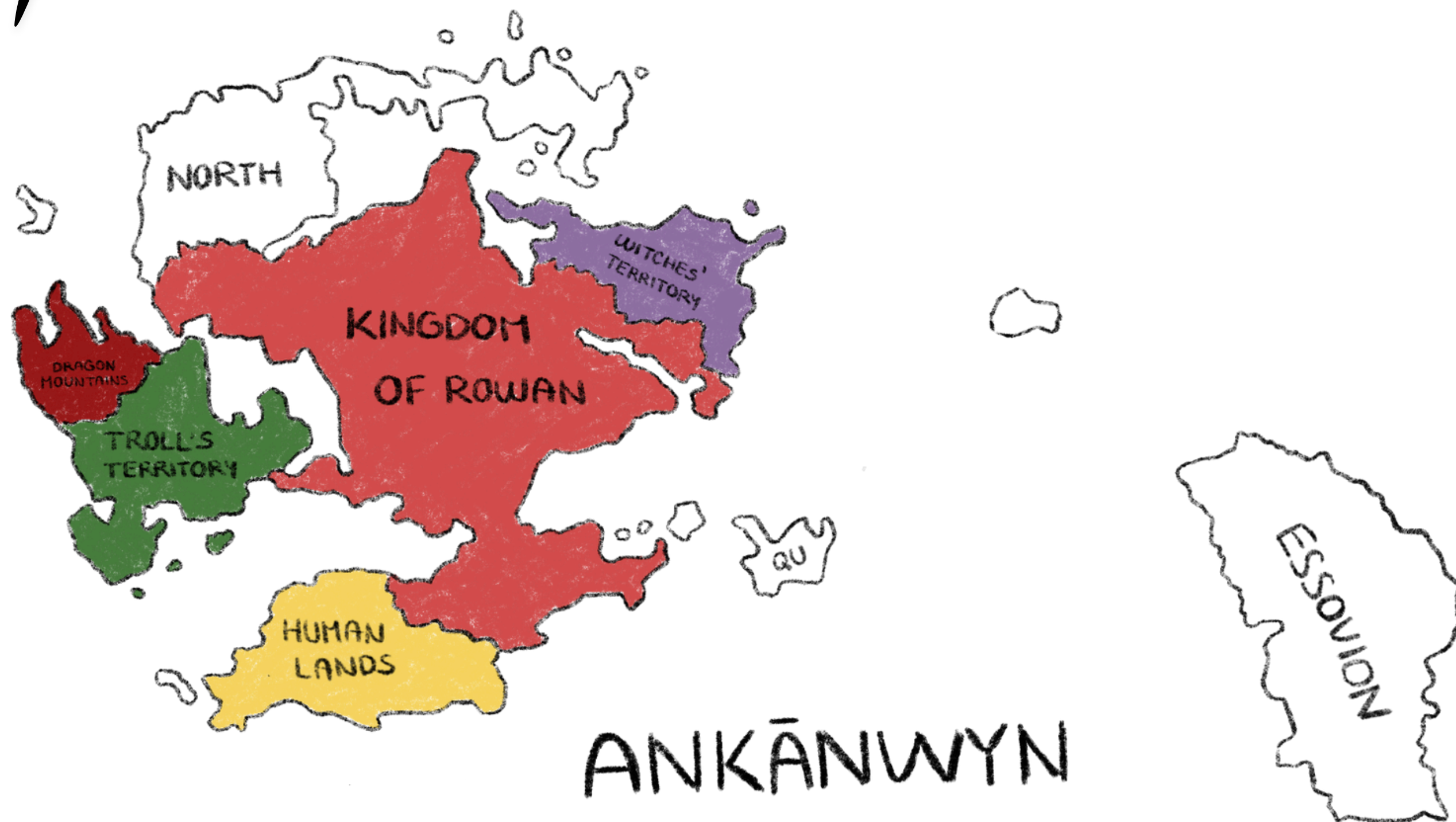
Wordbuilding

- the whole world's name is - Ankānwyn
- forgotten kingdom in the North is called Rhoryos
- it was ruled by faes with dragon blood, red eyes, black hair
- the Gods in this world are either killed or long forgotten
- angels are more dangerous than demons
- lots of magical creatures were killed in The War
- most of the continent is under a rule of Fae King Rowan
- he started the War and wiped cities off the map
- reader thinks the main character is Arya
- but she gets killed in the end, her death becomes a symbol
- **REAL MAIN CHARACTER** comes then
- Arya doesn't know, what she's looking for
- when she finally finds it, she gets killed
- we find out she is important = plotwist
- the point is to show every side character is a main character in their story

Mapa



Mapa



Postavy

HLAVNÁ POSTAVA

Arya Blackwood

VEDĽAJŠIE POSTAVY

- Anita Oakes = retired alcholic, works in tavern, alchemist
- Madame Rin = owner of a man brothel, vampire
- Lyn of Nowhere = a human fighter, cheats, slave
- Ciara the Troll = owner of Lyn, cruel
- Syrea = a goddess of love and life, pastel pink, lilacs
- Kaida = a former angel, dangerous
- Ragdon = a God of War, hiding as Jester of King
- Princess Nicole = highborn, velvet dress, arrogant fae
- The Fae King Rowan = cruel ruler and conqueror

Storyboard

ÚVOD → putovanie

- vrhnutie do deja, predstavenie hl. postavy
- cesta snehom, zimou do ďalšej dediny
- hl. postava niečo hľadá, nevieme čo
- dôjde do Wylfu

ZÁVER → smrť

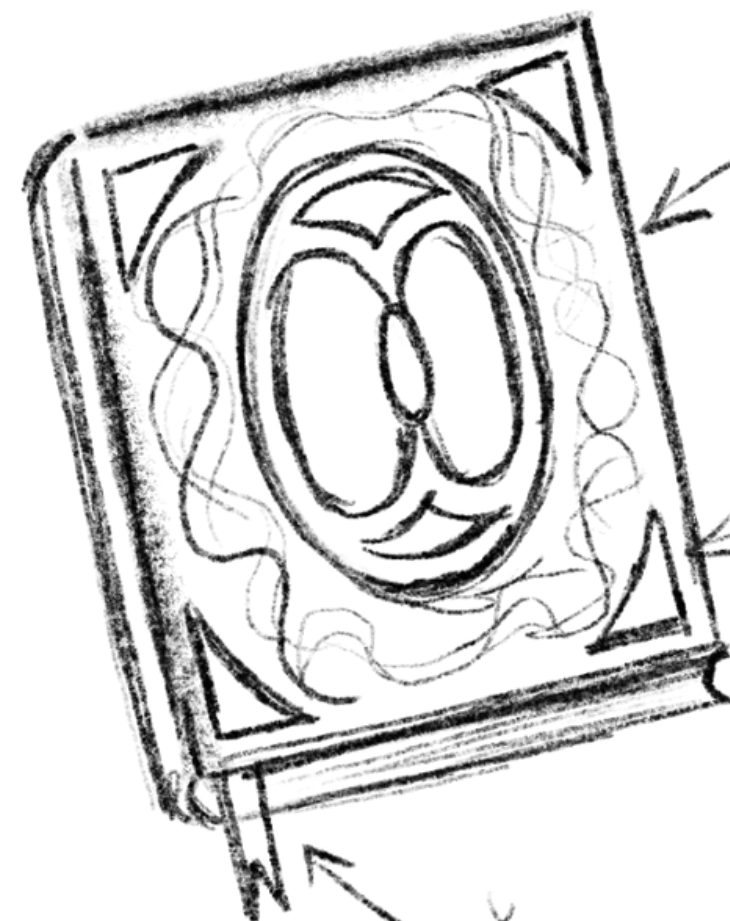
- Arya konečne nájde, čo hľadá = nádej a dobro
- podreže jej hrdlo Jester, lebo je hrozba
- zisťujeme, že Arya bola princezná = jej smrť vedie k vojne
- skutočná hl. post. prichádza = otvoria sa fialové oči, vyvolená

JADRO → Wylf

- ako prvé ide do krčmy, kde stretáva Anitu, tá jej pomôže
- ďalej stretáva Madame Rin, unáša ju
- vidí Lyn a Ciaru v ringu
- spomína Kráľa, Jesteru, zabudnuté kráľovstvo
- uteká, nájde oltár Bohyne života a lásky, pomodlí sa
- stretáva Kaidu, uteká preč
- nájde znovu Anitu v stajniach

Kniha

V8 väzba



čierne plátno

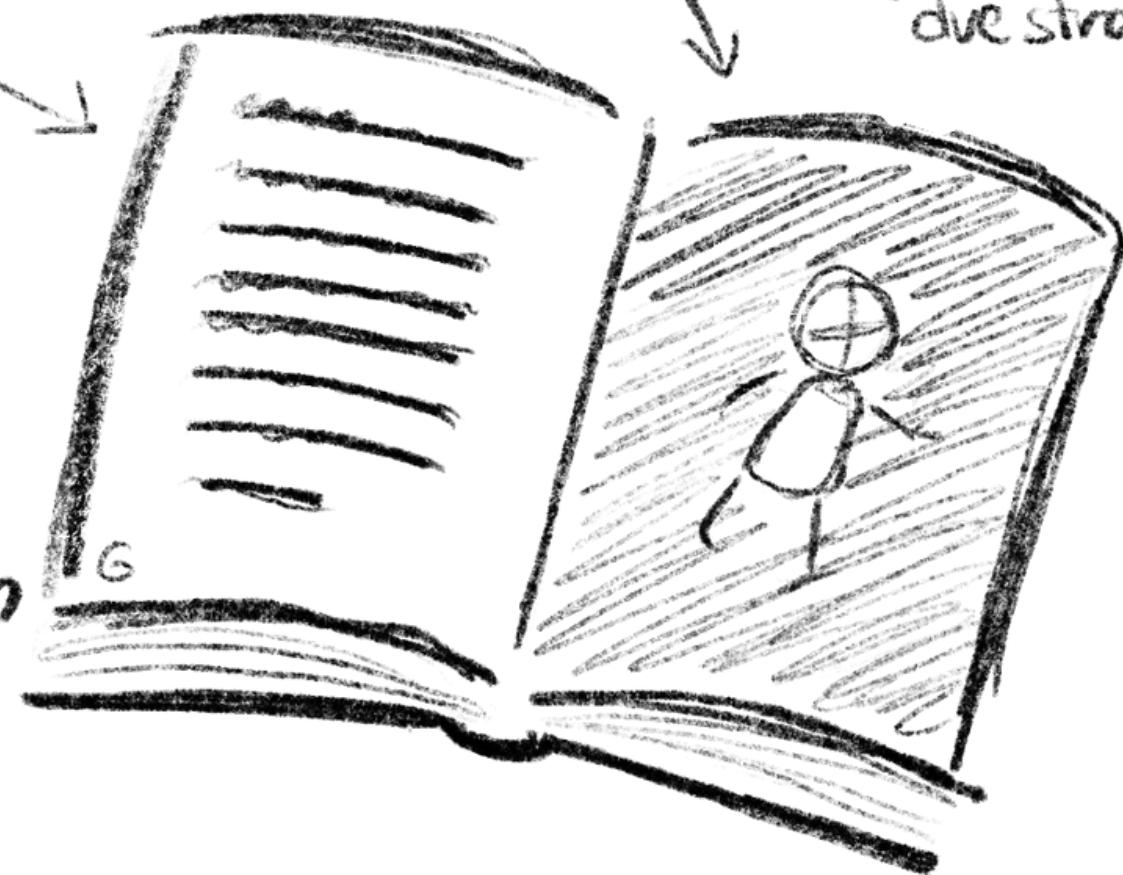
zlatá potlač
lina

červená záložka

príbeh

Čiernobiele štylizované
ilustrácie

niekedy
aj na
dve strany



očíslované
stránky

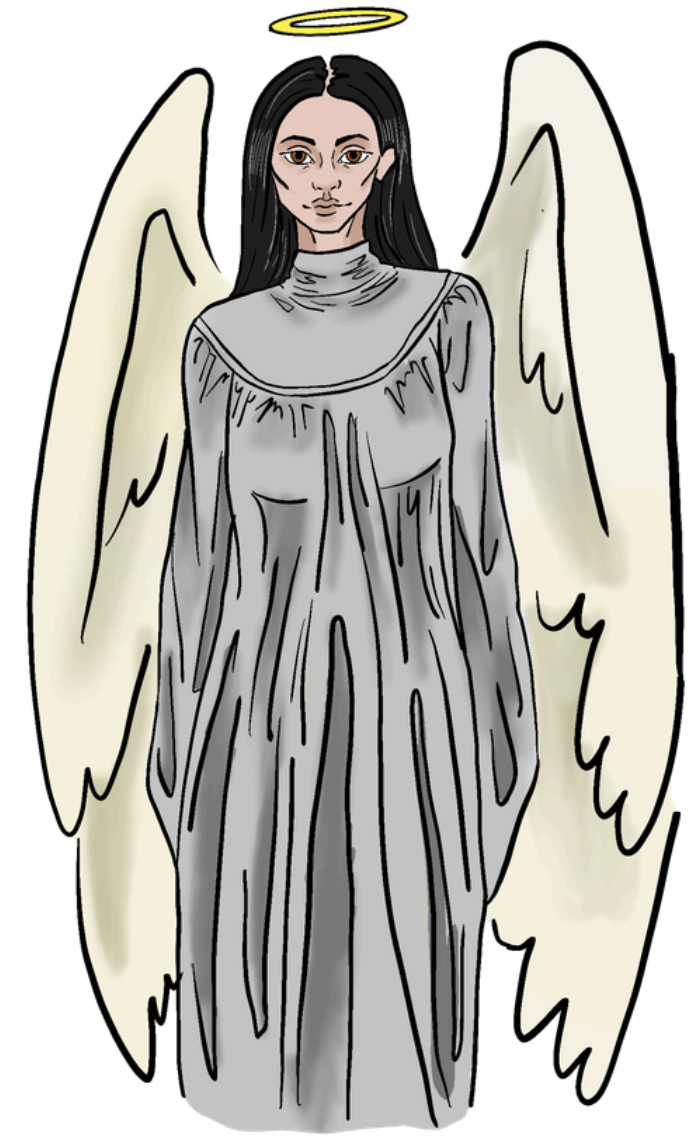
Príbeh

Finálny počet - 50 strán

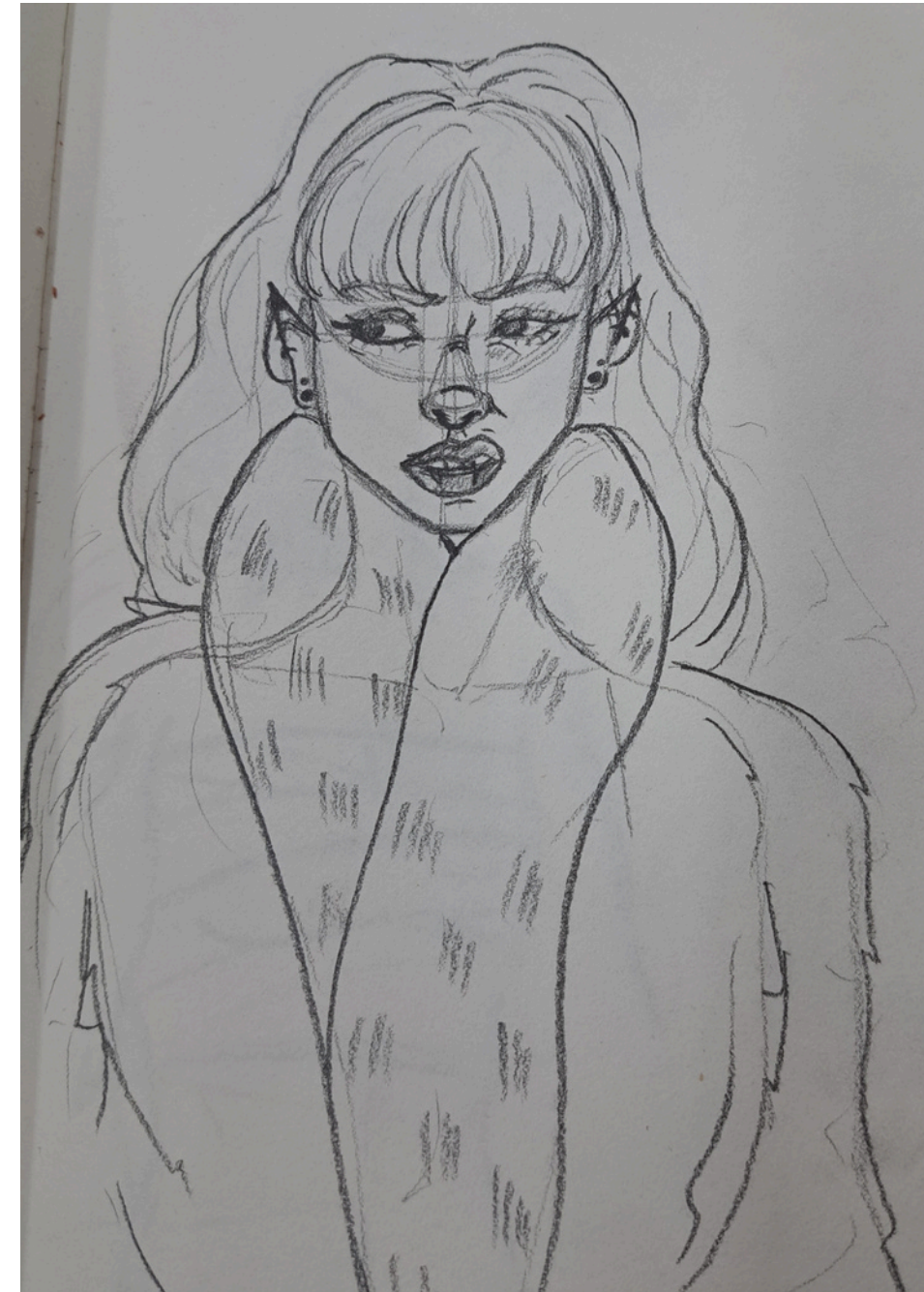
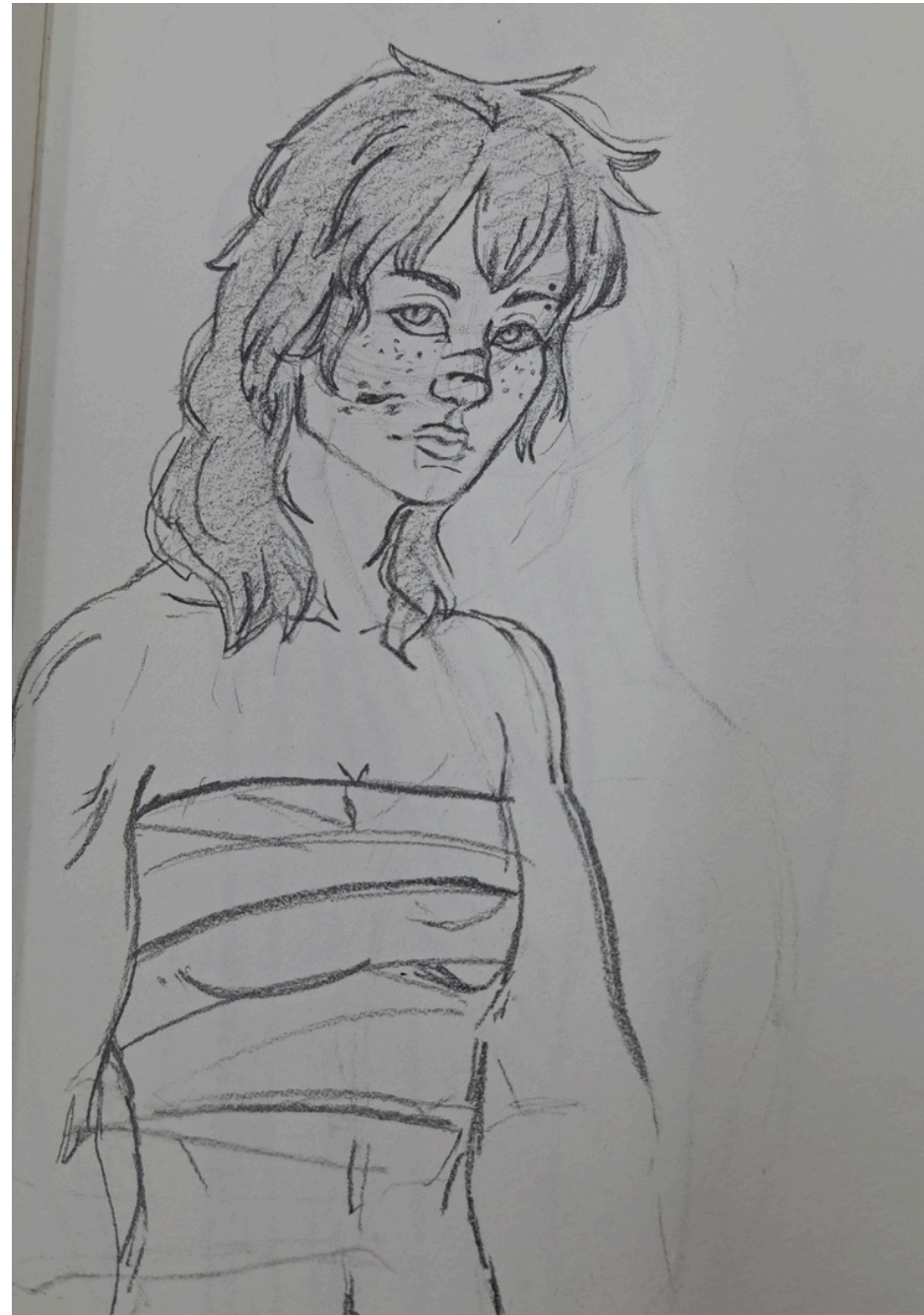
Arya could have sworn that her toes were frozen to the bone itself. It seemed that even the thick leather boots of high quality she wore did not ease the cold from seeping through. She had spent the last of her coins on the market to buy some clothes that would guarantee her warmth and safe travel in the cold weather. Murmurs of a huge unforgiving snowstorm coming from the North were sweeping through the streets of Fendharrow and Arya was aware it wasn't in vain. It was common knowledge that North itself was unbearable to live in due to its freezing temperatures and never-ending snow, so it wasn't taken lightly that its terrible weather was to travel down all the way to the South, where snow was not a common occurrence.

Every single time she raised her leg from the snow to take another step, it felt like her body was turning heavier and slower with each movement. The cruel, chilling wind was whipping into her face the whole time along with huge snowflakes, causing her hair to lash all around her face. She found herself squinting against the force of the blizzard, but she couldn't close her eyes completely, she needed to see after all. She tried to blink through the melting snow on the strands of her short, brown hair and eyelashes, hoping to see something - a sign of life, anything to know her journey wasn't for nothing. But it didn't really matter. Nothing really mattered anymore.

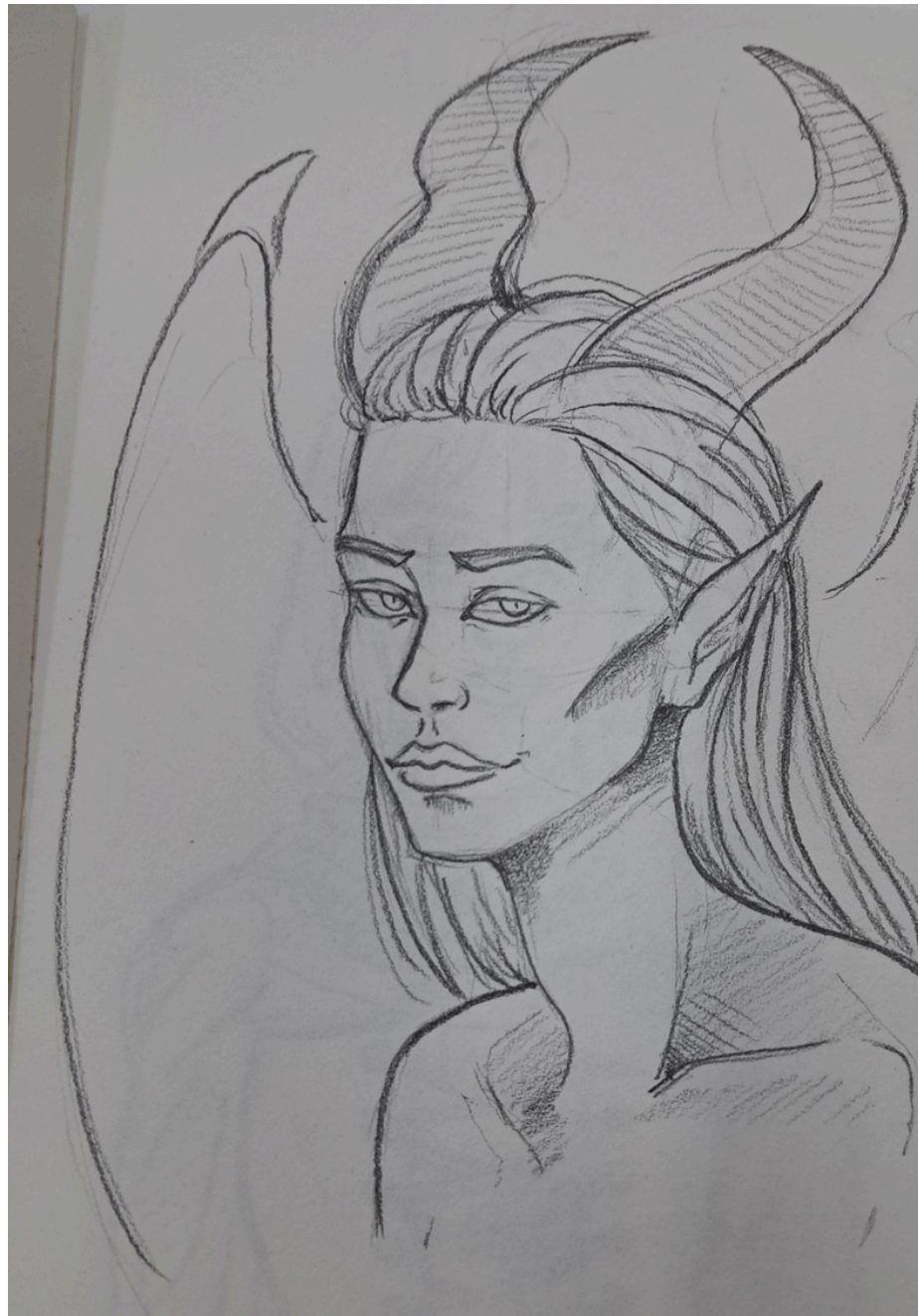
Character design



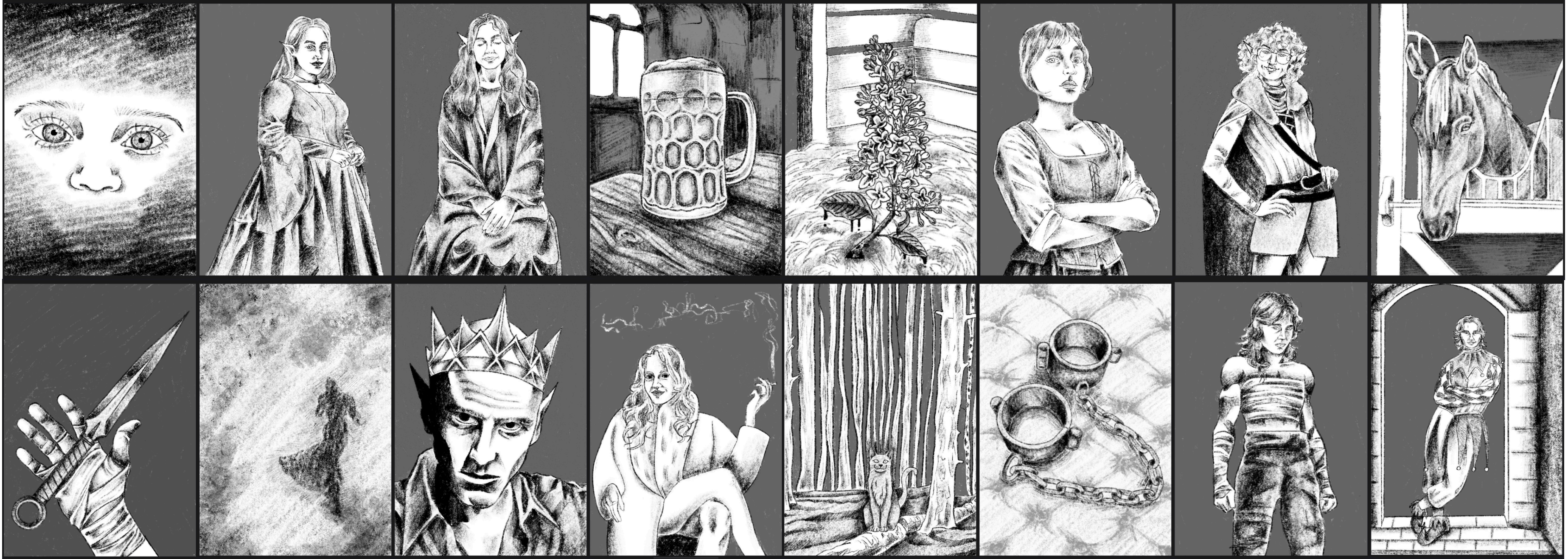
Character design



Character design



Ilustrácie



Predsjedka



Ukážka knihy

chapter one TAVERN

Arya decided to seek refuge in the nearest warm place she could find as she passed the iron gate. Soon after she found a tavern. Squinting her eyes through the swirling snowflakes and whipping wind, she took in the small building with warm lights and sounds of people talking reached her ears. Hoping to find a shelter, the snow crunched under her leather boots as she walked up to the tavern, pulled the heavy wooden door open and got in. Instantly she was hit with a smell of alcohol, sweat and cigarettes and her nose scrunched in distaste before she could stop herself.

The small tavern seemed even smaller from the inside, and it wasn't helping that it was basically packed with people. The whole place was covered in a warm light of the candles all around the place, giving it almost a cozy tone. Her hazel eyes scanned the wooden tables, that had already seen better days and the loud bustling crowd consisting mainly of drunks. She noted that most of them were humans. So many humans in one place, that wasn't a common sight to see these days and something like relief stirred in her chest. The humans, mostly men were laughing and talking with beers on their tables, their faces already from the alcohol. Some of them were sharing their war stories, some were playing cards and gambling for money and others seemed to just drink away their sorrow.

No one seemed to notice her presence and Arya was grateful for that. She passed by one of the tables, where the men just clinked their beers with a loud laughter. She slipped into the corner, behind a small empty table, purposely seeking solitude and no attention from the crowd as she settled onto the wooden stool. A shaky breath of relief escaped her lips as she could already feel warmth seeping back into her aching feet in the leather boots. She brought her frozen hands to her face and blew her breath on them, hoping she could warm them sooner as well. For a beat, she allowed herself to close her eyes and just take in the muttering and loud voices of the people in the tavern, soaking in the sounds and smell and...

"Would you like to have a drink, *girl*?"

Arya jumped up in her seat as a pleasant voice pulled her out of her thoughts and she lifted her head to meet its owner. Her hazel eyes focused on a face of a young woman, but she looked not to be much older than Arya herself. She was immediately struck by her gentle features and the mismatched color of her eyes – one was light blue and the other dark brown, so dark she couldn't see her pupil. It was a stark contrast for sure.

"Oh, I..." Arya's face flushed with embarrassment when she stuttered over her words, feeling like a fool. She swallowed to clear her suddenly tight throat and met the stranger's unusual eyes. "I think I'll have a beer."

The truth was that she was in no mood for alcohol, least of all the bitter taste of beer, but it would've been strange if she just came into the tavern and ordered nothing. On instinct, she casually tugged a little the headband around her head, making sure it was in place and covering what it was supposed to cover, hoping that the woman didn't see anything. But the woman tilted her head at Arya and stared at her for a moment.



Ukážka knihy

“Piggie acted like a pig, so now he gets treated like one. He thought he could just come and go to my brothels and get away with treating my boys as *toys*. Toys, he could just use to his liking and then discard them after getting bored with them... I do not care what my clients do with my employees in bed. My brothels are an open space for sexual exploration, whether its foreplay, whips or anything of that sort. We do not judge around here, little bug. As far as it is all consensual and agreed upon.”

Madame Rin tapped off the ashes of her cigarette right on the bald head of the fat old man, she was sitting on, still on all fours and with a gag in his mouth. The man did not move, not even a flinch.

“But Piggie did not ask for consent. No, he even went as far as to hurt my precious boys and thought he could get away with it. He thought of them as toys, so now he is *my* toy.”

After that, Arya did not look at the old, fat man at all, least of all in pity. Because from the dark look of rage still lingering in Madame Rin’s eyes, she couldn’t have imagined what the man had done. Considering all the things she said were allowed...

“Ah, *Ciara*, my darling, if isn’t it one of my favorite clients?” the vampire suddenly chuckled, one could say almost fondly, and Arya looked at the person coming towards them from the dark. The blood in her veins turned cold.

First, she saw a set of sharp yellow teeth glinting in, then the piercing yellow eyes with slits as pupils and a skin of a light green color... A troll.

Ciara, as Madame Rin had called her, let out a low laugh, which rumbled deep in her slender chest.

“You and your silky little tongue, *Rin*, you never change, do you?”

Arya barely held back a shiver at the sound of a rough voice, which scratched her ears. The troll that now stood in front of them was of a short woman stature, but that did not take away from her presence. She was wearing clothes of a high quality, which spoke of her wealth and position and the way she was carrying herself. Oh, she was important.

Something like irritation flashed in Madame Rin’s dark eyes.

“You know me, *Ciara* darling, I do not change, I only *evolve*.” she answered in a low purr, but the words sounded more like a threat than a friendly greeting between longtime friends. No, it more seemed like a meeting of enemies...

The troll only smirked, which showed off her sharp yellow teeth.

“Oh, I *know*, Rin, I know...”

If there was anything Arya hated from the bottom of her heart it was trolls. They were traitorous creators, who thought of none one but themselves. Whenever an opportunity aris-

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es that would benefit them, they would take it immediately with their claws, even if it was only prospering them.

This particular trait had been shown in the War, when they sided with King Rowan just because they wanted to get rid of the Centaurs and expand their territory.

Just then, Ciara noticed Arya and immediate interest flared in her yellow eyes.

“And who is *this* little dove? Haven’t seen her before around here...” she took a sniff and Arya tensed in response, awaiting the worst. But instead, pure delight lit the troll’s gaze. “Oh, a *human* girl!...Do not tell me you have got me another human slave, my friend? I may have got one already, but another one would not hurt. *Not at all*. I truly do not know the measures of your generosity, Rin --”

“*She is not for sale*,” the vampire’s unusually sharp voice interrupted the troll and she went silent. “Yes, she is a human girl, but she is *mine*. You already have one slave, Ciara. And dare I say *she* has already made you a great fortune.”

Her dark eyes glittered with that sharp glint Arya came to know as anger. She didn’t even have the time to process that Madame Rin had... stood up for her. Protected her even.

But that was probably all just for her own gain, not out of the goodness of her heart.

Ciara stared hard at the vampire, something glinting in those yellow eyes of a predator. For a beat, no one said anything. The two women just stared at each other, until Ciara’s lips pulled into a smirk.

“Of course, Rin... I apologize for my mistake. For assuming things.”

The troll looked pissed, but Arya had to admit she hid it well. Madame Rin must have noticed it as well, because pleased smirk curled on her red lips.

“I have heard you were organizing another underground fight,” Ciara hummed, seeming to be back in her composure as she scanned her long claws nonchalantly. “I knew I must come and see it, not to miss out on a good show...”

Ciara smiled widely, her sharp teeth glinting in the low light.

“I also couldn’t have missed out on an opportunity to take my *lovely* Lyn with me to participate *in* the show. Aren’t I right?”

Arya’s dark brows pulled into a frown, and she noted how Madame Rin had gritted her teeth, something like disapproval flashing through in her gaze.

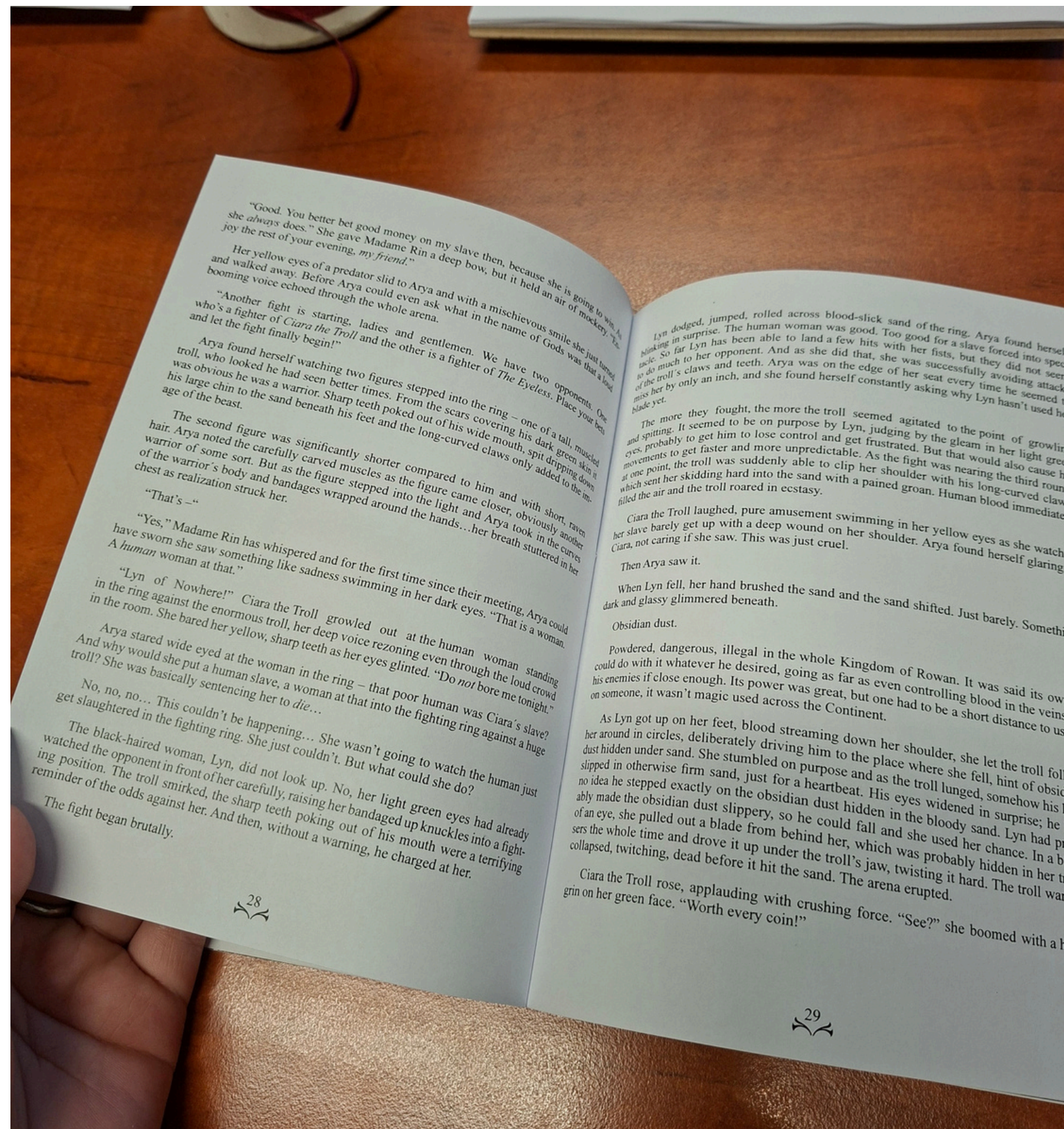
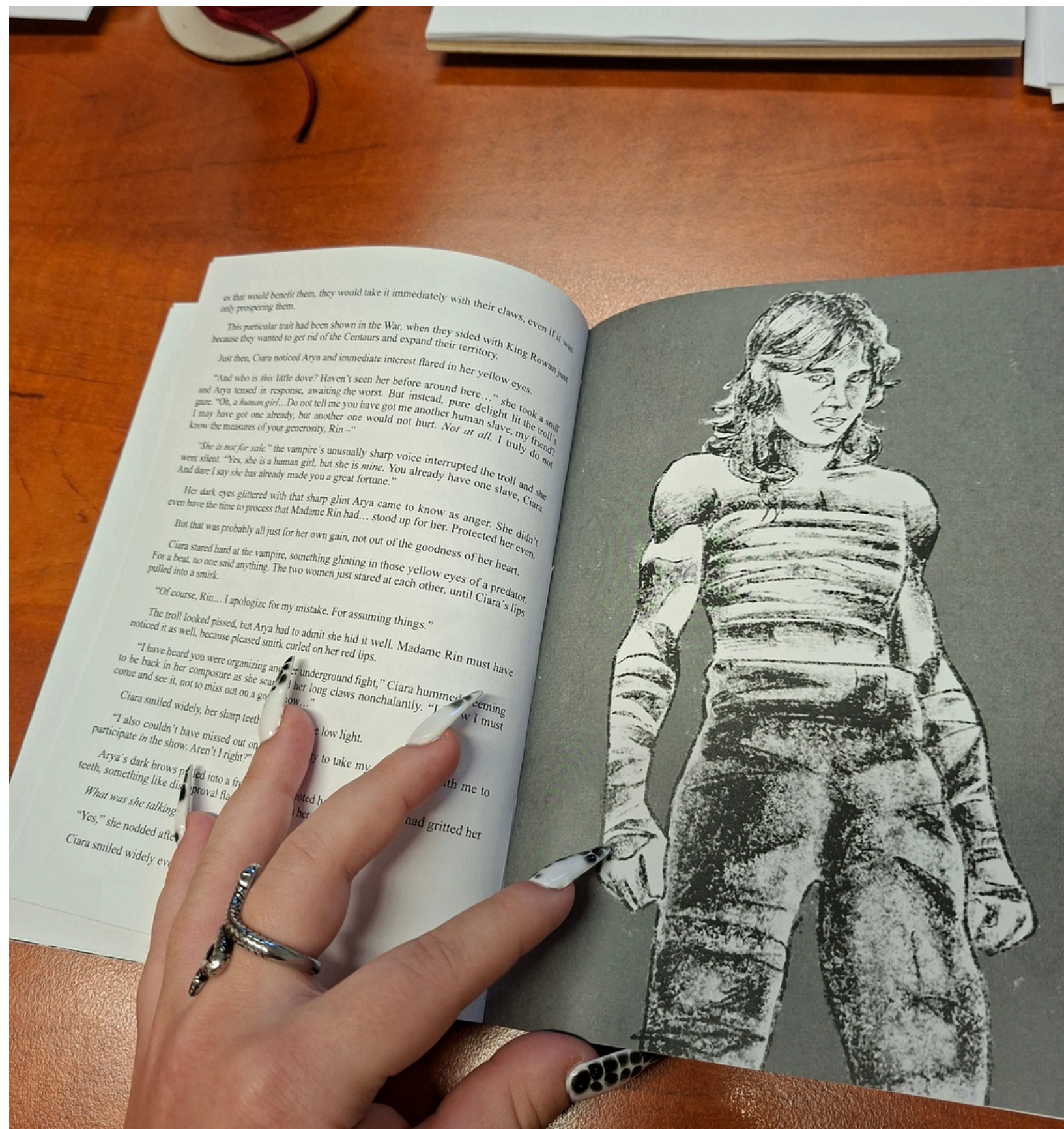
What was she talking about?

“Yes,” she nodded after a beat. “That would be a shame indeed.”

Ciara smiled widely even more.

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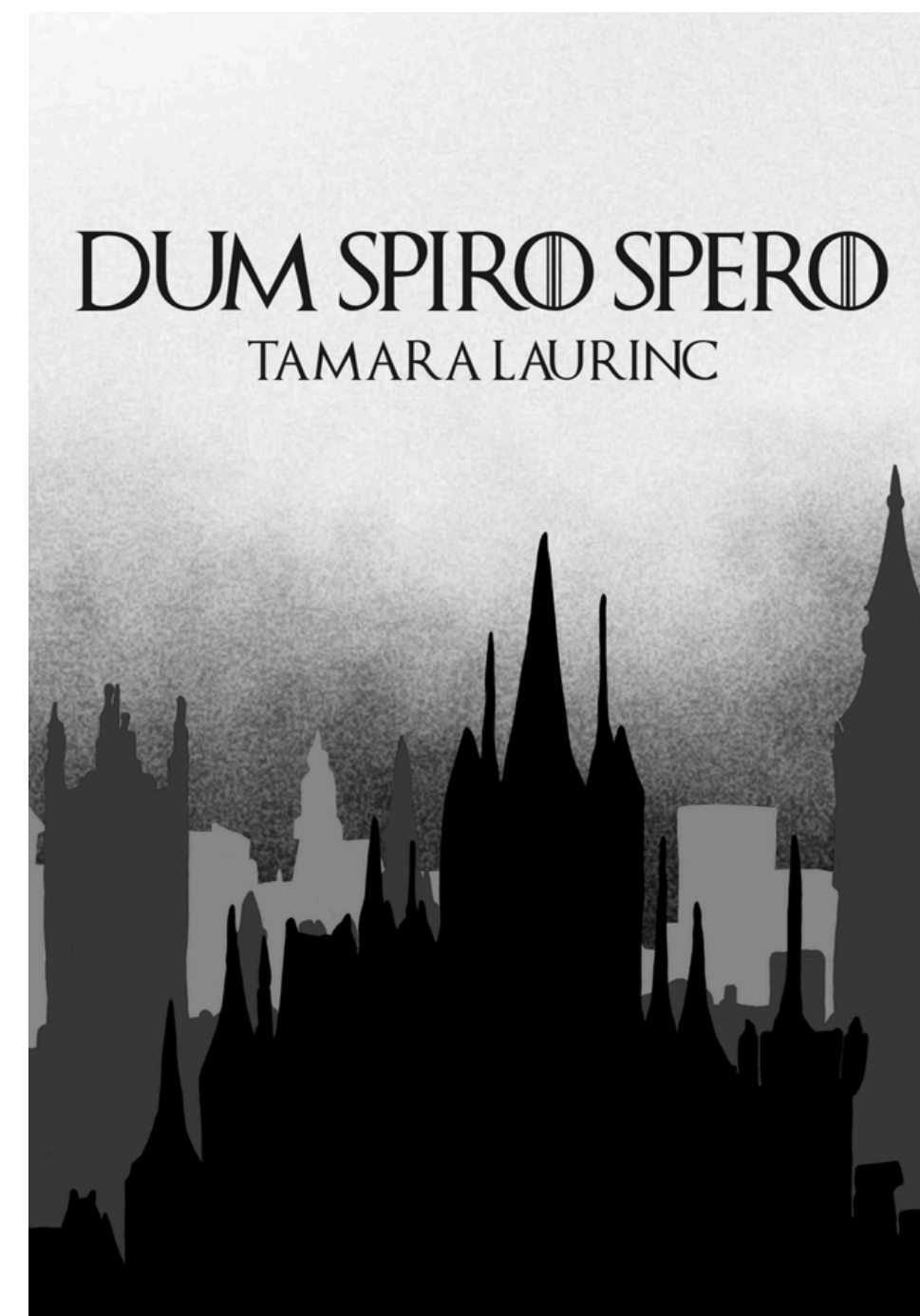
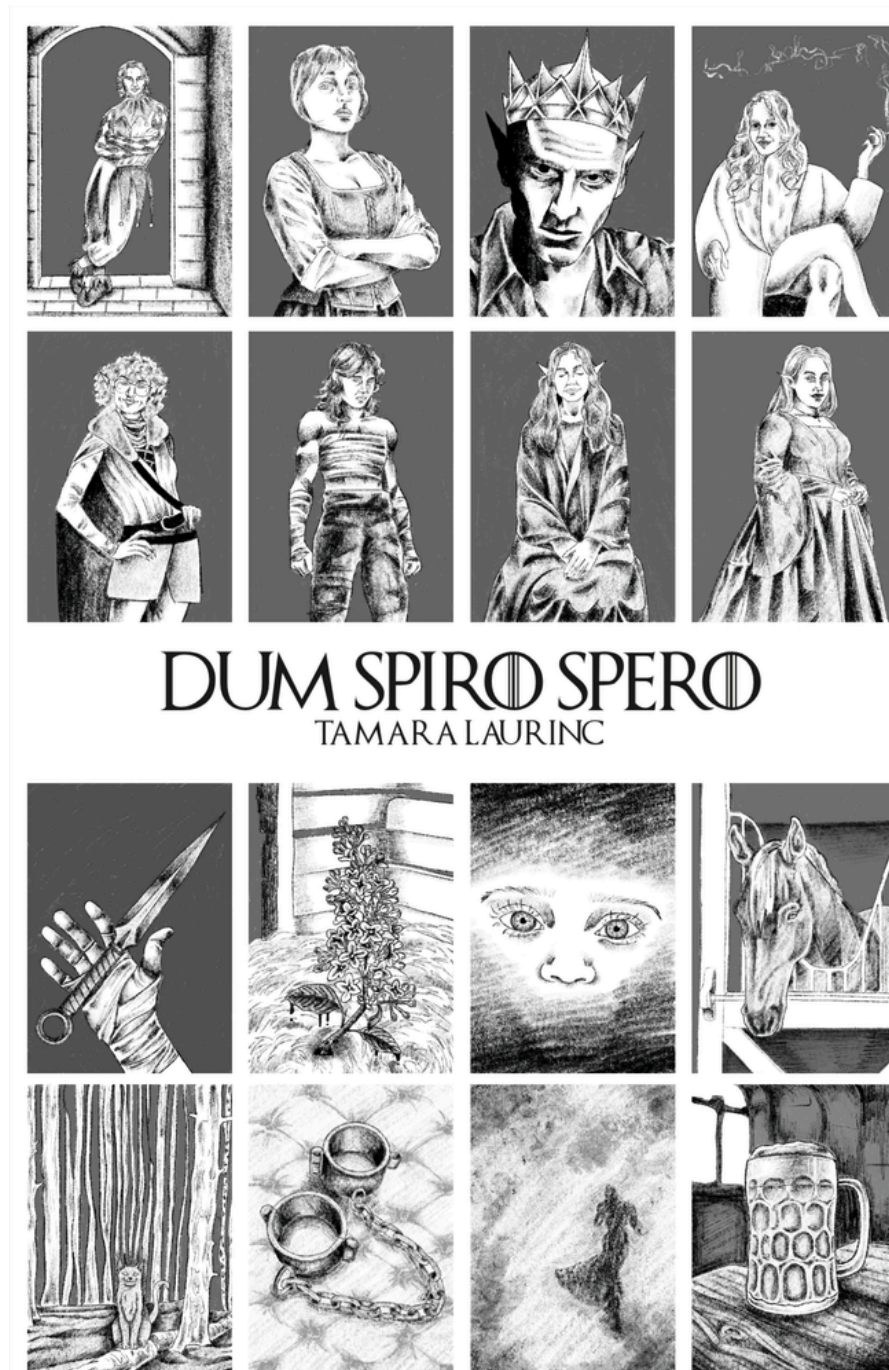
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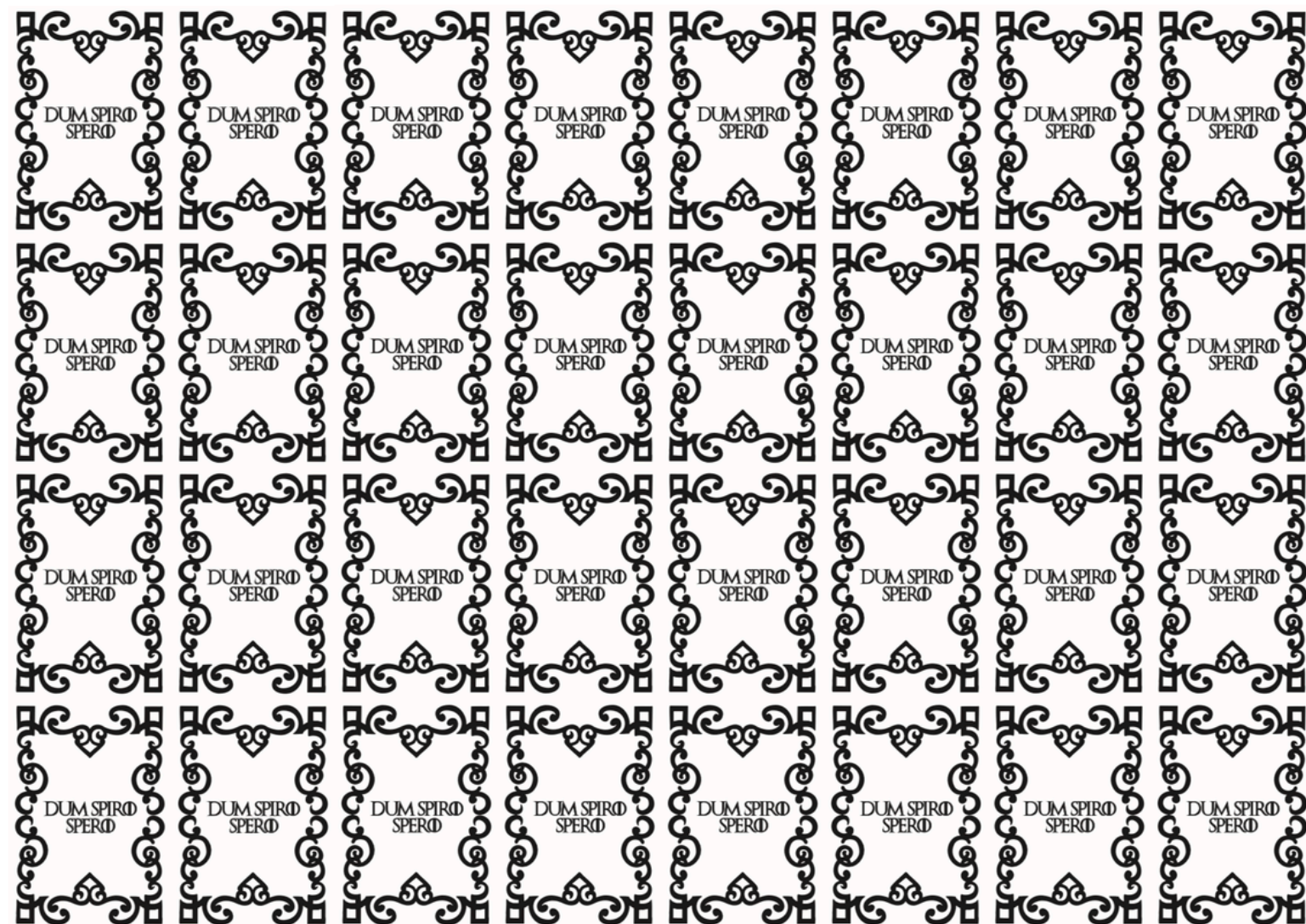
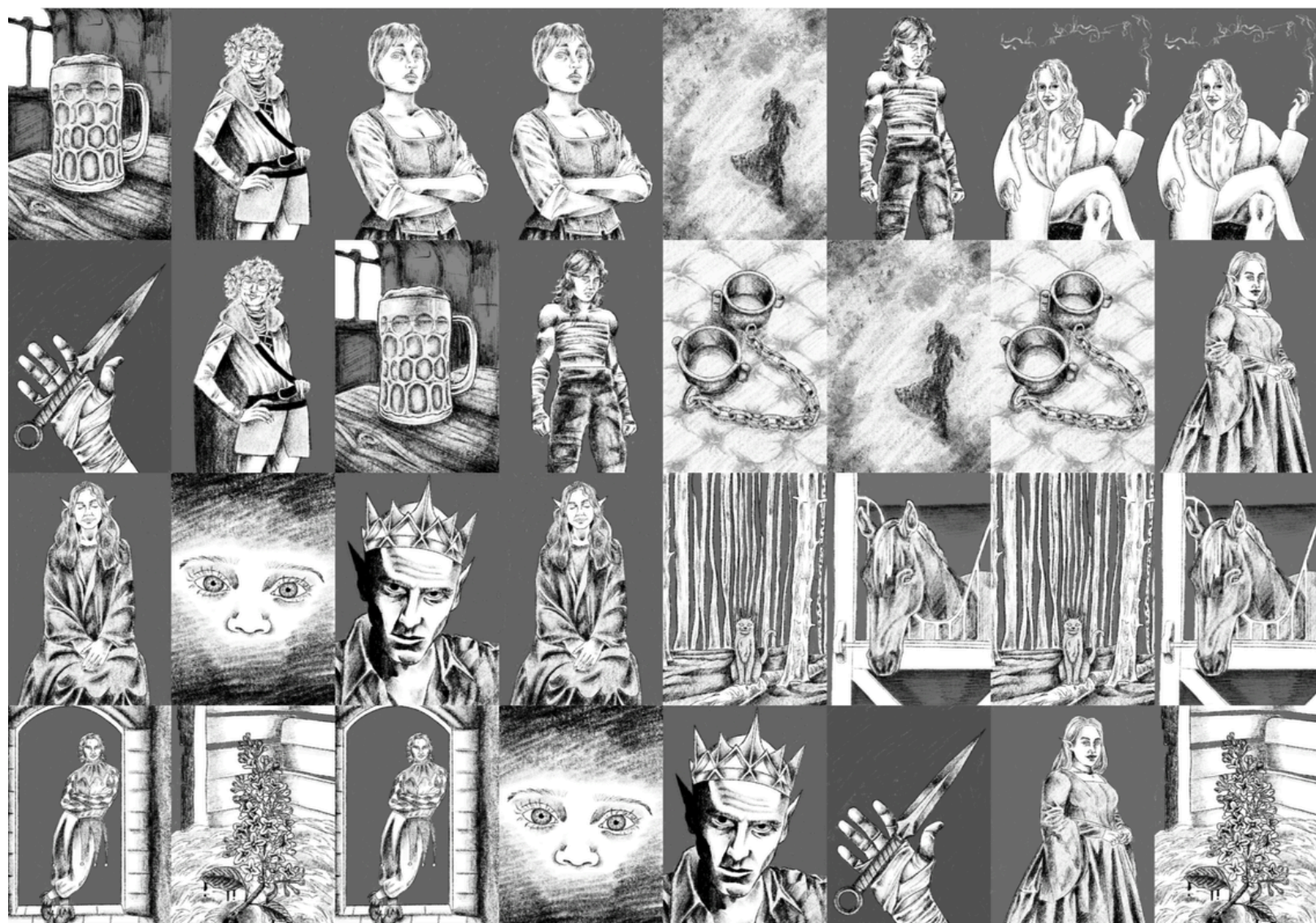




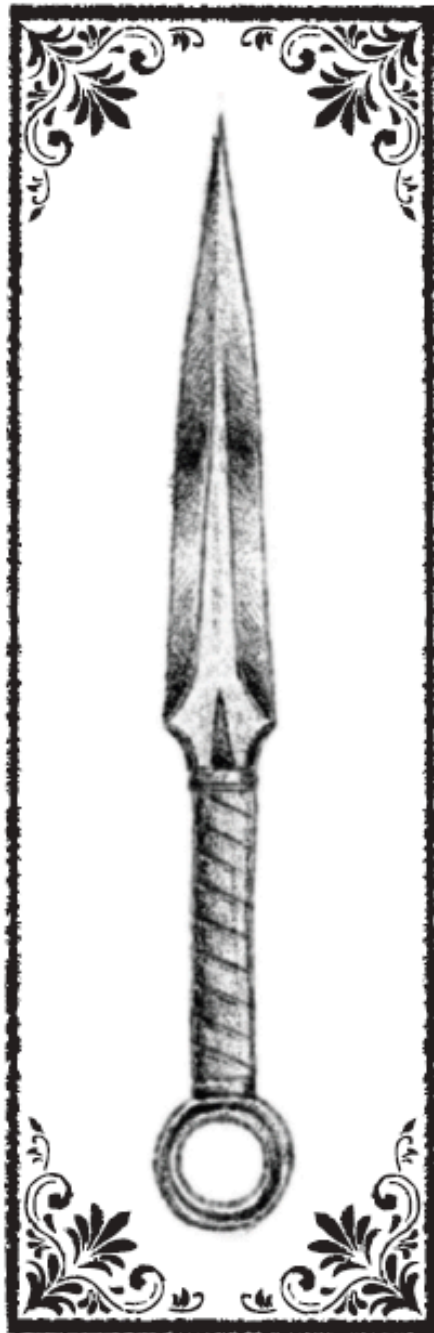
Plagiaty



Pexeso



Záložky



Záložky



Promo video

