

We wrote a short story of our favorite character from the series, The Mortal Instruments, written by Cassandra Clare. He is one of the main characters in this series although making appearances in other book chains by Clare like The Dark Artifices. His world is one filled with supernatural creatures, vampires, werewolves, warlocks, and faeries, each with a special strength of their own.

Character Description:

Name: JONATHAN (JACE) CHRISTOPHER HERONDALE

DOB: JANUARY 18 1991, IDRIS

Fiancée: CLARISSA ADELE FAIRCHILD

Parabatai: ALEXANDER GIDEON LIGHTWOOD

Occupation: SHADOWHUNTER

Appearance: Jace is very well-known for his good looks. He has curly blond hair, that he sometimes grows a little longer, long eyelashes, and amber eyes that look gold in the light. He has a lean, slim muscular build, broad shoulders, and stands over 5'11". One of Jace's upper incisors has a slight chip. Like all other Shadowhunter's, he is covered in runes – black patterns which enhance a warrior's power at a given talent e.g., far-sighted, strength or agility - both the newly-applied or permanent black ones, and the faded silver runes that are to be reapplied.

Personality: Jace had always been independent and somehow self-possessed, having been taught not to betray himself to emotions as a child. Jace has a sharp, defensive wit, an acidic temperament, which was later only tamed by Clary and a very sarcastic attitude when he chooses to hide his insecurities. Giving the impression of holding most people in disdain, Jace is seen as extremely arrogant, self-centered, and overconfident, believing himself to be "the best Shadowhunter to ever live" and above others

True enough, Jace is superior in battle, something Jace has been training for since he was young and had grown to love over the years. Like the Lightwoods, Jace also shared the snobbish attitude toward mundanes and Downworlders, though he lacked their extremist tendencies. Jace was taught that "to love is to destroy, and to be loved is to be destroyed," at an early age, Jace kept everyone, except the Lightwoods, at arm's length, never forming emotional attachments for more than a brief amount of time, if at all.

His personality drastically changed after he met Clary, with Isabelle – the younger sibling of Alec - even stating that Jace was apathetic about everyone else beforehand, not caring about anyone other than the Lightwoods until he met Clary, whose presence shook Jace, who was revealed to be a very passionate individual, loving Clary on a very deep and passionate level when he fell in love with her and does everything in his power to protect her from harm, the extent of his love for Clary even surprising those close to him

Nephilim physiology: Being Nephilim, Jace possesses a variety of enhanced physical and mental abilities granted to him by the angel blood of Raziel in his veins and by the angelic Marks of the Grey Book. This includes enhanced strength, speed, agility, stamina, and coordination, which continue to improve over time and practice

(ORIGINAL STORY FROM: CITY OF BONES)

“Once there was a boy, When the boy was six years old, his father gave him a falcon to train. Falcons are raptors – killing birds, his father told him, the Shadowhunter’s of the sky. The falcon didn’t like the boy, and the boy didn’t like it, either. Its sharp beak made him nervous, and its bright eyes always seemed to be watching him. It would slash at him with beak and talons when he came near: For weeks, his wrists and hands were always bleeding. He didn’t know it, but his father had selected a falcon that had lived in the wild for over a year, and thus was nearly impossible to tame. But the boy tried, because his father told him to make the falcon obedient, and he wanted to please his father. He stayed with the falcon constantly, keeping it awake by talking to it and even playing music to it, because a tired bird was meant to be easier to tame. He learned the equipment: the jesses, the hood, the brail, the leash that bound the bird to his wrist. He was meant to keep the falcon blind, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it – instead, he tried to sit where the bird could see him as he touched and stroked its wings, willing it to trust him. He fed it from his hand, and at first it would not eat. Later it ate so savagely that its beak cut the skin of his palm. But the boy was glad, because it was progress, and because he wanted the bird to know him, even if the bird had to consume his blood to make that happen.



He began to see that the falcon was beautiful, that its slim wings were built for the speed of flight, that it was strong and swift, fierce, and gentle. When it dived to the ground, it moved like light. When it learned to circle and come to his wrist, he nearly shouted with delight. Sometimes the bird would hop to his shoulder and put its beak in his hair. He knew his falcon loved him, and when he was certain it was not just tamed but perfectly tamed, he went to his father and showed him what he had done, expecting him to be proud. Instead, his father took the bird, now tame and trusting, in his hands and broke its neck. I told you to make it obedient’ his father said and dropped the falcon’s lifeless body to the ground. Instead, you taught it to love you. Falcons are not meant to be loving pets: They are fierce and wild, savage, and cruel. This bird was not tamed; it was broken. Later, when his father left him, the boy cried over his pet, until eventually his father sent a servant to take the body of the bird away and bury it. The boy never cried again, and he never forgot what he’d learned: that to love is to destroy, and that to be loved is to be the one destroyed.”

LEARN ABOUT LOSS:

Jace age 6:

Jonathan Wayland was sweating profusely, his father Michael insisted Jonathan train even though he wasn't old enough to bear his first rune. All Shadowhunter's got their 'Clairvoyance' rune when they turned ten, an eye looking symbol on their dominant hand to help them see past glamours.



Jonathan unlike most people was left-handed, his father repeatedly told him it was because he was different than other Shadowhunter's. He'd never met anyone his age before, he got lonely sometimes, but he was content living with just his father.

His father was both harsh and loving. He trained him strictly as a warrior, with the occasional beating when he stepped out of line, but he was also treated with some kindness. His father had insisted he learnt an instrument, he had chosen the piano which his father taught him to play. Despite his father making sure he was extremely disciplined, there were cherished moments that he shared with him. Jonathan always looked forward to his birthday as it was the only day he was free to do, or have, whatever he desired whether it be: horses, weapons, books, and his personal favorite the bath in spaghetti he had on his fifth birthday



He woke up at exactly 5:00 and after getting dressed, making sure there were no wrinkles on his clothes and not a hair untamed, he made his way downstairs for breakfast. He noticed a note on the table from his father asking him to meet him outside. After finishing his nourishing breakfast, he made his way outside. His father was standing facing away from him, he stood at 6 feet tall, wide chested with thick muscular arms that were crossed in front of him. He hadn't even turned around, but he somehow knew he was there standing behind him. There was no point of ever trying to sneak up on his father or hide something from him as nothing and he meant nothing ever got past him.



His father turned around facing him. He had sharp features, with a hard pointed chin, black eyes, and his hair so light it would be considered white. His eyes and hair contrasted colours making him look more endearing. "Jonathan, I have something for you" he was surprised his father scarcely gave out gifts. His father looked down pointedly and Jonathan following his gaze saw what he was looking at. There in a cage was a sleeping bird. Its wings a dark brown. The falcon upon hearing him opened his eyes. The bird's eyes were bright, intently watching him. Its gaze unnerving him he wanted to take a step back but knowing that would be seen weak by his father he stayed where he was staring at the bird. It had a wild-crazy look in its eyes and its sharp beak made Jonathan want to stay away. Nevertheless, his father had other plans. "Jonathan" he said "you are to tame this beast until it obeys your every command, do not fail me."



"yes father" his father nodded satisfied with his response and turned away walking toward the 'Wayland estate' Jonathan wasn't quite sure what to do with the bird but not wanting to upset his father he stepped towards it.

It had been almost 2 months since his father had given him the bird and Jonathan couldn't be more grateful. He loved his bird and his bird loved him, his bird was his companion his only friend and after weeks of trying he'd finally gained its trust. Of course, it wasn't easy, he had countless scratches and scars on his hands and arms from the bird sharp beak and talons. Jonathan at first thought the bird was a hopeless cause but after playing it music, feeding him from his own hand and gently caressing and stroking it he'd had enough trust from the bird to tame it. He'd noticed the beauty of the bird the way its slim wings were meant for speed and agility, it was strong fierce but gentle as well. He had almost screamed in delight when the bird had circled over his head and landed on his shoulder, and after making sure the bird wasn't just tamed but perfectly tamed, he went to show his father.



He stepped into his father's office, proudly showing him the bird. His father in one quick movement he had taken the bird and snapped its neck. Jonathan stared in shock at the motionless lump of feathers on the ground. Tears welled in his eyes and he desperately tried to keep them at bay. He glanced up at his father looking for an explanation, His father replied "I told you to make it obedient, instead you taught it to love you, the bird was not tamed it was broken,"

That night Jonathan cried and cried mourning his beloved pet. He vowed to himself that it would be the last time he cried. The valuable lesson was set in his head; 'to love is to destroy, and to be loved is to be the one destroyed.'



' Jace's father, Michael, was a Circle member and wound up being in an unexpected catastrophe leaving Jace to fend for himself with his orphan family: The Lightwoods. Over the years, Jace forms himself a special bond with the older brother – Alec Lightwood – becoming parabatai, a ritual made only for Shadowhunter's in which the power of the other increases your own in battle, in healing and elsewhere 'whither thou goest, I will go'. The eternal connection is evermore needed in Jace's times of danger – which seems to follow like a never-ending, shadowing abyss. '

Jace age 10:

Jonathan was nervously pacing in his cabin, anxious about moving in to live with the Lightwoods, when he heard them talking. They were standing outside his room – a peculiar group consisting of a Shadowhunter, Silent Brother – a superior Shadowhunter, who only speak through the mind - and two vampires. He was going to ignore them when he heard the Silent Brother mention him: “We cannot allow the child to be scared or hurt,” he mused inside Jonathan’s mind. The boy internally scoffed; he was no child and ridiculously hard to scare. Making his presence aware he responded, “I’m not afraid of anything.” The woman, who was on the ship supposedly to ‘supervise’ him, snarkily replied “Then why were you asking about the Lightwoods?” Jonathan made his intentions clear quickly – “Just curious”.



“Roberts a solid man, I’m sure he’s ready to be a father for you.” Jonathan glared daggers; he had a father he didn’t need anyone replacing him. ‘I had a father’ he said flatly not betraying how he was really feeling. He wasn’t sure how he felt, he had watched his father die before his very eyes, his father’s blood soaking his clothes as he hid under the stairs like a coward. He hadn’t cried but it was still a fresh wound, liable to split at any given moment.



But there was something bothering Jonathan even if he didn’t want to admit it. Tentatively he asked “the mother, Mrs Lightwood how is she like? ‘his own mother had died giving birth to him, and he’d never met anyone else to really know what a mother was supposed to be like, ‘Maryse, barely know her, she’s got three kids four will be a lot to handle’ the rude woman said “I’m not a kid, I won’t bother her.”



On the way they get attacked by werewolves trying to smuggle yin fen into New York

After the short incident -they were arriving at the docks-New York passenger ship terminal ,New York , so far away from home, just what he needed -a fresh start. Speaking to the silent brother-brother Zachariah- had given him a new perspective of a way to see things. Brother Zachariah who had carved his parabatai’s initials into his staff claiming he’d always fought better with him had told him.....



‘We battle hardest when that which is dearest to us than are own lives is at stake. A parabatai is both blade and shield. You belong together and to each other not because you are the same but because you are different shapes fit together to be a greater whole, a greater warrior for a higher purpose, ’

His father had always told him that having a parabatai was a weakness that he'd regretted his own parabatai and here he was going to live with him. He personally believed that you shouldn't rely on anyone when you had yourself as it made you too reliable on one another but now he started doubting his statement. The boat had finally come to a stop and he walked onto the gangway following Robert. It was quite windy and there was a slight chill in the air blowing his golden locks. They reached a woman standing next to three kids. Not sure on how to start the conversation he went with a simple "I'm Jonathan" The lady-Maryse-replied "Hello Jonathan, I'm Maryse nice to meet you." she reached to touch his hair and Jonathan not used to caresses flinched but stayed still savouring the feel of a motherly hand as she smoothed his wind-blown hair back. "I think we need to get you a haircut." she said. Jonathan was surprised did people really care about such simple things he was much too busy training to have cared about his hair. "Then you will be even more handsome," she winked.



"Is that even possible?" he questioned. Someone laughed and that's when he noticed the younger Lightwoods. The boy who laughed had long dark unruly hair that covered his face and he was standing next to a girl, his younger sister he presumed, "say hello to Jonathan kids," Robert told them. Then suddenly a little kid rushed forward and hugged his leg, he took a step backward instinctively and looked down "Hello Jonathan," said the youngest Lightwood Max his voice muffled by his trousers. Not sure what to do he carefully patted his back.

When they got to the institute everyone was to head straight to their bedrooms since it was so early in the morning. "Jonathan can sleep in my room because we love each other" proposed Max. Jonathan instantly recoiled 'to love is to destroy' he thought. Maryse led him to his own room and when everyone had left, he sneakily retracted his steps back into the kitchen. Whilst fighting, one of the werewolves had managed to scratch him. It didn't hurt but not wanting it to get infected he started to clean it with a rag. When suddenly he heard 'by the angel your hurt why didn't you say?' turning around he was met with Alec and Izzy's curious looks. 'don't tell your parents,' he said guiltily. Alec ran towards him and started inspecting the wound 'it's shallow but mum could put an iratze on it' he heard him say. Alarmed he quickly said 'No! it's better your parents don't know it happened at all. It's just bad luck they got me, I'm a good fighter I promise.' He was scared that they might send him back for not being a good enough soldier, for being weak enough to get hurt in a fight.



Alec sensing his distress dropped the subject and to Jace's surprise left the room, returning with ointment and bandages. Without warning Isabelle took the ointment and put an excessive amount on, he tried stepping back but she responded with "stop moving you idiot," so he did when she was done Alec wrapped the bandages around him and then stepped back. Jonathan was in awe, he was speechless why did they do that they barely knew him...Before he could ask them what their reasoning was, Maryse and Robert came downstairs probably waking up by the noise upon seeing his state Robert exclaimed "Jonathan! You said you weren't hurt!" he was sure they were regretting letting him say apologizing he answered "It was my fault I got hurt, I know excuses are for incompetents, it won't happen again."



"It won't?" Maryse inquired "all warriors get wounded sometimes." 'Warrior' she had called him a 'warrior' he was no 'warrior' he'd gotten injured in battle with Downworlders not even demons, but maybe just maybe she didn't care, he shook his head dismissing the thought why wouldn't she care?

"Jonathan" Maryse remarked "Does anyone ever call you something else?"

"No, my father used to tell a joke about having another Jonathan if I wasn't good enough."

They didn't find it amusing, "My middle name is Christopher, you can-you can call me Christopher if you like." he responded nervously. They were just making conversation that's all.

"We won't rename you, maybe a nickname, what do you think of Jace?" He thought about it for a second carefully looking at Maryse's reaction through the corner of his eye, then he smiled a small smile growing with hope "I think Jace will work."

Jace was now filled with hope maybe he could find a place among the Lightwood's, a fresh start in New York, maybe even get a parabatai, take brother Zacharias advice. Jace Wayland was confused, his father had taught him that to love was to destroy but the Lightwood's loved each other, had a relationship that he never he never had with his father, he was starting to doubt his words.

THROUGH BLOOD AND FIRE:

Jace age 12:

He loved it here sure he missed his father, missed their vigorous training sessions, and missed when his father would ask him to play him something on the piano, but moving with the Lightwood's was something completely different something amazing and yes, he did feel guilty as if he was betraying his father but deep down, he knew that the truth was inevitable he loved the Lightwoods and in a way he was grateful his father left him this last gift that he would cherish.



Jace was playing with 4-year-old Max he loved that kid. He still had that childhood innocence that Jace never had and he wanted it to stay like that for as long as possible so when Alec and Izzy mostly ignored the kid he tried to spend as much time with his as he possibly could. He'd always thought that he had a normal childhood and that everyone had to train to be the best or they were seen worthless but after seeing how Maryse and Robert interacted with their kids and after visiting the Penhallow's in Idris he realised that Aline's parents her treated her with the same love as the Lightwood's so he came to the conclusion that his father was wrong but he didn't hate him for it, all he did was make him a stronger and better Shadowhunter.



He looked down at Max playing with his toys, he never got the time to play just training as soon as he hit his sixth birthday, but there was one toy he had if you could even call it that a wooden soldier that he'd carved himself, his father never saw the soldier, but he was sure he knew about it but didn't comment on it letting him keep it. He always left the soldier under his pillow and put it in his pocket when he was going somewhere to hold tight when in need for comfort, in fact he still had it now in his bedroom under his pillow as a reminder that good things came at a cost example, he had to lose his father to get a proper family.



"Max" he called out the small boy looked up at him with admiration. "I have something for you." Max smiled "What is it?"

"Well, it's a surprise so you'll have to see for yourself, won't you?" he said, grinning at his adorable pout. 'But-but' Max stammered trying to find a reason to see it now "Mommy said it was bad to keep secrets' 'he said proudly as if it was the most important thing ever. 'Oh No!' he played along "How could I ever defy the words of Maryse Lightwood, I guess you've won' 'I exaggerated a long sigh. Without warning Max had stood up from his position on the floor and jumped onto my back "Take "Take me to my surprise peasant." Smiling I stood up making it seem like an impossible task and ran towards my room, Max clinging tightly and shrieking, where I deposited him on my bed. There I got out my wooden soldier from under my pillow and told Max "this soldier is very dear to me and I need someone to protect it for me as I am no longer capable, but I think you Max are so are you up for it?' he stared at the soldier for a second then his large eyes met mine and he smiled wildly with all teeth on display.



(Original Story From: City of Glass)

"Do you know what this is?" she said and held it up. It seemed to be a small toy soldier, carved out of wood. A toy Shadowhunter, Simon realised, complete with painted on black gear. The silver glint he'd noticed was the paint on the sword it held; it was nearly worn away. "it was Jace's," she said without waiting for him to answer. "it was the only toy he had when he came from Idris. I don't know maybe it was apart of a bigger set once. I think he made it himself, but he never said much about it. he used to take it with him everywhere with him when he was little, always in a pocket or whatever. then one day I noticed max carrying it around. Jace must have been around thirteen then. he just gave it to Max guess when he got too old for it. Anyway, it was in Max's hand when they found him. it was like he grabbed it to hold on to when Sebastian-when he-, " she broke off. the effort she was making not to cry was visible; her mouth was set in a grimace, as if it were twisting itself out of shape. "I should have been there protecting him. I should have been there for him to hold on to, not some stupid little wooden toy, "she flung it onto the bed her eyes glistening.

Jace age: 15

Jace was in the training room with Izzy and Alec, all practicing their individual weapons. Izzy practicing the whip dangerously almost hitting him multiple times and Alec at the shooting range with his bow and arrows whilst he practiced his sword fighting slashing and stabbing the practice dummies. They'd been rigorously training for 2 hours now so Isabelle declared that she was going to bring some drinks and snacks for them all "Just don't try to cook anything!" Alec shouted from the other end of the institute, Izzy *hmp*ed and turned around flicking her hair over her shoulder. Jace smirked Izzy couldn't cook for her life but even then, she constantly tried again and again though you've got to admit she was devoted.



He and Alec took a break and sat on top of one of the balancing beams. Sweat coating their brows, they shared a bottle of water between themselves splashing the cold water on their hot faces. He

and Alec had become best of friends over the past three years. Yes, he and Izzy were close but it wasn't the same with Alec. He trusted Alec with every fibre of his being and knew he could confide with him any secret of his and he wouldn't tell a soul about it. He had something important to ask him he was nervous hand tapping against his thigh Alec obviously noticed and asked "What's wrong?" Izzy was gone this was the perfect opportunity he thought to himself. "I have a question for you, you don't have to answer it yet if you don't want to and be honest, I won't mind I was just -I was wondering -would u want to," Jace calm down he chided himself. He took a breath and asked "Alec you are one of my dearest friends and I was wondering if you'd ever consider being parabatai with me?" Alec stared at him. His deep blue eyes looking into his bright gold one's. He looked slightly pale at first then he responded " yes Jace of course I would love to be your parabatai! "



Today was the day of Jace and Alec's parabatai ceremony. They'd been escorted to the silent city and lead inside a room where about 20 silent brothers stood in a ring, Jace intently looked at them all hoping it was the silent brother he met at the docks disappointed when it wasn't. The day he'd arrived to live at the Institute Brother Zachariah had told him about his own parabatai and Jace ,who had previously thought that parabatai was meaningless and weakened you into relying on one another too much , had been inspired by the way brother Zachariah had spoken about his parabatai with love even after all these years and Jace had hoped he could thank him for indirectly helping and to show him that he was only here because of him .



A silent brother spoke into their minds 'Alexander and Jonathan step into the ring' once they stepped into the ring of silent brothers a sort of fiery trail appeared making a circle around each of them. Jace couldn't help but notice Alec's shaking hands so he gave him a reassuring smile unlike his frequent smirks. 'we begin the fiery trial, you will now recite the oath, 'They both recited the ancient oath together:

Entreat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee— For whither thou goest, I will go, And where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Angel do so to me, and more also, If aught but death part thee and me.

They were now officially one. Jace felt more stronger quicker. He felt lighter as if being connected to Alec took his burdens away. He felt the connection like an invisible wire connecting from their runes. He felt rejuvenated he felt fresh new and improved like a Jace 2.0. Jace had sworn to protect and stay by Alec's side till death and he planned to keep that oath.



DEEPER LOVE

Jace age:17

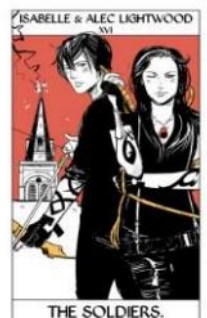
Jace was sitting opposite Clary. They'd defeated Valentine, killed Sebastian and it turned out they weren't related after all. Before Jace had left to find Sebastian he'd left Clary a note expressing his feelings towards her even when he thought they were related. They had kissed at the parade but after that they hadn't had much time to talk about themselves about what was going to happen now. Did Clary still want him, or had she only wanted a man she couldn't have. Jace quickly ignored the thought knowing Clary wasn't like that at all. Isabelle and Alec had gone on patrols and Izzy had thought they 'deserved' a treat after. Even though they had eliminated the threat, the Clave and Jace were still wary.



I love you. Those were the words that hung in the air, unspoken from neither of them. Those were the words that coursed through Jace's head whenever he looked at her. Those were the words that will always linger in the air, or so Jace thought. When he found out Clary was his sister, Jace felt betrayed, betrayed from his own father, who had lied to him. Making him suffer wanting- no needing something that he couldn't have. Sitting at the table before him, he knew better. Beating himself bloody and training until the floor was an ocean of sweat didn't solve all your problems, talking did.



"There is no I in team but there is an I in pizza." The attractive young girl sitting across from Jace gestured wildly with her hands towards the freshly delivered pizza boxes stacked on the table. Her stubborn green eyes glowed luminously in the dim light. "Does that mean I'm not getting any?" remarked Jace, reaching for a slice. Smacking his hand away, Clary stated that they were permitted to wait for Alec and Izzy who still hadn't come off patrol. Ever since they came back from Alicante – the capital of Idris, patrols had been going out more often from the institute: looking for unusual demonic activity after the death of Valentine and his son, Jonathan.



Being the murderer of his sort of girlfriend's brother, Jace felt uneasy about the topic still. Jace was still unborn when Valentine experimented on his mother, injecting him with pure angel blood. His mother, Céline, had committed suicide out of grief for his dead father. Valentine took it upon himself to raise Jace, becoming a father of two Jonathan's. Jonathan Morgenstern – Clary's brother – and Jace himself.



Both youngsters keep a terrible secret. Valentine impaled Jace, his heart ceasing to beat, at the scene of the summoning, causing Clary into shock. After the monster of a man was terminated, the angel Raziel turned to Clary, letting her decide the wish. Without reluctance, Clary chose Jace, chose the boy of her heart, chose the better half of herself to be woken up from the hellish place he was in. Jace now lives healthy but dissatisfied with her choice; any wish in the world slipped past her fingers but every time he brought it up, I don't want the world, I want you, would be her answer. Now, it was all but awkward to be around Clary as the news about them no longer being in one family came as a blow to the heart.

He was annoyed at Valentine for making things between Clary and himself awkward. They'd believed that they were siblings but even then, still loved each other and now that they knew they weren't some of that awkwardness was still there and Jace wanted it gone, "Clary?" he asked she turned to look at him "mhmm?" He'd gotten her attention, but he wasn't sure what to say next, so he went straight to the point "I love you." Clearly not expecting that Jace watched her bright emerald eyes grow wide. He continued "From the first time I saw you at pandemonium and you so recklessly yet so bravely tried to stop us from killing that demon after that I never stopped thinking about you, and then when I thought we were related it killed me from the inside I felt like I was being ripped apart and now that I'm sure that we aren't related in any way I can't wait any longer," with that cupped her petite face in his calloused hand and leant forward his lips gently brushing hers silently asking for permission, she leant into his lips and now Clary had given him the go sign he pressed his lips hard against hers caressing her face loving the gasp she made. They moved back both breathing heavily, "I've waited long enough, and I need you to be mine and only mine Clary tell me that your mine."



"I'm yours," she whispered. Their lips brushed once again when Izzy and Alec came waltzing in sitting next to them.

The pizza had gone cold but famished they ate it anyway and there among the people he loved most Jace couldn't have been happier. He'd found love amidst these people: sibling love and romantic love both and it didn't make him weak he felt stronger.

THE END

Story written by: Hareem S 8-5.

Story edited and facts at the beginning written: Alice V, 8-5.

Our story was based on a character from the mortal instruments-Jace. Jace's father raises him believing that to love is to destroy and to be loved is to be the one destroyed. As you read the books you gradually see Jace doubting it until towards the end he no longer believes in it. So, we wrote four short stories about Jace based on Cassandra Clare's novel the first one being -Jace doesn't believe in love second-He learns what love is third-He has a sibling love and fourth-a romantic love. We were asked to do anything that shows us how we see the character and we see him as a vulnerable person who lacks love in his life, and we decided to write what we think could have happened to make this gradual love come to Jace.

