

Prologue
The Beginning

Della was cornered. The person in the silver cloak had their weapon out, poised.

“Be careful, your legacy must not be tampered with.” hissed the person.

It was definitely a male. Della widened her azure eyes. That symbol on the weapon. . .

“F-f-father?” Della whispered.

Della’s father gave her a Cheshire cat smile and vanished with a swish of his cloak. Della crumpled into sobs.

Chapter 1
3 years later. . .

“Della!” Evelyne picked up her pace to keep up with Della.

“What do you want now? I’m *busy*.” Della grumbled.

“Miss Dean would like to see you. *That girl* caused trouble again.” Evelyne answered.

“Not. . . Elle?” Della moaned.

Evelyne nodded.

(Author’s note)

You may have noticed that Evelyne talks to Della like she is headmistress of the Combat School for Girls. Technically, she was. Della’s mother, the actual headmistress, was on a vacation. So, Della was in charge, even though she is 15. Back to the story!

Della reluctantly walked to Elle’s dorm. What had Elle done now? Seems like that 13-year-old has gotten in more trouble than Lila the Great, the most famous girl to ever come to the school. She opened the silver hinged door to find an empty bed. She must be with Miss Dean. But as Della closed the door she heard the sound of crinkling paper. She spotted a piece of paper tucked between under the mattress and bent down to get it. It read:



Chapter 2
The Shortest and Most Dangerous Chapter Ever

Elle grinned, peeking out from under her bed to see Della's pale face.
She jumped out from under the bed and yelled, "Boo!"
Della screamed, tripped over her own feet, and fell out the window.
"I didn't do anything. . ." said Elle, and she walked away, humming innocently.

Chapter 3 The Emergency Room

Della groaned.

“Don’t worry, honey. You just broke your neck falling out of a high tower.” said a pretty woman in a white doctor uniform.

That Elle! This was all her fault. She was the one who scared Della out to the window.

“How long has it been?” asked Della.

All of a sudden the world went fuzzy, and Della was standing in a memory. It was when she was 12, and she was in the same emergency room as now, after her dad attacked.

“Are you there?” the nurse lady asked, waving her hand in front of Della’s face.

“Yes, sorry.” She replied.

“It was just today that you fell off the roof.” Said the nurse lady.

Della studied the nurse lady, and found that her blond hair color didn’t match her black eyebrow color, and she could see no makeup. . .

“Dad.” Della said in a dangerous tone.

The nurse lady took off her wig to reveal black hair and azure eyes that were identical to hers.

“Let’s see what you’ve learned at that pathetic school for girls.”

Challenged her father.

Della accepted.

“Oops.” said her dad in a mocking tone.

He pushed Della out the window.

Chapter 4 The Dream

Elle woke up, with a wide grin on her face. That was the best dream she ever had!

Pushing Delilah off the tower, being a trickster, and Headmaster Troy being evil!

Elle walked to the Willow School for Perfect Girl’s breakfast hall, hoping to avoid Delilah.

How Elle would love to pull a prank on Delilah, and get expelled from this boring school. It

wasn’t her fault that the teachers loved her and would not allow her to get expelled!

Oh, great. Delilah and her cronies stalked up to Elle and stole her spot in line.

“You should get thrown off a tower, you know what I mean?” Elle shot. She already had an idea for the next prank she would pull.

Elle was no longer the
Restricted Rebel.