

THE AEROWYN TALES

Bellarose  
— ♦♦ AND THE ♦♦ —  
Beast

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# Delete Parts from Bellarose and the Beast

**N**ote from author: *In the beginning of Bellarose and the Beast, I had a section set in the modern world that came from the prequel that is no longer available. Bella was rich and there were details about her car before her parents filed bankruptcy, but my editor didn't think it helped move the story along.*

Her car? Gone, and with it the freedom to go anywhere. All she had was her lame old red bicycle. Dad's Lexus, and Mom's BMW, taken. Bella cringed at the thought of the only vehicle they had now. It would be humiliating if her friends saw her in that pathetic piece of junk Mom had inherited when Gramps died

Note from author: *This quote came after Christmas decorations appeared from thin air in the magical library. This was a favorite quote I used on social media posts to promote the first Bellarose prequel. It's still a fun quote, but no longer in the new book.*

A fairy tale Christmas setting unfurled before Bella's eyes.

# Chapter 3 Deleted Parts

**N**ote from author: *My editor thought this section slowed down the story with extra details.*

Thoughts of the magical library and the prior night's conversation with her parents prevented Bella from sleeping.

Since her mom and dad worked late, the family only had dinner time to discuss family issues. Mrs. Bonnay had been a stay-at-home mom and wife who handled the day-to-day details, but not any longer.

The previous night the Bonnays sat around the small dining table located between the kitchen and living room. The whole area was tinier than Bella's bedroom at their old house. The furniture was bought at a thrift store and the meal was microwaved chicken and rice casserole.

Mrs. Bonnay poured water into Bella's glass. "I have already notified your old school that you won't be returning after winter break." She set the pitcher down. "While I'm at work, could you figure out where you will be attending for the new semester?"

Bella moved around the chicken on her plate. "I met someone my age who lives in these apartments. She can help me."

"That's good." Bella's mom gave her a faint smile. "Perhaps she can help you figure out transportation to school too."

"I'll ask." Bella bit a small chunk of chicken.

"I hope the school allows you to register without my presence." Mrs. Bonnay moved the rice around on her plate. "My boss isn't flexible. He won't allow me to leave early or take a longer lunch, so I can't help you."

Bella's mom needed that job. Bella would try to do whatever she could to help out her parents. She worried that it wouldn't be a smooth transition since it was the middle of the school year rather.

"Mom, its winter break. I'm not sure there is anyone at school for me to ask."

Mrs. Bonnay frowned. "I'm sorry I can't help you. Since you are on winter break, you have the time to figure it out." She took a sip of water. "This isn't ideal, but we need to make the best of the situation."

Bella's dad ate silently. His eyes had bags and his facial skin sagged.

"Hon, how was work?" Mrs. Bonnay smiled wearily.

"My job is horrible, but it pays the bills." Mr. Bonnay slouched. "I need to look for something better after Christmas."

Mrs. Bonnay's eyes welled up. It was a regular sight to see her cry nowadays.

"Since I haven't worked in over sixteen years, my holiday job will end in January. They aren't going to take me on permanently." Mrs. Bonnay sobbed. "I will try to find a better paying one after the New Year."

# Chapter 6 Deleted Parts

No matter what his mother said, Gerard worried because he felt responsible. He wanted to show his appreciation to his adopted parents for their sacrifices and love. When he was only four, his birth parents had died in an epidemic. He couldn't remember them or the illness that had swept over much of that region in France. An old widow had offered to take care of Gerard while his parents lay on their deathbed. But she soon realized Gerard was too much for her to handle when she could barely feed herself. At the time, his adopted parents didn't have any children of their own and were pleased to raise him as their own.

Gerard recalled the peculiarities of the woman. She looked old and haggard, but once, for the briefest of moments, he thought he had seen a glimmer of youth in her eyes. She had told him about his biological parents, but he had been so young he didn't remember what she had said. Despite his dim memories, he never forgot the strangeness of the widow's eyes.

Sweat ran down his back and gathered around his hairline as he finished mucking out the livestock stalls.

# Chapter 5 Ending Deleted

**N**ote from author: *I had added this idea to show the transition from the real world to the story book. This was not in the original Gerad book, but later it got changed and the idea moved to another chapter.*

A rotten egg odor surrounded her reminding Bella of the enchantress's spell. Was she still inside the book?

Bella floated as if gravity didn't exist. Where was the floor? Where were the walls? There was no ceiling nor floor. Off to her left side was an hour glass larger than life turning upside down. To her right a gigantic grandfather clock gonged twelve times emitting a painful ringing and in vain she covered her ears to block the raucous sounds.

A book bigger than the clock danced in front of Bella and the pages whipped quickly. Wind slapped her face tangling her hair in mid-air and pulling on her shirt.

Bile rose in Bella's throat and the hairs on her arms prickled. Since her feet weren't touching anything and she couldn't grab onto a solid object, her body began to flip and turn faster and faster—Bella was going to be sick.

Colored exploded into the space and the sounds abruptly stopped. Bella stood on a solid wooden surface away from the previous void. Appreciation that she managed to literally keep her cookies down disappeared quickly when the wretched odor of vomit and a new rocking

motion brought on more nausea. She regretted eating the delightful snack before opening this book—was she still reading it? Despite the horrible smells, Bella's migraine had miraculously disappeared.

Water slapped a hard surface and a swaying motion gave Bella a flashback of the time she vomited over her dad's business partner's yacht when they had vacationed together.

She pivoted to investigate her surroundings and her breath hitched from the shocking sight of her parents lying on makeshift beds with oozing blisters covering their red feverish faces.

"Bellarose," her father gasped. "Please get your mother and I some water."

Bella spotted a nearby bucket full of what she hoped was clean water. She scooped the liquid with a wooden ladle attached to the side and slowly carried the cup to her mom's lips. Bella's hand brushed over her mother's ice-cold skin.

"Mom, Mom, wake up!" She shook her mother.

Her mom's rigid body remained lifeless. Bella's throat constricted with a silent sob.

When she finally found her voice, Bella screamed, "I want to leave this story now!"

Nothing changed as she sat next to her parents' dead bodies. Had the book's magic gone haywire or did Layney lie about the experience?



# Chapter 18 Deleted Parts

**N**ote from author: *Some of this was used in a different section and reworked. I didn't save all deleted parts, but only the ones I hoped to use somewhere in the story.*

He was wearied by the constant imaginary visions his mind conjured. The first one that fooled him was an apparition of Elayne down the alley-way of The Swan. After that, he saw her a multitude of times. It always ended in agonizing pain as it dug up memories of her death when he inevitably realized she wasn't real.

If it wasn't sightings of his beloved, sometimes the cries of British soldiers rang in his ears while the ground suddenly turned crimson below his feet; followed by the coppery odor of blood. Normally it took several minutes for the sensations to disappear while he rationalized it all away.

Flashbacks exhausted him and new ones—