

***Deleted Scene: Ellie and Ian***

***Authors Notes:*** *This scene was removed for timing, character arcs, and redundancy which is a problem whenever you have a novel that spans years rather than a few days.*

***SPOILER ALERT:*** *This scene has hints to final scenes of the novel.*

A VOICE BEHIND ELLIE DEMANDED, “What are you doing here alone?”

She jumped and spun around to face Ian.

“It’s dangerous, El. I’ve told you I don’t want you wandering around here alone,” he snapped.

“Don’t act like that,” she replied holding down her anger at being scolded.

The adult world was not as dangerous as people made it appear. There weren’t villains hidden behind every corner, though Ian seem to think so. Working for Madam Tallier and Warden Kessler, Ellie learned most people would not go out of their way to screw with them, and those that did cut corners. Extending meat with polymer goo or unplumbed walls and cheap piping were much more common than rapists –well at least in the civilian side of things. There were more dangers in the prison, but she was a bonded to the Tallier-Kessler Household. Guards and prisoners would never touch her.

“Where’s Vasili?”

“Watching the bees dance.”

“I don’t want you alone.”

She crossed her arms in front of her. “What are you doing alone?”

“Just walking around.” Ian’s voice rose slightly, but held a trembling vulnerability that hinted at his pain.

She took his hand. “I’m sorry about Madam Kessler. She was pretty and I know how much you liked her.”

He squeezed hers in return. “Thank you.” He let go and sat against the wall, his long legs splayed out in front of him. It wasn’t very dignified. She glanced behind her then decided to sit beside him.

“Did you like her?” he asked. And in the silence that followed, he said, “Don’t fib now.”

“I didn’t perform my duties adequately. I asked Jardine for advice, but when we ran through the routine, Miss Olivia was not pleased. I showed her pictures of hair styles, but couldn’t figure out what she wanted, so I got sent back to the kitchen with Yves.”

Ellie was surprised to see Ian smile. “I couldn’t figure out how to make her happy either.”

For awhile, he spoke about the importance of finding ones place and following one’s true purpose in life. “Isn’t that strange?”

It didn’t seem strange to Ellie at all.

“How are your labs going? Dad’s really enjoying them.”

“Your father is a wonderful teacher—very supportive,” she said.

“He’s softened over the years. He used to lecture me. When I was your age, he nagged about impressing the Oxford admissions board.”

She decided to share her secret. “Dr. Ian, once my bond is over, I’m going to start a school. A school where anyone can attend...”

“I know.”

“How?”

“It’s a small station and I live next door to you.”

Written by Elizabeth Guizzetti

Copyright 2015