

Rage To Blood

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“A book for people who have a rough backstory
yet still got misunderstood..”

The Incident

At the edge of town, where the roads crossed like fate itself, stood a house filled with secrets. Everyone knew that not all families are perfect. She was the middle child, the forgotten one, the one who always felt like an outsider in her own home.... New sunrise came up. It was 7AM and the room was bright with the sun. Dila slowly pulls off her blanket and slips her feet into her morning slippers. She stands up on her bed leaving a small noise as she stands up. She touched the glass, tracing the curve of her dimples. A smile that no one in her family shared. A face that sometimes felt like it didn't belong.... Short brown bob haircut, and sort of hazel eyes... her smile always shows her dimples.. As she walked as quietly as she could, each step she took at the stairs made a noise. Dila hoped she didn't make anyone awake. She finally got to the living room. She sits on the couch as she extends her hand to get the remote but then she thinks to herself "Why

am i so different from every family member..?” She questioned that to herself very often but this time she wonders it way too deeply... Is it the way she behaved? Or the way she looks? She never knew... After a moment, she pushed herself up and made her way to the kitchen. Her steps were soft, careful—an old habit. She was used to moving quietly, making herself small.

At the counter, she reached for a glass and filled it with water. **8:00 AM.** Time for her medication.

Dila had **PCHD19 epilepsy** and **dysexecutive syndrome.** Two things that made her different. Two things that set her apart. She swallowed the pills with a sip of water, the coldness sliding down her throat.

She had always taken her medication without a second thought. But today, as she set the glass down, she couldn't shake the feeling that something was... **off.**

Something was missing.

Or someone will be missing.

She hears footsteps from Isabella, she forces a smile for her sakes as she turns to look at her. Isabella looked at Dila hugging her “Why are you awake so up?” Dila stays silent, it was Saturday morning afterall.. She should be sleeping her soul out..? “I don’t know I felt like waking up early Isa..” Isa was a nickname for Isabella... Isabella looks at the cornflakes not being aware of Dila’s inner turmoil. “Can we eat some cornflakes, big sister?” Dila nodded as she prepared the cornflakes and the milk just the way Isabella loves it. She made one for herself too... As they went to eat breakfast, their oldest sister—Alexia came to the living room. She always had morning humor. It wasn’t special to Dila & Isabella... Dila tried her best to keep Isabella in check while Alexia was half asleep and went to the kitchen to get some breakfast. Dila looks at the remote as she picks it up and she opens Netflix. Dila whispers to Isabella “What do you wanna watch?” Isabella shrugs “What should we watch?” Dila & Isabella always didn’t know what to watch with each other. Dila finally

chose Wednesday to watch. As they ate breakfast while watching the show, Alexia joins in “Good Morning.. It’s 9AM, who woke me up?” Isabella stays silent as Dila spoke up “I was it, sorry sis.” Alexia sighs “Dila can’t you sleep on a saturday morning out?” Dila stays silent... she wonders if she was a curse. She stood up as she left the living room in tears staying quiet. Isabella got held back by Alexia, as their whispers were still loud to hear “Big sister, you’re too harsh to her..” “She has disorders, Isa, you won’t understand her.” As those words got to Dila she ran to her room in tears.

3-5 HOURS LATER.....

Hermione, the mother of 3 girls, noticed Dila being in her room. She looks at her husband Lucas “Did something happen to her, this isn’t like her, she always goes outside..” Lucas sighs “I don’t know my love, I wish I

could tell you about her mind.” As the family expect Dila to go bowling, she finally started to cry in her room. Tears flowing down each one flying down her cheeks, faster than the other. She yells in her room “WHY AM I CURSE!” She throws her stuffed animal across the room. She cries as she has a mental breakdown. She didn’t know what to do with her life...

THE NEXT DAY.....

The next day, Dila woke up at 7:40 AM again. Her body had grown accustomed to the quiet routine of her mornings—pillows tucked just so, the cold touch of the water glass, the soft swish of the slippers across the floor. But today, something was different. There was a heaviness in the air, a silence