

AN UNOFFICIAL **ROBLOX** BOOK

ROYAL SCHOOL FOR
ROBLOX
PRINCESSES

Surprise Pets



ELIANA AVATAR

SCHOLASTIC INC.

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ARRIVAL

I turned to my father, **KING AVATAR**, and he opened his arms for a hug. I leaned into him as he squeezed me tightly.

“You’ll make us proud, Eliana. I know you will,” he said in his deep voice.

My mother, **QUEEN AVATAR**, stroked my long blond hair, gently stretching





out my ringlets to watch them *bounce* back into place.

“We’ll see you for the holidays,” she said.

I smiled at my parents and wiped a tear from my eye. It’s always sad to say goodbye, but I was also **SUPER EXCITED** to start my new life at the **ROYAL SCHOOL FOR ROBLOX PRINCESSES**. I’d been dreaming about my first day here ever since I was a tiny avatar in Princess Preschool.

Every princess went to the Royal School for Roblox Princesses. It’s where they teach us how to be the best princesses we



can be—good leaders, kind to the people of our lands, and skilled in magic.

As excited as I was, there was also a bit of fear. Not everyone who attended Princess School would graduate. I had heard of some avatars who didn't pass their tests and exams and had to go back to their kingdoms without an official princess title. That would be **SOOOO EMBARRASSING!**

But there was no point worrying about that now. I wasn't going to let thoughts like that ruin my first day!

I picked up my **PINK SUITCASE** and



made my way over to the gate, waving
goodbye to my parents as I walked.



But I wasn't looking where I was going
and **BUMPED** into another avatar.

“**HEY**, watch where you're going!” an
angry voice said.



I looked up and an avatar stared back at me with **ANNOYANCE**. From the suitcase I'd knocked out of her hand, I figured she was also attending Princess School. She had long dark-purple hair with a single green streak running down one side. Her ruby-red lips were twisted into a scowl.

"S-s-sorry," I mumbled, scrambling to pick up her suitcase.

"Just leave it!" she hissed, **SNATCHING** it from me.

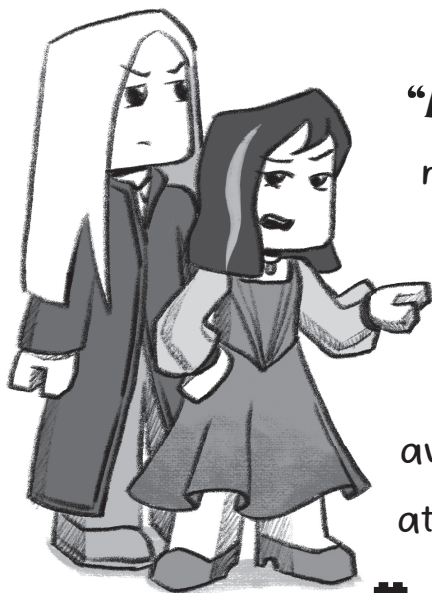
"Is everything OK, Raven?" a deep voice said from behind us.



I turned and saw a tall man with waist-long white hair and a black cloak.

Before I could say anything, my father bustled over to help me pick up my own suitcase, which had also fallen to the ground. He stopped abruptly.

“**TEMPEST,**” he said, nodding at the man.



“**AVATAR,**” the mysterious man replied.

They stood awkwardly, glaring at each other.