

FANTASY #1

Setting: Bella's porch

Time: Spring

Age: 15

There she is. Ah damn, there's a guy driving her truck. Kinda wish I had it back now! Is it that Cullen? Must be. My dad is freaking out. Superstitious old fart. So is Cullen leavin' or what? Hope so. Hey! Crap. She must like him. Looks like he's gonna smooch her right here in front of us. Hmm...that looked more like necking than kissing. What's that mean? Cool, here she comes. Well, I guess he's gonna stand there in the rain and look at us. Why the hell doesn't he leave? He's sure giving me the hairy eyeball! I hope that means something like, say, he's worried about the competition! Damn, she's pretty. Nice figure, too. I think she really liked me that day at the beach. Seemed like it. She's not that much older, two years, max. She thought I was a year older, anyway. It's 'cuz I'm so tall and good-looking and Indian. Ha! Palefaces can never tell how old we are. Convenient. I wonder if she'd go out with me. Damn, I got no car! I don't even have my license. It's kinda hard to impress a girl when you roll on up on your tricked-out bicycle. That would be a hellava long bike ride up from the rez, anyway.... We're leaving already? Crap, Dad! I need time to work my game!

These things drive me crazy! There are times when one might wish that one didn't have perfect recall. They've become especially bothersome now that he's so taken with my daughter. I may have won that first battle, but I'm afraid he's going to win the war. Or have the last laugh or something. Well, that's why I started this diary, so I might as well just put them down. Then maybe they won't jump into my head every time I see him with Nessie...

Edward

Ω