

BOBBI FISCHER'S LEGACY

I have never told Renesmee that one of her first crushes, the vampire Fred, was responsible for the demise of two of Bobbi Fischer's kittens, which had grown to adulthood on the Quileute reservation. Bella and I had introduced Fred to a vegetarian lifestyle and as he experimented with that, unbeknownst to us, he developed a taste for domestic feline blood. Though cats have a palatable scent, none of the Cullens has ever considered drinking them because dealing with the carcass is more trouble than the one swallow they contain is worth. Fred likes the flavor, though, and cats are much more abundant than mountain lions.

After one of Fred's regular visits, Renesmee told me that two of Bobbi Fischer's offspring had not been visiting her at school as they usually did. I put two and two together and was glad that Renesmee had not.

The next time Fred showed up I asked him about his recent hunting habits and saw in his mind that he had encountered Ada Lovelace and Alan Turing in the woods near the reservation and had made short work of them. I said nothing to Renesmee, but I warned Fred about the existence of Bobbi Fischer and described her and her remaining progeny so that he could avoid destroying any more of Renesmee's prized litter. He felt badly, of course, but after all, we had encouraged him to try a vegetarian lifestyle and we always knew that he had unusual feeding habits.

That same year, Admiral Grace became pregnant and delivered her kittens somewhere out in the forest. Renesmee looked for them, but she never found the litter. We assumed that they hadn't survived the owls that hunt the Olympic forest at night. A couple years later, though, we discovered that a growing number of feral cats had taken up residence in the area. I've advised Renesmee to leave them alone and when Fred returns from Denali, we'll encourage him to winnow down the population to acceptable levels—if he returns, that is. Alice said he has no current plans to do so. She winked at me then and I have yet to quiz her about Fred's fate in Alaska.

Oh hell! I don't have to ask Alice. I know Tanya all too well. With any luck, Fred is happily ensnared in her web.

Edward

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