

Below is a short-story (flash fiction) written for a fan contest in regards to the Twilight Saga (Stephanie Meyer). The rules were to create a story using characters from Twilight at any point in time in the books, involving Halloween.

It was just for fun!!! Thanks for reading!

It was a Wednesday morning, another typical day at Forks High School. That Edward fellow seemed to be everywhere I looked and nowhere at the same time. One minute I was talking to Jessica and Angela, and then I felt a presence behind me. I glanced over; Edward was standing in the hallway staring at me. But not staring at me. He was there, as if he could hear every word we were saying, concentrating intently, but his eyes never squinted in my direction. The distance between us was too far for any person to hear our conversation.

Whenever he was near, I lost my breath and my hands steadied on the walls next to me. Immediately, I found myself concentrating on the conversation, reminding me to breathe again.

Something about him changed the way I existed, the way I lived my mediocre teenage life. I didn't really know him. He saved me from a terrifying death and I still didn't know why. Of course, he hadn't uttered two words to me after *that* day and somehow I got the impression he thought I wanted to exploit him – the way he saved me. As if he thought I would march over to the town's newspaper and say what? This gorgeous, mysterious, strange guy saved my life by stopping a van from plowing into me, with his bare hands? No. I would never do that. If anything, I just wanted to say 'Thank You' again.

Not only has he been everywhere I turned, he's occupied all my dreams too. One night I woke up and he was standing in my room, but when I turned the lamp on, he was gone. A mere figment of my imagination.

My conversation with Angela and Jessica slowly faded back into reality, and I realized I was still standing in the hallway with my hands braced on the wall, while Edward stared sideways at me, his ear in my direction. Edward's head perked up the second before I felt two hands grab my waist, comically shaking as the words, "What's up Bella?" came from behind me.

Jessica's face didn't appear amused.

Eric and Mike loudly intruded into our conversation regarding our plans for Halloween that night. I didn't mind the extra company, the more the merrier, and the more likely that I could sneak out from the group whenever I wanted.

“So Bella, what costume are you wearing tonight?” Mike asked.

Costumes were not my thing, anything that drew more attention than necessary was not my thing. “Um, ya. I probably will just go as myself, didn’t really have much time to look for anything,” I said shaking my head. “What about you Jessica?” I knew that she really wanted Mike to ask *her* these questions, instead of me. And I was *completely* okay with that.

When I looked over my shoulder, *he* was gone... Edward that is.

By the end of the day, it began raining outside. I wondered if people were still planning on trick-or-treating, nevertheless my new friends assured me they **WOULD**. The rain wasn’t something that held anyone back from following through with plans in Forks.

Had they thought how cold it was going to be?

Being wet and cold didn’t sound like much fun to me.

That night, I was supposed to meet the others at Angela’s house. It was still raining and the weather had already become colder. I really didn’t want to go, however, I knew Charlie would feel like a failure of a father if I didn’t. So I jumped down the stairs with a smile plastered on my face and grabbed my charcoal rain-jacket, the eye-mask forced on me was stuffed in its pocket. ‘You have to wear a costume Bella, that’s what Halloween is all about. Take this, I have another one at home.’ Angela said, face all perky-like as she tried convincing me, in less than a second, of a costume’s importance. I didn’t want her thinking that I didn’t care about her opinion and decided one little mask wouldn’t hurt.

I was wrong.

I looked like an idiot as I left the house, waving goodbye to Charlie with the truck keys in my hand.

When I closed the door behind me, a large toothy smile greeted me. It was Jacob.

Jacob and I sort of had a connection, though I couldn’t quite figure out what that *connection* was. Either way, he was nice and I found it easy talking to him.

“Hey Bella,” he said, his two friends standing on either side.

“Hi Jacob, what are y’all doing here? I thought you’d be celebrating Halloween on the Reservation.”

Jacob and his friends chuckled.

“No Bella. *We* don’t celebrate Halloween. Why would we pay money to dress up in stupid costumes and beg our friends for candy,” he laughed. “Doesn’t make any sense.”

Well when you put it that way, it sounds even more ridiculous.

“So why are y’all in town?” I asked.

“We came to make fun of the pale faces,” he smiled. “No, actually, I wanted to see if you wanted to hang with us. We’re having a bonfire back on the Rev.”

I hadn’t realized the rain stopped and the thought of being warm around a fire with a bunch of normal non-costumed people sounded like a much better idea. And Jessica and Angela probably wouldn’t mind if I didn’t tag along tonight. Okay, they would, but oh well.

As I stood there about to reply, *that* weird feeling overcame me, the same one I had in the hallway earlier. Which only meant one thing... Edward was nearby.

I didn’t turn my head, instead I scanned my eyes to the right, then the left as Jacob’s friends gabbed about the bonfire.

There were a ton of kids on the streets and parents too. I didn’t see many people my age, not yet. But there was *one* group, walking slowly, not appearing to care about the candy nor walking up to houses. No, they were wandering the street together in a group. The individuals were too far for me to determine exactly who they were, but it was obvious what they were dressed as. One person appeared giddy, jumping circles around a guy with wavy hair. And another girl, emotionless, holding onto a broad shoulder boy’s hand.

One – two – three – four – five dressed as firemen.

As they came closer, none of them, except for the jumpy girl, appeared amused. The rest of them sported solid faces, no grins. I knew exactly who the guy was in the back of the group.

It was Edward.

His boot stepped out of line with the others, and my eyes scanned his leg over his belt finally meeting his gaze. The trance I was in frightened me into another dreamlike state, time slowed. Breathe Bella!

I was unsure of many things in my life, but one thing was for sure, this boy was going to change my life.