

He began to pet Willow and in a split second, Willow struggled to get away. "Meow!" She jumped off the table and ran to another room. "Willow, what has gotten into you? Are you trying to knock over these candles, and cause a fire?" He looked toward the candles and suddenly two flames darted out.

He placed his hands over his eyes and fell on his back. In that split second, his inner vision was that of fire. Bright and wavy, making the most amplified cracking sound. He covered his ears, as the sound penetrated his soul. "Aw!" He was breathing hard, almost in a state of shock, as his core temperature rose. "Help me!" Suddenly a breeze blew over Edward, that calmed him down. He laid on his back, trying to get a hold of himself, taking deep breaths. A few seconds later he felt no pain, with his core temperature going back to normal. "What the hell is going on?"

He got up, avoiding the table at all cost. He sat down on the couch and just collected himself. Trying to convince himself that he was not in any more pain and that he wasn't going mad. But was that the truth? How did that fire and crackling go away just like that, he wondered?

He slowly released his hands from his ears, but was too afraid to get up, too afraid to find out what has become of his face. But as he laid there, he felt no pain as if nothing ever happened. He slowly got up and his breathing slowly went back to normal, as he replayed his near-death experience in his head. He went straight toward the window and opened it and popped his head out for fresh air. This once menacing arctic air was now his mate. "That feels so good." He walked back in his house and in the corner of his eye he saw something waving on the table.

This took Edward back. He could always see shades of light and darkness, but this was something he hasn't experienced. It was deeper this time; more define than usual. "It can't be." He shook his head. "Oh, nonsense Edward, it's probably your short-term memory replaying itself." He began to walk away, but something kept drawing him back to the table.

He turned around hastily, and glared at the table. "What! What is it that you want from me, for crying out loud?" And then it happened, the mysterious image faded in clearly for Edward. He was in uttered shock. There stood before him was the waving flame of the candle. "Oh my god, it's a miracle!"