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Internet Research

By Christie Speich

“I didn’t realize vampires marked occasions such as anniversaries.” Bella sounded embarrassed as I fastened my mother’s pocket watch around her neck. I’d hidden it in my room in the main house. “I’m sorry; I don’t have a gift for you, Edward.”

I kissed her neck. “That doesn’t matter. Let’s go home and celebrate, *alone*. Rose can watch Nessie.”

We raced to the cottage. With Bella’s newborn strength spent, I won easily. Immediately upon opening the door, I smelled something different. Something old, yet somehow familiar too. The memory nagged at me, faded and dim – a human memory.

Then I saw it. My mouth opened, but no sound came out. I walked across the room and stroked the dark wood ever so gently. I sat on the bench as my fingers danced over the black and white keys. I turned to see Bella watching me, smiling widely.

“Bella, how ...when ... This is a 1900 Steinway Model K, the very piano my mother owned when I was a child. How did you know?”

“Carlisle. He saw the piano when you went back to your home to get your mother’s jewelry. He remembered it in perfect detail and described it to me. **I did some research on the Internet.**” She shrugged, as if this wasn’t an amazing feat.

She stood behind me, her hands on my shoulders, as I began to play her lullaby. “I don’t *ever* want to hear any more grief about my acting abilities, got it?”