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Would You Like a Round of Applause?

by Christie Speich

“Aw, come on Bella. You’re not scared, are you?” Bella rolled her eyes at Emmett’s mocking grin.

Renesmee’s wide eyes looked from her uncle’s face to her mother’s face. She climbed into Bella’s arms and pressed her small hand to Bella’s cheek: eagerness, excitement, pleading.

“Ok, ok. But only for you, Renesmee.” Bella laughed in spite of her annoyance with Emmett.

Renesmee leapt from Bella’s arms and clapped her hands. Bella placed her hand into Emmett’s massive grip, resting her elbow on the boulder between them.

“Ready, Set, Go!” Renesmee cried, still clapping.

It was no contest. One sixty-fourth of a second later, Bella’s arm smashed against the boulder, creating a deep fissure.

“YES!” Emmett’s booming voice shook the trees around them. He began his victory dance, waving his arms and wiggling his hips in ways that had Renesmee giggling uncontrollably.

Bella raised her eyebrows. “**Would you like a round of applause?** You’re the strongest vampire in the family, once again.”