

Funny story—I actually wrote this piece as a practical joke. I read about the [Twilight Fanfiction](#) site’s “Take a walk in my shoes” contest, and I mentioned to Alphie (of Lexicon fame) that maybe I would enter something, just joking around. She told me it would never work, Pelirroja would spot my entry in a second. I bet that Pel wouldn’t catch me, and Alphie bet that she would. So I wrote this little portion of New Moon from Rosalie’s point of view (it was quite an interesting experience being in Rosalie’s head!) and sent it off, giggling to myself. In the end, the joke was on me. My entry was lost in cyberspace and Pel never saw it. So I guess Alphie and I will never have a resolution for our bet...unless Twilight Fanfiction has another contest...

Here’s my failed joke, the phone call between Alice and Rosalie in chapter 18 of New Moon:

Miscalculation

A tiny whisper of sound—not here, a few hundred yards to the north—made me jump. My hand clenched automatically around the phone, snapping it closed and hiding it from view in the same motion.

I flipped my hair over my shoulder, sneaking a peek through the tall windows into the forest. The day was dim, overcast; my own reflection was brighter than the trees and the clouds. I stared at my wide, startled eyes, my lips curling down at the corners, the little vertical crease between my brows...

I scowled, erasing the expression of guilt with one of scorn. Attractive scorn. Absently, I noted how the fierce expression suited my face, contrasting nicely with the benign gold of my thick curls. At the same, my eyes scanned across the empty Alaskan forest, and I was relieved to see that I was still alone. The sound had been nothing—a bird or a breeze.

There was no need for relief, I told myself. No need for guilt. I’d done nothing wrong.

Were the others planning to never tell Edward the truth? To let him wallow in angst forever in nasty slums, while Esme grieved and Carlisle second-guessed his every decision and Emmett’s natural joy of existence slowly drained away with loneliness? How was that fair?

Besides, there was no way to keep secrets from Edward in the long term. Sooner or later he would have found us, come to see Alice or Carlisle for some reason, and then he would have discovered the truth. Would he have thanked us for lying to him with our silence? Hardly. Edward always had to know everything; he lived for that sense of omniscience. He would have thrown a huge tantrum, and it would only have been exacerbated by the fact that we’d kept Bella’s death from him.

When he’d calmed down and gotten over this mess, he’d probably thank me for being the one who was brave enough to be honest with him.

Miles away, a hawk screamed; the sound made me jump and check the window again. My face held the same guilty expression as before, and I glowered at myself in the glass.

Fine, so I had my own agenda. Was it such a bad thing to want my family to be together again? Was it so selfish to miss the everyday peace, the underlying happiness that I'd taken for granted, the happiness that Edward seemed to have taken with him in his flight?

I just wanted things the way they were before. Was that wrong? It didn't seem so horrible. After all, I hadn't done this for myself alone, but for everyone. Esme and Carlisle and Emmett.

Not for Alice so much, though I would have assumed... But Alice had been so sure things would work out in the end—that Edward would be unable to stay away from his little human girlfriend—that she had not bothered with mourning. Alice had always functioned in a different world than the rest of us, locked up in her ever-changing reality. Since Edward was the only one who could participate in that reality, I'd thought his absence would be harder on her. But she was secure as always, living ahead, her mind in a time her body hadn't reached yet. Always so calm.

She'd been frantic enough when she'd seen Bella jump, though...

Had I been too impatient? Acted too soon?

I might as well be honest with myself, because Edward would see every bit of pettiness in my decision as soon as he got home. Might as well acknowledge my bad motives, accept them now.

Yes, I was jealous of the way Alice felt about Bella. Would Alice have raced off so rashly, so wild with panic, if it had been *me* she'd seen jumping off a cliff? Did she have to love that commonplace human girl so much more than me?

But that jealousy was just a small thing. It might have sped my decision, but it had not controlled it. I would have called Edward anyway. I was sure he preferred my blunt honesty over the others' kinder deception. Their kindness was doomed from the outset; Edward would have come home eventually.

And now he could come home sooner.

It wasn't just the contentment of my family that I missed.

I honestly missed Edward, too. I missed his cutting little remarks, the black wit that was more in harmony with my own dark sense of humor than Emmett's sunny, jokey nature. I missed the music—his stereo blaring out his latest indie discovery, and the piano, the sound of Edward weaving his usually remote thoughts into transparency through song. I missed him humming in the garage beside me while we tuned the cars, the only time we were perfectly in sync.

I missed my brother. Surely he would not judge me too harshly when he saw this in my thoughts.

It would be uncomfortable for a while, I knew that. But the sooner he came home, the sooner we could get back to normal again...

I searched my mind for some grief for Bella, and I was pleased to find that I did mourn the girl. A little. This much, at least: she'd made Edward happy in a way I'd never seen him before. Of course, she'd also made him more miserable than anything else in his century of life. But I would miss the peace she'd given him for those few short months. I could truly regret her loss.

This knowledge made me feel better about myself, complacent. I smiled at my face in the glass, framed against my golden hair and the red cedar walls of the Tanya's long, cozy living room, and enjoyed the view. When I smiled, there was no woman or man on this planet, mortal or immortal, who could match me for beauty. It was a comforting thought. Perhaps I wasn't the easiest person to live with. Perhaps I was shallow and selfish. Perhaps I would have developed a better character if I'd been born with a plain face and a boring body. Perhaps I would have been happier that way. But that was impossible to prove. I had my beauty; it was something I could count on.

I smiled wider.

The phone rang and I automatically tightened my hand, though the sound came from the kitchen, not my fist.

I knew at once that it was Edward. Calling to check on the information I'd given. He didn't trust me. He thought me cruel enough to make a joke of this, apparently. I scowled as I flitted to the kitchen to answer Tanya's phone.

The phone was on the very edge of the long butcher block counter. I caught it before the first ring had finished, and turned to face the French doors as I answered. I didn't want to admit it, but I knew that I was watching out for Emmett's and Jasper's return. I didn't want them to hear me talking to Edward. They would be angry...

"Yes?" I demanded.

"Rose, I need to talk to Carlisle *now*," Alice snapped.

"Oh, Alice! Carlisle's hunting. What—?"

"Fine, as soon as he's back."

"What is it? I'll track him down right away and have him call you—"

"No," Alice interrupted again. "I'll be on a plane. Look, have you heard anything from Edward?"

It was odd how my stomach twisted, seemed to drop lower in my abdomen. The feeling brought with it a strange *déjà vu*, a faint hint of a long-lost human memory. Nausea...

"Well, yes, Alice. Actually. I did talk to Edward. Just a few minutes ago." For a brief second I toyed with the idea of pretending that Edward had called me, just a random coincidence. But of course there was no point in lying. Edward was going to give me enough trouble when he came home.

My stomach continued to clench strangely, but I ignored it. I decided to be angry. Alice shouldn't snap at me like this. Edward didn't want lies; he wanted the truth. He would back me up on that when he came home.

"You and Carlisle were wrong," I said. "Edward wouldn't appreciate being lied to. He'd want the truth. He did want it. So I gave it to him. I called him... I called him a lot," I admitted. "Until he picked up. A message would have been... wrong."

"Why?" Alice gasped. "Why would you do that, Rosalie?"

"Because the sooner he gets over this, the sooner things go back to normal. It wouldn't have gotten easier with time, so why put it off? Time isn't going to change anything. Bella is dead. Edward will grieve and then he'll get over it. Better he begins now than later."

"Well, you're wrong on both counts, though, Rosalie, so that would be a problem, don't you think?" Alice asked in a fierce, vicious tone.

Wrong on both counts? I blinked rapidly, trying to understand.

“Bella’s still alive?” I whispered, not believing the words. Just trying to sort out which *counts* Alice was referring to.

“Yes, that’s right. She’s absolutely fine—”

“Fine? You saw her jump off a cliff!”

“I was wrong.”

The words sounded so strange in Alice’s voice. Alice, who was never wrong, never caught by surprise...

“How?” I whispered.

“It’s a long story.”

Alice was wrong. Bella was alive. And I had told...

“Well, you’ve made quite a mess,” I growled, turning my chagrin into accusation. “Edward is going to be furious when he comes home.”

“But you’re wrong about that part, too,” Alice said. I could tell she was talking through her teeth. “That’s why I’m calling...”

“Wrong about what? Edward coming home? Of course he will.” I laughed mockingly. “What? You think he’s going to pull a Romeo? Ha! Like some stupid, romantic—”

“Yes,” Alice hissed, her voice like ice. “That’s exactly what I saw.”

The hard conviction of her words made my knees feel bizarrely unsteady. I gripped a cedar wall beam for support—support my diamond-hard body couldn’t possibly need. “No. He’s not that stupid. He—he must realize that—”

But I couldn’t finish the sentence, because I could see it in my head, a vision of my own. A vision of me. An unthinkable vision of my life if somehow Emmett ceased to be. I shuddered away from the horror of the idea.

No—there was no comparison. Bella was just a human. Edward didn’t want her to be immortal, so it wasn’t the same. Edward couldn’t feel the same!

“I—I didn’t mean it like *that*, Alice! I just wanted him to come home!” My voice was almost a howl.

“It’s a bit late for that, Rose,” Alice said, harder and colder than before. “Save your remorse for someone who believes it.”

There was a click, and then a dial tone.

“No,” I whispered. I shook my head slowly for a moment. “Edward has to come home.”

I stared at my face in the glass pane of the French door, but I couldn’t see it anymore. It was just a shapeless smear of white and gold.

Then, through the smear, far away in the distant woods, a huge tree wobbled erratically, out of time with the rest of the forest. Emmett.

I yanked the door out of my way. It banged sharply against the wall, but the sound was far behind me as I raced into the green.

“Emmett!” I screamed. “Emmett, *help!*”