This is the largest section that I cut out of New Moon; it's most of the original chapter six ("Statement," back then), plus seven short scenes that continued the storyline of the "scholarship" throughout the novel, all the way to the end. I thought it was all sort of funny, but my editors disagreed. It wasn't necessary, so it was sacrificed on the altar of editing.

Scene one: the day after Bella goes to the zombie movie with Jessica:

I still missed Phoenix on rare occasions, when provoked. Now, for example, as I headed to the Forks Federal Bank to deposit my paycheck. What I wouldn't give for the convenience of a drive-up, automatic teller. Or at least the anonymity of a stranger behind the desk.

"Good afternoon, Bella," Jessica's mother greeted me.

"Hey, Mrs. Stanley."

"It's so nice that you could go out with Jessica last night. It's been a too long." She tsked her tongue at me, smiling to make it a friendlier sound. Something about my expression must be off, because the smile was suddenly wooden, and she ran her hand nervously through her hair, where it got stuck for a minute; her hair was just as curly as Jessica's, and sprayed into a stiff arrangement of rigid ringlets.

I smiled back, realizing that I was a second too late. My reaction time was rusty.

"Yeah," I said in what I hoped was a sociable tone. "I've been so busy, you know. School...work..." I scrambled to think of something else to add to my short list, but came up blank.

"Sure," she smiled more warmly, probably happy that my answer sounded somewhat normal and well adjusted.

It suddenly occurred to me that I might not be kidding myself when I assumed that was the reason behind her smile. Who knows what Jessica had told her about last night. Whatever it was, it wasn't totally uncorroborated. I was the daughter of Charlie's eccentric ex—insanity can be genetic. Former associate of the town freaks; I skipped past that one quickly, flinching. Recent victim of a walking coma. I decided there was a fairly good argument for my being crazy, without even counting the voices that I heard now, and I wondered if Mrs. Stanley really thought that.

She must have seen the speculation in my eyes. She looked away quickly, out the windows behind me.

"Work," I repeated, calling back her attention as I put my check on the counter. "Which is why I'm here, of course."

She smiled again. Her lipstick was cracking as the day progressed, and it was clear that she had drawn on her lips much fuller than they were in reality.

"How are things at Newton's?" she asked brightly.

"Good. The season's picking up," I said automatically, though she drove by the Olympic Outfitter's parking lot every day—she would have seen the unfamiliar cars. She probably knew the ebb and flow of the backpacking business better than I did.

She nodded absently as she pecked at the computer keys in front of her. My eyes wandered across the dark brown counter, with its very seventies line of bright orange

trimming the edges. The walls and carpet had been upgraded to a more neutral gray, but the counter attested to the building's original decor.

"Hmmm," Mrs. Stanley's murmur was in a higher pitch than normal. I glanced back at her, only half-interested, wondering if there was a spider on the desk that had frightened her.

But her eyes were still glued to the computer screen. Her fingers were motionless now, her expression surprised and uncomfortable. I waited, but she didn't say anything else.

"Is something wrong?" Were the Newton's trying to pass bad checks?

"No, no," she mumbled quickly, looking up at me with a strange gleam in her eye. She seemed to be repressing some kind of excitement. It reminded me of Jessica when she had some new gossip she was dying to share.

"Would you like a print out of your balance?" Mrs. Newton asked eagerly. It wasn't my habit—my account grew so slowly and predictably that it wasn't difficult to do the math in my head. But her change of tone made me curious. What was on the computer screen that fascinated her?

"Sure," I agreed.

She hit a key, and the printer quickly spit out a short document.

"Here you go." She tore the paper off with such haste that it ripped in half.

"Oops, I'm so sorry about that." She fluttered around the desk, never meeting my curious gaze, till she found a roll of tape. She stuck the two pieces of paper together and thrust it out to me.

"Er, thanks," I muttered. With the slip in hand, I turned and headed for the front door, taking a quick peek to see if I could tell what Mrs. Stanley's problem was.

I thought my account should be up to about fifteen hundred and thirty-five dollars. I was wrong, it was thirty-six fifty, rather than thirty-five.

And there was twenty grand extra, too.

I froze where I stood, trying to understand the numbers. The account was twenty thousand dollars high before my deposit today, which had then been added correctly.

For I brief minute I considered closing my account immediately. But, sighing once, I went back to the counter where Mrs. Stanley was waiting with bright, interested eyes.

"There's some kind of computer error, Mrs. Stanley," I told her, handing the sheet of paper back to her. "It should only be the fifteen thirty-six fifty."

She laughed conspiratorially. "I thought that looked a little strange."

"In my dreams, right?" I laughed back, impressing myself with the normality of my tone.

She typed briskly.

"I see the problem here...three weeks ago it shows a deposit of twenty thousand from...hmmm, another bank it looks like. I'd imagine someone got their numbers wrong."

"How much trouble will I get in if I make a withdrawal?" I teased.

She chuckled absently as she continued to type.

"Hmmm," she said again, her forehead wrinkling into three deep creases. "It looks like this was a wire transfer. We don't get a lot of those. You know what? I'm going to have Mrs. Gerandy take a look at this..." Her voice trailed off as she turned

away from the computer, her neck craning to look through the open door behind her. "Charlotte, are you busy?" she called.

There was no reply. Mrs. Stanley took the statement and walked quickly through the back door to where the offices must be.

I stared after her for a minute, but she didn't reappear. I turned around and gazed absently out the front windows, watching the rain run down the glass. The rain ran in unpredictable streams, sometimes slanting crookedly in the wind. I didn't keep track of the time as I waited. I tried to let my mind float blankly, thinking of nothing, but I couldn't seem to return to that state of semi-consciousness.

Eventually I heard voices behind me again. I turned to see Mrs. Stanley and Dr. Gerandy's wife filing out to the front room with the same polite smile on both their faces.

"Sorry about this, Bella," Mrs. Gerandy said. "I should be able to clear this up with a real short phone call. You can wait if you like." She gestured to a row of wooden chairs against the wall. The looked like they belonged with someone's dinning room table.

"Okay," I agreed. I walked over to the chairs and sat right in the middle, suddenly wishing I had a book. I hadn't read anything for a while, outside of school. And even then, when some ridiculous love story was part of the curriculum, I would cheat with cliff notes. It was a relief to be working on *Animal Farm* now. But there had to be other safe books. Political thrillers. Murder mysteries. Grisly murders were no problem; just as long as there was no starry-eyed, romantic subplot to deal with.

It took long enough that I got irritated. I was tired of looking at the boring gray room, without one picture to alleviate the blank walls. I couldn't watch Mrs. Stanley as she shuffled through a stack of papers, pausing now and then to enter something in the computer—she looked up at me once, and when she caught my gaze, she seemed uncomfortable and dropped a file. I could hear Mrs. Gerandy's voice, a faint mumble drifting out of the back room, but it wasn't clear enough to tell me anything other than she'd lied about the necessary length of the phone call. There was only so long that anyone could be expected to keep her mind blank, and if this didn't end soon, I wouldn't be able to help it. I would have to think. I panicked quietly, trying to come up with a safe subject for thought.

I was saved by Mrs. Gerandy's reappearance. I smiled up at her gratefully when she poked her head around the door, her thick, snowy hair catching my eye at once.

"Bella, would you mind joining me?" she asked, and I realized she had a phone pressed to her ear.

"Sure," I muttered as she disappeared.

Mrs. Stanley had to unlock the half door set into the end of the counter to let me through. Her smile was absent, she didn't meet my eyes. I was absolutely sure she was planning to eavesdrop.

My mind ran through the conceivable possibilities as I hurried back to the office. Someone was laundering money through my account. Or maybe Charlie was taking bribes and I was blowing his cover. Who would have that kind of money to bribe Charlie with, though? Maybe Charlie was in the mob, taking bribes, *and* using my account to launder money. No, I couldn't picture Charlie in the mob. Maybe it was Phil. How well did I really know Phil, after all?

Mrs. Gerandy was still on the phone, and she motioned with her chin toward the metal folding chair that faced her desk. She was scribbling hurriedly on the back of an envelope. I sat down, wondering if Phil had a dark past, and if I was going to jail.

"Thank you, yes. Well, I think that's everything. Yes, yes. Thank you so much for your help," Mrs. Gerandy wasted a smile on the phone receiver before hanging up. She didn't look angry or somber. More excited and confused. Which reminded me of Mrs. Stanley in the hall. I toyed for a second with jumping through the door and scaring her.

But Mrs. Gerandy spoke.

"Well, I guess I have some very good news for you...though I can't imagine how you wouldn't have been informed of this." She stared at me critically, as if expecting me to slap my forehead and say, oh THAT twenty grand! Slipped my mind completely!

"Good news?" I prompted. The words implied that this mistake was too complicated for her to unravel, and she was under the impression that I was richer than we'd thought a few minutes ago.

"Well, if you really don't know...then congratulations! You've been awarded a scholarship from..." she looked down at her scribbled notes "the Pacific Northwest Trust."

"A scholarship?" I repeated in disbelief.

"Yes, isn't that exciting? My goodness, you'll be able to go to any college you want!"

It was at that precise moment, while she beamed happily at my good fortune, that I knew exactly where the money had come from. Despite the sudden rush of anger, suspicion, outrage, and pain, I tried to speak calmly.

"A scholarship that deposits twenty thousand dollars cash into my account," I noted. "Instead of paying it to the school. With no way to make sure I use the money for school at all."

My reaction flustered her. She seemed to take offense at my words.

"It would be very unwise not to use this money for its intended purpose, Bella, dear. This is a once in a lifetime chance."

"Of course," I said sourly. "And did this Pacific Northwest Trust mention exactly why they'd chosen me?"

She looked at her notes again, a slight frown on her face due to my tone.

"It's very prestigious—they don't award a scholarship like this every year." "I'll bet."

She glanced at me and looked away swiftly. "The bank in Seattle that manages the trust forwarded me to the man who administers the scholarship allocations. He said that this scholarship is awarded based on merit, gender and location. It's geared to females students in small towns who don't have the opportunities available in larger cities."

It appeared that someone thought he was being funny.

"Merit?" I asked disapprovingly. "I have a three point seven grade point average. I can name three girls in Forks with better grades than I have, and one of them is Jessica. Besides—I never applied for this scholarship."

She was very flustered now, picking up her pen and putting it down again, worrying the pendant she wore between her thumb and forefinger. She scanned through

her notes again.

"He did mention that..." she kept her eyes down on the envelope, not sure what to do with my attitude. "They don't accept applications. They go through rejected applications for other scholarships and pick students who they feel have been unfairly overlooked. They got your name from an application you sent in for merit-based financial aid for the University of Washington."

I felt the corners of my mouth turn down. I hadn't known that application had been rejected. It was something I'd filled out long ago, before...

And I hadn't followed up with any other possibilities, though deadlines were passing me by. I couldn't seem to focus on the future. But the University of Washington was the only place that would keep me near Forks and Charlie.

"How do they get the rejected applications?" I asked in a monotone.

"I'm not sure, dear." Mrs. Gerandy was unhappy. She wanted excitement and she was getting hostility. I wish I had some way to explain that the negativity was not meant for her. "But the administrator left his number if I had any questions—you could call him yourself. I'm sure he could reassure you that this money is really meant for you."

I was in no doubt of that. "I'd like his number."

She wrote swiftly on a torn scrap of paper. I made a mental note to anonymously donate a pad of post-it notes to the bank.

The number was long distance. "I don't suppose he left an email address?" I asked skeptically. I didn't want to run up Charlie's bill.

"Actually, he did," she smiled, happy to have something I seemed to want. She reached across the desk to write another line on my scrap.

"Thanks, I'll get in touch with him as soon as I get home." My mouth was a hard line.

"Sweetie," Mrs. Gerandy said hesitantly. "You should be happy about this. It's a great opportunity."

"I'm not going to take twenty thousand dollars I haven't earned," I replied, trying to keep the edge of outrage out of my voice.

She bit her lip, and looked down again. She thought I was crazy, too. Well, I was going to make her say it out loud.

"What?" I demanded.

"Bella..." she paused and I waited with gritted teeth. "It's substantially more than twenty thousand dollars."

"Excuse me?" I choked. "More?"

"Twenty thousand is just the initial payment, in fact. From now on you'll receive five thousand dollars every month until the end of your college career. If you enroll in graduate school, the scholarship will continue to pay for it!" She got excited again as she told me this.

I couldn't speak at first, I was too livid. Five thousand dollars a month for an unlimited time span. I wanted to smash something.

"How?" I managed to get out.

"I don't understand what you mean."

"How will I get five thousand dollars a month?"

"It will be wired into your account here," she responded, perplexed.

There was a brief second of silence.

"I'll be closing that account now," I said in a flat voice.

It took fifteen minutes to convince her I was serious. She had an endless supply of reasons why this was a bad idea. I argued heatedly until it finally occurred to me that she was worried about giving me the twenty thousand. Did they carry that much on hand?

"Look, Mrs. Gerandy," I reassured her. "I just want to withdraw my fifteen hundred. I would really appreciate it if you would wire the other money back to where it came from. I'll straighten it out with this—"I checked the scrap "—Mr. Isaac Randall. It really is a mistake."

That seemed to relax her.

About twenty minutes later, with a roll of fifteen hundreds, one twenty, one ten, one five, one one, and fifty cents in my pocket, I escaped from the bank with relief. Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Gerandy stood side by side at the counter, staring after me with wide eyes.

Scene two: that same night, after buying the motorcycles and visiting Jacob the first time...

I shut my door behind me and pulled my college fund out of my pocket. It looked pretty small rolled up in the palm of my hand. I stuffed it into the toe of an unmatched sock and then shoved it to the back of my underwear drawer. Probably not the most original hiding place, but I would worry about coming up with something more creative later.

In my other pocket was the torn scrap of paper with Isaac Randall's phone number and email address. I dug it out and laid it on the keyboard of my computer, then flipped the on switch, tapping my foot while the screen glowed slowly to life.

When I was connected, I opened my free email account. I procrastinated, taking the time to delete the mountain of spam that had built up in the few days since I'd written to Renee. Eventually I was out of busy work, and I pulled up a fresh composition box.

The email address was for "irandall," so I assumed it went directly to the man I wanted.

Dear Mr. Randall, I wrote.

I'm hoping you remember the conversation you had this afternoon with Mrs. Gerandy at the Forks Federal Bank. My name is Isabella Swan, and apparently you are under the impression that I have been awarded a very generous scholarship from The Pacific Northwest Trust Company.

I am sorry, but I cannot accept this scholarship. I have asked that the money I'd already received be wired back to the account it came from, and closed my account at the Forks Federal Bank. Please award the scholarship to a different candidate.

Thank you, I. Swan

It took me a few tries to get it sounding right—formal, and unambiguously final. I read through it twice before I sent it. I wasn't sure what kind of directions this Mr. Randall had received about the bogus scholarship, but I couldn't see any loopholes in my response.

Scene three: a few weeks later, just before Bella's and Jacob's "date" with the motorcycles...

When I got back, I grabbed the mail on the way in. I flipped quickly through the bills and ads, until I got to the letter at the very bottom of the stack.

It was a regular business envelope, addressed to me—my name handwritten, which was unusual. I looked at the return address with interest.

Interest that quickly turned to nervous nausea. The letter was from the Pacific Northwest Trust, Scholarship Allocations Office. There was no street address under the name.

It was probably just a formal recognition of my refusal, I told myself. There was no reason to feel nervous. No reason at all, except for the small detail that thinking about any part of this too thoroughly might send me on a downward spiral to zombie land. Only that.

I dumped the rest of the mail on the table for Charlie, gathered my books from the living room floor, and hurried upstairs. Once I was in my room, I locked my door and tore the envelope open. I had to remember to stay angry. Anger was the key.

Dear Ms. Swan,

Allow me to formally congratulate you on being awarded the Pacific Northwest Trust's prestigious J. Nicholls Scholarship. This scholarship is awarded only infrequently, and you should feel proud to know that the Allocations Committee picked your name unanimously for the honor.

There have been a few small difficulties in awarding your scholarship monies, but please don't concern yourself. I've taken it on myself to see that you are put to the least possible inconvenience. Please find enclosed a cashier's check for twenty-five thousand dollars; the initial award plus your first month's allowance.

Once again I congratulate you on your accomplishment. Please except the best wishes of the entire Pacific Northwest Corporation for your future scholastic career.

Sincerely.

I. Randall

Anger was no problem.

I looked in the envelope and, sure enough, there was check inside.

"Who *are* these people?" I snarled through my gritted teeth, crushing the letter, one handed, into a tight ball.

I stomped furiously to my trashcan, to dig out Mr. I. Randall's phone number. I didn't care that it was long distance—this was going to be a really short conversation.

"Oh, crap," I hissed. The can was empty. Charlie had taken my trash out.

I threw the envelope with the check on the bed and smoothed out the letter again. It was on company paper, with *Pacific Northwest Scholarship Allocations Department* written in dark green across the top, but there was no information, no address, no phone number.

"Dang it."

I plopped down on the edge of my bed and tried to think clearly. Obviously, they were going to ignore me. I couldn't have made my feelings clearer, so this wasn't some miscommunication. It probably would make no difference if I did call.

So there was only thing to do.

I re-crumpled the letter, smashed up the envelope with the check, too, and crept downstairs.

Charlie was in the living room, with the TV turned up loud.

I went to the kitchen sink, and threw the paper balls in. Then I rummaged through our drawer of miscellaneous junk until I found a box of matches. I lit one, and poked it carefully into a crevice in the paper. I lit another one, and did the same. I almost went for a third, but the paper was blazing along merrily, so there was really no need.

"Bella?" Charlie called over the sound of the TV.

I turned the faucet handle on quickly, feeling a sense of satisfaction as the force of the water smashed the flames into a flat, ashy goo.

"Yeah, Dad?" I shoved the matches back in the drawer, and closed it quietly.

"Do you smell smoke?"

"No, Dad."

"Hmph."

I rinsed out the sink, making sure all the ash made it down the drain, and then ran the disposal for good measure.

I went back to my room, feeling slightly appeased. They could send me all the checks they wanted, I thought grimly. I could always get more matches when I ran out.

Scene four: during the time period that Jacob is avoiding her...

On the doorstep was a FedEx package. I picked it up curiously, expecting a return address from Florida, but it was sent from Seattle. There was no sender listed on the outside of the box.

It was addressed to me, not Charlie, so I took it to the table and ripped the tab across the cardboard to open it.

As soon as I saw the dark green logo of the Pacific Northwest Trust, I felt like the stomach flu was coming back. I fell into the nearest chair without looking at the letter, the anger slowly building.

I couldn't even bring myself to read it, though it wasn't long. I took it out, put it face down on the table, and looked back into the box reluctantly, to see what was underneath. It was a bulging manila envelope. I was afraid to open it, but angry enough that I yanked it out anyway.

My mouth was a hard line as I tore through the paper without bothering to unlatch the flap. I have enough to deal with right now. I didn't need the reminder or the irritation.

I was shocked, and yet still unsurprised. What else would it be but this—three thick stacks of bills, bound neatly by wide rubber bands. I didn't have to look at the denominations. I knew exactly how much they would be trying to force into my hands. It would be thirty thousand dollars.

I lifted the envelope gingerly as I rose, and turned to drop it into the sink. The matches were right on top of the junk drawer, just where I'd left them last. I pulled one out and lit it.

It burned closer and closer to my fingers as I stared at the odious envelope. I couldn't make my fingers drop it. I waved the match out before it scorched me, my face twisting into a disgusted grimace.

I grabbed the letter off the table, crumpling it into a ball and tossing it into the other basin of the sink. I lit another match and shoved it into the paper, watching with grim satisfaction while it blazed. A warm up. I reached for another match. Again, I held it, flaming, over the envelope. Again, it burned nearly to my fingers before I threw it on the ashes of the letter. I couldn't bring myself to just burn thirty thousand dollars.

So what was I going to do with this? I had no address to return it to—I was pretty sure the company didn't really exist.

And then it occurred to me that I did have one address.

I shoved the money back in the FedEx box, tearing the label off so that if anyone else ever found it, it would be impossible for them to link it to me, and headed back out to my truck, grumbling incoherently all the way. I promised myself that I would do something especially reckless with my motorcycle this week. I would take up stunt jumping if I had to.

I hated every inch of the drive as I wound through the gloomy trees, gritting my teeth till my jaw was aching. The nightmares would be fierce tonight—this was just asking for it. The trees opened into the ferns, and I drove angrily through them, leaving a double line of crushed, oozing stems behind me. I stopped by the front steps, throwing it into neutral.

The house looked just the same, painfully empty, dead. I knew I was projecting my own feelings onto its appearance, but that didn't change the way it looked to me. Careful not to see through the windows, I walked to the front door. I wished desperately for just one minute to be a zombie again, but the numbness was long expired.

I set the box carefully on the doorstep of the abandoned house, and turned to leave.

I stopped on the top step. I couldn't just leave a pile of cash in front of the door. That was almost as bad as burning it.

With I sigh, keeping my eyes down, I turned back and grabbed the offending box. Maybe I could just donate it anonymously to a good cause. A charity for people with diseases of the blood, or something.

But I was shaking my head as I got back in the truck. It was his money, and, dammit, he was going to keep it. If it got stolen off his front porch, that was his fault, not mine.

My window was open, and rather than get out, I just heaved the box as hard as I could toward the door.

I'd never had the best aim. The box smashed loudly through the front window, leaving a hole so big it looked like I'd thrown a washing machine.

"Aw, crap!" I gasped out loud, covering my face with my hands.

I should have known that no matter what I did, I would just make things worse.

Luckily the anger reasserted itself then. This was his fault, I reminded myself. I was just returning his property. It was his problem that he'd made doing that such a chore. Besides, the sound of the glass shattering was kind of cool—it made me feel a little bit better in a perverse way.

I didn't really convince myself, but I took the truck out of neutral and drove away regardless. This was as close as I could come to sending the money back where it belonged. And now I had a convenient drive up drop box for next month's installment. It was the best I could do.

I rethought it a hundred times after getting home. I went through the phone book looking for glaziers, but there were no strangers to ask for help. How would I explain the address? Would Charlie have to arrest me for vandalism?

Scene five: the first night that Alice comes back after seeing Bella "commit suicide"...

"Jasper didn't want to come with you?"

"He didn't approve of me interfering."

I sniffed. "You aren't the only one."

She stiffened, and then relaxed. "Does this have something to do with the hole in the front window of my house and the box full of hundred dollar bills on the living room floor?"

"It does," I said angrily. "Sorry about the window. It was an accident."

"It usually is with you. What did he do?"

"Something called *The Pacific Northwest Trust* awarded me a very strange and persistent scholarship. It wasn't much of a disguise. I mean, I can't imagine he wanted me to know it was him, but I hope he doesn't think I'm that stupid."

"Why, that big cheater," Alice murmured.

"Exactly."

"And he told *me* not to look." She shook her head in irritation.

Scene six: with Edward the night after Italy, in Bella's room...

"Is there a reason why danger can't resist you any more than I can?"

"Danger doesn't try," I muttered.

"Of course, it sounds like you were actively seeking out danger. What were you thinking, Bella? I picked out of Charlie's head the number of times you've been in the emergency room recently. Did I mention I'm furious with you?"

His quiet voice sounded more pained than furious.

"Why? It's none of your business," I said, embarrassed.

"Actually, I specifically remember you promising not to do anything reckless."

My rebuttal was swift. "And didn't you promise something about non-interference?"

"At the time that you were crossing the line," he qualified carefully, "I was keeping my side of the deal."

"Oh, is that so? Three words, Edward: Pacific. Northwest. Trust."

He raised his head to look at me; his expression was all confusion and innocence—too much innocence. It was a dead give away. "Is that supposed to mean something to me?"

"That's just insulting," I complained. "How stupid do you think I am?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about," he said, eyes wide.

"Whatever," I grumbled.

Scene seven, the conclusion of this thread: that same night/morning, when they arrive at the Cullens' house for the vote...

Suddenly, the porch light flicked on, and I could see Esme standing in the doorway. Her wavy, caramel hair was pulled back, and she had some kind of trowel in her hand.

"Is everyone home?" I asked hopefully as we climbed the steps.

"Yes, they are." As she spoke, the widows were abruptly filled with light. I looked through the closest to see who had noticed us, but the flat pan of thick, gray goop on the stool in front of it caught my eye. I looked at the smooth perfection of the glass, and realized what Esme was doing on the front porch with a trowel.

"Oh, shoot, Esme! I'm really sorry about that window! I was going to—"

"Don't worry about it," she interrupted with a laugh. "Alice told me the story, and I have to say, I wouldn't have blamed you for doing it on purpose." She glared at her son, who was glaring at me.

I raised one eyebrow. He looked away and muttered something indistinct about gift horses.