

A high-contrast photograph of two pale, almost white, hands cupping a single, vibrant red apple. The hands are positioned symmetrically, with fingers gently cradling the fruit. The background is a deep, solid black, which makes the pale skin and the bright red of the apple stand out sharply. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the skin and the smooth surface of the apple.

twilight

THE #1 *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLER BY
STEPHENIE MEYER

Contents

TWILIGHT

Copyright

Dedication

Epigraph

PREFACE

1. FIRST SIGHT

2. OPEN BOOK

3. PHENOMENON

4. INVITATIONS

5. BLOOD TYPE

6. SCARY STORIES

7. NIGHTMARE

8. PORT ANGELES

9. THEORY

10. INTERROGATIONS

11. COMPLICATIONS

12. BALANCING

13. CONFESSIONS

14. MIND OVER MATTER

15. THE CULLENS

16. CARLISLE

17. THE GAME

18. THE HUNT

19. GOODBYES

20. IMPATIENCE

21. PHONE CALL

22. HIDE-AND-SEEK

23. THE ANGEL

24. AN IMPASSE

EPILOGUE: AN OCCASION

Twilight Discussion Questions

Acknowledgments

NEW MOON

Copyright

Dedication

Epigraph

PREFACE

1. PARTY

2. STITCHES

3. THE END

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

JANUARY

- [4. WAKING UP](#)
- [5. CHEATER](#)
- [6. FRIENDS](#)
- [7. REPETITION](#)
- [8. ADRENALINE](#)
- [9. THIRD WHEEL](#)
- [10. THE MEADOW](#)
- [11. CULT](#)
- [12. INTRUDER](#)
- [13. KILLER](#)
- [14. FAMILY](#)
- [15. PRESSURE](#)
- [16. PARIS](#)
- [17. VISITOR](#)
- [18. THE FUNERAL](#)
- [19. RACE](#)
- [20. VOLTERRA](#)
- [21. VERDICT](#)
- [22. FLIGHT](#)
- [23. THE TRUTH](#)
- [24. VOTE](#)

[EPILOGUE—TREATY](#)

[Discussion Questions](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[ECLIPSE](#)

Copyright

Dedication

Fire and Ice

PREFACE

1. ULTIMATUM

2. EVASION

3. MOTIVES

4. NATURE

5. IMPRINT

6. SWITZERLAND

7. UNHAPPY ENDING

8. TEMPER

9. TARGET

10. SCENT

11. LEGENDS

12. TIME

13. NEWBORN

14. DECLARATION

15. WAGER

16. EPOCH

17. ALLIANCE

18. INSTRUCTION

19. SELFISH

20. COMPROMISE

21. TRAILS

22. FIRE AND ICE

23. MONSTER

24. SNAP DECISION

25. MIRROR

26. ETHICS

27. NEEDS

EPILOGUE — CHOICE

Discussion Questions

Acknowledgments

BREAKING DAWN

Copyright

BOOK ONE: BELLA

Preface

1. Engaged

2. Long Night

3. Big Day

4. Gesture

5. Isle Esme

6. Distractions

7. Unexpected

BOOK TWO: JACOB

Preface

8. Waiting For The Damn Fight To Start Already

9. Sure As Hell Didn't See That One Coming

10. Why Didn't I Just Walk Away? Oh Right, Because I'm An Idiot.

11. The Two Things At The Very Top Of My Things-I-Never-Want-To-Do List

12. Some People Just Don't Grasp The Concept Of "Unwelcome"

13. Good Thing I've Got A Strong Stomach

14. You Know Things Are Bad When You Feel Guilty For Being Rude To Vampires

15. Tick Tock Tick Tock Tick Tock

16. Too-Much-Information Alert

17. What Do I Look Like? The Wizard Of Oz? You Need A Brain? You Need A Heart? Go Ahead. Take Mine. Take Everything I Have.

18. There Are No Words For This.

BOOK THREE: BELLA

Preface

19. Burning

20. New

21. First Hunt

22. Promised

23. Memories

24. Surprise

25. Favor

26. Shiny

27. Travel Plans

28. The Future

29. Defection

30. Irresistible

31. Talented

32. Company

[33. Forgery](#)

[34. Declared](#)

[35. Deadline](#)

[36. Bloodlust](#)

[37. Contrivances](#)

[38. Power](#)

[39. The Happily Ever After](#)

[Vampire Index](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

Copyright

Text copyright © 2005 by Stephenie Meyer

All rights reserved.

Little, Brown and Company

Hachette Book Group
237 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10017
Visit our website at www.HachetteBookGroup.com

First eBook Edition: July 2007

Summary: When seventeen-year-old Bella leaves Phoenix to live with her father in Forks, Washington, she meets an exquisitely handsome boy at school for whom she feels an overwhelming attraction and who she comes to realize is not wholly human.

ISBN: 978-0-316-00744-3

TWILIGHT

[Cover](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Epigraph](#)

[PREFACE](#)

[1. FIRST SIGHT](#)

[2. OPEN BOOK](#)

[3. PHENOMENON](#)

[4. INVITATIONS](#)

[5. BLOOD TYPE](#)

[6. SCARY STORIES](#)

[7. NIGHTMARE](#)

[8. PORT ANGELES](#)

[9. THEORY](#)

[10. INTERROGATIONS](#)

[11. COMPLICATIONS](#)

[12. BALANCING](#)

[13. CONFESSIONS](#)

[14. MIND OVER MATTER](#)

[15. THE CULLENS](#)

16. CARLISLE

17. THE GAME

18. THE HUNT

19. GOODBYES

20. IMPATIENCE

21. PHONE CALL

22. HIDE-AND-SEEK

23. THE ANGEL

24. AN IMPASSE

EPILOGUE: AN OCCASION

Twilight Discussion Questions

Acknowledgments

NEW MOON

ECLIPSE

BREAKING DAWN

*For my big sister, Emily, without whose
enthusiasm this story might still be
unfinished.*

*But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil,
thou shalt not eat of it:
for in the day that thou eatest thereof
thou shalt surely die.*

Genesis 2:17

PREFACE

I'D NEVER GIVEN MUCH THOUGHT TO HOW I WOULD die — though I'd had reason enough in the last few months — but even if I had, I would not have imagined it like this.

I stared without breathing across the long room, into the dark eyes of the hunter, and he looked pleasantly back at me.

Surely it was a good way to die, in the place of someone else, someone I loved. Noble, even. That ought to count for something.

I knew that if I'd never gone to Forks, I wouldn't be facing death now. But, terrified as I was, I couldn't bring myself to regret the decision. When life offers you a dream so far beyond any of your expectations, it's not reasonable to grieve when it comes to an end.

The hunter smiled in a friendly way as he sauntered forward to kill me.

1. FIRST SIGHT

MY MOTHER DROVE ME TO THE AIRPORT WITH THE windows rolled down. It was seventy-five degrees in Phoenix, the sky a perfect, cloudless blue. I was wearing my favorite shirt — sleeveless, white eyelet lace; I was wearing it as a farewell gesture. My carry-on item was a parka.

In the Olympic Peninsula of northwest Washington State, a small town named Forks exists under a near-constant cover of clouds. It rains on this inconsequential town more than any other place in the United States of America. It was from this town and its gloomy, omnipresent shade that my mother escaped with me when I was only a few months old. It was in this town that I'd been compelled to spend a month every summer until I was fourteen. That was the year I finally put my foot down; these past three summers, my dad, Charlie, vacationed with me in California for two weeks instead.

It was to Forks that I now exiled myself — an action that I took with great horror. I detested Forks.

I loved Phoenix. I loved the sun and the blistering heat. I loved the vigorous, sprawling city.

“Bella,” my mom said to me — the last of a thousand times — before I got on the plane. “You don't have to do this.”

My mom looks like me, except with short hair and laugh lines. I felt a spasm of panic as I stared at her wide, childlike eyes. How could I leave my loving, erratic, harebrained mother to fend for herself? Of course she had Phil now, so the bills would probably get paid, there would be food in the refrigerator, gas in her car, and someone to call when she got lost, but still . . .

“I *want* to go,” I lied. I'd always been a bad liar, but I'd been saying this lie so frequently lately that it sounded almost convincing now.

“Tell Charlie I said hi.”

“I will.”

“I'll see you soon,” she insisted. “You can come home whenever you want — I'll come right back as soon as you need me.”

But I could see the sacrifice in her eyes behind the promise.

“Don’t worry about me,” I urged. “It’ll be great. I love you, Mom.”

She hugged me tightly for a minute, and then I got on the plane, and she was gone.

It’s a four-hour flight from Phoenix to Seattle, another hour in a small plane up to Port Angeles, and then an hour drive back down to Forks. Flying doesn’t bother me; the hour in the car with Charlie, though, I was a little worried about.

Charlie had really been fairly nice about the whole thing. He seemed genuinely pleased that I was coming to live with him for the first time with any degree of permanence. He’d already gotten me registered for high school and was going to help me get a car.

But it was sure to be awkward with Charlie. Neither of us was what anyone would call verbose, and I didn’t know what there was to say regardless. I knew he was more than a little confused by my decision — like my mother before me, I hadn’t made a secret of my distaste for Forks.

When I landed in Port Angeles, it was raining. I didn’t see it as an omen — just unavoidable. I’d already said my goodbyes to the sun.

Charlie was waiting for me with the cruiser. This I was expecting, too. Charlie is Police Chief Swan to the good people of Forks. My primary motivation behind buying a car, despite the scarcity of my funds, was that I refused to be driven around town in a car with red and blue lights on top. Nothing slows down traffic like a cop.

Charlie gave me an awkward, one-armed hug when I stumbled my way off the plane.

“It’s good to see you, Bells,” he said, smiling as he automatically caught and steadied me. “You haven’t changed much. How’s Renée?”

“Mom’s fine. It’s good to see you, too, Dad.” I wasn’t allowed to call him Charlie to his face.

I had only a few bags. Most of my Arizona clothes were too permeable for Washington. My mom and I had pooled our resources to supplement my winter wardrobe, but it was still scanty. It all fit easily into the trunk of the cruiser.

“I found a good car for you, really cheap,” he announced when we were strapped in.

“What kind of car?” I was suspicious of the way he said “good car for you” as opposed to just “good car.”

“Well, it’s a truck actually, a Chevy.”

“Where did you find it?”

“Do you remember Billy Black down at La Push?” La Push is the tiny Indian reservation on the coast.

“No.”

“He used to go fishing with us during the summer,” Charlie prompted.

That would explain why I didn’t remember him. I do a good job of blocking painful, unnecessary things from my memory.

“He’s in a wheelchair now,” Charlie continued when I didn’t respond, “so he can’t drive anymore, and he offered to sell me his truck cheap.”

“What year is it?” I could see from his change of expression that this was the question he was hoping I wouldn’t ask.

“Well, Billy’s done a lot of work on the engine — it’s only a few years old, really.”

I hoped he didn’t think so little of me as to believe I would give up that easily. “When did he buy it?”

“He bought it in 1984, I think.”

“Did he buy it new?”

“Well, no. I think it was new in the early sixties — or late fifties at the earliest,” he admitted sheepishly.

“Ch — Dad, I don’t really know anything about cars. I wouldn’t be able to fix it if anything went wrong, and I couldn’t afford a mechanic. . . .”

“Really, Bella, the thing runs great. They don’t build them like that anymore.”

The thing, I thought to myself . . . it had possibilities — as a nickname, at the very least.

“How cheap is cheap?” After all, that was the part I couldn’t compromise on.

“Well, honey, I kind of already bought it for you. As a homecoming gift.” Charlie peeked sideways at me with a hopeful expression.

Wow. Free.

“You didn’t need to do that, Dad. I was going to buy myself a car.”

“I don’t mind. I want you to be happy here.” He was looking ahead at the road when he said this. Charlie wasn’t comfortable with expressing his emotions out loud. I inherited that from him. So I was looking straight ahead as I responded.

“That’s really nice, Dad. Thanks. I really appreciate it.” No need to add that my being happy in Forks is an impossibility. He didn’t need to suffer

along with me. And I never looked a free truck in the mouth — or engine.

“Well, now, you’re welcome,” he mumbled, embarrassed by my thanks.

We exchanged a few more comments on the weather, which was wet, and that was pretty much it for conversation. We stared out the windows in silence.

It was beautiful, of course; I couldn’t deny that. Everything was green: the trees, their trunks covered with moss, their branches hanging with a canopy of it, the ground covered with ferns. Even the air filtered down greenly through the leaves.

It was too green — an alien planet.

Eventually we made it to Charlie’s. He still lived in the small, two-bedroom house that he’d bought with my mother in the early days of their marriage. Those were the only kind of days their marriage had — the early ones. There, parked on the street in front of the house that never changed, was my new — well, new to me — truck. It was a faded red color, with big, rounded fenders and a bulbous cab. To my intense surprise, I loved it. I didn’t know if it would run, but I could see myself in it. Plus, it was one of those solid iron affairs that never gets damaged — the kind you see at the scene of an accident, paint unscratched, surrounded by the pieces of the foreign car it had destroyed.

“Wow, Dad, I love it! Thanks!” Now my horrific day tomorrow would be just that much less dreadful. I wouldn’t be faced with the choice of either walking two miles in the rain to school or accepting a ride in the Chief’s cruiser.

“I’m glad you like it,” Charlie said gruffly, embarrassed again.

It took only one trip to get all my stuff upstairs. I got the west bedroom that faced out over the front yard. The room was familiar; it had been belonged to me since I was born. The wooden floor, the light blue walls, the peaked ceiling, the yellowed lace curtains around the window — these were all a part of my childhood. The only changes Charlie had ever made were switching the crib for a bed and adding a desk as I grew. The desk now held a second-hand computer, with the phone line for the modem stapled along the floor to the nearest phone jack. This was a stipulation from my mother, so that we could stay in touch easily. The rocking chair from my baby days was still in the corner.

There was only one small bathroom at the top of the stairs, which I would have to share with Charlie. I was trying not to dwell too much on

that fact.

One of the best things about Charlie is he doesn't hover. He left me alone to unpack and get settled, a feat that would have been altogether impossible for my mother. It was nice to be alone, not to have to smile and look pleased; a relief to stare dejectedly out the window at the sheeting rain and let just a few tears escape. I wasn't in the mood to go on a real crying jag. I would save that for bedtime, when I would have to think about the coming morning.

Forks High School had a frightening total of only three hundred and fifty-seven — now fifty-eight — students; there were more than seven hundred people in my junior class alone back home. All of the kids here had grown up together — their grandparents had been toddlers together. I would be the new girl from the big city, a curiosity, a freak.

Maybe, if I looked like a girl from Phoenix should, I could work this to my advantage. But physically, I'd never fit in anywhere. I *should* be tan, sporty, blond — a volleyball player, or a cheerleader, perhaps — all the things that go with living in the valley of the sun.

Instead, I was ivory-skinned, without even the excuse of blue eyes or red hair, despite the constant sunshine. I had always been slender, but soft somehow, obviously not an athlete; I didn't have the necessary hand-eye coordination to play sports without humiliating myself — and harming both myself and anyone else who stood too close.

When I finished putting my clothes in the old pine dresser, I took my bag of bathroom necessities and went to the communal bathroom to clean myself up after the day of travel. I looked at my face in the mirror as I brushed through my tangled, damp hair. Maybe it was the light, but already I looked sallow, unhealthy. My skin could be pretty — it was very clear, almost translucent-looking — but it all depended on color. I had no color here.

Facing my pallid reflection in the mirror, I was forced to admit that I was lying to myself. It wasn't just physically that I'd never fit in. And if I couldn't find a niche in a school with three thousand people, what were my chances here?

I didn't relate well to people my age. Maybe the truth was that I didn't relate well to people, period. Even my mother, who I was closer to than anyone else on the planet, was never in harmony with me, never on exactly the same page. Sometimes I wondered if I was seeing the same things through my eyes that the rest of the world was seeing through theirs.

Maybe there was a glitch in my brain.

But the cause didn't matter. All that mattered was the effect. And tomorrow would be just the beginning.

I didn't sleep well that night, even after I was done crying. The constant *whooshing* of the rain and wind across the roof wouldn't fade into the background. I pulled the faded old quilt over my head, and later added the pillow, too. But I couldn't fall asleep until after midnight, when the rain finally settled into a quieter drizzle.

Thick fog was all I could see out my window in the morning, and I could feel the claustrophobia creeping up on me. You could never see the sky here; it was like a cage.

Breakfast with Charlie was a quiet event. He wished me good luck at school. I thanked him, knowing his hope was wasted. Good luck tended to avoid me. Charlie left first, off to the police station that was his wife and family. After he left, I sat at the old square oak table in one of the three unmatching chairs and examined his small kitchen, with its dark paneled walls, bright yellow cabinets, and white linoleum floor. Nothing was changed. My mother had painted the cabinets eighteen years ago in an attempt to bring some sunshine into the house. Over the small fireplace in the adjoining handkerchief-sized family room was a row of pictures. First a wedding picture of Charlie and my mom in Las Vegas, then one of the three of us in the hospital after I was born, taken by a helpful nurse, followed by the procession of my school pictures up to last year's. Those were embarrassing to look at — I would have to see what I could do to get Charlie to put them somewhere else, at least while I was living here.

It was impossible, being in this house, not to realize that Charlie had never gotten over my mom. It made me uncomfortable.

I didn't want to be too early to school, but I couldn't stay in the house anymore. I donned my jacket — which had the feel of a biohazard suit — and headed out into the rain.

It was just drizzling still, not enough to soak me through immediately as I reached for the house key that was always hidden under the eaves by the door, and locked up. The sloshing of my new waterproof boots was unnerving. I missed the normal crunch of gravel as I walked. I couldn't pause and admire my truck again as I wanted; I was in a hurry to get out of the misty wet that swirled around my head and clung to my hair under my hood.