



I'm not robot



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Edward the cemetery. He put down the shirt and stake. Edward was a few scooching movements and we were off, speeding down the hill. Any fabric you own that camouflages with walls or dance floors might be best." "How do you get in here?" "Through the window—dub 'I'm a vampire!" "Still, my window is barely two feet tall." "Duh, I did the vampire trick where you stick your nose down with a vampire ray and you vampire-punch yourself back to a normal size." I started to ask more questions, but we were interrupted by a violent banging on the door that Edward Mullen. "Laura said, "I already have a date, Belle." Adam whispered loudly. "We both are. What the heck, right?" "Down the hall to your right," she told me. Being close to me makes some guys nervous. It was Josh! I dropped the phone. Would he believe me if I told him that I had peed? It was a little thought, spoken by a little internal voice, like the one that asks if you are afraid of it and you say no and it says if you ever try to get rid of me you will live to regret it. I decided I would tell him that Edward was a vegetarian vampire, feasting solely on ketchup. I stopped at him. "Join my club!" "No, thank you," I said icily. All I knew was, no average human would be able to jump from the sidewalk to the gutter as fast as he did. He was now staring furiously up at hell, shaking all the muscles in his fist at it, glowering at it with his dark, heated eyes and loathing lashes. God, I need a werewolf friend, I thought as I walked towards the parking lot. I cringed. "You didn't inform your dad where you would be?" How is it that you, allegedly completely mortal, are here without a car?" "My car had to be sacrificed for a greater cause." His face clouded with the haze of an ideal. We held hands as we walked towards the exit. I needed to protect Edward in case anything happened. "Goodness gravy, Belle—I sit next to you everyday in English!" "I'm sorry—every face at school kind of blends into one conglomerate dull face except for the face of Edward Mullen, the love of my life." He clapped his hands slowly, sinisterly. I didn't feel anything, though, because it was all part of a day's work and that point. Why did she fall in love with Edward so fast initially based on his looks alone (ouch, the fans are going to get me for that one) and how did Bella's father ever manage to feed himself before she came to live with him? "Well, yeah. One... Two... Three... Four... Five... See what I'm talking about?" Then I took out my binoculars and spotted the top of the hill. Twenty yards to our left. Claudius was well respected in Switzerland by the Angeline Jolie fans. Imagine what would happen if something forced that boy to leave! I'm imagining pages and pages would happen—with nothing but the names of the month on them." "If Edward ever left, I'd find some other monster to hang out with. I ran along the streets of Edward's subdivision in the night, imagining I was a woman who had long, wavy blonde hair and was wearing a red dress. I was a girl, running away from a group of vampires celebrating the greatest night of high school. Jeze! He pointed to a muscular warrior character. I considered going home—was an education worth it without a marital prospect? For a brief second, I forgot what number came after 79. The only cereal dad had in his cupboard was fish flakes. I wondered if they could twirl so much that I would be lifted from the earth, but before I could contemplate where I'd fly, Josh struck me first, hard, in the stomach. "How was your night?" "I didn't answer. "How did you get in here?" I asked when he was done flailing. Then in a flash they went back to glowering at that screen. Mr. Franklin came over to our table. In the first moment, I noted with relief how looking at him still made me heart beat faster. To Green Day? "I think I might already be going with someone..." "Another vampire?" "No, I thought so, but no." Remembering Edward I felt angry, and a little silly. SHOPPING "SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS DRESS, BELLE?" I was in a stiff wooden chair in a holding cell outside the mall's dressing rooms, trapped on all sides by stretch satin. I rushed towards him as he swiftly bent down to pick up more snow. Still, Edward had made some improvements. The snow was dripping off his coat, almost as if it didn't stick to him. Not Edward beneficial. You know this is blood, right?" "Oh, of course. Tom's constant attempts to get my attention were flattering and sometimes surprising. "Might I suggest you wear something simple?" a voice directed without any hint of suggestion. I knew that she probably only wanted to help me because I was the widow/wiper's daughter, the girl everyone had been talking about since my plane got in yesterday. INVITATION 10. "Separate but equal my ass." I shook my head in sympathy. "You don't know what you're asking for," I warned. I couldn't place him. Flattered, I conceded. "Josh," I asked. The bell rang. I ripped open the booth's curtain, my own strength surprising me as the material swung effortlessly to the side. I flew backwards into a gravestone. Mr. Franklin explained that we were going to dissect a frog in class today. I nodded with resolve. "Is this my backyard?" I asked. Had I said something funny? I looked down at my plain, zipperless camisole. I wondered just as Jim shot down the door. We were all eating popcorn together and joking around. I decided to use "Frozen Power." This is where you socially deter people from being bigoted by frowning at their ignorant remarks. I heard voices floating up from the living room. "So what's Phoenix like?" he beseeched. His hands grabbed my hands like they were video game controllers. "It's nice p.m., and I've got to start making breakfast for my Dad." "Good-night," he said and squeezed my hand. Check it out over at EW. "Yes, Edward. In any case, I didn't see why I had to be wary of getting a crown and possibly controlling an entire nation from a comfortable throne. "His weather." I shifted awkwardly. But I wasn't done. If only I could travel back a few clauses. I've cooked enough meals to last you both the first month if you split one-third of a Stouffer's Lasagna a day." My mom smiled at the thought of lasagna. I turned longingly, but it wasn't Vice Principal Decherd, it was Edward. Then, he pushed it down with a long brush-like thing and added the musket ball. Was he going to chase a storm? He began to spin around gracefully, but once I started it was hard to stop. "This is your final warning." Josh continued. Eva Mullen, Edward's mom, came running up behind him. I had to counteract this with zombie noises to scare away any spooks I might have attracted. Edward held the triangle up high, in what appeared to be a grand finish, then he brought it down hard, hitting the top of the piano. If the desires of my heart and the predictions of my pedometer were correct, I was only 952 steps away from becoming a blood-sucker. Three vampires lunged for it at once. She crossed her legs. "Edward has a girlfriend, Edward has a girlfriend," someone shouted. Wouldn't that severely affect inflation? "Do you... so do you like games and stuff?" "Sorry," he said. "I wasn't prepared for your movement. He couldn't even pour himself cereal! I wonder how he managed to exist by himself before I arrived." "Belle!" cried a familiar voice. "Oh, that's just my night moisturizing mask." The mask made me look like a warrior, bravely fighting facial dryness. "Well, they keep your blinks down. Still, I thought about the vampire I loved, so I put a couple of suitcases on my head." "Wait!" I called after him. "Belle," he said. It's a full-body cast." "What are you supposed to be? The sun had set, but I thought I noticed a faint glimmer of scorching crimson haunting his skin. Please... I really need to get home." I nodded sleepily. At the top of the stairs was a giant wooden cross. A huge truck to store all of the bottle caps I've always wanted to start collecting. "Do you want to go over now?" he asked after a few minutes of silent contemplation, probably about how lucky he was to be dating a normal human. It was beautiful. "Yeah... weird!" I said glibly as I got out of bed and went over to the mirror above my desk. I'd look very feminine. Nonetheless, I would like to share with you one ghost story. Were you not aware of what that sick old man was trying to do?" He shook his head, seething. "And mine, too. Looking around at all the other tables, I realized this must be the popular table. It was too late, though; Josh had seen them. Free, to be exact." "Where did you get it from?" I asked, hoping he wouldn't say the dump. "Be careful not to speak until I tell you." I froze. Instead, he assumed Warrior One pose. "Does it hurt?" he asked. Complete with romance, danger, insufficient parental guardianship, creepy stalker-like behavior, and a vampire porn, Nightlight is the uproarious tale of a vampire-obsessed girl, looking for love in all the wrong places. "I want to go with you, too." He hesitated. My vision tunneled, and all I could see was a white, pasty light, glowing on the horizon. We were going to a cemetery, the Chuck E. About three things I was absolutely certain. My fast actions had caught him off guard again. Then I thought, no, that can't be right. It's been really fun, especially when I filmed Josh doing his homework." I made a home movie once, right before I left Phoenix forever. No. He couldn't possibly know about that. CONTENTS 1. Not any kind of human I'd ever met. Who said Edward? Would I ever hear Edward's sweet triangle melody again? He, too, was wearing a hair clip that looked kind of girly. "No, Belle. She looked up from her novel, Full Moon. I picked up a pencil on Edward's desk and pressed it against the soft, supple flesh of my face. Had he? I casually thrust my neck towards him, bating it in the moonlight. When was I not talking to you?" I remembered last night, when I called Edward repeatedly, pretending to be selling tooth sharpeners. He was such a controlling driver—no once did he let me improvise. Another vampire? "How could you possibly predict that he would lure me there on top of telepathically knowing his intentions?" I had him there—vampires only get one super talent. "Get her!" The vampires cried. Three more vampires dove to the floor. I smiled and waved at them generously. It suddenly occurred to me that, after all that frolicking in the meadows, he hadn't kissed me. The house was a two-story Tudor, cream with chocolate tinting, like a miniature éclair that makes you fat for days. After I had counted to a hundred ten turns, starting over again every time Edward shrieked. "Not ready yet," I opened my eyes and shielded them against the sun, now significantly exposed in the clear sky. I wondered if he was putting alcohol on it, the way doctors do before giving you shots. Blood spurted out and landed on Mr. Franklin's lab coat and the back of a nearby girl's blouse. Or we could eat at separate tables and still be friends. "What about this?" asked Angelica. "I wrote that for you," Edward murmured, drawing me close. THE MULLENS THE EGGSHELL-COLORED DAWN WOKE ME WITH ITS gentleness. I would have to enter this into my "reasons why dating Edward is an extreme sport and thus a legal alternative to gym" rubric. He was sitting at a table all by himself, not even eating. If only something dangerous would happen. I got out of my seat quickly so I might lightly slip Edward in the face with my hair. Suddenly, my eyes started blazing and firing up. That was my trick question. "I lied about the color. I liked being able to travel to and from class via puddle, jumping from one to the next and rating the puddle on the Belle-Goose scale—a scale from 1-5 where 1 represents dry land and 5 represents a tsunami. I turned to face him. "Angelica—Can I ask you a very personal question because I trust you as a friend?" "Sure." I tried to think of something friends ask each other. For the first time I noticed how tall he was. "I'll go. Romance novels, for every type of monster fetish." "Fine," said Lucy. "Now you've done it, Belle— Now you've really done it." Belle, why don't you say something on tape? I especially wish my armpits turned to sweat so much; I must be secreting pheromones like crazy, which would only heighten Adam and Tom's frenzy. After a few minutes, Edward asked, "What am I drawing?" "A computer." He sighed and gently pressed his lips to my hair. He gazed at me in silence for a moment. I waited patiently for the riot to subside, sipping my blood chum in a folding chair in the corner, too bored to even say I told you so (but not too bored to broadcast it over the PA system). "Not so fast, Josh," I said from my seat. Eva closed her eyes and raised her arms, swaying rhythmically to Edward's music. Edward continued to jab at his computer. "Listen, Belle. Or eat at separate tables but be going out. Mr. Schwartz called on him and he mumbled something—I think that the sombrero I was wearing was both alluring and practical for the weather—but my mind had drifted. Ah, the beginning of another chapter. This was getting fun! Suddenly I blurted out. As long as I was with Edward, I would never lose another thumb war again. "Sorry," we said together. I like my hamburgers medium-rare." "Okay, we all set?" asked Josh, tossing another shriveled mole onto a pile. Embarrassed, I straightened up and fell down the escalator, somersaulting over the roller luggage inconsiderately placed on the left side. "Um... sure," he said. On my way to school the next morning, I felt light and bouncy, but that could be because I'd left in some springs. Stop this endless cycle of vengeance!" I perched on his back to stop him from the demonic violence he was capable of, two snowballs hit him in the face. I think this was because there was plenty of room for the large rolling backpack he carried around with him everywhere. It hurts terribly." Then something magical happened. You know I don't like real people. It was the mailman, grinning at me with that typical Switchblade smile. "Where's the first?" he quavered, most likely from hunger. 3. I exhaled and inhaled deeply, trying to breathe in his scent, but all I could smell was lab frog. The vampires had such straight noses, nice breasts, and expressionless faces. The things I saw and heard, Belle... it's so difficult for me to explain." "Try, Edward. Yes, my romantic conquest was finally coming to fruition. "I know... I know we're just friends but ... we could both be friends eating dinner together, if that appeals to you. I understand. We both think about more things than the others." He parked the car and turned to me. What if I told you that once there was a spider in my shower and I threw a cup after cup of water at it until it slowly drowned and I lived with the subsequent guilt complex for years before I became vegetarian? Vegetarian in vampire-world means you drink every type of blood but human. I ducked in time to narrowly miss the falling fifty-pound dumbbell with a spike tiara attached. I'd rather not see your dad again. Veiled in dim light, the cemetery seemed to cry out. "Suck your girlfriend's blood! She's ready! She's targeted! You don't need to exert any energy—all you need to do is open your mouth and she can run into your tooth if you're tired." As soon as I realized that I was screaming this in Edward's ear, I stopped and politely apologized, stepping away to give him personal space. At the time, I couldn't help but think he was trying too hard to get my respect. I was being followed. Are you feeling better?" "Yes, Belle. "Hm. I leaned back in my chair, bored already. I hadn't signed any release. It was a foreign situation, but it all felt oddly familiar, so familiar that I guesstimated that millions of girls around the world could identify with it. Edward kept on referring to his map so we wouldn't get lost. I poked the boy in front of me. "So my mom really wants to meet you," Edward said. But Edward wasn't listening. You're beautiful, Belle." "Yes, yes," I said quickly. He stared intently at the screen, narrowing his eyes into slits and concentrating those slits on the screen as if the only thing that mattered to him was physically dominating that screen. You're still not afraid of me? I kept worrying it was going to jump from the tree onto my window screen and then worm its way in, using its hemoglobin sensors to find where all my blood was. "Belle!" I looked over. Try that next time." "What are you wearing?" asked Josh, admiring my costume. "Whoa, whoa hold on," I said, digging my heels into the sidewalk to resist forward movement like Scooby Doo, only no one was pulling me so it was more like I was walking on my heels. Like WHY does Bella have to fall down all the time? As he speaks, his eyes lit up a brilliant green. I yawned. No wonder! I thought it was an angel; the way it purred reminded me of the way Edward mumbled. The next morning I was on my way to first period when someone grabbed me from behind, reminding me of the vice principal pulling me off the stage during the talent show in Phoenix. "I can't believe I'm Prom Queen!" I whispered excitedly to Josh. Wow. "You sound surprised. The whole class could tell I was friends with older people. "Oh, Sorry about that," he mumbled. He looked over at my costume. I jumped off the stage. I was finally about to ask him if liked me for me or for my paper cuts when Edward turned the truck around. "Friday night is when we click on each other's— the most vital part of the Price Elasticity Club." "Fine," said Adam. Or was it a helpless mauler? "Sure," I said. "You know, the lion falls for the lamb." "What?" "Sorry." U.S. President Ulysses S. "Yeah," he answered, seduced. "You have brown hair. So not only was he pale like me, but he was also an outsider from a state that begins with an "A." I felt a surge of empathy. "Let's find a place where you can lie down." I said maternally but also seductively. That's when I realized there were all recordings of Edward's music—triangle, and some recorder. Or not necessarily something dangerous, but someone dangerous. Here, nature was green. Never had I belted The Sound of Music louder. I decided to take off my heels, they were fine to walk in, but I wanted Edward to think that I had a hard time getting to him. (I later found out that, in fact, they call it a cemetery.) As Edward talked about something (Who ever knew what he was talking about? "Come on, Belle," said Josh. You mean the kid whose clothes are too small?" We looked over at Edward, who was sitting alone, doing homework due next month. "Any boys at school catch your eye? Of course. I have a condition which makes my legs become paralyzed every time I think about guys. Soon the whole city had erupted into riots—few could handle the radical inclusion of my moonwalking feet. Direct phrasing gives me nose bleeds." "That's better," I said, releasing his collar. Thanks for the pizza! Listen. "I'd love to join your club sometime, but I've gotta do things. To be honest, that's what most of Edward's expressions reminded me of. "No," I said, coming towards him. Geez!" he muttered, but took a deep breath. Or the fact that the only way to treat the mold was to pour burning fat in my nose, massacring their colonies? Jim had already left to keep you safe from Segs. "I tried not to breathe too loud so I wouldn't disrupt his protective air." "You have to read the procedure first!" "It's so easy," I said, slicing the frog down its middle. We've introduced ourselves already. "They go clug-a-chug-a— with a ch." "Maybe in Switchblade," I said skeptically. Facing straight ahead, I let my eyes sort of slide to the side and study him peripherally, which doesn't count as looking. Nintendo is better than Atari. Austin... more File loading please wait... I juiced some grapefruit onto my veins to get my characteristic, extra-yummy blood scent. He took some Purell from his pocket and frantically rubbed it on his mouth. "Belle!" "Edward!" "Belle!" "Edward!" I noticed there was garlic above the doorknobs. I promise to do everything by the book," Josh was saying. Nothing I hadn't done at my old school. Oops. There could only be one reason behind this call: kidnapping. You can tell by the pockets. "Most sad," he said. It was about the one person I'd like to have dinner with, living or dead: U.S. Secretary of War under Lincoln, Edwin Stanton. I looked at him suspiciously, through my magnifying glass. First, Edward was most likely my soul mate, maybe. I opened it expectantly. Why would I ever ever do that?" he pondered and then gave me a sharp look. "I'm in the deepest love that has ever occurred in the history of the world." "Gosh, Belle. "It's too bad you know so much about ghost stories. I—" "Don't worry about it," I said, looking towards the blackboard. "Come on Edward—a half-step at a time," he muttered quietly, not wanting to disturb my faint slumber. Suddenly the ground split open beneath us, cracking the tombstone in half, and from the grave emerged a figure with bloodstained fangs and a black cape whose tail, curved like a wing, was neatly pressed down in obvious defiance of the current trends. In the school parking lot, I parked my truck in the only place it would fit: the principal's space and the vice principal's space. "Hi," she said. "Because that would be a twist!" "Don't worry. "Thanks, Lindsey," he said, mistaking me for Lindsey Lohan. Now that a vampire breaking into my house and hovering over my bed at night was no longer a deluded fantasy of mine but a frighteningly real possibility, I needed to disable the "Ring for Criminals but Ignore Any Vampires" setting. "How does that feel?" he asked. I thought that was today. "That's so cool!" I imagined what I'd do if I ever met Dracula. Bat-like. "Wow. If only I had said "yes" when that scientist asked if I wanted his extra time machine. I was a little hurt that he couldn't tell I would be a talent show. "Sorry!" she said as she went through a series of body hiccups. Is it? It's about vampires. Its eyes glowed red. Pretty much everything Belle says in the book is just what Bella says at that moment in different words. "Hm..." I said cheerfully. "Should we tell ghost stories?" "I'm not sure you're aware of the peril of your situation, Belle. He said, pointing his rifle at Josh. "I don't need your help walking!" I insisted angrily as I slithered out of the classroom on my belly. Well, I thought, I could always use those nunchucks I carry with me. He fired. I decided to leave it. Looks like everyone decided to be human, there's a huge human-romance-novel phenomenon going on in the vampire world right now. On the drive back home, he asked me if I had any other theories. "Well, he did look kind of angry when you fell and disconnected his computer charger." So it wasn't all in my mind; others had noticed Edward's awareness of me. I know it's been hard for you here. "Maybe I help you." A wretched old man with stink-breath was nosing his garbled moldy nose into my face. "You're not angry at me for being domineering? One guy, actually, was both big and a vampire, but he turned out to be gay. I also—oops—accidentally ripped my dress climbing over a gate and—oops—accidentally messed up my hair with my hand. Maybe I hadn't given fascism the consideration it deserved. But, as the pediatrician said, I couldn't let her separation anxiety prevent me from getting out of the house for eight or so years. "Your bag is in my way." I knew it. I stood on the top of the truck and guided it with a long pole, pretending I was in New Orleans, about to save Edward from the flood. "I'm sorry. "Um, do I know you from work?" I strained to remember if he was one of my coworkers. I call this story, "The Tale of the Long Ago Locket." Josh said in a shaky ghost voice. "Dear God," he muttered. A window graffiti artist. "I see." Suddenly, the sound of glass shattering rang throughout the house. For me." It faded out to a hip indie song—"Claire De Lune." That settled that. I was going to respect Edward's desire to wait, and he was going to respect my desire for winged creatures. "Why don't you go fishing?" "Yeah, I think I'm supposed to go fishing today. TWILIGHT IS A HORRIBLE SERIES OF BOOKS. Sorry. He was probably wondering if he should spit the gum out first, or keep it in his mouth but kind of under his tongue so I wouldn't notice. "Sorry!" she said as she went through a series of body hiccups. Is it? It's about vampires. Its eyes glowed red. Pretty much everything Belle says in the book is just what Bella says at that moment in different words. "Hm..." I said cheerfully. "Should we tell ghost stories?" "I'm not sure you're aware of the peril of your situation, Belle. We settled down and began to enjoy the romance of each other, almost like a warm glow inside of us. Frankly, I filed the current custom of all desks facing the front a very dangerous one. Let me start over," he said. I drew closer to the booth to pirate a slice, suddenly discerning the figure manning it. Why, just the other day while I was slipping, hadn't I had a vision I might fall? "There's that sound again," he said. And now this," he said in the nasal voice of Alvin the Chipmunk, holding his nose. Afterwards I still didn't have Internet access, so I rearranged the furniture to freak out my dad, Josh, and I sat there, an awkward silence quickly setting in. It took about ninety seconds to re-load. "Dance," Josh commanded. "You see Edward's handsome forehead?" "Dad!" Edward whined. "Here's your class," he said when we reached the Trigonometry classroom. Never had I felt free. "Okay okay—I'll do one dance." I did my ironic tap-dance. I took an Odwalla bar break. IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM IS A METAL FOLDINGCHAIR, FOLDED UP, WITH A RED SEAT. "The prom committee picked a pretty unimaginative theme in terms of costumes this year. I don't want to hurt you." He ran through a red light. There was something red stuck in his teeth. That would come later, when my dad was asleep and I was lying awake thinking about how ordinary kids my age are. Would you still want to go out with me?" "Well, Edward. Second, there was a vampire part of him—which I assumed was wildly out of his control—that wanted me dead. Understand?" "Oh God," he said, blood gushing from his nose. Wash your face a few times." I blushed. As the saying goes, boys are from Mars and girls are from a completely normal planet. Despite the fact that Italians are known for their tan skin and garlic-laden cuisine, I knew from my research that the most powerful vampire family had decided to live there forever. I couldn't help but beam back. I wondered what people at school would think when they saw the New Me. They would think: Ahhh! Vampire! Stake her! But as we neared the table, Edward said, slicing the frog down its middle. We've introduced ourselves already. "They go clug-a-chug-a— with a ch." "Maybe in Switchblade," I said skeptically. Facing straight ahead, I let my eyes sort of slide to the side and study him peripherally, which doesn't count as looking. Nintendo is better than Atari. Austin... more File loading please wait... I put as much spinach as I could on my fork and moved it towards his mouth. One tin can is in the back of our computer, and the other tin can is in the back of our neighbor's, which has Internet, just like the way I like my parodies to be. For practice." I outstretched my pallid white arms to him, my hands together, gently cupping a bright red apple that I had swiped from the fake kitchen downstairs. Frankly, I think your superhuman ability to hurl jugs of apple juice as big as cars is the most attractive thing about you. Great! Just Friends. "Here we are," I announced. I had to hurtle my car into the ditch before a looming cloud could get me. I pulled out another bowl and gave it to my dad. "So that went well!" I said outside in the U-HAUL. "I'm a Human Guy," he said with a grin, flashing his false human teeth. Angelica's ominous epileptic message resounded in my brain: I SEE A ROOM IN CHAPTER TEN. My mom loved it. Belle Goose is actually really similar to the character Belle Swan. I turned to thank him kindly for the use of his pencil, but he was looking at me in horror, his mouth agape, an open invitation to all sorts of airborne organisms like birds. A low, melodic voice, humming Schubert—"My hallucination of Edward. He had left his computer at his seat. Twenty-seven years of being the only window-wiper in Switchblade had forced him to distance himself from others by at least a winduppane. Then where would you be?" "He knows I'm with you." "Fat lot of use that'll be when we're marooned on the road. I watched as Edward disappeared into the fog, this time not in a magical way but in a loud, falling way, signifying that he had tripped over a gravestone. Over a hundred mph, here we go." He pulled out a sleeping bag from his camping pack. "Excuse me," he said, hoping I would fall in love with him or something. I like tall guys. "So is it awkward if I ask what our status is?" I asked quickly. "I'm not being prejudiced! Believe me, some of my best friends are werewolves." "Well, frankly, I'm more of a television guy. Edward was really taking over my brain. "You!" I put as much spinach as I could on my fork and moved it towards his mouth. 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