

The Pulse

A Column for the
Twilight Obsessed.

By Rachael Mayer

Obsessed

I am a nerd; if in fact a nerd constitutes someone who is obsessive-compulsive over the amount and color of M&Ms, who has her own celebratory jig (and uses it quite often), who enjoys watching children shows on television, and who, of course, is completely obsessed and has formed a deep emotional attachment to Stephenie Meyer's *Twilight* series. If these, and the many other oddities I possess, but have not mentioned, count towards my strangeness, then I suppose I'm completely okay with it all; since it most definitely influences my creativity, which indirectly fuels my imagination-my imagination that makes life a little brighter each and everyday. To write that I frequently put my mind to use would be a dangerously inaccurate understatement. My imagination is a part of me, and could explain the intensity of which I read. Of which I dream. It could explain why I absolutely adore *Twilight*.

As I become tired or bored of my current task (a frequent occurrence), I sneakily run to my room and snatch *Twilight*, *New Moon*, or *Eclipse* from my bookshelf. I lay behind my bed to hide from my mother who, seeing that I am again reading *Twilight*, etc. will remind me of my unfinished homework and my messy room. No matter how many times I am at the receiving end of exasperated glances and no matter how many times I've read the book, I keep coming back to it. It isn't as though I do not have plenty of material to read-I must have nearly twenty books that have never been opened on my bookshelf; why do I come back to *Twilight*?

Perhaps it is because it is so easy to escape to another world, another time and place. Perhaps it is because I start reading and forget where I am. I hear a loud noise and slam back into reality as I realize I am just a seventeen year old girl sitting on my couch-not someone who is running through damp, green-lighted forests with werewolves and vampires. Perhaps it is due to the similarities of myself that I see in Bella. How her anger is hotwired to her tear ducts, how she is clumsy (although my un-coordination isn't quite as extreme), and how she dislikes large amounts of attention. I see myself in her and the beauty of it all is that every reader can see the same. And instead of completely escaping to another world, Stephenie Meyer simply tears a little hole in the one we have-making the impossible probable and dreams reality.

Perhaps it is because I have found an author who can make me smile, laugh, fret, and cry all within one chapter. Who, in a world of monotony and predictability can create a marvelous adventure that never becomes dull-no matter how many times I read it. I suppose it is a type of addiction. An addiction that completely envelopes me until I can gain enough self-control that I am able to remove myself from its power and descend back into reality. It is a piece of work that I stay up late reading. So late, that when my mother tells me to turn off my light at 4 AM, I break out my book light and read on.

It is a timeless story of love and hate, of unbelievable gifts and unfixable losses. It makes me inconceivably happy and unbearably sad; it is a masterpiece-the epitome of excellent fiction. Go ahead, walk away, do not fall into its pages, try-it is irresistible.

Rachael