

He pets Willow. In a split second, Willow struggles to get away. She jumps off the table and runs to another room. "Willow, what has gotten into you? Are you trying to knock over these candles and cause a fire?" He looks toward the candles and suddenly two flames fly out, hitting both of his eyes. "My eyes!"

He places his hands over his eyes and falls back on his bottom. He is breathing hard, almost in a state of shock, as his core temperature rises. A few seconds later, he feels no pain, with his core temperature going back to normal, and is somewhat puzzled.

"What the hell is going on?" He slowly releases his hands from his eyes. "Well, that was a close one." He gets up and his breathing slowly goes back to normal, as he replays his near-death experience in his head.

Slowly, in the corner of his eye, he sees something waving on the table. This took Edward back. He could always see shades of light and darkness, but this was something he hadn't experienced. It was deeper this time; more define than usual. "It can't be." He shakes his head. "Oh, nonsense Edward, it's probably your short-term memory replaying itself." He walks away. But something kept drawing him back to the table.

He turns around hastily and glares at the table. "What! What is it you want from me, for crying out loud?" And then it happened. The mysterious image faded in for Edward. He was in uttered shock. There stood before him, was the waving flame of the candle. "Oh my god, it's a miracle!"

Edward leans toward the flames and studies them. "The mixture of orange, red, and yellow, lighting up my room, just beautiful." He looks at the flowers in the table's corner. He dives over the table, yanking out the flowers, causing the vase to spill over onto the table. He touches the petals softly.

He puts the flowers on his face and gets teary-eyed. "I forgot how precious life can be." He fixes the vase and places the flowers back. He turns around quickly to see what else he could discover. He is drawn to the painting on the wall of a sailboat in the middle of the ocean, during a fierce storm. He rushes over and studies the brush strokes.

The blackish, greyish cloud over the white sailboat. The huge unforgiving waves pounding the boat like it was nothing. Edward shakes his head. "Hang in there, young lad." He steps back and scratches his face. "Aw, my face!" He moves his hands up and down his face. "I get to see my face!"

He scans the room for a mirror, but can't locate one. He dashes over to the hallway where there is a hand mirror on the shelf. He cheerfully smiles as he goes in front of the mirror, but soon frowns as he discovers a broken mirror. "Damn!" He runs over to the bathroom where he sees what was once a clean one-hundred-dollar mirror, which is now a few pieces of broken grimy glass.

"No, don't do this to me!" He tries to view himself with one glass, but he's unsuccessful. "My dear, what is wrong with me?" He puts his hands on the sink rim and thinks. He runs over to the bedroom and opens the drawers, and frantically throws out his underwear, socks, and pajamas. Willow comes in and pounces on the flying socks. "Where the hell is that mirror of mine!"

He goes to the second drawer, and this time just dumps out the clothes onto the floor, including the handheld mirror that once belonged to his mother. He looks at his face with an aw. "My face, I can't believe it's my face." He slides his hand down his face.

He slides his fingers over his rough wrinkles and unshaven face. The black circles under his eyes are relentless. "Ten years of neglect will do that to a man, damn." He takes a deep breath. "I think I need a shave."