

Things I Can't Say - Sam's logbook

Private Record, Sept 2004 – Feb 2005

(Note: entries selected over six months of private notes.)

August 29, 2004

I'm sick. Really sick. Never felt anything like this. My whole body is burning up. I can't breathe. It's so hot.

Don't know why I'm writing this. Maybe I'm dying.

September 3, 2004

Something happened. Blacked out. Woke up naked in the woods.

Don't know how I got there. Don't know how long I was gone.

Something is wrong with me.

September 10, 2004 (written September 18, 2004)

I knew it was the 10th of September. Found a newspaper thrown on the side of the road. It was dry and intact. Couldn't open it. I had... I have paws. I saw my reflection the day before in Wentworth lake. ...Saw a black wolf looking back. Wet nose. Yellow eyes. Not mine.

Madness. Madness from hunger and thirst. I missed my mom. I missed Leah. For the first time I prayed: "God, please let me go home".

September 18, 2004

I'm home.

Mom's crying. I told her I had the flu. Delusional and got lost. Lied.

Leah hit me over and over while crying. I'm so glad to hold her again.

I think I'm going insane. Maybe I should burn this.

September 26, 2004

Old Quil shook my hand. Stared too long.

He *knows*.

Met with Billy, Harry, and Quil tonight. They told me about the wolves. The Cold Ones. The Cullens. The legends.

They say I'm the first.

I'm not allowed to tell anyone. Not even my mom. Or Leah.

I came home and locked the door. Cried without making a sound.

October 5, 2004

I suck at lying. At keeping secrets. Leah thinks I'm cheating.
Told her I'm just sick. Still recovering from my two weeks in the woods.
That's not a lie. Not really.

October 19, 2004

Leah's cousin Emily's visiting. Leah's excited.
Emily talks a lot. She always has. This time she won't shut up about her niece Claire.
Nice enough. Kind of smug.
Leah deserves better friends.

November 10, 2004

Patrolled again, as ordered. As always. Duty comes first and all.
No signs of anything.
No vampires.
No backup.
No one else.

December 25, 2004

Leah cried. Screamed at me.
Said she wanted forever with me. Accused me of pushing her away. Threw my gift for her in the trash.
Harry won't tell her the truth. Neither can I.
She left.
I deserve that.
Still standing outside. Still listening. Hoping she'll take my gift next time.

December 31, 2004

Everyone avoids me now. Accuses me of acting like the mafia or law enforcement.
Midnight.
No resolutions. No wishes. What's the point? I have no future.
No one around.
Even Mom's gone.

January 2, 2005

The elders talked *about* me like I wasn't there.

Told them my mom's threatening to kick me out.
Billy told me to control myself better.
Didn't hit him. Proud of that. Not proud that I *wish I had*.

January 8, 2005

Bella Swan's coming back to Forks.
Two years gone without visiting the tribe and suddenly she's a priority.
Billy's giving her his truck.
What did she ever do to earn that? I protect this tribe and sold my car for food.

January 20, 2005

Billy says he warned Bella about the Cullens.
Says she listened.
Jacob's face says otherwise.
Can't say I blame her. No one else listens.

February 20, 2005

Smelled something off while patrolling.
Tracked it to Billy's.
Girl on the couch. Eating Sue's food.
Definitely not vampire. I've been told they don't have heartbeats. Not human either.
Smell was... *wrong*.
I've been ordered to defend my tribe, my elders who were sat by her, and so I threatened her.
Billy and Harry made me stop.
The man with her was her dad. Charlie Swan phoned back and threatened to put me on a sex offenders list if I went near his daughter again.
Bella.
It was *Bella*.

Everyone tells me to trust my instincts, then yells at me when I tell them they had a *non-human* in their house. Am I their protector or their pet?
More importantly, *what the flying fuck is Bella Swan?*

February 24, 2005

The elders trusted my judgment.

Billy says he's known Bella for years, but even he admits it's odd Charlie kept her away lately.
Old Quil wants a second scent test. Harry's worried I'll lose control again.

The Swans aren't answering their phone.

I ignored the warnings. Found her truck at school.
Smelled her scent. Odd. Faint.

But not like the Cullens.

Their cars reek half a mile away. I know *that* smell now.
Was she friends with the bloodsuckers? Did *they* think she smelled strange too?
I drove around town, not close to her house — just close enough.
Sniffed the air. No sign of leeches near her property.
I left, still not knowing what to do.

I remember the fear in her face that night. She was terrified of me. She *sensed* me.
The others weren't scared. She was.
Same expression I had in the mirror that first day my life went wrong.

She'd been on Billy's couch. Eating food. Watching TV.
She's been on the rez before.
Then suddenly kept away — by her *obviously human* father — from Billy Black, who tells stories anyone can read up about...

...Just like my elders distanced me from Leah. From Mom. Jared. Jacob. Seth.
They make decisions for me while I fight not to lose control. But I'm one of them.
What would they do to Bella?
She's not one of us. But if she's not human...
A treaty? For someone who eats food, who knows to be afraid, and might be completely alone?

I went back to the rez and told the elders I was wrong.
Said she was human. Probably brushed against a Cullen at school. My bad.

Whatever she is, telling the tribe might be more dangerous than keeping her secret.
If she turns out to be a threat, I'll deal with it. But she appears more vulnerable than dangerous.
Until then, she's not the enemy.
She's not human. Not vampire.
She's something in-between.

Like me.

February 25, 2005 - 1:30AM

She came last night and screamed half the rez down yelling for me. Thankfully, I'm the only one who heard.
She didn't run. She didn't scream. And now I can't forget her face.