Edward

Remembrance

Evelyn flipped through the wallet, stuffing the cash into her pocket and pushing toward the street stall of a haggling fruit vender. She brushed past the stall and walked on. Evelyn rounded a corner in the road and slid the bright green apple from hand to hand, and took a bite. She decided to save the other three for later.

As she was eating the crisp apple, she didn't notice the ladder of a bent and rusted fire escape hanging limply at street level and a broken rung twisted to point outward. Evelyn's jacket caught on the rusted metal and ripped. She pulled back but succeeded in scratching her side. She swore a choice curse in Irish, causing an old woman shuffling down the street to stop and come over to her. Her eyes were sunken in their sockets and her face wrinkled. Her hair was gray and covered by a dirty shawl. She touched Evelyn's arm asked,"Are you alright dear?"

Evelyn stared at her face in shock, surprise, fear and a dozen other emotions. She spun away and raced from the spot next to the ladder where she met the woman. Evelyn was panicking now and sighed with relief when she saw a small, dark alleyway leading off at an odd angle from the crowded streets of Dublin, Ireland.

By the time she reached the rundown seven-story building where she lived, she was gasping for breath, and kneeling on the ground. Evelyn took a moment to catch her breath and walked in through an old side entrance because they had piled things in the way of the main entrance. There were others living

here to, three others. She walked past the elevators, for the cables had been cut years ago and the machines themselves were hanging limply in the basement. She took the stairs to the top level and turned down the corridor to the right and then the left and then right again. This seemed to be a dead end, but in fact it was a door covered in wood and then covered under a layer of slathered grimy plaster. She pushed it open, closed it and walked tentatively into the penthouse they shared.

"Guys? Is anyone here? I got another wallet but there's something we need to talk about."

Her voice cracked with fear at the end and she glanced over her shoulder just to make sure the old lady wasn't there. She knew it was silly, being afraid of her. But still. At first, there wasn't a sound, and her jumpy nerves told her that the old lady had gotten them.

Then she heard the gratifying sound of the twins having a good-natured argument as they came out of Aoife's room. Something about U2 being the best Irish band or not. Then Walter, a tall, lanky, kind boy appeared. As he stepped over the small ridge in the hole leading to the next penthouse, his shoulder length brown hair moved to cover his hazel eyes.

The twins' smiles instantly faded into expressions of concern when they saw the worried look on Evelyn's face, and they lead the silent procession toward the boys bedroom. It was their agreed place of meeting, and they all liked it for a couple of reasons. The windows were big enough to let in a lot of natural light, but small enough that people in other buildings or on the ground couldn't see them.

They sat in a circle between the beds and Evelyn leaned back against the headboard and sighed. She opened her eyes again and saw the expectant faces of the twins looking at her. Aoife and Eoin looked almost exactly alike. They both had unnaturally lime green eyes, red hair and pale skin. The only difference was that Aoife's hair fell down to her waist and was loosely braided. Eoin's hair was

shorter than Walter's and just covered his ears. Evelyn's own straw-blond hair fell down to her knees.

She slipped the apples out of her pocket and rolled one to each person. The twins ate their apples very quickly, devouring the core and all. Walter, however, ate his slowly.

She sighed again and started to talk, "I was walking back from the flea market this afternoon and I cut my side. This old woman shuffled over to me and asked me if I was OK, then she touched my arm. I know people do that all the time, but this time her memories scared me."

Everyone in the small group huddled on the dusty ground knew of her power. The power to know peoples memories if they touched her arm or face. They all had powers, that was what brought them together. Everyone in the ragged group shared one power, though: immortality. Evelyn had been born around 1600 years ago in the Italian Peninsula. The twins were born in a rough Viking settlement near Limerick, Ireland in around 920 A.D. They had the power of levitation. Not exactly flying, but hovering five to six feet in the air. They could move quite fast in the air, and completely silently. In fact, the idea of witchcraft originated from them. Walter was the oldest of them by far. He had been born in Ancient Greece and he had the power of tongues. He could speak any language in the world, even if he had never heard it before. He also didn't feel pain. If he got a cut on his hand or a broken wrist, he wouldn't feel it. It would also heal within two days.

"What... did you see?" asked Walter, haltingly and cautious.

"She..she remembered... my family."