

Stefany Meyers (1973 -) → [link M. Shelley](#)

Life

Stephenie Meyer was born in Hartford, and received a B.A. in English in 1997. She is married with three sons; once an auditor, she retired to take care of the children.

S. Meyer is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Works

- The novelist says that the idea for *Twilight* came to her in a dream in 2003 about a human girl, and a vampire who was in love with her but thirsted for her blood. *Twilight* was published in 2005 and was followed by *New Moon* (2006), *Eclipse* (2007), and *Breaking Dawn* (2008). Meyer cites many novels as inspiration for the *Twilight* series, including Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, and L.M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*, Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*; W. Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*; Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*.
- *Prom Nights from Hell* (2007), a short story published in a collection about bad prom nights with supernatural effects.
- *The Host* (2008), a science fiction work which follows the story of Melanie Stryder and Wanderer, a young woman and an invading alien "soul," who are forced to work as one.
- *The Short Second Life of Bree Tanner* (2010) of the *Twilight* series. It is about a newborn vampire, Bree Tanner, already featured in *Eclipse*, who is also the narrator.

Film adaptations:

Twilight (2008) directed by Catherine Hardwicke; *New Moon* (2009) by Chris Weitz; *Eclipse* (2010) by David Slade.

Plot

Bella moves to her dad's house in the rainy town of Forks, leaving her mother in Florida with her new fiancé. She is attracted by Edward Cullen, a distant, and incredibly handsome boy. They start a relationship and Bella discovers he is a vampire of a specific clan who hunts wildlife instead of humans. Bella feels safe and falls hopelessly in love with him, a feeling which is mutual. They attempt to hide Edward's identity from her family and the rest of the school. Bella and Edward's struggle to make their relationship work especially when vampires from an outside clan infiltrate the Cullen territory and start hunting her.

Twilight, chapter 1, First Sight

We sat at the end of a full table with several of her friends, who she introduced to me. I forgot all their names as soon as she spoke them. They seemed impressed by her **bravery** in speaking to me. The boy from English, Eric, **waved at** me from across the room. It was there, sitting in the lunchroom, trying to make conversation with seven curious strangers, that I first saw them. They were sitting in the corner of the cafeteria, as far away from where I sat as possible in the long room. There were five of them. They weren't talking, and they weren't eating, though they each had a **tray** of untouched food in front of them. They weren't **gawking** at me, unlike most of the other students, so it was safe to stare at them without fear of meeting an excessively interested pair of eyes. But it was none of these things that caught, and held, my attention.

They didn't look anything **alike**. Of the three boys, one was big — muscled like a serious weight **lifter**, with dark, curly hair. Another was taller, **leaner**, but still muscular, and honey blond. The last was **lanky**, less **bulky**, with untidy, bronze-colored hair. He was more boyish than the others, who looked like they could be in college, or even teachers here rather than students.

The girls were opposites. The tall one was statuesque. She had a beautiful figure, the kind you saw on the cover of the Sports Illustrated **swimsuit issue**, the kind that made every girl around her take a **hit** on her self-esteem just by being in the same room. Her hair was golden, gently waving to the middle of her back. The short girl was **pixie like**, thin in the extreme, with small features. Her hair was a deep black, **cropped** short and pointing in every direction. And yet, they were all exactly alike. Every one of them was **chalky** pale, the palest of all the students living in this sunless town. Paler than me, the albino. They all had very dark eyes despite the **range** in hair tones. They also had dark shadows under those eyes — purplish, **bruise like** shadows. As if they were all suffering from a sleepless night, or almost done recovering from a broken nose. Though their noses, all their features, were straight, perfect, angular.

But all this is not why I couldn't look away. I stared because their faces, so different, so similar, were all devastatingly, inhumanly beautiful. They were faces you never expected to see except perhaps on the airbrushed pages of a fashion magazine. Or painted by an old master as the face of an angel. It was hard to decide who was the most beautiful — maybe the perfect blond girl, or the bronze-haired boy.

They were all looking away — away from each other, away from the other students, away from anything in particular as far as I could tell. As I watched, the small girl rose with her tray — unopened soda, **unbitten** apple — and walked away with a quick, graceful **lope** that belonged on a runway. I watched, amazed at her **lithe** dancer's step, till she **dumped** her tray and **glided** through the back door, faster than I would have thought possible. My eyes darted back to the others, who sat unchanging.

“Who are they?” I asked the girl from my Spanish class, whose name I'd forgotten.

Notes

bravery: courage

waved at: said hello moving

tray: serving dish

gawking: looking curiously

alike: similar

weight lifter: a man who lifts

leaner: thin

lanky: tall and thin

bulky: muscular

swimsuit: bathing costumes paper

hit: strike

pixie like: like an elf

cropped collected

chalky like chalk

range variety

bruise: contusion, black eye

unbitten: not eaten

lope: scuttle, rush

lithe: agile

dumped: cleaned

glided: disappeared