

was standing next to him, actually admiring the paintings, "You are making a scene!"

"How am I 'making a scene'? I am not a three-year-old toddler, Violet!" Edward shouted at his wife, for whom he didn't love.

"I never said you were a toddler!" retorted Violet, who loved Edward. "If you still want me then you must change your ways or love me forever!" Then, she walked off briskly.

Edward walked on the deck of the ship to control his confusing thoughts.

"Swirling stars, colourful cubes... Changing ways and raging wives... What's happening to me?" he asked himself quietly.

"Edward....?" asked Lawrence.

Edward turned around to face his elderly friend.

"What is it, Lawrence?" he snapped.

"You must change your ways quickly, my friend... unless you wish to die." Lawrence whispered.

"Violet also told me to change my ways... but I do not wish to."

"PLEASE, Edward!!"

"I am who I am, Lawrence! Why doesn't anyone understand? I can't change my personality!" screamed Edward.

"It is not your personality. It is your HABIT." And with that, Lawrence strode off.

"I will NEVER change my ways!!" yelled Edward to the sky, which was starting to blacken and rumble with thunder. "You hear me, God? NEVER!"