

# Man in a Box

*by flaminia\_x*

Lily has an imaginary friend. So what? Don't all children? But hers is ... special.

## Man in a Box

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Lily has an imaginary friend. So what? Don't all children? But hers is ... special.

i keep a man inside a box under my bed  
do you?  
no?  
where do you keep yours, then?  
mummy says it's normal  
for girls my age  
to have imaginary friends  
but i know he's real  
because  
he tells me things  
talks to me at night  
does nice things for me  
like that time that james took my dolly  
and pulled her arms off  
because he was cross with me  
my friend got me my dolly back  
and when james broke his arm

that afternoon  
i cried  
but my friend said not to  
it was what bad little boys deserved  
and that if anyone ever hurt me  
he would hurt them back  
worse  
he said he loved me  
and would protect me  
that's how i know he's my friend  
i love him too  
my mother says i dream too much  
i used to tell her  
about my friend and me  
the games we play together  
like reading books  
sometimes the words were too big  
mummy didn't understand  
she always got a strange look on her face  
when i asked about war  
and death  
she thought i was too young for such things  
she didn't like my stories  
told me to read my books about quidditch instead  
i don't care about quidditch  
not anymore  
my friend said it was okay  
he would protect me  
i don't tell mummy things anymore  
i take the man out and listen to what he says  
he tells me how pretty i am  
at first he sounded like daddy  
daddy always tells me i'm beautiful  
like a princess  
my friend doesn't believe in princesses  
he tells me i am better than that  
i am special  
he touches my cheek  
not exactly like daddy  
his fingers are cold  
but i don't mind  
because i know he loves me  
as much as my daddy does  
but daddy tells me stories  
about flying and centaurs and mermaids  
my friend tells me  
about more important things

i like his stories better  
he says i do not dream enough  
my friend tells me i am important  
that i am meant for great things  
i don't understand what he means  
i ask him  
and he laughs  
he says one day i will see  
one day they will all see  
he says i'm growing up  
that i'm getting so big  
my brothers tease me  
but he says i'll be better than them  
one day  
and not to worry  
i still don't understand  
but it doesn't matter  
i trust him  
i hear my mother in the hall outside my doorway  
she always tucks me in at night  
i'm too old for that now  
but i smile anyway  
and let her pull the covers up  
she brushes my hair back from my face  
and tells me how big i'm getting  
how pretty i am  
how smart  
she wishes me good night  
and kisses my forehead  
i can't wait for her to leave  
my friend watches  
but she can't see him  
when she leaves she leaves the door open  
partway  
my friend kisses me too  
but not on the forehead  
he pulls the covers back down  
he knows better than mummy  
the way i like it  
he touches my body  
with his cold fingers  
he says it will help me grow  
make me stronger  
it tickles  
but he says i will learn to like it  
i hope so  
when he is done

i put the man back in the box  
under my bed  
and pretend to sleep  
i watch my father walking silent past my doorway  
i am glad dad doesn't tuck me in  
at night  
anymore  
i tried to tell him about my friend  
once  
my friend warned me  
he told me dad wouldn't understand  
but i didn't listen  
i told him anyway  
my friend was right  
dad didn't understand  
he got angry  
he told me i was much too old  
for imaginary friends  
but i said  
my friend was real  
james and albus laughed at me  
called me a baby  
for not knowing the difference  
between real and imaginary  
and they ran off to fly  
but daddy and mummy looked  
like they might cry  
so i lied  
and i smiled  
and said he wasn't real  
but he is  
i don't think dad believed me  
i hide the man behind my back  
my friend told me  
i shouldn't ever talk about him  
because  
mum and dad  
don't believe me  
it makes me so angry  
my friend says that's okay  
that i should be angry  
because i'm a good girl  
and mum and dad  
ought to trust me  
but he says they don't  
he says i'm growing up  
i'm becoming a young lady

so beautiful  
and one day  
i'll be better than them  
stronger  
and then  
i won't need them anymore  
just him  
i wish it would get here sooner  
and all the while he's blowing kisses down my spine  
he touched me last night  
like he always does  
he pulled the covers down  
the way i like it  
but this time  
it felt different somehow  
he smiled  
and said i was ready  
that if i wanted to  
i could make it all happen  
i wouldn't have to wait  
anymore  
to be better  
stronger  
all grown up  
he said that he loved me  
that if i loved him back  
as much as i said i did  
then i would let him  
i nodded  
it hurt  
at first  
the way he touched me  
so strange  
as he moved inside me  
he got heavier  
until i could barely breathe  
but it tingled  
he said  
it should feel good  
i guess it did  
he said it would be better  
next time  
i got scared  
when i saw the blood  
but he smiled  
and said that was normal  
that i was so special

that we were bound together  
and no one could change that  
not my parents  
not my brothers  
they didn't matter anymore  
because  
i could be his forever  
if i wanted to  
i sat up  
it hurt so bad down there  
but i smiled  
and said yes  
he smiled  
and embraced me  
and held my hand  
as i pointed my father's wand  
and the green light  
hurt my eyes  
but then  
he said  
i was a woman now  
all grown up  
and i was his  
forever  
i'm not the only one  
who loves to feel the woman in me  
just  
no one sees  
the other fingers