

'Mom, can Lilly have dinner with us?' Anna asks. I stop cutting the vegetables for a moment and act like I am thinking about her question. 'Sure,' I say, 'as long as she eats with her mouth closed this time.' My daughter nods. 'She promises mom,' she says. 'Mom, Lilly and you were friends when you were young, right?' 'If we were, she would not be a girl your age, would she? I think she has been friends with you for such a long time that it feels like always.' Anna nods and starts drawing again.

'What are you drawing sweetheart?' I ask her. 'I draw Lilly and you together, as if you were friends. Look, this is Lilly, and this is you.' I watch over her shoulder. My kid has always been good at drawing, just like I was until that day. Since the day Tasha, my own imaginary friend, disappeared out of my life I could not draw half as well. When I look over my daughter's shoulder, I hold my breath. What I see is a clear picture of me and Tasha. 'What a beautiful picture,' I manage to say, 'Did Lilly help you to draw it?' Anna nods and takes another piece of paper. 'She says that she was your friend once too. And that she will help me like she did for you, but that I have to listen to what she tells me to better than you did.' I gasp. My daughter has the same imaginary friend I had as a kid.

Anna has stopped drawing before I notice, and at once she holds the knife I used to cut the veggies. 'She also says it is time to do the things you did not do. Bye mom. You'll be making a wonderful dinner.'

Tasha left when I refused to kill and eat my parents.