There are no monsters here, only a scar where there was once a body, only the way a boy turns up his collar to hide the electrodes in his neck, the way he pulls his hat down low to hide weird angles of his forehead.

Because a boy learns to be a man by his father’s example.

I tell my son there are no monsters, only our collective fear of the dark and when I close my eyes at night my father wears broad shoulders and a nice jacket. He holds his arms out in front of him as he walks toward me.