

TABLE ANALYSIS

No	Dialogue or Narrations	Freud's Theory			Lanning's Theory (Pedophilic Disorder)							
		Id	Ego	Superego	The Causes of Pedophilic Disorder			The Characteristics of Pedophilic Disorder				
					Sexual Abuse in Background	Role of the Brain	Deficits Intimacy from Parents	Skilled at Manipulating	Older than 25, Single, Never Married	Excessive Interest in Children	Limited Peer Relationship	
1	“Ray has never come out and said it, but I know from years of listening to him dream that his mother did to him what he does to me. Held him down, rubbed him raw, broke him open. In them, he cries and begs her not to touch him, that he doesn't want to go inside her, that he is a good boy, he really is”	v			v							
2	“I don't want to be	v			v							

	<p>like her,” he said. “I won’t be like her. I let Ray have his nightmares, watch him thrash and listen to his voice squeak with fear. I lie there and watch him and wish he was trapped back there, with her, and had never broken free”</p>										
3	<p>“GET UP. Those were the first words I ever heard. Open my eyes, see a girl, black and blue all over, dried blood along her thighs. Red brown stains smeared across the hairless juncture</p>	v			v						

	<p>between. “Get up and take a bath, Alice,” the man in the blue shirt said, and I did. That’s how I was born. Naked, hairless, covered in blood like all babies. Named, bathed, and then taken out into the world.”</p>										
4	<p>“You aren’t listening,” Ray says, and his hands tighten again. “You know you’re supposed to</p>	v			v						

<p>listen when I talk.” He shoves me to the floor and pulls off my pants. I stare at the ceiling while he sweats and thrusts, air aching down my throat and into my lungs until he grabs my hair. He pushes faster then, harder, and slams my head into the floor over and over until my vision is bright and fuzzy and there are strands of my hair caught in his</p>										
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	hand”										
5	“Ray kisses my forehead or my knees or the insides of my thighs, but his mother made him kiss her good night every night and so he told me he’d protect me and never kiss me”	v			v						
6	“See this?” he said, and parted his hair with his fingers, showed me long silvery lines on his scalp. “My mother did that. Cut	v			v						

	<p>me when my hair got dirty, cut me trying to get the tangles out. If I'd done a better job, she wouldn't have had to do it.”</p> <p>“I don't want to be like her,” he said.</p> <p>“I won't be like her. But I will have to punish someone if you can't be good. And you want to be good, don't you?”</p>										
7	<p>“Hand in my hair then knife at my throat. Knife, sharp</p>	v			v						

	<p>pressure against my skin. PAIN red hot on my throat. He sticks the knife in my shoulder and I scream”</p>										
8	<p>“He’s a strange one, that’s for sure, always with that car, not really ever talking to anyone</p>	v									v
9	<p>“Walk up the stairs, Ray’s footsteps behind you. Listen to him pause, smiling at the one open</p>										v

	apartment door, the Indian family on the second floor										
10	“He says hello to the people around us, casual waves and occasional chats about the weather										v
11	“At work he says people call him Silent Ray because he’s so quiet and he likes that it’s better than Fat J or Pepperoni D or Assy the Clown										v

12	“It is good for women to look like little girls now, to have no hair between their legs	v								v	
13	“The girl knew she wasn’t supposed to go anywhere with strangers, but the man had on a blue shirt like everyone who worked at the aquarium”	v								v	
14	“I think you might be over 100	v								v	

	pounds. That's not acceptable										
15	“Every Sunday we go to Freedom Church. Ray believes in God, and in looking at all the little girls in their Sunday best, ribbons and bows and tiny socks with lace on them	v								v	
16	“I am 15 and stretched out, no more than 100 pounds. I can never weigh more than that. It	v								v	

	<p>keeps my breasts tiny, my hips narrow, my thighs the size Ray likes</p>										
17	<p>“Ray doesn’t want me getting pimples or my period, and so he makes me take a pill for both every day. The one for pimples dries out my skin, and makes the sun blotch me angry red. The one to prevent my period does just that, and although the</p>	v								v	

	ads on TV say it just makes your period less painful, I never get mine”										
18	“THERE WAS ANOTHER ALICE BEFORE me. Ray let her go when she turned 15. Ray met the Alice before me when he was nineteen and she was eight	v								v	
19	“Pretty,” “They were pretty.” “I wish we could have them all,” he	v								v	

	says										
20	“New underpants bought at the big store where we buy toilet paper and the cleaner I use to mop the floor, white only, no lace, no trim, smaller than mine. Smaller than mine, Ray noticed, and no dinner for me that night	v								v	
21	“Two days later, when my face was still swollen hot, he came home with a lock of my mother’s hair. He wouldn’t tell me how	v						v			

	<p>he got it, even when I cried and crawled onto his lap to beg the way he likes best. He just said, "I decide everything. Remember that.""</p>										
22	<p>"when all the lights are out except for the fairy princess night light he's plugged into my bedroom wall, waving her magic wand to spread pink light into the room."</p>	v						v			
23	<p>"I strangle out my plan in broken words as Ray puts ice on my throat and rubs my ribs and carries me to the sofa, careful tender as he opens my clothes and marks me all over."</p>	v			v						
24	<p>"We'll be able to go somewhere nice," he</p>	v								v	

	<p>says. “Maybe someplace with a pool. I’ll watch Annabel swim. A little blue suit with yellow trim for her, and you’ll dry her off with a towel, then wrap her up and bring her to me.”</p>										
25	<p>“Ray and I go every Saturday morning. Ray stares at little girls and I stare at the food”</p>	v								v	
26	<p>“The day I got too tall to wear the white dress with short, puffy sleeves and little tucks along the chest, he filled the kitchen sink with water and shoved my head into it. I was thirteen then, and when I tried to stay down after he’d held me there, lungs burning, inside of my head going dark, he</p>	v								v	

	<p>hauled me out and slapped me so hard the right side of my face grew a hand-shaped bruise, jaw to forehead. I couldn't go outside for a week."</p>										
27	<p>"I make up outfits, frilly little dresses with sashes and tiny white socks folded into delicate shoes. That was how he dressed me for years, until the dresses strained open across my hips and chest, until my arms came out strangled red from the binding sleeves."</p>	v								v	
28	<p>"I wish all little girls could be like that," Ray said. "Stay like they are forever. Never grow</p>	v								v	

	up into what they all become										
29	“MORNING AGAIN, ALWAYS MORNING again, always another day, and I see my breakfast yogurt still sitting on the table. Last night yogurt is there too. Ray always feeds me yogurt to keep me tiny, to keep him happy”	v								v	
30	“Oh little girl who are you?” he said. “What’s	v						v			

	your name? He spoke sweetly										
31	“Before they went outside, before they even left the penguins (who were still just standing there, doing nothing, like they were watching them), he gave her a baseball cap. “Everyone got one,” he said. “Yours is the only one left, though, so it’s too big. Better tuck your hair up under it.	v						v			

	Maybe that way it'll stay on										
32	“Because I would hate to take time off work to drive all the way to 623 Daisy Lane and wait for everyone to come home and ... take care of things. I’d hate for them to come home and find me there, waiting for them,” he says. “I’d hate for your parents to die because of you	v						v			

33	<p>“At bedtime, he rumples his sheets— we have a two- bedroom apartment, because we are father and daughter and he wants to take care of me, wants me to have my own room like other little girls—and then crawls into my tiny bed with me. My sheets have pictures of cartoon princesses on them, with pink trim and a</p>	v						v			
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	matching pink comforter										
34	<p>“There are several women at Freedom Church who think Ray is attractive, with his full head of hair and carefully pressed clothes. They like that he is so strict with me, they say when they talk to him, his hand resting on my shoulder (remember what I will do if you ever try to leave me,</p>	v						v			

	<p>remember who you belong to). Their eyes gleam with hope. They want to be taken care of, and they think Ray could do that for them</p>										
35	<p>“What a crock. Anyone can tell that guy is lying.” “Did you see how he kept blinking? Classic sign. You know, I went to Alice’s funeral and talked to her parents and said I wished I knew why</p>	v						v			

	<p>she'd run away all those years ago, and they had no idea she was with me because I knew not to blink like that</p>										
36	<p>“Too tall and you want to leave me, don't you? You'd run away in a second if I let you. You wouldn't care if everyone at 623 Daisy Lane had to die for you. So selfish</p>	v						v			
37	<p>“So I get</p>	v						v			

<p>her, and when the boy comes, you keep him busy—I know you can do that (eyes going angry, and bitter pressure on my feet)— and then I'll come find you, take care of him, and we'll—” He pauses, eyes gleaming, and his fingers skate feather light over my feet. “We'll put Annabel's things in his car, a little dirt and blood on them. Maybe a</p>											
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	<p>little on him. And then we vanish and he's left with a story of a girl who can't be found." He chuckles</p>										
38	<p>"Mess this up and we'll drive to 623 Daisy Lane and I'll burn everything. "Mommy and Daddy and I'll hear them screaming and let you hear it too. Then I'll leave you there, roll you in their ashes and put matches in your hands, and</p>	v						v			

	<p>when the police come they'll know you were bad and ran away and came back to punish them for forgetting you. After all, you sent those angry letters home. They gave them to the police and hope you never come back</p>										
39	<p>“Yes, that was my daughter. She was making a salad and cut herself, no, I already called an ambulance</p>	v						v			

	but you know how traffic is so I'm driving her there now. Thank you										
40	“Shut up or I'll drive back to your house, not to take you home but to kill your parents and make you watch. Make you see what happens to little girls who don't listen	v						v			
41	“Now, I can't take you to 623 Daisy Lane unless you want	v						v			

	<p>everyone there to die. Because that's what will happen if you go there. Do you want that?</p>										
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