

## CLINGING TO APPEARANCE : DEXTER

And so I had learned to dress neatly and smile and brush my teeth. I had become a perfect fake human, saying the stupid and pointless things that humans say to each other all day long.

No one suspected what crouched behind my perfect imitation smile. No one except my forster sister, Deborah, of course, but she was coming to accept the real me.



After all, I could have been much worse.

I could have been a vicious raving monster who killed and killed and left towers of rotting flesh in my wake. Instead, here I was on the side of truth, justice and the American way. Still a monster, of course, but I cleaned up nicely afterward, and I was OUR monster, dressed in red, white, and blue 100% percent synthetic virtue.

And on those nights when the moon is loudest I find the others, those who prey on the innocent and do not play by the rules, and I make them go away in small, carefully wrapped pieces. This elegant formula had worked well through years of happy unihumanity. In between playdates, I maintained my perfect average lifestyle form a persistentl ordinary apartment. I was never late to work. I made the right jookeswith coworkers, and I was useful and unobstrusive in all things, just as Harry had taught me.

My life as an android was neat, balanced, and had real redeeming social value. Until now.

Jeff Lindsay, Dearly Devoted Dexter, 2006