



I'm Sure Thankful I'm Not A Pedophile

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I got to thinking the other day, and, boy, I'm sure thankful I'm not a pedophile. Of all the lowdown, bad-luck things to wind up with in life, pedophilia is not something I'd wish upon anyone. But specifically, it's not something I'd wish upon myself.

I am an ambitious young man. I have hopes and dreams and goals that I want to accomplish in life, and these things would be hard to see through if I was preoccupied with persistent sexual desires for children.

If I was a pedophile, how could I go into Toys "R" Us without getting all hot and bothered? Or go to Children's Hospital on Christmas and hand out presents? Or promote my children's sing-along album *Songs I Grew Up Singing-Along To*? Or goof around in McDonald's Playland? Or how could I, in good conscience, become a teacher and teach social issues in cinema class? That's something I have always wanted to do. But it would be hard to stay on track doing any of these things if I was a pedophile.

And how about my family? My brother and sister both have young children. They probably wouldn't want to have anything to do with me. And if they did, they'd probably live in constant fear that I'd take my nieces and nephew out back behind the shed and fondle the heck out of them. I'd feel so terrible if they had to worry like that. Call me weird, but things like this are important to me.

And yes, some day I'd like to settle down and have my own children. I'd want to nurture them and protect them and teach them all they things they need to know to have a happy life. And none of this would include lusting after them or their friends in any way.

Over the years, I've come to realize that since I'm not a pedophile, I don't have worry about any of these things at all. And that is a huge relief. It's just hard to imagine how I'd be able to function in everyday society if I couldn't help but want to have wild, uninhibited man-on-child sex with every semi-attractive kid I saw.

I love children. I just don't love them in the same way that I love Paris Hilton, which is a rough and tumbling sort of way. And I thank my lucky stars and the good Lord and all the people who could have molested me but didn't.

Normally I strive to be a very open-minded person. I encourage other people to be themselves and to embrace the different things that make them individuals. I do not, however, encourage other people's pedophilia.

When I hear about some new pedophile popping up in the neighborhood, I always say aloud, "Not kosher, Zeus. Not kosher."

In fact, I did some thinking about it and couldn't think of many things that were worse than pedophilia. Then I thought about when those pedophiles realize that there isn't anything worse than pedophilia. And you almost have to applaud them for not committing suicide when they come to this realization.

But you really have to try to empathize with a pedophile's plight, though. Those guys got it rough. It's not like you can just will your pedophilia away. Pedophilia is also way more of a nuisance than, say, a rash for example. At least with a rash there are lotions and ointments and things to help get rid of it. There is no recipe like that for pedophilia, and using lotions and ointments are only going to encourage it.

And, man, how do you prepare yourself for a life of pedophilia? Certainly there are ways of getting around victimizing children. I suppose it takes the focus and self-discipline that one learns in abstinence training at school. We, of course, know how well abstinence training works. And wait a minute, it's not like they teach you how to cope with pedophilia in school. In fact, spending all day, every day in a classroom with a slew of young, ripe children isn't going to help the problem at all. These people are doomed from the start.

And then what? What does a young person destined to be a pedophile have to look forward to? Prison? Do you know what happens to pedophiles in prison? They don't get the best steaks at chow time. That I can tell you.

And when they get out of prison, what happens? That's right. They go on the Sex Offenders List. Do you think when your neighborhood pedophiles were kids planning their futures that they thought they'd end up on the Sex Offenders List? I'm sure they dreamt of being on the list of the world's richest people or *People's* "50 Most Beautiful" list. I mean, even if they're just on the list of the \$100 contributors to the new YMCA indoor track, that would still be better than being on the Sex Offender's list.

And do you have to put that on your resume? Where do you hide it if you do? Under Skills & Activities or under Awards & Commendations?

Then, after the list, when they move to a new neighborhood, they have to go door to door to tell everyone they're a sex offender. That's got to be rough. Wouldn't it be just their luck to get a wiseass who answers the door?

"Hello, sir, my name is Larry. I just moved to the neighborhood. Wanted to let you know that I'm a sex offender."

"A sex offender? What kind?"

"Sir?"

"What kind of sex offender. What'd they pin you for? Rape, sodomy, molestation?"

"Well, pedophilia, sir."

"Pedophilia? Children? Boy, what were you thinking?"

"I don't know, sir. I wasn't thinking."

"Man, don't you know kids are sacred? There isn't a parent out there that wants you running around, dripping saliva at the thought of their naked children running around."

"Yes, sir."

"Boy, I outta slap you upside the head." (Slaps him upside the head.)

"Thank you, sir."

"Now git on outta this here neighborhood. And keep yer hands off the Lewis boys."

I'm sure the slap upside the head is better than the slap inside the rectum the pedophile gets in prison. But I can't help but dread the kind of life that you average Johnny Pedophiles must lead. I'm not sure how the thought of this affects most folks, but for me, it seems to instill gratefulness for the lesser problems of the world, like credit card bills, severe acne, and space shuttle disasters. Because at the end of the day when all is said and done and a line is drawn in the sands of time, I'm sure thankful I'm not a pedophile.