

Premier Issue

Volume One Issue One

True Innocence

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Newsire:

Federal case may redefine child porn

Innocuous Inoculations

The Doctor is In

Compost Pile: Reviews for us

Harmful to Minors: The perils of protecting children from sex

Distant Voices
Interview with
a non



Don't be Afraid of Words

Hedonist
Editor-in -Chief

Well I guess I should give the obligatory welcome to True Innocence. I truly am pleased that you have chosen to be hear and read a little about pedophiles and their love for little girls. I guess I should point out that True innocence is a publication of pedophiles who exclusively like, love and cherish little girls. This is not a publication of boy lovers.

We hope if anything you'll give True Innocence a fair shake and enter with a open mind and not one filled with pre-conceived notions of pedophiles and what society dictates they are. Most often the common man thinks of a pedophile as that behind-the-bush skulking, evil, dangerous, "child molester" that every child must be protected from.

The reality is pedophiles, for the most part, are just like anyone else except they have a attraction to little girls just like other people are predisposed to being attracted to older women, men either the opposite attraction or the same. We come in all shapes, sizes, social/economic backgrounds, races etc. We are doctors, lawyers, painters, etc. etc. You and your child interact with pedophile's on a daily basis and may never even know it.

This is not to make you paranoid and start looking under every rock. It is to show you that having your children aroun pedophiles is hardly a danger to them or anyone else. The danger you should be looking at is child molesters. Often these people are not even interested in children, they are interested in power or easy pickings. They are unsuccessful with older women so resort to fulfilling their sexual needs by exploiting little girls.

Pedophiles would never even dream of hurting little girls. Ever. I personally do not know one pedophile who has even thought of it. Though I have met many pedophiles who would willingly give their own life to protect a little girl...even one he barely knows.

We expect any non and anti who picks this up to immediately turn off any kind of unbiased thinking. As, a matter of fact we fully expect anti's to become so angry that they'll probably resort to violent and extreme measures once they get wind of True Innocence as anti's have proven agian and agian they are not interested in learning about pedophiles and are comfortable wallowing in their own filth. It is the non's we hope to reach. If even one gains a understanding of what a pedophile is this publication will be worth it.

True Innocence is not a exclusive magazine. I truly hope that we receive letters and even articles from non's. And yes even anti's.



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True Innocence Disclaimer

What you are reading right now is a collection of articles, stories, and miscellaneous items written by a diverse group of pedophiles and "nons". We hope that by reading these pages you may come to understand us better and that this magazine will only be the first of a long list of resources that you use to make up your own mind of who and what a pedophile is. So what is a pedophile? Well that is one of the things this magazine hopes to help with, the understanding that pedophiles are a group of people who happen to have an attraction to children. However, even that description is vague, within those that society would call "pedophile", there are some who are attracted only to teenaged individuals and others that are only attracted to girls under the age of five, others still that have no particular age group or gender that they find exclusively attractive. So with that, how does a group of people that are only grouped because of their attractions decide on any hard and fast ideals? Well the simple answer is they do not. Like any group that is a group simply because of one overriding trait, pedophiles do not agree on everything within our own group. Similar to homosexuals, pedophiles are group made up of many varying and sometimes opposing view points. We have liberals and conservatives, we have libertarian and Greenpeace ideologies represented, we have Christian and Muslims, and we have agnostics and out right atheist, and many other view points. So remember as you read this magazine, each article, each story and everything else within these pages are the view points of the author of each piece, and as such is not necessarily the view point of anyone else.

Term's used in True Innocence

Non: A person uneducated on pedophilia and against pedophiles as society dictates

Anti: A more militant person who wages war against pedophiles by any means necessary.

In both cases non's and anti's confuse pedophiles with child molesters.

The Doctor is In

A periodical penned by Writer

Childhood sexuality.

It's a topic that's rarely discussed. Few people even acknowledge the importance or existence of it.

Most will say that children are not sexual unless someone has taught them to be that way ("sexualised them") or they have been "sexually abused".

Contrary to both opinions, children are indeed sexual creatures. They are born that way, and whilst some functions are not fully developed at a young age, they can certainly be sexually responsive.

There has even been observation of sexual activity in the womb.

"We recently observed a female fetus at 32 weeks' gestation touching the vulva with fingers of [her] right hand. The caressing movement was centered primarily on the region of the clitoris. Movements stopped after 30 to 40 seconds, and started again after a few moments. Further, these light touches were repeated and were associated with short, rigid movements of the pelvis and legs. After another break, in addition to this behavior, the fetus contracted the muscles of the trunk and limbs, and the climax, clonicotonic movements [rapid muscle

contractions] of the body, followed. Finally she relaxed and rested. We [several doctors and the mother] observed this behavior for about 20 minutes." [1]

This raises the possibility that infant girls, (as well as boys), may have some sexual awareness at birth. They may already know what sexual pleasure is and how to obtain it. Is it possible that fetal thumb sucking and masturbation are equally necessary and beneficial to the developing fetus? When an infant girl touches her vulva is she just then becoming aware of it or is she demonstrating what she learned or knew prior to birth? What are the psychological consequences of pushing her hand away? Would we do the same if she were sucking on her thumb? This one obscure record of fetal sexuality challenges our perceptions of human sexuality, if it does not in fact destroy them.

Most articles or books I have read that endorse childhood masturbation recommend parents tell their children that it is something to do when alone. Something one

does in "private."

I can understand why they recommend this but they overlook one important point: young children have no privacy.

If you bathe, dress, wipe their nose and butt, and walk into their bedroom unannounced, how much privacy do children have?

Is it then reasonable to expect them to understand the concept of privacy or "masturbating in private"?

Accordingly, parents send mixed signals to their children. Young children will generally believe their





parents really do not want them to masturbate. If it is normal, why hide it?

Why is it that their parents not want to see them masturbating if it is normal and everyone does it? If it really is normal, parents need to treat it as such.

Children may consider what they do at home and with their parents and siblings as private as well, as they are not in public. They may masturbate in the living room when no one is around but when someone walks in they may be accused of not doing it private.

If you sleep, bathe, dress, and use the bathroom together, why hide masturbation? Children often have a different and more honest view of sex and masturbation than do adults.

In an ideal world, children should be encouraged to masturbate whenever and wherever they want. Obviously, it would not be appropriate for your daughter to take her panties off and masturbate in the main street, or

while she was riding the bus home, but by the time children are of this age, they can easily grasp the concept that there are "appropriate" times and places where they can do it without causing offense to other people.

Sexual Rights of Children

In the western culture, great controversy has been perpetuated over what adult (parent and professional) attitudes about children's sexual expression should be.

Many child rights advocates believe that children are a disenfranchised minority in the age/class system and state that the privilege and responsibility of sexual behavior is one of the many human rights denied them.

They suggest that the proper adult stance is one of permissiveness to encouragement[2]. This argument is more than vaguely akin to the rhetoric of the pedophile groups who have a vested interest in the relaxation or abolishment of child protective (albeit restrictive) laws.

Many child experts more conversant with the vulnerabilities of children in a complex pluralistic society opt for laws and social custom that, although somewhat limiting, provide protection from unscrupulous adults. Children, by definition, are not "consenting adults" in sexual matters and may need

protection from the liability of sexual contracts in the same manner that they are not held accountable for business or labor contracts.

This position does not suggest that there is inherent harm in sexual expression in childhood; in fact, we have considerable evidence to the contrary.

Sexologically, it is based on the knowledge that the benefits of free sexual expression of children can only occur in a sexually supportive society: a society in which all people have sex for sexual reasons, one in which sexual knowledge, skill and pleasure are valued for both males and females.

A society that encourages sexual competency rather than constraint and in which every man, woman and child can say "yes" or "no" to sex without prejudice or coercion. To encourage children to be sexual in a sexually repressive or permissive/ambivalent culture is to exploit their healthy sexual interest, as they will be left alone to deal with a double standard and the sex-negative, self-serving attitudes of peers and adults.[3]

References:

1. American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology 175, Sept 1996.
2. (Farson, 1974; Yates, 1978)
3. Electronic Journal of Human Sexuality, Volume 3, Feb. 1, 2000

THE BURNING MAN



The Girl-lover's Task

Featuring Kiota

When society hears the word 'pedophile', they immediately think of child abusers, molesters, rapists, luring children to them, using the child for their own sexual pleasures, and leaving their victim traumatized for life. The phrase 'girl-lover' suggests something softer, kinder, but in society's view it is just a different way of saying 'child molester'.

A girl-lover, however, though a subset of pedophile, is very different from this stereotypical view. While a pedophile may only be sexually attracted to children and lack any true caring for them, a girl-lover first and foremost loves young girls - purely, platonically. There is, of course, a sexual component to his love, but that is secondary. He wants to cherish her, make her happy, help her grow and develop, protect her - and this requires putting her needs first.

The typical prepubescent girl isn't interested in sex the way an adult is. A young girl's masturbation, for instance, is one with a far different purpose. Instead of feeling a build-up of sexual tension that needs release, she does it simply because it feels good.

Although she may have crushes on people in her life, these crushes are typically not sexual, and the girl's fantasies usually don't go beyond platonic hugs and kisses.

On some occasions a young girl may seem overtly seductive - bolding lifting her skirt, for instance, or even asks outright for a sexual act. The former is usually explained by a child's natural tendency to 'naughtiness' - wanting to do something they know is 'wrong'... or simply to show off new panties. The latter, too, is only rarely a sign that the girl wants to be sexually intimate. It could be curiosity about other people's bodies, or curiosity about something she read about or saw on TV.

Too often, it is due to previous or ongoing abuse she is suffering - it's very common for sexually abused girls to 'act out' their abuse. Or, they might feel that in order to keep their friend's love, they must sexually please him. Or, they simply might not know other ways of showing their love. Or, they were 'trained' to sexually please, and are simply acting on that.

Even if a young girl truly

wants sexual intimacy with an older partner, she may not be ready for it. As a child, it is likely that her own sexual identity has not yet developed. It's very common for girls and women who'd had consensual sexual experiences at a young age to later regret those experiences, or to feel their innocence, naivety, and vulnerability were taken advantage of. Too often, a consensual sexual experience between a girl and an adult can leave the girl traumatized.

A girl-lover should never take that risk, and thus must never agree to be sexual with a young girl. Even in a case where the girl seems to initiate the act and understand it, there is still too much of a risk that it would be emotionally damaging to her.





Many
pedo-
philes
and
child-
lovers
work

towards abol-
ishing, or at least lowering,
the age of consent but, to
what purpose? Most chil-
dren in this society would
still be harmed by sex, and
the fight to lower the AoC
only confirms society's
beliefs about child-lovers
and pedophiles - that they
only want to have sex with
kids, or, at least, that it is
their most important goal.

So what is the girl-lover's
task?

Young girls today suffer
from a myriad of problems
that appear at younger and
younger ages. Abuse is one
such problem, and one that
brings many with it. The
accepted statistic is that
one in three girls and
women will be sexually
abused at least once in
their life - and over 50% of
those before the age of
eighteen.

Many more are physically
and emotionally abused -
beaten, belittled. Often they
have nowhere to turn to for
help - after all, they are only
children, so who would
believe them? Who would
even want to hear them?
Children, after all, should be
seen and not heard.

Society in general is abu-
sive of girls and women.
Sexualization of children is
a particular problem.

Take body image, as an
example. In a 2004 study of
over two thousand girls
aged 10-14 in Canada, 30%
said they were dieting in
order to lose weight... yet
only 7% were even remotely
overweight. Meaning, at
least a quarter of those
girls were not dieting for
health reasons... but to
appear attractive to the
opposite sex - 80% said it
was important to be slim so
as to be attractive to boys.
Studies of even younger
girls have similar findings -
that 42% of girls aged 6-8
want to be thinner, that 40%
of 9-year-olds are 'always'
or 'some- times' on a



diet,
that 81% of 10-
year-olds have dieted.

Why? Because society
sexualizes them, society
treats them as miniature
adults when they are in fact
vastly different from adults.
Society - while ostracizing
people who are sexually
attracted to children -
seems to be doing its best
to force children to act not
like children, but seductive
adults.

Yes, girls are sexual... but
in a very different way than
adult women. A child
shouldn't have to worry
about making herself
attractive to men, about
having a desirable body.
Her primary focus should be
on herself - exploring
herself, discovering herself

at her own pace. Yet soci-
ety says she should look a
certain way, dress a certain
way - act like a seductive
(yet submissive) adult
woman.

Society concentrates so
much on her body, on
making her sexual, on
making her attractive to
men. A girl-lover - particu-
larly a male girl-lover - has
a great deal of influence on
a young girl. She often
wants to please him -
please him in the way that
society tells her, by becom-
ing thin, by trying her best
to appear and to act as an
adult, especially sexually.

The most valuable gift a
girl-lover can give his child-
friend is pure, platonic love.
To love her for her, not for
her appearance, not for her
body, not for the sexual
pleasure she can give him,
but for her - her soul, her
personality. To teach her
that she can trust men -
that men aren't the lustful
animals the media depicts
them as. That she does not
need to act like a sexual
adult in order to be loved.
That she can mature at her
own pace, without society
trying to force her to grow
up faster, become 'sexy' at
an age where her sexuality
is just beginning to
develop.

*Butterfly Kisses
Softly brushes on my cheek
Small lips from Heaven*

NewsWire

Bringing an
unbiased point
of view to
the masses

Featuring Treblevoice

Jeff Pierson is a photographer whose action shots of hopped-up American autos laying waste to the asphalt at Alabama drag ways have appeared in racing magazines and commercial advertisements.

Pierson's Web site boasted he has the "most wonderful wife in the world and two fantastic daughters". And until recently, he ran a business called Beautiful Super Models that charged \$175 for portraits of aspiring models under 18.

In a federal indictment announced this week, the U.S. Department of Justice accused Pierson, 43, of being a child pornographer--even though even prosecutors acknowledge there's no evidence he has ever taken a single photograph of an unclothed minor.

Rather, they argue, his models struck poses that were illegally provocative. "The images charged are not legitimate child modeling, but rather lascivious poses one would expect to see in an adult magazine," Alice Martin, U.S. attorney for the northern district of Alabama, said in a statement.

Pierson's child pornography indictment arises out of an FBI and U.S. Postal Inspection Service investigation of so-called child modeling sites, which have been the subject of a series of critical congressional hearings and news reports in the last few years. An August article in *The New York Times*, for instance, called the modeling Web sites "the latest trend in child exploitation".

In addition to Pierson, the U.S.

attorney also announced indictments against Marc Greenberg, 42, Jeffrey Libman, 39, partners in a Fort Lauderdale, Fla., business called Webe Web, which in turn ran the now-defunct ChildSuperModels.com site. It was one of the larger sites that featured photographs of child models, allegedly from Pierson, and became the target of a report on Florida's NBC6 affiliate suggesting that it was a magnet for paedophiles.

First Amendment scholars interviewed Wednesday raised questions about the Justice Department's attack on Internet child modeling. They warned that any legal precedent might endanger the mainstream use of child models in advertising and suggested those prosecutors' budgets might be better spent investigating actual cases of child molestation.

"I don't know what the DOJ's trying," said Lee Tien, an attorney at the Electronic Frontier Foundation, a civil liberties group. "The best I can say is that it's puzzling that they would devote investigative and law enforcement resources to something [like this]. This is a far cry from what folks normally think of as child pornography."

The Web sites that prompted the indictments are now offline. But copies saved in Google's cache and through Archive.org show the photographs in question depicted girls wearing everything from sweaters to, more frequently, swimsuits and midriff-baring attire. Parents appear to have given their consent.

Richard Jaffe, Pierson's attorney, said he could not immediately comment because he was in court on Wednesday. Jill Ellis, a spokeswoman for the U.S. Attorney's Office in the northern district of Alabama, confirmed to CNET News.com that no nudity was involved. An arraignment for Pierson has been scheduled for December 14 before U.S. Magistrate Judge Robert Armstrong.

Because no sex or nudity is involved, the prosecutions raise unusual First Amendment concerns that stretch beyond mere modeling-related Web sites: children and teens in various degrees of undress appear in everything from newspaper underwear advertisements to the covers of *Seventeen* and *Vogue*.

When actress and model Brooke Shields was 15 years old, for instance, she appeared in a racy Calvin Klein jean advertisement featuring the memorable line "Nothing comes between me and my Calvins." Shields also appeared nude at 12 years old in an Oscar-nominated movie called *Pretty Baby* that was set in a New Orleans brothel. Similarly, 14-year-old Jodie Foster, wearing revealing clothing, played a pre-teen prostitute in Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*.

Sally Mann, named *Time* magazine's "photographer of the year" in 2001, was attacked by critics for featuring nude images of her own children in a book called *Immediate Family*. Famed photographer Jock Sturges's photos often feature nude boys and girls on the beaches of California and France--images that are far more revealing



than those of swimsuit-clad youths.

All of that makes the distinction between legal child photography and illegal child pornography a particularly subjective one. It may come down to, as the Justice Department's Alice Martin put it, seemingly ephemeral factors such as the poses the model strikes and the camera angles the photographer chooses.

"Prosecuting cases on this borderline presents difficult First Amendment problems," said Amy Adler, a New York University law professor who has written about pornography, culture and the law. "The sexy teenager is sort of a mainstream trope. It's very different from babies being molested, and child pornography law doesn't make a distinction."

In a 1986 case called *U.S. v. Dost*, a federal judge suggested a six-step method to evaluate the legality of images. Here's an excerpt from the opinion:

1. Whether the focal point of the visual depiction is on the child's genitalia or pubic area.
2. Whether the setting of the visual depiction is sexually suggestive.
3. Whether the child is depicted in an unnatural pose, or in inappropriate attire, considering the age of the child.

4. Whether the child is fully or partially clothed, or nude.

5. Whether the visual depiction suggests sexual coyness or a willingness to engage in sexual activity.

6. Whether the visual depiction is intended or designed to elicit a sexual response in the viewer.

That's no exaggeration: The same section of federal law punishes a paedophile who makes a video recording of a baby being molested, as well as someone who possesses an image of a 17-year-old striking an unlawfully racy pose.

The explanation for that lies in a criminal statute called 18 USC 2252A, which Pierson is accused of violating. Child pornography is defined as the "lascivious exhibition of the genitals or pubic area of any person" under 18 years old.

Until a 1994 case called *U.S. v. Knox*, judges interpreted that language to mean either images of nude minors or of minors having sex. In that case, however, the 3rd U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals extended that definition to include videotapes of girls in leotards, and upheld Stephen Knox's conviction on child pornography charges.

"The genitals and pubic area of the young girls...were certainly 'on display' as the camera focused for

prolonged time intervals on close-up views of these body parts through their thin but opaque clothing. Additionally, the obvious purpose and inevitable effect of the videotape was to 'attract notice' specifically to the genitalia and pubic area. Applying the plain meaning of the term 'lascivious exhibition' leads to the conclusion that nudity or discernibility are not prerequisites for the occurrence of an exhibition within the meaning of the federal child pornography statute," the 3rd Circuit wrote.

Courts have also looked to a 1986 case called *U.S. v. Dost* for guidance on what's 'lascivious' and what's not. Among the factors they evaluate: whether the focus is on the child's genitalia or pubic area; whether the image suggests sexual coyness; and whether the visual depiction is intended or designed to elicit a sexual response in the viewer.

Prosecutors have tried to target child modeling Web sites before, with mixed results. In 2002, Colorado prosecutors charged James Grady with more than 719 felony charges--ranging from sexual exploitation of children to contributing to the delinquency of minors--for operating TrueTeenBabes.com. The Web site bills itself as 'America's premier teen glamour publication' and sells subscriptions for access to non-nude

shots of models between 13 and 17 years old.

TrueTeenBabes.com drew the attention of local television reporters, whose reporting sparked a police investigation. But a jury acquitted Grady, and he subsequently filed a lawsuit asking for \$10 million in damages for wrongful arrest, according to the Rocky Mountain News. TrueTeenBabes.com is back online today.

In an unrelated prosecution of two Utah men, Matthew Duhamel and Charles Granere currently are facing federal criminal charges of child pornography. They're accused of running a child modeling site--again, no nudity is alleged--that featured minors in lingerie.

They filed a joint motion in July, which was rejected, asking that the case be dismissed in part on First Amendment grounds. "It seems clear," the motion said, "that the genitals or pubic area of the person must be actually exposed or visible to fall within the proscription against exhibition."

The U.S. Congress tried to clear up some of the ambiguity around what is and what isn't legal but never actually enacted legislation.

In 2002, Rep. Mark Foley announced a bill called the Child Modeling Exploitation Prevention Act that would effectively ban the sale of photographs of minors. But under opposition from civil libertarians and commercial stock photo houses like Corbis, it never left committee. (Foley, of course, is the same politician who resigned in September after disclosures of inappropriate conversations with a teenage page.)

That leaves judges and juries faced

with the difficult task of making distinctions between lawful and unlawful camera angles and facial expressions--an exercise that proves to be impossible to do without running afoul of the First Amendment.

"How do we distinguish pictures like these [on child modeling sites] from the everyday photos that our culture tolerates and even prizes?" said Adler, the NYU law professor. "For instance, who's modeling in Vogue? A lot of those people are 15 and in scantily-clad or suggestive photos."

The full text of Jim Bell's article can be read here:

[-http://www.ipce.info/library_3/files/guardian_interview.htm](http://www.ipce.info/library_3/files/guardian_interview.htm)

What I find most striking in this article is that the author is drawing a distinction between photos of 13-year-olds in bathing suits- quite commonplace and not so bad as all that- and the supposed horrors of 'real paedophilia', including such things as videotaping the molestation of babies. Now, there was indeed a recent news article on the dreadful case of a man's sexually mistreating a very young child and broadcasting it via webcam; but apart from that, how many cases can you think of that involved the actual sexual mistreatment of babies, let alone the filming of such acts? I can't think of any, whereas every week, it seems, some new story comes up about a lad of 13 having sex with his 35-year-old female teacher. The most obvious explanation for this is that, quite simply, the latter kind of case is much more common than the former.

Lee Tien of the Electric Frontier Foundation remarks that the images in question "[are] a far cry from what folks normally think of as child pornography." well, what do folks

normally think of as child pornography? It seems reasonable to assume that they think of it as something pretty strong- photographs of 8-year-olds performing fellatio on adults, perhaps; certainly things of the sort to create horror and revulsion in most people. But it seems that the majority of 'indecent' images of children aren't like this.

Jim Bell is a man who served two years in prison for downloading 'indecent' images of children from the Internet. Upon his release he wrote a long, serious article, published in January 2003 in the respectable, leftist British newspaper The Guardian, in which he discussed child pornography on the Web. He said, "The worst child pornography is free, posted on news servers by individuals who want to share their interests with others. By this I mean pictures of small children forced to engage in sexual activity with adults. I remember a picture of a sad little Asian child prostitute in a leather harness, seated on her client's knee. Such extremes of child pornography are free, fairly easily accessed by journalists and researchers, and tend to set the standard of discussion about this problem." However, according to him softer types of photographs are much more common: "In three years, I never came across a website that took credit card subscriptions for its own photography that showed explicit sexual activity involving children.

"We have to be clear as to what we are talking about here. By 'explicit' I mean children engaged in intercourse, fellatio, sodomy, masturbation or any other sexual activity that adults perform with each other, or alone. But I also mean any of the forms of soft-core sexual titillation that you will see on the legal television porn channels.

"All the subscription sites I ever came across advertised little girls (I never

looked at the ones with boys) looking 'pretty'. Or 'pretty and sexy'. The ages would range from adolescent down to perhaps 9 or 10. There was a very clear distinction between American and European artistic sensibilities. American sites would feature the girl next door, in a bikini or a sexy little outfit, looking like a fashion model or a pop star. European sites would favour nude little girls indoors or outdoors, singly or in groups, with a high standard of photography. A harder quality of porn than this is certainly available, but not from sites that are so easily accessible."

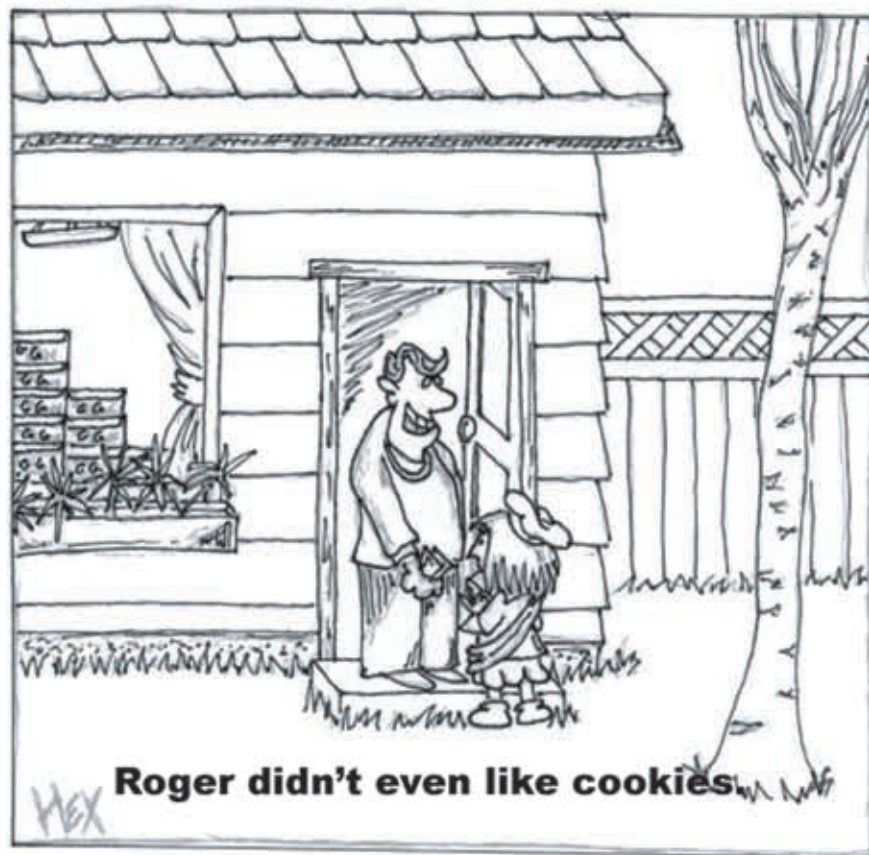
Everyone in this news story is careful to condemn 'real' paedophilia and 'real' child porn. But it's quite likely that what they are condemning isn't nearly as bad or as widespread as it seems. A lot of it involves the very photographs of half-dressed, coyly-smiling teenagers which are considered acceptable in adverts and on magazine covers. Context is everything. Jim Bell again: "One young guy I knew, a journalist and photographer, claimed to have been convicted for downloading two dozen pictures by the noted photographer David Hamilton, who specializes in art pictures of young girls. You can buy the pictures in a book, but on the net they might be considered child pornography." I myself recently saw an advert on a London train which featured a young woman standing in the sea and four children, probably aged 7-10, gamboling around her. Everyone in the photograph was wearing only a bathing suit, and the children actually had less on than the woman. Fairly ordinary advert or child pornography? It depends: was it shown to the general public on a train? Then it's OK. Was it looked at by one man in the privacy of his own home? Then it's child porn.

So what this story discusses relatively sympathetically is not so very different to what it condemns. In many cases the two things are one and the same. There are, of course, hideous cases of the real maltreatment of children; but, as the MARTIJN organization sensibly asks, is Jack the Ripper a reason to condemn heterosexuality? Who isn't attracted to teenagers? Who doesn't find photos of smiling children appealing? There is no demon lurking in the shadows, no deviant slimily crawling about on the fringes of normal society. In reality there is no 'us' and 'them'. We are them; they are us.

Childhood is the most beautiful of all life's seasons. ~Author Unknown

Do you have any questions that you have no answer to? Being a pedophile usually means you have no one you can talk to. And, even if you did they probably can't relate and give you the help you need. Well Pedo Paul is here to help. Just go to the main page online and go to "Contact Us". From there you can post your question. He'll answer next issue.

IN A PERFECT WORLD



Roger didn't even like cookies.

Compost Pile

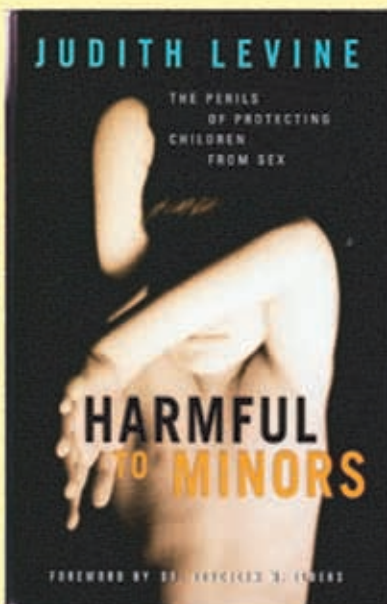
A Compost Review

"Harmful to Minors, the perils of protecting children from sex"

To stir up controversy, one needs only to mention the words 'sex' and 'children' in the same sentence. Publish a well written book about children and sex with documented sources and a firestorm is certain. Judith Levine's book has been described as everything from a devil inspired piece of filth to the bible of the minor attracted adult. It seems unlikely, however, that the people shouting at either of those extremes have actually read "Harmful to Minors".

In her book, Levine writes not just about the sexuality of children, but the perverse social views towards children and sexuality. Much of the book is about real life tragedies that result from these warped views. Many of her stories are tear-jerking, and at times morbidly depressing. She sharply critiques the actions of the religious right on a number of subjects, while refraining from attacking any specific religion. This has landed her on the "most hated" list of many religious organizations.

One of the biggest ironies of her books popularity among minor attracted adults, and scorn by anti-pedophiles, is that in her book Levine all but denies the existence of the pedophile, playing down their role in society. While the world would certainly be a better place for maa's if she were in charge, it doesn't address the plight of the pedophile or victims of molestation. Instead it sticks to the subject of sexuality in children and the damage caused by denying and repressing it; harm such as STD's, teen pregnancy, and relationship troubles brought about by a lack of good sexual information.



Many social activism books point fingers and make emotional statements about how horrible things are, using the published word as little more than a vehicle to air their complaints. Levine, however, takes the extra step and explains how change can be made, not in abstract political movements, but right in the own home with one's own family. She refers to numerous resources, and in the end gives the reader a direction and the tools to make a change.

Although it has been four years since Harmful to Minors was first published, the message it contains is even more relevant now. It is also more controversial. With laws now in place where 17 year old's are being placed on lifetime sexual predator lists for engaging in oral sex with their 15 year old boyfriends, it is well past time to pull back from the hysteria and see the harm that is truly being done.

The book has been endorsed by sex educators, and has a forward by Dr. Joycelyn Elders. Though some of her claims are difficult to prove in todays climate, the book is almost exhaustingly referenced, and has a very complete index making it a valuable resource. Harmful to Minors was published in 2002 by the University of Minnesota Press, and is still in print today.

From the back inside cover: "Judith Levine is a journalist, Essayist, and author who has written about sex, gender, and families for two decades. Her articles appear regularly in national publications, most recently Ms., nerve.com, and My Generation. An activist for free speech and sex education, Levine is a founder of the feminist group No More Nice Girls and the National Writers Union."

Innocuous Inoculations

By I Love Green Olives

Hello, and welcome to the first column of Innocuous Inoculations! This is where we try to prepare you for debating with the 'antis' and our other opponents and enemies, while also trying to do our best to see that you are as secure as possible. While I very much believe we have an important message, none of us can deny we also face a crowd of foes desperate to silence us and by extension our words. Enemies who see nothing as too illegal or too immoral so long as they can self-justify it as in service to their cause. So we must be clear on some things right from the start....

1) If you seek to be a voice you must right now make the decision to live as a monk. If your machine has anything, no matter how innocent that could be used against you, you need to not only delete those items, you need to do a secure delete and wipe of the hard disk. Better yet would be if you could buy a new hard drive and destroy the old one. You are already setting yourself up to be hunted—do NOT make yourself easy prey!

2) If you want to be an activist you must leave the comforts of a black and white reality of absolutes and embrace a world of gray. Trust becomes a liability. Nothing can be taken at face value and all your words and thoughts must be vetted to prevent double meanings and unintentional innuendos removed. Weighing the impact of every action will

become the norm and you must spend hours and days considering your thoughts and principles on various subjects, so you know your own mind and are not taken by surprise by any one.

3) If you seek to change the world, you must educate yourself to be all things to all people. You should be able to discuss psychology with grace and able to segue way to the biological sciences or sociology or history with ease as it relates to the subject at hand. Everything is connected to everything else—be able to show that relation. Be wise. Study methods of debating and keep an eye out for common traps. Knowledge is power, so arm yourself with as much ammunition as you can carry.

4) If you want to last long at this or any other type of activism, you must learn to secure yourself against attacks from without and within. Learn as much as you can about computer security, protect your privacy in everything you do, ensure that your personal information can not be discovered ANYWHERE along your data trail or the user name you post under in any way shape or form points to any other user accounts you have used in the past. Educate yourself on the benefits and use of The Onion Router (TOR), Privoxy, PeerGuardian, Off The Record (OTR) Instant Messaging, anonymous remailers and email accounts. Don't just

follow blindly in recommendations of others, test these tools for yourself! Send mail to yourself from one account to the next and check those headers for IP information. Use a port scanner and a fire wall to see if you can see any packets being sent out by something that shouldn't be communicating to anyone.

5) Develop a support circle of friends you can trust with your emotions—NOT your personal information. Unless you have someone to lean on, you will eventually burn out from all the psychic poisons being directed your way. You think you are hated now? Once you put yourself out there, that hate will go from unfocused blind hatred and undefined loathing and become a directed focused beam with the sole purpose of destroying you from within. More activist have silenced themselves due to the hatred poured out on them than any other source. Do NOT be a statistic, be the one who stands against the trend and persist. But you must have support to do so.

6) Get to know the history of our tribe. This last one is more important than it would seem at first. We have an elaborate and long history, we are the teachers and keepers of culture, we are the ones who carry the burden of translating from one generation to the next. Without us the world would not be as warm or as bright. We have many notables among our numbers—get to

know the names of these famous men and women. Learn of their thoughts and philosophies, seek to absorb the best of what they had to offer and bring it forward to the people of today. Never, ever, forget where we came from.

7) Accept that you are a soldier in an ongoing culture war, one which will likely continue to consume the world long after you and I are dust, but one which we are obligated by being whom we are to fight our part in things and make the effort that much easier for those who will come after us. Change, true and lasting change doesn't come overnight. Progress is won inch by inch and paid for segment by segment. If you wish to change the world, do not expect to change more than a small part of it in your life time. The key is in empowering the future generations to be able to maintain and continue to make changes.

The last point is possibly the most important and the deal-breaker for most of my readers.

Understand this, we are simply the latest in a long line of scapegoats. There has been an ongoing culture war in the world for the hearts and souls of its people and every generation makes a decision whether or not to choose to fight for their rights and those of others. We must take the long view.

In America, there was a war fought supposedly over the issue of freedom for all—and

yet it needed several more skirmishes in the years thereafter to prove and enshrine the freedoms men died for. It became necessary for the children of those men and women to fight in several more wars and even then it was not enough until the Culture shifted. And even so, there are pockets of resistance, true racial equality will not come in that country until all who believed as they did are dead and their children are no longer taught hatred. Slavery may have died over a hundred years ago, but until the underlining issues are addressed the problems of that time will continue to perpetuate themselves across generations.

Now we are fighting the latest battle in this ongoing culture war and attrition is the name of the game—so being able to stay on the field battle longer than our enemies is the key to winning. We are enduring a Darwinian evolution of sorts, those few still able to fight are the ones who have best secured themselves for battle; endeavor to be one of these. Living as a monk is unpleasant, and something no one should be asked to do, the alternative is even less pleasant. Time and time again it has been amply illustrated that our enemies see nothing wrong with targeting our loved ones if it will allow them the lever with which they can destroy us; why would anyone going into activism wish to paint such a target on their loved ones?

It's bad enough the very act of speaking up, demanding fair treatment, and refusing to be

slandered is enough to paint a target on our backs—don't add to it by committing acts which could be illegal in your place of residence. Civil disobedience does not apply in cases where others are involved. Toss that red herring out along with any legal pictures you may or may not have. Just because they're legal today doesn't mean they won't become illegal tomorrow, so endeavor to live your life without approach, avoiding even the appearance of evil. Our enemies do not care, their only goal is to destroy us; do not give them any more to work with than their lying tongues can manufacture.

It may seem like my goal in writing this introductory column is to discourage you and turn you away from joining the fight... and you'd be correct in thinking that. This is not a simple thing we do, trying to change an entire culture and we need only those who are committed to the battle. If you are not willing to give your all do not waste the times of those who do. Do not seek to be placed in a position of note while having skeletons in your closet, do not hold yourself up to the light if there is anything you wish not exposed. If you have something to hide, it will be revealed; if you are in any way a hypocrite you will be exposed. You will have become a dagger at the heart of this movement. DO NOT allow yourself to be used like that. DO NOT be the one thrown in our faces by those who seek our doom. You will make no friends by doing so. You will not be considered a friend by me.

Distant Voices

Chikushou's Brother

Part 1

1) What is your general opinion of pedophiles prior to finding out I was one?

-I had heard of them before, but I didn't have any facts. I knew about them but I didn't think of it much. After finding out about you I have of course got more insights in what pedophilia is like

2) To you do you think pedophiles and molesters are one and the same?

-No.

3) Have you ever felt that pedophiles where a danger to children?

-Yes.

A) How did you think they were dangerous?

- If a child was abused, they would have physical and mental problems for life.

B) Did you ever think that being a pedophile only had to do with sex and power?

-No, there have to be more feelings behind it. Sex is pretty overrated, if you think about it.

C) Did you ever have strong militant feelings as how pedophiles should be dealt with?

(Locked up for life, castration, death)

-Never.

4) Has your view changed since you found out about me?

-Actually no. Because I've mostly heard from your perspective, and not so much of others. In fact, I haven't thought about it very much.

A) Has your view truly changed? Some would find it hard to believe that it would change over night or, has it just softened because you know me?

-I haven't had very strong opinions, so they haven't actually changed that much.

5) Do you think society's current attitudes towards pedophiles are justified?

-No.

A) Why not?

-There are no open discussions on the matter, and it's very one-sided. You only hear from one side.

6) Considering societies current feelings towards pedophiles do you think it is religious based?

-I don't believe it's only about religion.

A) If not what do you believe is the root cause of society's attitude?

-I think it's because of the negative views that media shows about pedophilia, they're toying with peoples fears.

7) Would it surprise you to know that there are small societies in Africa that find pedophilia acceptable and a normal way of life?

Yes.

A) Knowing that would it surprise you to know that the children involved are not traumatized or think it is wrong?

-No, of course it's seen at as normal as long as it is seen at as acceptable by the general public and as long as they do not have other impressions. Then they are hardly traumatized either.

8) Are you aware that in medieval times it was common for girls to marry at 11 and 12 years old?

-Yes.

A) Did you know that these marriages where sanctioned by the church?

-No.

9) Do you think that society is just misinformed?

I'd say it's 90% misinformation, plus that people fear the unknown influences this.

B) Do cultural shifts nullify human nature?

-Yes.

Part 2

1) At what age did you become sexually active?

-At around 13 I started noticing the opposite sex.

2) Looking back do you think you were ready?

-No.

3) Do you think you would have been ready at an earlier age?

-No.

A) If not why not?

-At that age I was too immature.

4) Did you talk to your parents about sex?

-Never.

A) If not do you think you would have been more prepared for your sexual experience?

-I think I would.

5) Do you think parents should be more proactive in teaching their children about sex?

-Yes.

A) If yes, what is the earliest age that sex education should start?

-11 or 12

B) What would the education be? Sexual acts? Safe sex? Other?

-To begin with they should be taught abstinence because they're too immature at that age. Early pregnancies should be avoided, and also because they risk getting STD's. At a later age they should be taught about safe sex.

C) Do you think that sex should be taught gradually and in away that shows children that sex is a normal part of being a human being and nothing to be ashamed of?

-Yes.

D) At what age should children be taught about sex?

-Around 15.

E) What about masturbation, should children be taught about masturbation and it is nothing to be ashamed of? What age should they be taught about masturbation?

-They should be taught about masturbation when they are around

11 or 12.

6) At what age do you think children should have a right to make some decisions for them?

-It depends what kind of decisions we're talking about. They shouldn't have the right to do serious, life altering decisions before they're 18.

A) Why that age in particular?

-They are too immature, and are unaware of consequences.

7) At what age Do you think is a good age to allow dating?

-Around 12 without sex.

A) Does this age of choice apply to both girls and boys?

-Yes

8) Would your chosen age apply to deciding if they would want to have sex?

-No, they shouldn't have sex before they are around 15-16.

A) Why not from 12, since you'd allow them to date at that age?

-It may have negative consequences, they rely more on feelings at that age. They don't do sensible decisions and, they do not think of the long-term consequences of their actions.

9) Do you believe an adult can have a loving relationship with a child not unlike relationships that adults have with each other?

-I can hardly believe a child could be involved in a relation like that.

A) Would a relation like that, but without sex be OK?

-A child's needs and intentions- of feelings- are different from an adult. I do not think that a child have as a goal to fall in love with an adult and neglect others. I doubt they undertake a loving relation.

B) Do you think children do not have the concept of love? That they cannot separate different kinds of love?

-I don't think a child can fall in love, but they can love somebody. To be in love is a chemical reaction in the body that children do not have, it is developed during the teens.

C) Do you think the adult would not have a clear understanding of what would be involved with a relationship with a child?

-The adult should know better.

10) If a younger child expressed an interest in wanting to have sex with an adult do you think they have the right to express themselves that way given that it would be with a gentle caring

-No, children may not be completely certain about what they want. If they seek safety or excitement or, does it because they want to oppose the parents it's not good.

A lot depends on the society. We have some criteria that have to be fulfilled. If society were different then maybe it would be acceptable to have sex at an earlier age. In today's society, sex and love have been taken away from each other. In my opinion sex belongs to two people who live together but, generally sex isn't that much of an important thing.

A) If no. What is it about childhood sexual activity that you believe to be harmful?

-Children are not mentally developed to handle such experiences.

B) What do you base this belief on?

-On my conviction, that children should be allowed to be children without the need of taking part of any aspects of the adults worries and ponderings.

C) Do you think children are adversely affected by any sexual activity? That in the future it will play a negative part in having healthy relationships?

I don't think that's the case for teenagers, but it depends how they are raised. For those who have been taught that it is wrong it will probably have a negative effect.

11) Do you believe that there should be a neutral unbiased scientific research into the subject of minor/adult sexuality and its cause and effect?

-Yes.

12) If the research showed that minor/adult sexual activity was not harmful would the information be useful?

-Peoples attitudes will hardly be changed overnight, but it would be a step to greater understanding.

A) Would you alter your position?

-I don't know. Probably, in some way.

B) Do you think society would be more accepting?

-Decisions that are made about the matter are generally made with feelings and not facts. A person who does not care about facts does not want them and, minorities are generally put aside. The general public will hardly care enough to change the laws for the sake of a minority. And politicians must show what side they are on.

13) What are your views of child pornography?

-It's a bad thing. I do not see the child's advantage in it, and it has

nothing to do with love.

14) I am not talking about violent non-consensual sex acts but consensual enjoyable acts?

-I still do not see the child's benefits from it.

A) If the child was treated with respect and she enjoyed the experience how is it different from normal pornography?

-I do not even approve normal pornography; at least I do not think the people involved in it are there because of their own free will. Adults may of course choose for themselves, but I don't think it's something that brings any happiness. Pornography is a business that lives on people's needs and uncertainties.

B) If it was regulated do you think that it would eventually eliminate underground child pornography that is very dangerous for children that in many cases does fall under abuse?

-No, I don't think that would put an end to it. When people get used to one thing, they move on to another more sensational experiences and fantasizes.

C) Would it surprise you to know that the most visited legal porn sites are teen sites or ones labeled barely legal and the like?

-No, forbidden fruit are the best. It's because of curiosity and excitement.

D) Is it possible that the small community of pedophiles is responsible for the millions of hits that these sites receive?

-No.

E) Given the information above. Do you believe most men are attracted to young girls? Not necessarily children but teens and pre-teens?

-No, it's probably because of the excitement that those pages are there. I've also visited them without downloading anything.

F) Would it surprise you that on most of the forums and BLOGS run by pedophiles there are a number of pedophiles that have no interest in child pornography?

-No, like I said, pornography and love are two different things. A 'normal' person who is into mature women does not necessarily have to enjoy porn.

G) Personally have you ever been attracted to a younger girl or boy and if so how old were they?

-I haven't.

14) What is your take on child model sites? Do you view them as legitimate or just pandering to pedophiles?

-I have no experience of such sites; I didn't even know they existed. They do seem a bit strange. Still, children should be allowed to be children.

15) What is your view on candid photographs?

-It's illegal to take candid's here, but I don't see what benefits they would have.

A) Is it morally wrong to take pictures of little girls in a public setting?

-No. Although it depends a lot on who takes it. Why does the person take it? And, of course if it's put on the internet without the subject knowing it!

B) Should you ask before you take a picture? (Essentially making it no longer a candid shot)

-Preferably, yes.

16) What are your views on the current pedophile laws? Do they go too far or, do you feel it is right or even not enough?

-I guess they are just right, I trust the court system. They've adjusted the laws in time. It's like when you think that a murderer gets too little punishment but, they probably know what they're doing.

17) How about age of consent laws. Should they be changed in anyway?

-They're good. They're on the safe side.

C) How do you think it protects the child?

-Better safe than sorry. The AOC could be lower, but if you generally think that both persons in a relation should be mature, then a high AOC is good. It's important that both are mature and, of course the law is there to protect us.

D) In Canada the age of consent is 14. The government wants to change it to 16. There are parent groups and sociologists and psychiatrists who oppose this change. It has been observed that when countries like Australia that had done a similar thing it was found that teen and pre-teen sex went up. Teen pregnancy went up and there were higher cases of STD's in teens and pre-teens. Essentially doing the exact opposite of what was wanted. Does this fact influence how you feel about current age of consents?

-No.

18) Considering the disparity of age of consent laws around the world does it suggest that determining age of consent is not consistent? That in itself reinforces the pedophiles position that age of consent laws are draconian? For instance; using the Canadian Age of Consent law at 14, if the girl was to enter the U.S. where

most states have AOC of 18, does this mean that the girl is no longer able to decide what she wants to do because of geographical location?

-Today's society is like that. You have to adapt to the laws in whatever country you live in. The more laws there are the less free choices a person can do. But there aren't many general laws; all countries follow their own system that has developed from their religions and culture.

19) Just recently some criticized two advertisements containing children. Their complaint was not that they were nude or showed too much skin. It was because they were shown, in their opinion, in a provocative pose. Do you feel that governments are over-reacting to children pictures, movies and other media outlets?

-Yes.

20) Is the public concern about pedophilia getting out of hand?

-It goes too far, yes. It's only about hysteria.

A) If so do you have any fears of, if or when it will end and how it is going to affect yours and many others family's lives?

-In my country, no. I just hope you don't get in trouble.

Part three

1) What are your views on homosexuality?

-That's a choice every adult can make. I have nothing against it.

2) Do you believe that homosexuals are genetically predisposed to their attraction to the same sex? Making them no different than heterosexuals?

-I do not think it's genetic.

A) If not do you think it is a choice?

-No.

B) Do you think homosexuality is wrong?

-No.

3) Do you see any parallels between homosexuality and pedophilia?

-No.

A) Considering homosexuals were once considered a bane on humanity and a threat to children?

-I think that it was the church that gave homosexuality a bad name. Nowadays they doesn't have very much power anymore.

"choose" to be a pedophile?

-Certainly not.

5) Do you think if pedophiles could be open about which they are without fear for their lives would it overall make our world a better place?

-Maybe, in the same way as homosexuals. But even though it will take a long time, maybe future generations are generally more accepting even though our generation is against it.

6) Pedophile means child love, given that society has turned it into "molester of children". Considering how society has altered the word. Do you think calling ourselves something other than "pedophile" would help bridge the gap and help pedophiles gain acceptance?

The word has no benefit. Using another could possibly have a positive effect.

7) Do you think pedophiles will ever be accepted by society?

-Not to 100%.

A) If no why?

-I highly doubt it if you generalize nepis/pedos/hebes as one.

B) Do you think non-pedophiles would understand and even want to help pedophiles gain acceptance?

-Yes.

9) If a pedophile wanted to come out to a friend or family member, would you have any advice for them?

-You should absolutely tell somebody, it would be good to have someone to talk to. But, you should be careful about who you talk to because the reaction- may be- that the person start spreading rumors about you. Take into consideration feelings of guilt you might put on the person. Be attentive to how open the person is about minorities and such.

Unfortunately, I can't give any good advice. Every single case is different.

ACROSS

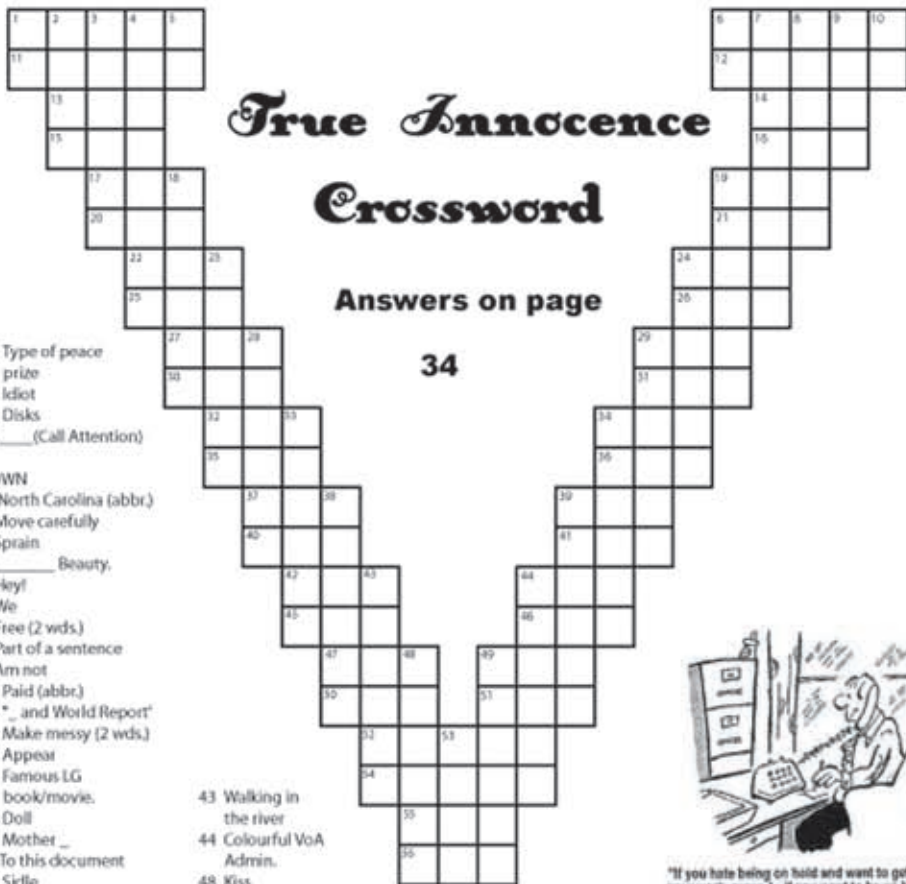
- 1 Gossipy
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14 Food container
16 Compass point
16 Shanty
17 Central processing unit
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31 Kisser's need
32 Greenwich Time
34 Warm
35 Female sheep
36 Time period
37 Tax agency
39 Is
40 Drink
41 Web
42 South southwest
44 Pan's partner
45 Expression of surprise
46 Card game
47 Spots
49 Sober
50 Pedo online meeting place. (Acronym)
51 Revolutions per minute

- 52 Type of peace prize
54 Idiot
55 Disks
56 ____ (Call Attention)
- #### DOWN
- 1 North Carolina (abbr.)
2 Move carefully
3 Sprain
4 ____ Beauty.
5 Hey!
6 We
7 Free (2 wds.)
8 Part of a sentence
9 Am not
10 Paid (abbr.)
18 " _ and World Report"
19 Make messy (2 wds.)
23 Appear
24 Famous LG book/movie.
28 Doll
33 Mother _
34 To this document
38 Sidle
39 False name

True Innocence Crossword

Answers on page

34



"If you hate being on hold and want to get on with your work, press 1 - if you want to be on hold for a long time so you can do the crossword, press 2."

Annabelle

A Love Story by: Hedonist

The day was just starting as the rickety wagon bounced along the faint path cutting through the green prairie. Mary had been up for awhile now. She had watched the sun creep over the horizon, blazing and waking the world to start another day. The dew on the grass and trees melted away and she could hear the insects waking up from their slumber. Her gaze fell back, into the wagon, where her brother still lay sleeping. He was comfortably wrapped in a thick quilted blanket. For her part, she was thankful for the two thin bed sheets that covered her at night. Mary knew when they sold the old house, Mother and Father could only take so many possessions. Sometimes the cold of night kept her awake, but those were times she could look up into the sky and count the stars. They were always there for her, and they always made her feel better.

It was better, she guessed, than where her parents slept. They always slept under the wagon. No matter how hard the ground or how bad the weather, they stayed there and let Robert and Mary stay in the wagon. It couldn't have been that comfortable, but her mother or father never complained.

When her stomach growled, Mary noticed the not-yet-painful ache of an empty belly. Since they had left the city, Father had rationed out the food to last throughout the journey. Barrels filled with salted fish-dried meat, and pickled vegetables were stacked at the back of the wagon, alongside a straw-filled box of eggs and bags of corn, oats and grains. Hungry as she was, though, Mary knew they wouldn't eat until her brother woke.

She looked back once again, almost willing her brother to wake. He was huddled in his quilt, though, and it didn't seem like his eyes would open anytime soon. She didn't even think about trying to wake him, because she'd done that once and her father

became very cross with her. So, she let him sleep and instead wondered what he dreamed about. She wondered if his dreams were different. Her dreams were always the same.

The wagon lurched to one side as it hit a divot in the road. The pots rattled and some of the barrels had a tenuous hold on their upright positions, but none had fallen over yet. With every jolt, Mary looked back and hoped her brother would wake, but as usual, he slumbered through all the commotion. Her father said once that Robert slept like the dead. Mary never knew exactly what that meant, but she was pretty sure that dead people didn't sleep, and, anyway, thinking about dead people made her feel icky inside. She'd never actually seen a dead person, but she and her brother had found a dead bird out back of the house once. It was really still, and no matter what she did, it didn't move. Robert even took a stick and poked at it. She didn't think that was right but she never said anything. Mostly she just felt sad and she couldn't help wondering if the bird had babies, and what would happen to them when their mother didn't come home.

Mary grew tired of watching her brother. He wasn't going to wake. When he did it would be when he wanted to, not when she wanted him to.

She turned her attention out the back. There, tied up to the wagon was the one true friend she had in this world, a fat-bellied nanny goat she'd named Whitey. Her father said that the goat was only there to supply the family with milk, and forbade Mary to name her.

"It's not good to grow fond of the animals," he said, and then he gave her a hard, faraway look. His voice grew deep and kind of scary as he finished, "You don't know what could happen to them."

She was puzzled, but grown-ups always said things that never made any sense. She named the goat anyway in her head and heart, and made sure her family never heard her call the animal by name.

Mary had asked for a dog before. Her father was very firm in saying she would never have a pet. Mary believed him. Anytime he told her anything he meant it. It wasn't the same with Robert. Father would say no to him at first, but then Robert would persist and on many occasions her father would change his mind.

Before they left the old house, she would often sneak off to the barn and talk to Whitey, and the goat seemed to listen to her. Whitey seemed to love her. The doe would always come right over when Mary walked into the barn. Her head would bob up and down and her little tail would wag very quickly as she made her way to the side of the pen. Mary tried to sneak treats out to Whitey like carrots or hands full of corn. At times Mother seemed to forget a carrot and leave it on the table if Father was not around. Mary would get butterflies in her stomach as she reached for the "forgotten" treats, but still hid them in her dress the same way, just before she had to go out to do work in the barn. It was worth getting a scolding if it meant Whitey could have just one treat. Then, when she returned to the house, Mother always had a smile for her. No matter what happened, her mother's smile just made things seem a little better.

Whitey bleated at her and Mary wished she could get out and walk with her. She liked to have her ears scratched almost as much as getting treats. Mary liked the way Whitey would push her nose to her face and nuzzle it. Her nose was soft and warm, and she loved the slight puffs of breath on her cheek. Unfortunately after they had left the city, Mary had precious

little time to share with Whitey. Whitey seemed to know, and she seemed sad, or at least to Mary she did.

As the wagon prodded along at a slow easy pace, the big wheels kicked up a cloud of brown dust. Mary scowled as the dust flew into Whitey's face and she had to shake to get it off. The smells of the dust, the mold-scented thick cotton tarp covering the wagon, the musky barrels of food and bags of wheat, mixed oddly with the lilacs and daisies that grew in the fields around them.

It wasn't an unpleasant smell, though. It was the smell of adventure. Mary cast her gaze out to the shifting, tall grass. It moved like waves on a lake. Mary couldn't help think what it would be like to run through this field. Maybe there would even be butterflies that she could chase. Her thoughts drifted off in fantasy. She was running, feeling the wind push around her, twirling around and finally falling, almost diving down into the tall grass. Rolling over, the sweet, fresh smell of nature would waft over her. Lying on her back, she would watch the cumulus clouds roll by, taking on new forms and shapes as she stared at them and surrendered to the feeling of the moment. No responsibilities, no crying, no wondering if her life would always be like this. Little things like moments of free time were often denied her. She would ask, and her mother would say, "We'll see what your father says," and Mary's heart would sink. His answer never changed.

She looked down, her golden hair fell across her shoulders and the ringlets bounced on either cheek as she ran her hands down the cotton dress she was wearing. It was frayed along the edges and her mother had put so many patches on it that it looked less of a dress and more of a patchwork quilt. Still, she liked watching her mother work beside the fireplace, the glow highlighting her pretty features. With great care she would stitch one patch at a time as needed. One time she had stopped stitching and just

looked up at Mary. Tears formed in her eyes, and Mary saddened to see her mother like that. Mary didn't know what made her sad, so she just smiled at her mother. A single tear finally slid down Mother's cheek as she returned to her stitching.

She looked down again at the dingy dress. It was her work dress and the one she wore the most often. Mother promised that she would buy a new school dress and then Mary could make her old school dress into a work dress. She waited for that dress, month after month, but it seemed every time new clothes were bought, they were bought for Robert.

Her school dress was really more of a daytime dress that she indeed wore to school, but also to go shopping with Mother, or anytime she had to leave the house, really. Father said she was to never leave the house unless she had that dress on. He wasn't going to have anyone think he couldn't provide for his family. It was pink and lacy, and it kind of itched in the beginning, but she had gotten used to it.

However, because Father insisted that she didn't need any more, Mary only owned three dresses. He said she was too young to go to any formal functions so she didn't need a ball gown. As soon as he'd said that, Mary had to bite her tongue to keep from mentioning that Robert was the same age as her, and he was allowed to go. Instead, she reasoned in silence, it must be because Robert was going to be a big man someday. So, she stayed home when the rest of the family went to dances and dinners. She wanted to go to one just to see what it was like. Robert would always come home with wonderful stories of the games they played and the food they ate. She'd listen intently, absorbing every word.

They always took place in grand halls. Large marble posts held up the roof at different parts of the room, leaving a huge dancing floor in the middle of the room. The floor was also marble but, polished and shined to gleaming

perfection. It was inlaid with designs of animals, both real and imaginary. He told it looked like the animals were dancing with one another, which sure seemed funny to Mary, but she figured they were just telling people what to do on that floor. The walls were adorned with pictures taller than the tallest man, he'd said, and each one painted with a portrait of his family or a picture of some estate. Red and blue velvet curtains draped almost every wall, column and doorway. Robert said he would giggle every time the announcer would yell out who just arrived. He didn't think it was that important because know one seemed to notice.

When it was dinner time, the adults would all sit at a table as long as the eye could see. It would be dressed with the finest chinaware, and servants would place food and drink down, and refill both when empty. There would be course after course of appetizers, entrees and desserts, so much food that no one could eat everything placed before them. Everyone sat in elegantly carved seats, and light chatter would echo about the room until all the conversations merged into a giant buzz that you can't even understand, he'd said. And always, at the end of the table sat a man of great importance. Robert always knew him because he sat in the biggest, most ornately-carved chair of them all. Robert told me someday he was going to be that man sitting on the end.

The children always sat off to the side at smaller table. The chairs and table were just as pretty as the adults, but made for children. They didn't get as much food as the adults, but they got plenty to fill their gullets. At the end, after the plates were cleared, the children each received a gift. Sometimes it was a mask, sometimes a toy soldier or a wooden toy. Robert would show her his toy but she wasn't ever allowed to touch it. He would then take it and put it in his box. The best part was at the end of the night before the children had to leave and all the Nannies collected them. They were each given a stick of toffee. Robert

would show her and sometimes he'd let her smell it. Then he'd take a big bite and pull it until a long string of toffee would stretch from his mouth to his hand. If he was particularly in a good mood, he'd even give her a little of it.

Often, instead of eating it, she'd hide it away and keep adding to it until she had a piece big enough to fit in her hand. Then, she'd sit in the barn stroking Whitey and eating the toffee. Closing her eyes, Mary would pretend she was at a ball sitting at one of those big tables. Inevitably, though, the candy bar would be gone, and she had to get back to work on her chores, or else Father would come looking for her.

Mary wiped at her eyes a bit and cleared those memories. It was probably a good thing that she'd only been allowed to bring a few things, because she didn't have much.

Her favorite dress, though, was blue with a huge bow on the front. It was beautiful and made her feel very pretty, but Father would only let her wear it when his boss came over, or the priest, or whoever Father thought was important. It was expected of her to sit like a good little girl and only speak when spoken to. Even then, Father told her she was to only say how happy she was. Robert never had to be quiet. He would just talk and talk. Everyone would laugh at his antics and laugh at his jokes. She tried laughing too, but Father would just glare at her. She soon learned it was best to sit in the corner and just disappear. Every time her mother would come over to see how she was, Father would call her away again. She didn't mind so much, but she grew tired sitting on that stool and usually just wanted to go to bed.

Unfortunately, she slept in the great room by the fire. This was also the room where Mother and Father entertained. Father said she didn't need a room to herself because she had to get up early anyway to help with breakfast. The one time she'd asked

why Robert had his own room, Mother had told her she came unexpectedly and they didn't have enough rooms for everyone.

She'd often look into Robert's room just to see what he had. His bed looked nice and he had big fluffy pillows with a bedspread of all sorts of colors. The best part was the whole box filled with toys. She never got to see what was in the box, though, for fear of Robert catching her in his room. The most she'd ever got the courage to do was peek in through the crack of the door.

When she asked father why Robert had such a nice room he told her that Robert was going to be a important man someday and needed to have nice things. Then she asked him if she was going to be important, too. He just gave her one of those looks. He wasn't cross; he'd just look at her with his dark-set eyes burning through her like fire from the pits of Hell. His lips would flatten and draw tight. For just a moment he'd hold very still like he was a statue. He'd flex his hands into fists then release them. Then without a word he'd turn his back and walk away. It was scary, but her father had never struck here. He never struck Robert or Mother either, but that look would always made her wither. Instead, it would root her in place and she couldn't have run if she'd wanted to. She usually did want to, but she knew if she did, it would only serve to make things much worse.

She looked once again at her brother and smiled to herself. She knew when they left that many of Robert's clothes, shoes and toys had to be left behind. It meant that maybe he would finally understand what it was like not to have anything, like her. When he was all wrapped up like a caterpillar, she couldn't imagine him as a big important man, just a mean little boy who occasionally did nice things.

At her feet she had carefully placed Annabelle. Other than Whitey she was the only friend Mary had. She'd had Annabelle for as long as she could

remember. She was the most beautiful thing Mary had ever seen. Mother called her a porcelain doll. All Mary knew was that the doll was soft and easy to cuddle with, but she had to be careful with the doll's head because it was made out of glass. Mother said it was porcelain. Mary didn't know what porcelain was, but anyway, it looked like glass to her. Annabelle's face was all white, even whiter than Whitey's coat. Painted on her face were red pouted lips. Her eyes were big and brown. Up above them was light blue eye shadow. She had red rouge painted on her cheeks and beautiful long brown hair with ringlets in it just like Mary. She wore a decorated dress that was pink and puffed out from her body and extended to her feet. I loved the big bow that was just under her chin and the one on her hat. Her hat was large and could easily keep the sun out of her eyes. Mary had to be careful because the hat came off, and could easily be misplaced. The hat was as much of Annabelle as the rest of her and Mary never wanted to lose it. She would play with her for hours, and often wished she had a dress like that. If she had a dress like that, she bet she'd be some princess in some far-off land.

"Annabelle, it's time to wake up, dear."

Annabelle could always tell it was her mother waking her. She always smelled like vanilla and had a musical lilting voice. Annabelle just lied there, eyes closed, being very still and pretending to sleep.

"Oh, I guess Annabelle doesn't need to get up. She seems fast asleep. I guess that means I'll just have to eat breakfast all by myself and open all the presents that Father Christmas left last night."

Annabelle tried not to smile, but her cheeks slowly betrayed her as the grin crept across her mouth. Annabelle clutched the covers tightly under her chin and prepared for the onslaught that was assuredly going to commence. Just as she braced herself, her mother rained down



Inspiration



Welcome to inspiration. Like we have said we want True Innocence e-zine to be as interactive as possible. This is just a fun page. Here we are looking for Recipes you can do with your little girl. Our how to plan a successful party. Presents ideal for a wide range of little girls. Poems about little girls. Jokes, personal stories. Or anything light

hearted that you can do with little girls. Not only will it be fun to read. But, it'll help those who would like to do play and do things for little girls. That is why this column is called "Inspiration". To find out how to submit ideas...please go to the F.A.Q. on the home page of the website. Hope to hear from you and all your great ideas.

Quick and Easy Homemade Pizza Submitted by Kiota

My little my sisters loves it...
made in a toaster oven, not sure what the heat, etc, would be for a regular oven. It is a simple recipe that is ideal to do with that special little girl in your life. Or. any child.

----Homemade Pizza----

Four pitas
Cheddar cheese
Mozzarella cheese
Tomato sauce
Oregano
Olives (pitted)

Bend the pitas into pie-shapes - a hollow in the middle, and a crust. Spread on a thick layer of tomato sauce. Slice the cheddar cheese thickly, and cover the sauce with the cheese. Grate the mozzarella, and sprinkle it liberally over the cheddar. Cut the olives into thin slices, and sprinkle them over the mozzarella. Put the whole thing into the toaster oven for five minutes. Served sprinkled with oregano.

Them Parties

One of the hardest things to do is put on a successful party for your little girl. If it be a hallowe'en party, Easter party and the big one, a birthday party. It is easy to get into the doldrums trying to come up with a idea to make your little girls day a fun day for her and all of her friends.

One of the easiest things to do is have a theme party. Once decided on a theme the rest falls into place. You could send out invitations that prompt the child to come dressed in a costume. I have yet to see a dress-up party flop. By having them dress up just re-enforces that it will be a fun time. so, they come to the party having positive thoughts.

Try not to get into the trap of using the same old tired games either. Sure have some of the old popular stand-byes. But, try to be inventive. Put a spin on a existing game that coincides with the theme of the party. If you are really stuck for good games use your public library they are a great source of inspiration. Good Luck!

tickles from all sides. All Annabelle could do was wiggle around and squeal with joy. Finally, it ended and Annabelle sat up.

"I can't wait, Momma! Did Father Christmas bring many presents?"

"Well you're going to have to find out for yourself. Get dressed; Papa is waiting in the drawing room. If you hurry, you won't miss his special kiss. He said he'd only wait so long."

Annabelle loved those special kisses so she hurried to get dressed. Momma had already summoned Sissy to help her get dressed. She felt like a big girl at three, but even she couldn't do up all those buttons in the back, and she still had trouble buckling up her shoes.

Robert stirred in the back. Mary couldn't help smiling as she watched him awaken and try to get out of his quilt. Mary held out her arms so Annabelle could watch, too.

"See, Annabelle, he just looks like a big fish flopping around," she whispered conspiratorially to the doll, and giggled.

Before Robert could see, she brought Annabelle back to her chest and carefully stroked her brown curly hair. She was always fearful that Robert would take Annabelle and smash her to the ground. With Robert, one never knew what to expect.

There was a time when they were five and Robert had snatched Annabelle right out of her hands. She got very upset and started to cry. Mother came in and saw what had happened. She tried to get Annabelle away from Robert, but he ran away, yelling, "You can't catch me! I'm the gingerbread man!" She was sure Annabelle was lost for all time. The tears were streaming down her face so she couldn't see as she collapsed to the ground. All she could hear was Robert screaming in glee and Mother's frantic words, "Robert, give that doll to me! Oh God, you don't know what you are doing!"

Then, out of nowhere, she heard her father's voice. Stern, deep and loud, he bellowed, "Robert, stop that immediately!" I was surprised and looked up. In all her life, she'd never heard her father speak that way, not only yelling, but at Robert too! Through her tear-filled eyes, she watched in shock at what was happening. Robert was still bounding around, screeching about being the gingerbread man. Not one to be ignored, her father quickly snatched him up by the wrist that had Annabelle in it and lifted him. Robert was halfway off the ground with only the tips of his toes touching the floor. Father's eyes blazed and in a low commanding voice, he told Robert not to drop the doll.

Robert's eyes had welled up with confusion and fear. Father had never spoken to him that way before. As he gently lowered Robert to the floor, with his other hand he took Annabelle away from Robert, never letting go of Robert's wrist. He forced Robert to look him in the eye and growled an ominous warning to her brother. "You are never, ever, to touch that doll again! Do you understand?"

Robert burst into tears as he replied, "Yes father...I promise I'll never do it again!" Then, just like that, the fire went out of her father. He turned, marched over to Mary and handed the doll out to her. For once it was Robert in tears and not her. She knew it wasn't nice, but she felt kind of good that Robert finally got to feel what she'd felt on so many other occasions. She looked up at her father. Their eyes met and she wanted so much for him to just hug her.

Gratefully she blurted out, "Oh thank you Father! I love you!"

He just leaned over and handed the doll back, and then walked away. She sat there, confused, as she watched his back recede across the room and head for the door. He loved her enough to get Annabelle back; that was important. Father told Robert that he loved him all the time, but he could

never tell her. She looked to her mother, hoping she'd be on her way over to comfort Mary, but instead she was cradling the sobbing Robert in her arms. She looked up at Father as he passed by, repeating to him.

"He didn't know... he didn't know... how, how could he know?"

Mary smiled inwardly as she relived that time. There weren't many of them but, when it happened she did take a kind of satisfaction in it. To her, it just proved that Robert was not perfect.

Robert sat up and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He looked, trying to remember where he was. A look of confusion grew on his face then faded away as reality came to the fore. He threw the blankets to the side and scrambled to his knees, almost losing his balance as the wagon lurched to the side.

"Mother, I'm hungry," he said earnestly.

Mother turned her head slightly and caught Robert with one eye. "Yes sweetie, soon. We are going to stop in a little bit."

"Nooooo! I'm hungry now!" he hollered back, indignantly.

Father pulled on the reins and clicked at the horses. Mary felt the wagon slow to a halt. It annoyed her that she always had to wait for Robert, but she was mostly glad they were finally going to eat.

Father and Mother each climbed down from the front seat. As father was lifting himself down he took just enough time to make eye contact with the girl.

"Mary, get the pot," he ordered, and she scrambled to obey.

Placing Annabelle down carefully on the blankets to cushion the doll, Mary looked at Robert to see if he had any interest in what she was doing. Fortunately, Robert was more intent in

in getting his stomach filled than anything going on around him.

Bracing herself against the frame on the back of the wagon, she carefully lowered herself to the ground. Whitey took the opportunity to come over and nuzzle her hand. Mary gave her a quick scratch behind the ears, then tore herself away and rounded the corner of the wagon.

Many of the pots and cooking apparatus hung on the side of the wagon. She didn't like it when Father asked her to get the pot. It was a huge black cast iron pot, very heavy, and it took all her strength to lift it off of the hook. Mother had already had the A-frame out to set over the fire and was busy assembling it. Meanwhile, Father was taking some of the wood out of the box on the side of the wagon. She watched her father set the wood and start the process to get a fire going. Mother was heading towards the back of the wagon to get the food. Mary didn't know what for breakfast, but it was going to be warm and that was all she cared.

She looked up at the pot. It was round like a pumpkin and difficult to handle. She finally got into a position where she had enough leverage to reach up and lift it off of the hook. With all her might, she pushed up and tried to release it from the hook. She leaned there awkwardly, standing on her tiptoes, straining with the bulky cookware. Just as she managed to get the handle nearly over the edge of the hook, her strength gave out and the pot fell back into place. She gathered herself once again, but her arms felt like rubber and she sighed in frustration. Father would become impatient and scold her. The thought was enough to inspire her to try again. Determined, she grabbed the handle again for a second attempt, only to be startled by Mother ruffling her hair. I looked up at her as she lifted the pot off the hook and handed it down to me. She smiled at me and I smiled back.

"You better get that pot to your Father. He just about has the fire going and

he'll want the pot."

"Yes Mother," I replied, and waddled off with the cumbersome pot. She carried it over to Father, being careful not to drag it on the ground. He took the pot from her as the fire sputtered to life. He carefully hung it on the A-frame and poured some water into it. By this time Mother had come back and she could see they would be having porridge. A smile lit her face; she loved porridge.

There wasn't much to do after getting the pot so she mostly stayed by the fire and occasionally stirred the pot. Father went to the back of the wagon and retrieved some small stools. There were only three of them so she had to sit on the ground. Father arranged the seats around the fire while Mother dished out breakfast. Mary loved the way the steam rose off of the porridge, proof of how warm it was.

She looked at Father and he sat down, but the whole time he kept looking down the road, like he was distracted. Robert took his seat and Mother beside him. Mary was just about to settle down into the grass when Father spoke up.

"Mary, why don't you sit on your Mother's lap?"

She didn't need to be told twice. She clambered over to Mother and pushed her way onto her lap. Mother stared open-mouthed at Father, but not wasting the opportunity, lifted the slight girl onto her lap. Feeling the heat emanating from Mother's body it was intoxicating for Mary. She put her bowl in her lap and realized that between the warm bowl and the warm lap, it was like she was wrapped in the warmest quilt in the world, warmer even than Robert's.

"Give Mary some brown sugar to go with her porridge." Father was full of surprises that morning. She couldn't remember the last time she'd gotten such treats, but she dare not voice it for fear that Father would suddenly

realize he was being too nice.

There was something different in Father. It made her brave to test the waters with him. She seldom spoke to him, mostly because he had no interest in what she had to say. He kept looking up and behind her. Finally their eyes met and she blurted out, "Father, is there ghosts in the forest?"

He was taken aback, and stared at her silently for a moment. It was Mother who spoke up first. "Shush, darling, your Father has not finished his meal."

Father gave a cursory glance at Mother then back at Mary.

"No," he said. "I want to know. Why would you ask such a question, Mary?"

"Because I think I've seen one in the forest."

"What makes you think you saw a ghost?" he asked, his gaze darting along the meadow. Soon his face took on Annabelle's pale complexion.

"Because I've been watching the forest, and every once in awhile I see a man moving along with us. Then he disappears again."

Father's face went hard.

"It's just your imagination, Mary. There are no such things as ghosts." He once again looked over her shoulder, scanning the skyline behind them. She couldn't help herself and peered around Mother to see if she could see what he was looking for. A dust cloud billowed in the distance.

They quickly finished their meals and Father decreed that we were to be moving again soon. Mary was sad at that, for sitting in Mother's lap was like Heaven to her. She knew, though, that it must end, as is the nature of all good things. She helped her mother clean up the dishes and put everything away while Robert played in the field.

While her father folded the A-frame

back together, she casually asked him, "Father, I've often wondered, if Robert and I are the same age, does that make us twins?"

"You are not twins," he grunted, scowling at her, signaling in no uncertain terms not to continue the conversation.

Mary fell sullen in her confusion. She thought she knew what twins were, but guessed she'd been wrong. Father had told her before that she was stupid, and she wondered if maybe he wasn't right.

Then, she heard the horses. The distinctive sound of hooves in cadence arose; more than one horse was approaching. Mary looked back in the direction of the noise. Four mounted men were traveling toward them, and it looked as though they had been riding for some time. They were covered in dust and looked as though they hadn't bathed in weeks. As they got closer she noticed that each man looked very strong and hard. She saw leather armor and swords strapped to their horses. Her stomach knotted. If these were bad men, she doubted Father could protect the family from them.

They stopped just short of the wagon and dismounted. One of the men stepped forward; the others held back. None made any aggressive movement, and figuring that for a good sign, she relaxed slightly. She watched the leader approach and soon caught wind of the scent of man and beast coming off him in nauseating waves. His bare arms looked like steel bars that could break through bones as if they were kindling wood. The man looked at her with hard blue steel eyes. It made her shrink back, timidly.

He loosened a bag on his belt and threw it at Father. Catching the bag, he spilled its contents into his palm.

"Don't worry, it's all there," said the stranger.

Mother's face turned panicked. "John... John, what is going on? Who is this man?"

Father just stared at his hand. His head sunk to his chest.

"I thought it was a good idea to relieve ourselves of our responsibility," he answered. "This is more than we would've gotten. With this we can make a whole new life." He nodded toward the coins in his hand.

"John, you're scaring me," she spat. "John, don't! Give the money back! John, give the money back!" Her fear was palpable and she was on the verge of hysterics.

Mary was confused and scared. She didn't know what was going on, but she didn't like it. She'd never seen Mother so upset before. It made her terribly upset.

The stranger looked back at her and spoke. "Say your goodbyes, girl," he said, in a surprising soft voice said to her.

What did he mean? To whom was she saying goodbye?

"Nooooo!" Mother yelled and frantically rushed to the girl, hugging her hard against her chest. Tears streamed down her face. "You can't have her! You're not taking her! She is like my daughter!"

Mary started to cry and turned to bury her head into Mother's shoulder, clutching for all she was worth. She felt the stranger put his hands around her waist and gently extract her from Mother's grasp. Father reached his hands to Mother's shoulders, pulling her away from the child.

The stranger put Mary back on the ground, but the fury of tears in her eyes kept her from seeing well. His large hand rested on her shoulder. She wiped her eyes, sniffing. Mother had collapsed on the ground, sobbing uncontrollably. Robert was knelt by her side, crying as well.

"Say your goodbyes, girl," the stranger repeated.

Robert looked up. Realization crossed his face, and he ran to Mary,

hugging her tight. She felt his wet tears on her cheek, mingling with her own. The stranger let them hug for a while, and then gently pushed Robert away.

"You gonna say goodbye to your Father?"

Father just stood there. A flash of indecision crossed his face. He poured the coins back into the bag and held them loosely in his hand. Taking a contemplative stance, he started to swing the bag of coins by the rope looped around the top. The stranger spoke before he could.

"There is no turning back. The deal is done."

Father paused then attached the bag to his belt concedingly. For the first time ever, her father looked at her with concern in his eyes. She saw them soften as he stepped toward her. His arms reached to her, and her natural reaction was to shy away. Her expression spoke volumes to him, saying more than the child ever would have vocalized.

His hands dropped to his sides, and genuine sadness fluttered across his face. Then he did what he always did. He turned his back on the girl one last time.

"Just take her. Take her now," he said, defeated.

Unsure of what she was expected to do, Mary let the stranger guide her back to the horses. Two of the other men were rummaging around the back of the wagon, but stopped when they spotted the leader returning. The stranger lifted her onto his horse and then climbed on behind her. The others remounted and the group continued forward, not returning from the direction they'd come. As they passed the wagon, Mary turned back to see Father bent over her still-prone Mother, rubbing her back and speaking softly to her. Robert sat beside Mother, calling my name. She knew this was the last time she would ever see them.

Story by: Hedonist
Continued next issue

Life & Times

By Trebelvoice

Ruskin's Life and Work

John Ruskin (February 8, 1819- January 20, 1900) was a highly admired and hugely influential Victorian art critic, moralist and social critic. He wrote over 250 works covering topics as varied as geology, ornithology, literary criticism, the environmental effects of pollution and mythology, and his ideas still have influence today.

The son of a wine importer, Ruskin was born and raised in London. As 20-year-old student Christ Church College, Oxford, he won the Newdigate prize for poetry, and so impressed his professors that he was awarded a degree although he had entered university without the necessary qualifications. He eventually became the first Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, serving two terms there from 1869 to 1879. An Oxford college now bears his name: Ruskin College. Ruskin published his first book "Modern Painters" anonymously in 1843. The book put forth the controversial argument that the semi-abstract style of modern landscape painters- in particular J.M.W. Turner- was superior to that of the "Old Masters" of the Renaissance due to its superior understanding of nature. In subsequent books Ruskin talked about symbolism in art and argued that architecture cannot be separated from morality, and that the "Decorated Gothic" style was the highest form of architecture yet achieved.

As Ruskin's fame grew, he began to write regular reviews of the annual art exhibitions at the Royal Academy under the title Academy Notes. His reviews were fiercely judgmental and had a great deal of influence on public opinion. The magazine Punch published a comic poem from the point of view of an artist criticized by

*Little Girl so Sweet
A divine flower of mine
Intoxicating*

Ruskin; the fictional artist complained "I paints and paints, hears no complaints...then savage Ruskin sticks his tusk in and nobody will buy".

A crisis of religious belief at the end of the 1850s caused Ruskin to turn from art criticism to social and political commentary. In his book *Unto This Last* he expounded his theories about social justice. He attempted to reach a wide readership with his socialist pamphlets *Fors Clavigera*, aimed at the "working men of England", and for a time he taught at the Working Men's College of London. He also became well known for his charitable acts. Upon the death of his father, he declared that it was not possible to be a rich socialist and gave away most of his inheritance. In the 1870s founded the charity known as the Guild of St George and endowed it with large sums of money as well as a remarkable collection of art. He also gave money to enable Octavia Hill to begin her practical campaign of housing reform.

Ruskin's Paedophilia

In 1848 Ruskin married Effie Gray, for whom he wrote the early fantasy novel *The King of the Golden River*. Stories circulate about their wedding night; the most popular one is that Ruskin, knowing the female body only through statues and



paintings, had had no idea that she would have pubic hair and was horrified by the sight of it. However, it's also been argued that it was the sight of her menstrual blood or, possibly, her body odor which horrified him. In any case, the marriage was never consummated, and the two were unhappy together; in 1854 Gray left Ruskin for John Millais, a painter who had been Ruskin's protégé- and who, incidentally, loved to paint little girls. The rupture of Ruskin's marriage caused a public scandal.

Because of six years of non-consummation the marriage was annulled. In a letter to her parents Gray explained the situation: "He alleged various reasons, hatred to children, religious motives, a desire to preserve my beauty, and finally this last year he told me his true reason... that he had imagined women were quite different to what he saw I was, and that the

reason he did not make me his Wife was because he was disgusted with my person the first evening 10th April." During the annulment proceedings Ruskin made the following statement to his lawyer: "It may be thought strange that I could abstain from a woman who to most people was so attractive. But though her face was beautiful, her person was not formed to excite passion. On the contrary, there were certain circumstances in her person which completely checked it."

It is clear that Ruskin, far from feeling "hatred to children", was intensely attracted to them, and it is almost certain that exclusive paedophilia is the reason why he found himself persistently unexcited by his wife. Paedophilia did not then exist as a concept, and it was quite normal and accepted for men of artistic inclinations to rhapsodize over the beauty of children, particularly little girls. Nevertheless, the time Ruskin was in his thirties he was well aware of his special attraction to very young girls, writing to a friend that he liked girls best when they were "just in the very rose of dawn".

Ruskin taught the children of his local village school at Conington, and loved to join in their games and dances. In another letter he remarked, "It is impossible at Coniston to meet a child whom it is not a sorrow to lose sight of." Among

Ruskin's many philanthropic projects was his support of a progressive girls' school at Winnington, and it seems that this project was particularly near to his heart. He dedicated his book *Ethics of the Dust* to the pupils of the school; he befriended and corresponded with many of the individual girls; and he spent many a happy afternoon romping and playing with them. According to biographer Quentin Bell, "He lived on terms of sentimental intimacy with an entire girls' school and the modern readers knows not whether to blush or snigger at the romps and ogling's, toying and teasing which were conducted with perfect candor under the benevolent eye of the headmistress at Winnington."

As already mentioned, in Victorian England if a man enjoyed children's company a prurient interest was not assumed; certainly Ruskin, as Bell acknowledges, did not feel that he had anything to hide. However, it does seem clear that there was a significant sexual component to Ruskin's interest in young girls. In a letter to his father he described a trip to the seaside on which he had seen "one girl of about ten, barelimbed to above the knees, and beautifully limbed, lying on the sand like a snake". He was a friend of the famous illustrator of children's books Kate Greenaway, and in his letters to her he repeatedly urged her to draw her child models "undraped"- i.e. in

the nude.

All his life Ruskin went through a series of infatuations with young girls, developing affectionate friendships with several of them- including, incidentally, Lewis Carroll's beloved Alice Liddell and her two sisters. Indeed, when he was almost 70 years old he fell in love with and proposed to a young teenager named Kate Olander. But Ruskin's most deeply felt relationship with a child- in fact, probably the most deeply felt relationship of his life- was with an Irish girl named Rose la Touché, whom he took on as an art pupil in 1848 when she was 9 or 10 years old and he was 39. Ruskin's first impression of her was that she "walked like a little white statue through the twilight woods, talking solemnly"; in later writings he described her as a "fiery" and "saucy" child. 32 years after he had first met her he described her in his private journal as she had been then: she was "neither tall nor short for her age; a little stiff in her way of standing. The eyes rather deep blue at the time, and fuller and softer than afterwards. Lips perfectly lovely in profile; a little too wide, and hard in edge, seen in front; the rest of her features what a fair, well-bred Irish girl's usually are; the hair perhaps, more graceful in short curl around the forehead, and softer than one sees often, in the close-bound tresses above the neck..."

Ruskin's feelings for Rose seem to have developed slowly: "I don't quite know what to make of her," he confessed after a day spent with her when she was 11. However, he certainly ended up very much in love with her. In a letter to his friend Norton, he described how Rose's friendship helped him through his bouts of depression: "I don't in the least know what might have been the end of it if a little child (only thirteen last summer) hadn't put her fingers on the helm at the right time, and chosen to make a pet of herself for me".

The two were on affectionate terms, bestowing on each other a variety of pet names: she was his "puss", his "mouse", his "Rosie-Posy" and "Rosie-pet", whilst she called him "St Crumpet". "Dearest St C," runs one of her letters to him, written when she was 13, "I think so much of you and of all your dearness's to me — I wish so much that you were happy — God can make it so — We try to remember all that you taught us..."

As time passed, Ruskin became depressed about the fact that Rose was rapidly growing up. "Nay, I shall never see her again. It's another Rosie every six months now. Do I want to keep her from growing up? Of course I do." Typically, he took the girls of Winton into his confidence. One day when he met "I shan't see her [Rose] again for ever so

long- not till winter I fancy- and then she'll be someone else. Children are as bad as the clouds at sunrise- golden change- but change always- I was horribly sad this morning."

When Rose was 17, Ruskin, then aged 46, proposed marriage to her; she did not reject him but her parents did. They were opposed to Ruskin's socialist ideals and, as evangelical Protestants, shocked by his religious apostasy. Their opposition to him as a prospective husband for Rose increased after Effie Millais, Ruskin's former wife, told Rose's mother that Ruskin was "quite unnatural" and had a "peculiar nature". Some of Ruskin's friends served as go-betweens for him and Rose; her messages to him conveyed by this clandestine system were enigmatic: "What does the little Beastie mean, I wonder --?" Ruskin wrote after receiving a package of pressed flowers from Rose.



Even after Rose could legally decide for herself whom to marry she refused Ruskin's proposals because of their religious differences. These refusals, repeated over ten years, caused Ruskin great suffering, but he continued to love her devotedly. "I want. . . the sense that the creature whom I love is made happy by being loved: That is literally all I want," he wrote in 1866. "I don't care that Rosie should love me: I cannot conceive such a thing for an instant -- I only want her to be happy in being loved".

Tragically, Rose died in 1875 at age 27 in a Dublin nursing home, where she had been placed by her parents. She seems to have been troubled by psychological instability and religious mania; some authors suggest a broken heart as a contributory cause of her death, whilst others say that she was anorexic. Reports of her own contemporaries, however, indicate TB as the probable cause of her death. Most authors agree that her death triggered the bouts of insanity from which Ruskin began to suffer around 1877. During these periods of madness Ruskin convinced himself that the Renaissance painter Vittore Carpaccio had included portraits of Rose in his paintings of the life of Saint Ursula. He also turned to spiritualism in an attempt to contact Rose in the afterlife. During one period of derangement he wrote a letter declaring that Rose's spirit had instructed him to marry a visiting girl.

Ruskin's Enduring Influence

Ruskin's ideas on art and architecture were enormously influential in his own time, and they remain with us. Ever heard of the "Pathetic Fallacy"? That's a term Ruskin coined. His works on social justice were equally influential, leading to the development of the Christian Socialist movement and that of the British Labour Party. Around the turn of the twentieth century several Utopian Socialist "Ruskin Colonies" were created in Canada and the United States in an attempt to put Ruskin's political ideals into practice.

Leo Tolstoy described Ruskin as "one of those rare men who think with their heart". Marcel Proust was a Ruskin enthusiast and translated Ruskin's works into French. Mohandas K. Gandhi said that Ruskin had been the single greatest influence in his life.

Ruskin's paedophilia has been a subject of hot debate. Many of those who write about him cannot avoid treating it, but his biographer Bachelor states that wasn't a paedophile because his behavior does not "fit the profile". How is this so? Is it because he had affectionate relations with children instead of mistreating them? Is it because he continued to love Rose devotedly even after she was no longer a child? For all Ruskin's flaws he was certainly a man who showed, in Lindsay Ashford's phrase, "The human face of paedophilia".

You Say It's Sick

By Butterfly Sox

You say it's sick

For me to look at her.

I say it's vile For you not to.

You look perfection in the face

And give it naught but a passing
glance.

You say it's sick For me to love her.

I say it's contemptible For you not
to.

You see purity A reflection of God's
beauty

In lovely form And turn a cold
shoulder.

You say it's sick For me to connect
with her.

I say it's repugnant For you not to.

You see a soul Full of love,
kindness, and sweetness to spare

And you disconnect yourself And
close your heart to it.

You say that I am sick For giving
her my heart.

I say that I am completely well.

And if you can't give her yours,
then:

YOU ARE THE PERVERT!

Confessions of a Pedo

JGrey

Self-acceptance rarely happens all at once, and the path to it, (or back to it, since we are born accepting ourselves), is generally long, convoluted, and rocky. Acceptance does not necessarily imply approval, happiness, or complete eternal satisfaction. Rather, it is a matter of dealing with what is, rather than what "should" be. "Should" is the great obstacle to acceptance. I "should" feel this; I "shouldn't" feel that, and so on. Rather than focusing on "should", acceptance comes from focusing on reality, as painful and inconvenient as that may be.

Accepting one's pedophilia can be a particularly complicated process. In my case, the road has turned and twisted, hit dead ends, and gone straight off the map a few times. One day I am certain I am blessed; the next, I am equally certain I am cursed. I don't know if I will ever reach that enlightened state where I have accepted it and never need to question it again. One thing I have learned is not to expect acceptance to be final, perfect, or complete. I will quite likely always have doubts.

Most of what I see in the world tells me I should not feel the way I do. I would like to claim to be utterly independent of mind, unaf-

fectured by the judgments of others, but that is not the case. I don't know how many times I have found myself in conversations with other men where I had to pretend to be someone else in order to fit in. They might talk about how hot Pamela Anderson is, and what can I say? Yeah, she probably was pretty cute when she was 9? No, I can't



say that. I can't quite bring myself to enthusiastically participate in admiring large silicon breasts, either, so I end up saying very little. I come away from such conversations ashamed, knowing I am not like others. They might talk about their troubles with women, and all I can manage is vague, uninformed sympathy. "Women, huh? Can't live with 'em,

can definitely live without 'em"—that just isn't going to go over well around the office water cooler. They might talk about pedophiles...and I might not have much to say. I have, to my shame, passively participated in a few such discussions without nobly defending the non-offending lover of children. I have heard more than a few people talk about pedophiles—not molesters, not rapists, but simply pedophiles—and heard them spew violent, smug hatred, and I have failed to argue, failed to clarify, failed to stand up for myself or for my fellow CLers, because I am afraid. I want to fit in, at least to the extent where most people won't actively seek to kill me.

Self-acceptance cannot be predicated on first finding acceptance in and from the wider world. They will tell you angrily that you are a monster; they will tell you quietly that you are ill; they will tell you haughtily that you are unworthy; they will tell you certainly to stay the hell away from their children.

Listen to the shouts or the whispers of the world, and you will learn that your soul is ugly, your heart misshapen, your gifts poisonous, and your longings selfish and hateful. Believe the rabid ranting of the anti

(One reviled by pedophiles and acts in a vigilante, militant manner.), or the sober conclusions of the scholar, and you will come to see your bright gentle desire as a malevolent malady. Self-acceptance, for the pedophile, must be preceded by an almost arrogant level of independent thought, and rejection of the heartfelt opinions of damn near everyone on earth. Having trouble accepting one's pedophilia is no surprise. Being able to even begin to accept it, in such a harsh

environment, is astonishing.

Two groups of people readily accept pedophiles and cherish them. One is other pedophiles; the other is children. Little girls seem to have very little trouble accepting that someone loves them madly. The rest of the world holds few examples of acceptance, and virtually no examples of approval, for pedophiles and their feelings.

The internal struggle for

acceptance, therefore, is unlikely to be aided by external encouragement. This can lead, and in my case emphatically has lead, to an unfortunate disconnection with the world. If the world disapproves of who I really am, then in order to get approval I must pretend to be someone else. If I fail to do this, I am judged; if I succeed, then I am utterly alone with my secret. My experience of the world becomes artificial and disappointing, as I successfully fool everyone into thinking I am a decent person when really I am (gasp!) a pedophile. It seems that the only way for me to feel good about myself is to reject everyone else. To walk this lonely road is no easy task.

External judgment can be debated, ignored, rejected, or refuted, but if I do not have my own approval, I cannot escape myself. If I despise myself, there is no place to hide, no peace, no respite. Seeking temporary relief through addictions and self-destruction is all too common. My addictions are videogames, isolation, nicotine; my methods of self-destruction are too gruesome to describe here. I have hated myself with grim and relentless determination, and wallowed in depths of shame I only hope others have never known. I have been assured by seemingly credible people, in solemn sincerity, that I am a monster, a freak, a danger, a problem, a grotesque mental obscenity. But worse than that,



deeper than that, I have hated myself because I thought I was inclined and likely to do the most hideous, putrid, hateful act imaginable: harm a little girl. I thought I would not only do such a horrid thing, but enjoy it too. No Gestapo interrogator could hope to inflict any torture on me that could remotely compare to that to which I brutally subjected myself for years on end. No strident anti could call me a name I have not called myself ten thousand times. Commit the act of suicide? Oh, no. I wouldn't let myself off that easy.

For me, the journey back to peace was aided most by three things: humor, little angels, and Visions of Alice.

Humor can be very healing, when it is gentle. Sarcasm can be funny, but not very useful in healing. A sense of gentle bemusement about myself and my pedophilia has taken some of the drama out of it and made it manageable. I get excited seeing little girls panties.

If that's not funny, what in the world is? I'm not so bad. I'm not such a big deal. I'm just a besotted fool in love with little girls. I know I would not harm a child. Even imagining a little girl being hurt gives me nightmares. For me to be the cause of her pain



would rip my mind to shreds.

Little angels along the way have helped me to heal. They think I am great.

If I told them I thought I was a monster they would laugh. Of course I'm not. They know better. They know love when they feel it. They know there is no safer place than in my arms, no gentler heart in all creation. They know it, and they have helped me to know it too.

Visions of Alice, this blessed place...I cannot begin to adequately describe how I feel about it now. It scared me at first. I was so tempted by the vision of peace and acceptance I was sure it had to be an illusion. I could not believe it was real, and could not stand to glimpse such a thing and be disappointed. I

have not been disappointed. I have found a home. With simple words and diligent care, VoA is made a gentle haven, where I am free to be myself and not be ashamed. It has become, for me, a foundation on which to build. I take it with me when I go out into the world, and the shouts and whispers of judgment are not as frightening now as they once were.

I still have my bad days, my doubts, and my creeping habitual shame. If I could impart one lesson to anyone struggling with accepting pedophilia, it would be this: it will not come all at once. It will take as long as it takes. Be kind to yourself if you can, and give yourself time.



A WALK IN THE WOODS

With Peullamore

A few months ago, back in July, the New York Times published an article by Kurt Eichenwald in which the author perpetuates the myth that child pornography is all-pervasive on the internet. He gives the impression that virtually all one has to do is turn on their computer and wham! - there it is - all over your computer screen. In this screed, he also gives the impression that there are myriad organized groups of predatory pedophiles exchanging tips on how to subvert vast numbers of children in order to rape and cause them grievous harm. All things considered, it was an egregious distortion of reality in an apparent attempt to further some other agenda. And subsequent events make it fairly apparent that there may indeed be another agenda.

About a month before this article was printed, President Bush had singled out the Times as being "un-American" and implied that they should pay a heavy price for informing the public about the administration's illegal activities and abuses of power. At the same time, after being soundly rebuked by the courts for their abuses, the administration has embarked on another aggressive campaign to usurp even more of our civil rights. And they are using the twin bogeymen of terrorism and child pornography to whip up support for their agenda. So the nexus of these events begs the question - was the publishing of this egregiously distorted screed some sort of penance to an administration

noted for playing hardball with those who don't toe the line? Perhaps by helping to arouse public support for further restrictions of civil rights, they would get let off the hook for their "indiscretions". (It should be noted that on September 19, Attorney General Alberto Gonzalez, in testimony before Congress, urged Congress to pass legislation forcing Internet Service Providers to keep records of internet usage for two years and to make those records available to the government without a warrant or oversight.)



But then it gets more interesting - much more interesting. One of the advantages of going after hebe/pedophiles and/or child pornographers is that usually, no one is willing to come to their defense; it's essentially a free pass for any politician or media outlet to attack them in their quest for votes or public support or increased ratings or readership, usually. So it's easy to see how the Times would have viewed this as a win/win situation - a two for one. Attract public attention with a lurid, if distorted article about

sex and children, and at the same time mollify your administration critics by playing ball with them. But this time, there was a little hiccup. An article by Debbie Nathan appeared on Salon.com which called into question the propriety of Eichenwald visiting child porn sites. Of course, clever rascal that he is, he subsequently denied having actually viewed any child porn even though in the article he implied that he had

extensively done so, claiming instead that he relied on "advertising" and "descriptions from government sources". But, as the author Judith Levine pointed out in her letter to the public editorial desk at the Times, if that is the case it then calls into question the accuracy of his reporting when he makes assertions that could only be true if he had visited some of the sites on more than one occasion. So anyone with any sense has to question the integrity of Eichenwald's reporting.

But the real firestorm came from the Salon article itself, and here is where it gets "curiouser and curiouser" as Alice would say. Almost immediately after the article in Salon was posted, the controversy over Eichenwald's screed started to explode. A few hours later, Salon issued not just one but TWO corrections and removed the article from their website. Interestingly, the "corrections" posted by Salon and the blog responses posted by Eichenwald around the internet mirrored each other. The second correction posted on Salon.com, which includes notice that the Nathan piece was removed, states that the reason for removal was misrepresentation of the law regarding inadvertent viewing of child pornography and that Eichenwald did not actually view child pornography,

anyway. But if that is to be believed, what are we to make of assertions by Eichenwald that some sites had guest models who were only there for a short time and then gone? How could he have known this if he did not return to this purported child pornography site? He can't have it both ways. Either he is lying about not having visited so-called child porn sites, or he lied in his article. Additionally, Debbie Nathan has apparently made no comment about the situation. All of this of course begs the question of whether the NY Times and/or Eichenwald used their vast resources to extort Salon and Debbie Nathan into keeping quiet. Or perhaps the US Department of Justice got involved and muzzled Salon and Nathan with thinly veiled threats as this administration is so often wont to do.

Suffice it to say that it is unlikely that the public will ever know what really went on because those privy to the behind-the-scenes maneuvering aren't talking. But there are a lot of questions that this incident has raised that really need to be answered. Unfortunately, it appears that they won't be and that is indeed a tragedy, both for the people who must rely on the media for their information, and for the integrity of journalism itself.



The Truth

Wanna know the truth? The truth is we want True Innocence to be a interactive magazine. Which simply means, although we have our own stable of columnists...we are always looking for new talent. Below is just some

areas that we are looking for. But, some of it is just fun and you need not be a professional. Just curious or passionate. Got something to say? Good or bad...we'll print it. We want to hear it all. We wish to get better.

Haiku's everywhere

Write them and we will print them

Wouldn't that be nice?

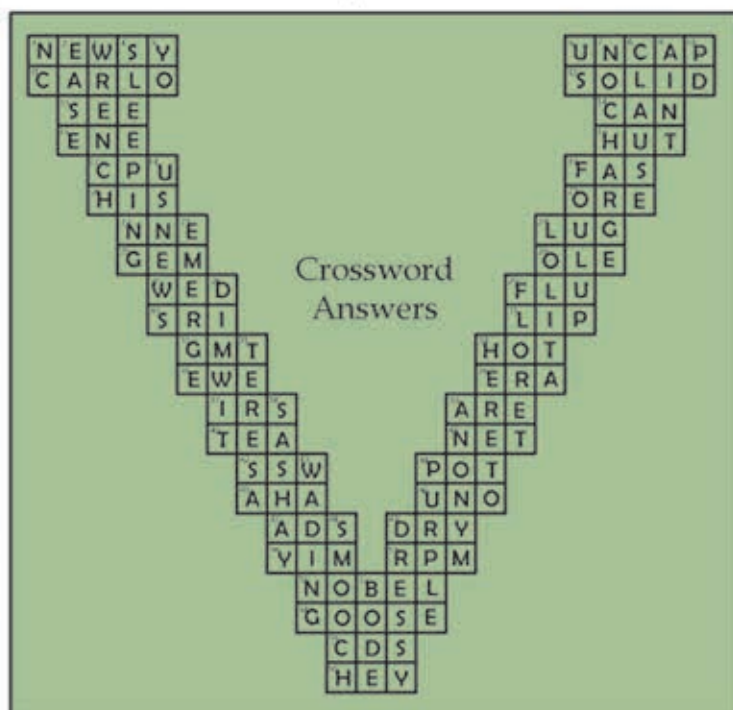
Next Issue

A new column and a new story will appear next issue. The new column is called WishTech and will be a series of technical computer help for all of us who are technically challenged. The first article will be about torrents and how to set up a secure torrents account. Headed up by our own capable iWish.

The story is called .Rock Machine from the mind of Guy. It seems like any old town. The main employer is the Silicon League. Clarissa didn't think anything of it. New town, new school, new friends. Till she met the strange new rich kid. The same kid who's father just bought the Silicon League.

Letters...letters...letters. Have something to say? Like what a columnist had written? Disagree with them? Just go to the True Innocence front page and click the "Comments" button and leave yours. Who knows it might make the next issue.

Want to be more direct and ask a columnist a question? Or, make a proposal to submit? Then go to FAQ's on the web page and read how it's done. Open columns are Confessions of a Pedo, Newswire and The Burning Man. Newswire submit any pedophile related news and/or comment. The Burning Man write a article about pedophilia and we will try to solcitate another author to write a counter-point.



Girllove's Ascent Mädchenliebe Besteigung Nihil Aeturnius

What does paedophilia mean? What is a pedophile? According to the Oxford English Dictionary, a pedophile is a person who is sexually attracted to children. Nothing more, nothing less. A heterosexual is a person attracted to someone of the opposite sex. Nothing more, nothing less. A homosexual is attracted to the same sex. Nothing more, nothing less. But in the eyes of the public, it is not so. For society, the word "pedophile" has connotations that extend far beyond the dictionary definition, and these perceptions create a severe mistrust of any explanations that pedophiles may give for their feelings.

Pedophiles tend to be viewed as inherently manipulative, selfish, cruel and uncaring. They are describe as people who will "say or do anything to justify their sick desires". When pedophiles speak of their positive experiences with children, when a girllover speaks about how much he loves little girls other, he is automatically assumed to be lying, manipulating so that he can fulfill his desire to have sexual relations with children. "Surely," people say, "Surely he cannot actually care about the girl he wishes to have sex with." Why is it that a person attracted to adults gets the benefit of the doubt when it comes to their intentions, but a person attracted to children does not? After all, there are myriads of manipulative, cruel, sadistic heterosexual men, who beat and rape their wives (and sometimes their

children) despite having made earlier protestations of love. After all, there are many romances gone awry after the girl overheard her boyfriend bragging to his friends that "he's just in it for the pussy", often while making plans to woo another girl with lies.

When people hear the word "pedophile", their minds are stirred with rage. They see the image of a predator, seducing children with false love and false affection. But why is this affection automatically assumed to be false? Because he is a pedophile. Why are his gifts regarded as cunning manipulation? Because he is a pedophile. But what is it about a pedophile that would predispose him to being more manipulative, more selfish, in his interactions with children?

Most relationships get benefit of the doubt in regards to the motives of one of the partners.. Whereas a pedophile, were he to look at a child, would be accused

of the most depraved intentions, accused of preying on her "vulnerability", accused of trying to exploit her. Every loving act becomes manipulation; every loving word becomes grooming. Actions that ordinarily would evoke the warmest of feelings - giving a child a flower, taking her to her favorite park - are seen as sinister, as evil, as malicious, simply because the giver has a sexual feeling towards the beneficiary. It is strange that what is known as romance in one form of relationship is known as "grooming" in another one.

But this is unfair. Why is it that, merely because of a sexual attraction, must a person be assumed to be more manipulative in their pursuit of such relations? Why are pedophiles dehumanized, reduced to mindless automatons who see nothing in children other than sexual pleasure? Is that a reflection of how society sees children - a reflection that they project onto those who are attracted to them?



HIDDEN ANGELS

By ShadowM

You must never question. To question is to betray. Those, ladies and gentleman, are two sentences you won't go through in a day without hearing, if you were to live in the place where I formally resided. What's that? You wish to know who I am? Nah, I'd rather not divulge in my identity. Should I do so, you'll consider me a threat, menace to society, worthy of the dea...well it's the same old song if you ask me. I tell you and you tell another, who tells another, and another, and another. Then by nightfall I'll be faced with collaborated mob justice. Heh, not that I don't hear of it everyday. The select few who sympathize with the persecuted are just as shunned as those who never harmed the ones they claim to "protect" or anyone for that matter. After all, we should cancel out all of our reasoning within the mind and instead let our hearts go out of control with emotion, thus leading to arbitrary judgment of everything else in general! (and in case you can't tell, I was being sarcastic on that last sentence)

Funny how they assume the worst about things they know nothing about. Things seem a little different here. The higher-ups didn't induce mass brainwashing and controlled panic to the masses into becoming celibate. There doesn't seem to be a police vehicle between 2-3 blocks. The President seems to be more than just a figurehead ruler...I think. And don't get me started on the full-swing "ped-hunts" and emotion-driven sermons every which way. All of

this is just the tip of the iceberg. An iceberg my father attempted to melt, but failed.

But, that's a story for another time. Or at least, a portion of this story for another time. As I said earlier, this story is not for those who wish to retain delusions. It shall explain most of what we've become, or may become in due time, should things such as conformism and intolerance come into play even more. It went long past its limit where I came from. The people at the time had their heads up their asses so much even a child was able to see it! But not just any child. This child suffered a little more than the others. Cindy. She saw her gift as a curse. Not just to herself, but to everyone around her.

Nevertheless, I'm getting far ahead of myself. Certain things must be taken one step at a time. Or in this case, one chapter at a time. Best if I don't ramble on any further. Now please...read. Read...and think. Think about the certain things that are being told to you on a regular basis while you read this dystopian tale. Think of the newspaper articles and news segments you view as you read this. While I can't insult it in its entirety, one can never see any errors in logic unless they ask questions. Anyone, let they be man, woman, even child. They all have a right to the truth of things. I wish it was the case for the children of that prison of a homeland I used to live in.

"Now, no more talk. No more

introductions. Now is the time to read. Read...and rethink how you view certain people. The following isn't forcing you to be like those you hate. Simply accept. Accept them like my dad accepted my mom.

Chapter one

Dozens upon dozens of blocks are covered with pale white houses evenly spaced by a foot or so with the usual slanted shingled roofs. They have four square windows, one at the left and right side of the beige door, and the last two right above said door. A pole with large speakers at the very top are firmly drilled at the very corner of each block. From above and afar, each block is as nearly identical as the last. However, should one take a closer inspection of sorts, not all is alike.

Some of the beige doors have rather odd markings on them. Others have various scratches on them that have yet to be painted over. More often than not, they have what appears to be video surveillance cameras attached on the roof. Most may not see it. But it always sees them. The different markings on the door represent the certain people who live within the house. They must be identified. All must be identified. Anyone suspected of being IT must bear the mark on the door. Also, no one seems to be on the streets. A few bikes are overturned on the ground, the wheels still spinning, suggesting that the citizens made a hasty retreat back

into their abodes. But, for what reason? This one house has no markings on the door. To the residents within, it's a good thing. They wish to keep it that way. There's a short table, a couch, and a television set right at the opposite end of the furniture. Two of the residents watch the news broadcast on the TV.

One is an adult, possibly in her mid 30s. She has long jet black hair tied into a ponytail. Her eyes are brown and her skin is as white as the exterior of the house. Her attire consists of a cerise long-sleeved shirt and a denim skirt. Her facial expression is rather dull, and the nails on her hands are a little thin and rough, which are possible signs of the occasional nail biter. The second person, a male child of 12, has short hair and eyes. Both are the same colors as the woman's. He dons a light-blue t-shirt and khaki shorts. His feet and ankles are covered with gray socks. The t-shirt has what appears to be a laminated identification card. All that's on it is a barcode with the numbers 19-8-1-4. He, too, watches the news report. However, his face seems to have a look of slight confusion on his face. It's as if he has no idea what he's watching.

The TV shows a brunette woman holding a microphone with what appears to be the news logo on it and the number five. She's wearing a cobalt suit of sorts. It's clear that she's the reporter of the news bulletin. There's also a look of urgency on her face, as if what she's about to report is something of great importance.

She breaks in, "Greetings, fellow viewers. This is a special news bulletin from Channel 5 news. I'm Tyler Kipper here with an emergency broadcast. Just ten minutes ago, the local authorities received a call from an anonymous tipster who claims that he witnessed a child abduction in progress at a nearby grocery store. The local citizen followed the abductor and victim, only for the trail to end at a nearby police station. Although the abductor, who was soon identified as being a marked one, was hastily apprehended, the exact reasons as to why he snatched age 8 Child Unit 3-9-14-4-25 was unknown according to interrogators. The aforementioned child has been reunited with her family as..."

Tyler stops as her eyes rapidly shift left to right, her mind paying attention to something else besides the task at hand. Half a minute later, the eyes stop moving about as the reporter continues to speak, "This just in. The details of the abduction and the abductor shall be explained via the public speakers in full. Everyone, please cease your current activities until the public announcement is finished."

Outside the house, the speakers at each corner of the block start their blaring voices being transmitted from a nearby police station. The volume of the speakers are so loud, even those away from the block can hear it quite clearly.

ATTENTION!! ATTENTION!! THIS IS A REMINDER TO THE FAMILY UNIT OF CHILD 3-9-14-4-25!! PLEASE KEEP YOUR CHILD IN YOUR SIGHT

AND BESIDE YOU AT ALL TIMES!! MAKE SURE THAT ALL THE CHILDREN IN THE SUBURBAN DISTRICT TO KEEP CLEAR OF ALL THOSE WHO ARE MARKED!! THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET BEEN MARKED, YET EXHIBIT ABNORMAL BEHAVIOURAL PATTERNS MUST BE REPORTED POST-HASTE!! THE AUTHORITIES HAVE JUST DECLARED THE FATE OF THE LATEST APPREHENDED MARKED ONE!!! HE IS GUILTY!! I REPEAT: THE MARKED ONE IS GUILTY!! HE SHALL BE KEPT WITHIN ISOLATED CONFINEMENT UNTIL HIS FULL SENTENCE CAN BE DECIDED!! ANNOUNCEMENT OVER!!! YOU MAY NOW RETURN TO YOUR CURRENT DUTIES!!

With that, the speakers stop speaking and the adults who rushed back inside exited the house and continued their daily outdoor rituals. Of course, a few people remained inside. The woman and child being one of them. And, those who resided in the houses with the marked doors dared not leave their sanctuary.

Inside the home where the woman and child resided, the boy





But the woman, who we shall call Claire, puts her hands on the boy's hands and gently pulls them away from his ears.

Claire gently says, "It's okay Shad. The announcement is over."

"Why did they switch to that loud speaker mommy? Couldn't the news just say it themselves?"

Claire sighs, "It's...well, it's a little complicated I suppose. Everything has their own way of things. Regardless of what others think of it."

"Well I think it's loud. Loud and annoying. I tried telling the adults if they can put the volume down."

"When was that?!" Claire exclaims.

"When we went out shopping today."

Shad stands up and walks to the nearby window. He looks outside and sees adults walking about. Not too many of them, for most of them are at work elsewhere in the community. The boy's eyes are fixated on a bag dropped on the front lawn some time earlier. A small area around the bag is damp, the green blades of grass stained by what appears to be a brown liquid. A few onions also rolled out upon its fall, along with parsley and a pair of Cornish hens wrapped in plastic.

Claire starts, "Shad, don't worry about that. It's not your fault."

"I know. It's just that last time it happened, adults were around and they got really mad at me. It was just an accident! Besides, those cheap bags are really weak. I should ask the people at the grocery store..."

Without a thought Claire interrupts, "Which reminds me, you said you asked someone about the public speakers?"

"Well..." Shad remarks sheepishly.

Claire makes a light gasp as she covers her mouth in shock, as if she made a rude remark on impulse. "Oh Shad, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have interrupted you."

Shad continues, "It was a small mistake. I just wanted to ask questions."

"You mustn't. You know what happened the last time?"

"They didn't answer. That was really rude," as Shad gives a small frown.

"Not just that. They just stared at you, coldly."

"What's wrong with that? You said that daddy told you that it's okay for us to ask questions. Just as much as it's okay for us to be here!" Shad replies defiantly.

Claire releases a faint sigh, "Fine, you're right. That's exactly what Dimitri said before..." Claire stops as her eyes start to flood up, as if hesitating to finish the sentence.

Shad looks at her and continues undaunted, "You know that news report about that girl who got abducted?"

Gaining he composure Claire responds, "What about her?"

"Well...hehe. I think she's cute."

Claire, raises her eyebrows a little, "Come again?"

"I saw her outside the store when we were leaving. She looked kinda..."

Claire interjects, "You saw her?!"

"Yeah, but I thought she was waiting for her parents. The ID card on her is the same number as the one the news mentioned."

Claire, stutters, "O-o-o-okay Shad." Biting her nails a little, she says, "Let's get the groceries inside."

Mother and son step outside as they pick up what they can from their fallen bag of goods while avoiding the glass shards of what used to be a container of apple juice. Claire was silent the whole time. Picking up the batch of parsley with one hand while biting her nails with the other. Her nail biting is something that occurs only when a type of stressor is triggered. During times when she felt all too nervous about something, she took it out on her nails. Thankfully, she doesn't bite all the way through, but it worries Shad nonetheless.

Once the groceries are gathered in their arms, Claire and Shad make their way back inside. But although Claire gets inside, Shad is halted by a vaguely familiar sight. Right on the sidewalk, a girl of eight years old walks home with a woman beside her, possibly



her mother. Her brown hair is long, flowing, goes straight down as it ends at the back of her hip. Her eyes are of a shining violet, yet her cheeks are wet with tears for reasons yet unknown. Her attire consists of a red shirt with a smiling bunny's head on it and a blue skirt. Finally, her sneakers are white stripped with hot pink complete with ankle-length white socks. Shad gazed upon the visage of the girl. Her ID card is exactly how he remembers it. Yet why is she sad? Tears still roll down her cheeks as they fall to the ground. Could it be the abduction? If so, then why is the woman next to her have a rather contemptuous look on her face, probably directed at the girl. Wanting to cheer her up somehow, Shad yells out a greeting and waves at the girl.

Unfortunately, before Shad can ponder things further, he's

suddenly jerked backwards by his shirt collar. His mother has just pulled him back into the house before he can get a response. He ran out to the window, but nothing changed. The woman and the girl still make their way across the street and to the next block as they reach their house. The girl is the last to enter, her head down in sadness, as the woman locks the door.

To be continued

By: Shadow M





Immortal

***She forever stands
at our secret place
beneath our loving gaze.
She welcomes the breeze
lifting summer dress
ever so slightly.***

***She drops a rose
frozen forever in time
she smiles playfully.
As petals follows rose
breeze dances in the air
morning sun kissing her.***

***She laughs hearing her name
turns with anticipation
forever burned in the mind.
Even as she moves
in that second
her soul is immortalized.***



Astronomer

HOROSCOPES



SCORPIO (OCT.23-NOV.21)

Wager the pro's and con's of any personal matter concerning a LG before you make your final decision. Someone you've relied on in the past will throw you a curve ball. When interacting with LG's think with your head and not your heart.



SAGITTARIUS (NOV.22-DEC.21)

When looking for a GM your situation is likely to change quite rapidly. Be cautious or you will face authority with little recourse. Someone you have worked with or for, in the past, may cause you grief.



CAPRICORN (DEC.22-JAN.19)

You can make some interesting changes to your home or your personal life. An unusual set of circumstances will revolve around a GS. Be smart, industrious and blunt about what you want to do.



AQUARIUS (JAN.-FEB.18)

Be careful what you say - you are likely to offend someone or pass along the wrong information. Emotions will surface between you and your LGF or a future LGF. Question your own motives.



PISCES (FEB.19-MAR.20)

Expect the unexpected especially when it comes to money, gifts, surprises, winnings or unusual circumstances regarding spoiling a LG. Look carefully over personal papers and be fully prepared to take matters into your own hands.



ARIES (MAR.21-APR.19)

You will be able to touch base with a LG from your past whom you have never forgotten. A change in how you handle your personal business will help you in the future. A gift, winning or surprise is heading your way.



TAURUS (APR.20-MAY.20)

It's time to set the record straight and own up to your true feelings for a LG and move forward with that commitment. Once you have relieved yourself of your misgivings, the stress and tension you've been experiencing will be relieved and brighter.



GEMINI (MAY.21-JUNE.20)

Someone you know through work or personal business will reveal what you are trying to hide. You may have to change your line of work or your position. A older relative or friend will offer you a good but difficult solution.



CANCER (JUN.21-JUL.22)

Plan a family get-together or a play date with a LG your highly attracted to. You can do no wrong, so raise your glass and make a toast to life, love and future GM's.



LEO (JUL.23-AUG.22)

Emotional confusion will not be your fault but you will be caught up in someone else's GM and that will be disturbing enough. A LG will lead you down a anti-path of deception.



VIRGO (AUG.23-SEP.22)

You should really be on vacation or planning your next one. Travel, educational pursuits, or getting involved in cultural events will bring many GM's and GS's.



LIBRA (SEP.23-OCT.22)

On a non-work day get out. You will have a higher chance at seeing some amazing GS's. Look back at your childhood goals and consider how you can bring them back into play.

A photograph of two young girls in a field of wildflowers. The girl on the right, with blonde hair and wearing a red floral dress, is holding a white bottle and feeding a spotted fawn. The girl on the left, with brown hair and wearing a blue plaid dress, is looking down at the fawn. The background is a lush green field with many small white flowers.

Life is Good

Lil' Girls
Make it
Better