

CHILDHOOD'S END

“It is remarkable what you can get a child to do if she thinks that she is pursuing the natural wonders of the world. There is nothing wrong with encouraging the instinctual curiosity of a child. You might be pleasantly surprised.”

After I published my article, I had all kinds of weird character trying to enlist me in their perverse adventures. I was afraid that some of them might have been with the police.

“I would never force anyone to do something that she didn't want to do herself.”

I was at the convenience store getting a drink when I heard some kids talking.

“Your sister is really hot.”

I thought that she might be coming out of the store at that moment. I waited.

“She's all of thirteen.”

I wasn't sure if it would be wrong to wait a little longer.

I mulled over ideas for another essay, “If it is all hypothetical then it is all sin.” I guess that I just wanted an excuse. I never wanted to think of myself as a bad man. I was just a little inflamed by my passions.

Could a kiss from a blessed soul raise the dead? I needed to know. I was willing to feign death just to find out.

If the lovely thirteen year old had have come out of the store, would she have turned the heads of everyone else there? What else could we ask of her? After all she was only a child. And the world was full of an infinity of massively complex problems. Only a fool would seek answers from a babe in the woods. I was willing to be that fool.

One mother tried to explain the complexities of life to her baby.

“Do you know what a divorce is?”

The child had her answer, “A break up.”

“She is getting a break up from her husband.”

One of them had indulged a passion for kisses from blessed souls. So much for the benefits of sleazy hook ups and all night drinking binges. I preferred my Slurpee.

I had told myself that I couldn't get into much mischief if I was alone by myself at home. I hadn't counted on my temptress being the daughter of my neighbor. I should have restrained myself. Natural inclination was hardly the motivation for an adult.. And it would be wrong to start chasing after a girl so young. But in the right light, she appeared to be her mother's sibling. And she was much more spry than her mother. It was obvious where my eyes would wander. I just hoped that my heart wouldn't follow. I needed to maintain my standing in this close-knit community. I couldn't have randy adolescents sneaking into my place late at night.

On the other hand, it did no one any wrong if I spent my time looking at such a divine creature. She would be the ideal inspiration for my future studies. I just needed to make sure that I didn't take my work too literally. I had enough of a tendency to go over the deep end. I didn't need another obsession messing with my peace of mind.

I spent a lot of my time working through the notion of the age of consent. Although the law granted majority at eighteen, were our laws too rigid in recognizing the realities of our world? If I had waited around the convenience store, would I have been in for an education in the ways of the world. I needed further witnesses to the maturation process of American youth. I

needed to do more work to support my theories. I just couldn't stay locked up in my room. I needed to come down into the world.

"I'm not going to be the one to make the first move. I'm just going to put myself out there. And if she happens to say something to me, I'll deal with it."

"There's only one way to deal with it. Tell the authorities."

"How's that going to work? She'll just deny what she did, and then she'll turn around and tell everybody that I was the one who said something vulgar to her. I'll be the one in custody."

"Then it's better not to put yourself in that position."

"I can't help it if I constantly come in contact with girls like this."

"That's all well and good. But you can't try to force the situation."

"I never do."

"You have no idea what it's like. These young women are incredible."

"Take it for what it's worth."

"Don't tell me that you haven't thought about it?"

"Thought about it? I can look down from a hundred story building and think about what it would be like to fall. But that doesn't mean that I'm going to jump."

"Either am I. I'm just gratifying my fantasy. It's not as if I touch any of the girls."

"But you take all your time to think about it."

"I do. Consider the situation. Any one of these girls looks like she could be eighteen or older. It's a fine line."

"And I don't want to cross that thin line. Why are you even thinking about eighteen year old girls in the first place?"

"I like their innocence."

"They are unschooled in the ways of the world. They could send a whole people to the slaughterhouse by one of their stupid decisions."

"They are never going to act out of malice. The more familiar that you are with the ways of the world, the more that you become monstrous like everyone else."

"You're just denying your own nature. You're the monster."

"I'm not like everybody else. These girls remind of that."

"These girls find you grotesque."

"I never force them to do anything that they don't want to do."

"It's very dangerous territory. These girls are impressionable. And you are ignoring that fact. One minute they could tell themselves that everything is OK. And the next, they realize all the consequences, and they are overwhelmed. Our reason doesn't originate from within. We learn about the world from experience. And it's a balancing act. These girls have no idea how to balance anything."

"They have ideas. They read. A lot of them read a lot more than any of us. They know all these things about the world that adults would prefer to ignore."

"They also don't have to deal with all the consequences of their actions. Adults do."

"No one can carry the burden of the entire world on his shoulders."

"That's no way to absolve yourself of your actions. These are things that you've done. And you're going to have to admit them to yourself. And if necessary, you're going to have to

come clean with the authorities.”

“This is all hypothetical. Fantasies.”

“But just thinking about these things is wrong.”

“How can I know that something is wrong if I don’t think about it? There is no inherent evil nature in things.”:

“Some things do have inherently negative effects on human beings. And it’s the same thing with our actions. Some actions are always wrong no matter how you think about them.”

“You shouldn’t be afraid to think about them.”

“You’re not just thinking about them. You’re dwelling on them.”

“What’s the big deal?”

“You’re preparing yourself for the day when one of them is going to say yes.”

“I’ll just walk away.”

“For the moment, you’ll try to deny yourself. But then your pride will take over. And you won’t be able to resist what’s going on.”

“Are you telling me to stop?”

“Your fantasies could get you in trouble. You don’t have pictures of any of these girls.”

“Nothing salacious.”

“Do you have close ups of them in swim suits?”

“Have you ever looked at one of their tight bodies?”

“You’ve never considered the fact that you could be one of the worst characters in mankind.”

“That is an exaggeration. I’ve never knowingly hurt anyone. Look at the world. All the killing. They are the monsters!”

“But you could really be hurting one of these girls. She’ll never be able to get over the effects of what you’re doing. You’ll mark her for life.”

“What if she is already marked in that way? I could be the only person who really understands her.”

“And then you’ll screw her over just like every other trusted male has done in the past. The only reason that any of these girls take to you is that they see you as different than the creeps that they have known.”

“That is also part of growing up. You learn to enjoy things that may have been repulsive at first.”

“I don’t ever want to enjoy hurting people.”

“But if your tolerance for pain is enhanced, a lot of those feelings may not be detrimental at all. They may be the very source of true pleasure.”

“Is that some kind of Zen defense of torture?”

“I’ve never tortured anyone.”

“But you’re willing to push the boundaries. You may not consider that it’s torture. However, I do.”

“It’s all a matter of perception.”

“Some things are just wrong through and through. It’s not just your perception.”

“Who says so?”

“Morality!”

“Morality is just the customs of the wealthy that they try to shove down the throats of the common man.”

“The law. Any reasonable person would consider what you are doing is wrong!”

“The law has its limits.”

“You’re the one who’s pushing the boundaries. No one else would be sympathetic to what you’re up to.”

“They would if they experienced what I do.”

“These kids are underage. Hasn’t that dawned on you?”

“They’re mature. They know things that we don’t know.”

“What is this? Some kind of mystical view of childhood. It doesn’t fly.”

“There are forces that we don’t understand.”

“You are the only force that’s operating here. And we understand you perfectly well.”

“Don’t tell me that you wouldn’t do the same.”

“You can’t convict me on a hypothetical.”

“No one’s perfect.”

“But if you’re not perfect, you have to admit where you’re wrong and do something to correct it.”

“I’m trying! But I’m not perfect. You have to allow me a little leeway.”

“You’re could drive a Mack truck through your plea for understanding.”

“What is that supposed to mean? That makes no sense at all.”

“Yes, it does. Your defense of your own imperfection is the very foundation of the evil that you’re doing.”

“I’m not doing anything.”

“That’s what you’re telling me here and now. But I have no idea what you do on your own. And I don’t think that you do either.”

“Are you absolving me of blame?”

“Not at all! I’m saying that you come up with these twisted arguments to make yourself think that it’s all right to do whatever you please.

“But pleasure is the foundation of our actions.”

“You are making your act of permission antecedent to the pleasure.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means that you can control yourself more. You don’t have to give in to these feelings. Most importantly, you need to quit arguing that this behavior is perfectly all right.”

“These feelings of pleasure are part of my nature. Look at any one of these girls.”

“You are placing too much emphasis on looks. It’s just the surface.”

“These girls have achieved a natural harmony with the universe. You can’t take that away from them.”

“You have to learn to hear these different harmonies.”

“I do. That is what I am willing to share with these girls. I love them. They are my friends.”

“This is ridiculous. You barely know them. And if you do know them, it is an acquaintance of an adult to a child. They haven’t yet come in to their own.”

“I know all the arguments that you are making. I’ve gone over them over and over.”

“And you are also granting yourself the license to do whatever you please.”

“We are back to the source of all knowledge. Pleasure.”

“You are telling me that you can’t refuse to grant yourself pleasure if you know it is wrong.”

“I don’t know it is wrong. You would have to be I in order to understand completely.”

“I guess that some things are too perverse to contemplate. That is why they are forbidden.”

“If you tell people that something is forbidden, they only want it more!”

“Those are crazy people.”

Morality seemed to be the imposition of your beliefs on other people. It was used to stifle our natural desires. I wanted to learn to be comfortable with my natural desires. I had always been taught that our natures were fallen, dirty. I was learning to accept myself for whom I really was. This was difficult. It meant going against everything that I had been taught.

It was one thing to challenge morality for myself, but I wanted to share my insights with other people. This was very difficult. People would treat me like some kind of weirdo. I had to push out there. It made me feel like an artist who was stretching the boundaries of self-expression. My body was on the line. I was taking risks. It was dangerous.

A life of conformity had denied my true nature. I needed to explore who I really was. In extreme situations, my double emerged. He was much more stealthy than my normal self. He wanted things. He could not live on ideas alone. Once I started to indulge this side of myself, he started to take over. I needed to be prepared for what was to come

Sometimes our desires are like poisons. We have to get them out of our system. If we see an object that pleases us, we have to immerse ourselves in its sensuous aspects. And if we see a person who pleases us, we have to drown ourselves in her heavenly attributes.

I knew that I was going to get myself in trouble. That line that separates dreams from reality was quickly eroding. Anything was allowed. Nothing was forbidden. I extolled my own insanity.

Were my pursuits inhibiting my freedom? I never feared encroaching on someone else’s liberty. They needed to throw themselves into the mix. I only feared running afoul of the law. I tried to remain aware of my limits. And I would try to curtail my more outrageous venture. But I didn’t want to keep living in my head.

Were beauty and morality polar opposites? Could I pursue hedonism as a way of enlivening our perceptions? These were not questions to explore in isolation. I needed collaborators for my mischief!

I asked my friend, “Am I an unusual sort?”

“I actually find you rather ordinary. I just advise you to keep your unusual nature in check.”

“Are you afraid that I might enjoy myself to well?”

“No. I’m more afraid that you won’t enjoy yourself, and that will only make you desperate.”

I didn’t want to appear desperate even if I did have my moments of doubt. I tried to direct my attention to others who shared my sense of daring.

“Don’t try to apply your silly thoughts about adolescence. Adolescence is better left to

the young.”

“I have things to share.”

“I am sure that you do. You can write about your ideas. But leave it at that.”

He became upset when I told him of my latest interests.

“It is OK to look, but never too touch.”

“That seems like a good first commandment for a moralist. Then you never get to know the world.”

“You are not going to get to know anything just by mouthing cliches. It is only going to accentuate your desperate nature.”

I didn’t need him rubbing it in.

Her mother was sunning herself in the front yard. She turned over to get some sun on her back. I wouldn’t have minded going over there to spread a little sun tan oil.

I found her ass so appealing. Her bikini hugged the cheeks. They pulled on the curl just enough to highlight its delectability. I worked my way into the gap and started to rub on her sex. She immediately came alive. She positioned herself to push back against my caresses. When I was fully aroused, I slid myself inside of her until I started to glide back and forth. My motion became more focused. As I was about to reach climax, I pulled back just enough to maintain my control. Then I started to thrust harder and harder. She opened up more and more to draw me in. My movements were so fluid.

The more intensely that I felt our connection, the more I felt a shiver pass through my entire body. I was immersed in a trance that drove me further and further away from my partner. I was becoming totally absorbed with my own pleasure.

I kept rubbing on my penis. I established a rhythm that helped me to sustain my enjoyment. I just let go. There were no impediments to my delight.

I turned her around and buried myself in her pussy. There was the pungent scent of sweat and perfume. My tongue worked its way around her insides. She was turned on by my playfulness. She lost herself in her ecstasy.

I grabbed both her thighs with my hands as she slid me inside of her. Her ass bobbed up and down. That only made me push deeper and deeper inside. The two of us rocked back and forth. Her actions became more and more frenzied. Her head shook back and forth.

I turned her around. She spread her legs and rested them on her chair. I kept banging away harder and harder. And she reacted all the more uncontrollably to my movement.

I could feel my mind become disengaged from my body. I felt as if I was looking down from above and watching myself have sex. That only made me more excited. I felt as if there was no limit to my stamina.

I squeezed her ass and pulled her towards me. I could sense myself slide so far inside of her that her body now overwhelmed mine.

I wanted her to adore my thick, hard cock. I wanted her to worship my tumescence. There was an ultimate certainty to this reality. And she accepted it bold assertiveness. She had no reservations about our connection.

I pulled on her hair to increase her exhilaration. She twisted her head around to toy with me. We struggled briefly. I pulled her closer and started to suck on her neck like a vampire. I

could feel the power flow out of me. But I was still as erect as ever. I had not even ejaculated. I renewed my strength. She was amazed.

I was suspended before the entryway to hell. My arousal was so intense that I couldn't help but scream out. As I was about to climax, I imagined that I was with her young daughter. My hard on was incredible. I held out longer while I savored this ultimate connection. I was damned, but that only increased my enjoyment. I became one with the universe.

I could feel myself hurtling through the cosmos. I just let myself fly. I could no longer sense my body. I let myself float a thousand light years into the beyond.

As I recovered, all that I could think about was the daughter. The woman hadn't noticed a thing. She turned to look up at me in the window. She almost motioned for me to come down. I ignored her. I wanted to remain with my feeling. I felt in perfect union with her daughter. Her body seemed even more enticing. I didn't care what that said about me. I had held out for maximum joy,

I told my friend what had happened.

"What were you thinking?"

"I didn't do anything."

"Just thinking about it make you some kind of monster."

"I was thinking about the mother. I could barely hold it in."

"Don't let anyone catch you."

"I was so discreet. I even waved at Mom."

"But her daughter! How old is she?"

"I think that she can drive."

"You really are a pervert."

"I wasn't looking at her. I'm just telling you that this thought came in to my head at the last minute."

"You should never have thoughts like that."

"It helped me to prolong my erection. They should market some thing like that. She would be so tight!"

"You need to be put to death."

"I feel as if I've passed over the other side."

"It doesn't hurt to entertain the idea."

"There was a time when I used to live through you vicariously. No more. I'm afraid to shake hands with you."

"You're still listening to me."

"Down deep, I think that you can be helped. There's a part of me that hopes to hell that I never become like that."

"It's in all of us. It just takes the right circumstance to bring it out."

"Next thing you're going to tell me that you're digging through their trash to try to find a pair of the daughter's discarded underwear."

"I never thought about that."

"Who are you? What planet are you from?"

"We are more alike than you're willing admit."

“Next thing I’m going have to pick you up from the police station.”

“I don’t think that they let sex offenders out on jail.”

“All the more reason to stop.”

“Don’t tell me that you don’t have fantasies. You never look at dirty pictures.”

“Not like you. Give it a rest.”

“I’m trying to. You should have seen that woman’s ass.”

“What’s the big deal?”

“It just says fuck me. I can so easily imagine working my way inside of her. And once I’m going, I get these thoughts of the daughter.”

“I’ve told you that you need to talk to a professional.”

“We’re talking. What more should I do?”

“You keep trying to hook me into your psycho-shit. I’m not like you.”

“We both have needs. And in the end, we can’t restrain our natural drives. We just find ways to accommodate them.”

“That’s the killer’s defense. Please, stop it now!”

“There’s nothing to stop.”

As she drove on by me, I waved her down.

“What’s going on?”

“I have something important to show you.”

“Hop in. I’m heading to the other facility.”

“I can get a ride back.”

“I’m coming back here. No problem.”

I’d seen her around. She was one of the trainers and the assistant manager at the gym. She had given me some pointers on running. I was sure that she was flirting with me, but I didn’t give it a second thought.

As we drove, I reached over and put my hand on her thigh. She didn’t say a thing. Then I slid my hand up her leg until it was resting on her hip. I put my hand inside her stretch pants. It rested snugly in there. I started to rub the lips of her labia. She began to groan passionately. Then I put my fingers inside of her and moved up and down. She did what she could to keep her eyes on the road.

At a stoplight, I undid my pants to expose my erect penis. She hesitated a minute. I had gone to far. I has been staring her with one hand at my side and the other stroking myself. She was ready to call the cops. I didn’t move. There was no expression of force on my part. She pulled the car to the side of the road. Then she bent down and put my penis in her mouth. She kept sliding her mouth up and down. I sat back. I couldn’t contain myself. After her errands she drove me back to my car.

“You are a naughty boy!”

I met my friend for drinks.

“I hope that you’re in therapy.”

I told her about my encounter in the car.

“She should have had your arrested.”

“She’s a dog just like I am.”

“Some people let you treat them like shit. That doesn’t make it right.”

“I dig having fun.”
 “There’s more to life than fucking strange women on the side of the road.”
 “She wasn’t that strange. I knew her from the club.”
 “It’s not as if the two of you are going to get together again.”
 “You never know. She had one tight little body.”
 “Is that what you’re after. Another quickie. Don’t you have dreams?”
 “I wish that I could bang my neighbor’s daughter.”
 “I thought that this meant that you were over her.”
 “The only reason I did that was because I can’t get the girl out of my mind. I get hard just thinking about her.”
 “Next thing I’m going to hear a story about you and the checkout girl.”
 “I’m not that bad. But I am having a tough time not sneaking over there.”
 “Any run-ins with the mom.”
 “I think that she knows that something’s up. I see her wearing shorter skirts. And I am sure that she’s been to the gym too.”
 “The mother may not be a bad alternative.”
 “I don’t even want to go into that house. The next thing I know, I’ll be sneaking in the daughter’s room.”
 “Then the mom will have the right to kill you.”
 “I’m not going to hang in place long enough.”
 “Do I have to touch their soft warm bodies to know what it is like truly to experience sin? And does my guilt bring me closer to my ultimate goal.”
 “I told you that I didn’t want to talk about this anymore. What has changed?”
 “My perceptions. At least, hear me out.”
 “How can I? You have crossed the bounds of decency. It’s no longer a matter of talking.”
 “I haven’t done anything.”
 “You’ve done enough. It’s like nothing matters to you anymore.”
 “I still have my work.”
 “That’s a flimsy excuse.”
 “I have to test the limits of my desire. Pleasure opens me up to a new way of seeing.”
 “All that it does is make you more like a charging bull. At least, a bull can use nature as his excuse.”
 “I am simply contemplating these actions. And that is enough to liberate my spirit.”
 “Next time, you’ll tell me that you had to test the waters just to make sure that you weren’t a damned soul.”
 “It’s not as if I’m going to go up in smoke.”
 “What’s the problem? Go do what you crave, and leave me alone!”
 “I need to know.”
 “That you’re going to destroy the life of another person. What is really wrong with you? Why are you trying to tease me into sympathizing with you? There is no way that I am going to go along.”
 “I admit it. I am damned. I need your help.”

“For what? To forgive you. It’s not as if you’ve hit rock bottom. You’re on a binge, and you won’t stop until you’re somehow incapacitated to keep doing this kind of thing.”

“There is no rock bottom. We are all in hell.”

“You had the chance to turn back, and you went straight in the belly of the beast. I can’t get you out without putting myself in jeopardy. I shouldn’t even be listening to any of this.”

“I think that the girl is interested. I don’t know what to do.”

“I had told you to report her. You made this argument what that wouldn’t work. So just forget about it.”

“I can’t forget something that is real.”

“It’s not real. She has a schoolgirl crush.”

“I’ve been waiting for some kind of reaction.”

“Boom. You’ve got it. Be happy, and move on.”

“She is such a sensitive soul.”

“You’re like a killer before he strikes. You hold your victim close in the hope that she might better understand who you are. But your victim will feel no love in her end.”

“I told you how I felt as if I was watching myself have sex. I feel as if there will be no limits whatsoever to my pleasure. I will be within and without her.”

“Where did you lose your moral center? Have you always been like this?”

“Morality is for lesser sorts. Great men cannot be held by human law.”

“Was this what happened to you?”

“I was with the mother, and I have never felt so liberated. The daughter is of the same blood.”

“Now your dreams have totally taken over your waking state.”

“I feel feverish.”

“Wonderful. You have a reason to do whatever you please.”

“Seriously, I need your help.”

“To do what. To break into a house. Or to kidnap someone.”

“I would never force anyone to do something that she didn’t want to do.”

“What is it then? You have come to the limits of your seductive skills. She’s not going to come running to your door. She might be curious about an older man. And she may smile and wave at you. She even has fantasies. But she doesn’t want you to try to act out those feelings. That would be perverse.”

“I want to give her the chance to understand something deeper than any human can know.”

“Humiliation. What is your fascination with self-degradation.”

“When you let go of the forces that hold you down on the earth, you can fly in the heavens.”

“Such dribble is the food of tyrants.”

He had no appreciation for the hard fought lessons of the soul. The earth had weighed him down. And he did not know how to soar.

Long ago, I had made my acquaintance with the frenzy of desire. My first experiences had ripped at my insides. I felt nothing but guilt. Once I let go of those feelings, there was no end to my pleasure. My blood flowed more jubilantly than any mighty river. I was hyper-aware.

I let my body speak for itself. The hesitancy of the mind no longer interfered with my intent.

“Doesn’t the criminal mind discover its most intense pleasures in ignoring the strictures of conscience?”

“You’re just as deluded as I am. Life isn’t always this grand theater.”

“You’re the one who’s made such a fuss about these meaningless trysts.”

“What are you trying to tell me?”

You’re making it up as you go along. You don’t care what other people think, because there was a time in your life when no one cared about you. So you overvalued your own internal states. Now you attempt to impose your feelings on other people. If it benefits you to inflict pain on this young girl, then she just has to accept your will.”

“I’m not asking for anything of the sort. I want her to feel good.”

“Are you still asking me for my permission? I can’t give it to you. I’d never give it to myself.”

“I just want to be able to talk about what is happening to me.”

“What do you need from me? Just do what you feel. You’re going to do it anyway.”

“It isn’t just about how I feel. I want to understand why I’m this way.”

“You have given in to your whims. Now you’re trying to make this into some complex theory. You breathe, you eat, you sleep. You want to pretend that you have some deep, dark, inner purpose. That’s great! But don’t tell me that it’s something universal. Otherwise, you have the excuse to march into his girl’s bedroom and do whatever you please!”

“I’m not a monster. If you saw her, you would know how I feel.”

“I see girls like that everyday. Have you seen her walk on water? She’s not going to make you immortal. Far from it, she may be the curse that finally destroys you. You are thinking about this too much. With each moral variation, you make it easier to do what you want. That is why you are a monster.”

“But that is the problem. Our minds gives us the license to do anything that pleases body. That’s a fact!”

“That makes it impossible to impress any kind of law on our behavior. It means that there is no sense of altruism to motivate what we do. We are reduced to our pleasures.”

“If you saw her through my window, you would know how I feel!”