

When I was a sensitive and awkward teenaged boy, I fell in love for the first time. When I looked at her, my heart would race. I would talk to her and my palms would sweat. I would subconsciously try to impress her, and when I did, I would become euphoric.

Why the hell couldn't she have been a teenager too? She was 3 years old. Yes. 3. I'm sorry. Feel free to hate me. I would too, in your situation. Just know that I never touched a little girl sexually, ever. I'll be honest enough here to admit that I wanted to, many times, but I never did. And no, I don't deserve a medal. I'm just a person with an invisible struggle. But if you're here, then you are interested in learning about us, and all I want to do is make people aware that people like me exist. Maybe you're here because you're tired of the old paradigm of fighting child abuse, and are looking for new solutions to keep children safe. I am too. I love kids, and I want to direct my feelings toward children through something positive. There is no way for me to deny my feelings out of existence. As Shakespeare said: "What cannot be eschewed must be embraced"

Writing has been my best ally when it comes to all of this. And so, in that spirit, I'd like to share with you some particularly meaningful things I've written:

♂  
35 years

Sammy Jenkis | USA  
Member of Virtuous Pedophiles

### *Forbidden Fruit*

*A poem about falling in love with a little girl, being unable to do anything about it, and then being consoled by a kindred spirit:*

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*True, it is, by some decree  
That passion follows folly  
Twas all for naught,  
I shant have sought,  
That precious little dolly;*

*Her eyes like jewels of fire,  
Her tender soul so bright,  
The pain, the joy, desire,  
It sets my heart alight.*

*The grin on high, enchanting,  
My oceans swirl and twirl,  
Their well so deep with passion,  
For such a little girl.*

*But not she knows of my intent,  
And nor she ever will,  
The pain I cause is mine alone,  
My soul is mine to chill...*

*Fret not, my friend,  
Do not despair,  
Your time will come when due,  
And all the pain that is your weight,  
Will flow right through you too.*

*It's hard to see,  
I know, I know,  
The path is never clear,*

*For now, relax,  
Sit back with me,  
And have yourself a Beer.*