

On Being Pedophobic

Ask me what irks me most and I'll answer in a heartbeat: children.

These nuances what with their constant crying, incessant moving about and the persistent projection of bodily fluids scare the sanity – or what remains of it – out of me. There are people, perhaps with a few loose screws in the head, who find the little buggers rather arresting. No offense but what's there to like? Sorry I'm just not one to admire, let alone stand, puppy dog stares, toothless grins and monkey-like chatter.

Facing children is pretty much like facing death. You can only guess how everyday life is for me working as a cashier in a store selling [special occasion children's clothes](#). Are you bothered by the fact that I'm pedophobic and my line of work involves infants, toddlers – children of all ages? Fret not, you are not alone.

Unlike me the rest of my family fall under the loose-screwed category, as described above. My mom – easily the alpha of the cuckoo pack – came up with the ridiculous idea of setting up a boutique offering mindless kids' stuff from ceramic [quinceanera dolls](#) to [wholesale christening gowns](#). I was fortunate enough to be assigned as head clerk-cum-cashier being her only daughter. This goes without saying that I'm being utterly sarcastic.

Yes, back in the day I was one of those prancing [little girls formal dresses](#). Being the youngest, and the only girl at that, mom showered me with frilly dresses, glittery accessories and annoyingly pink whatnots among others. I was basically the princess in the little brood of bullfrogs. I remember sleeping in a four-poster bed complete with sheer draping and silken sheets - all in rose-tinted tones, but of course. My brothers never found the apparent preferential treatment bothersome. I wouldn't have either, had I been one of them, as I'd rather wear [First Holy Communion suits wholesale](#) prices than lace-laden gowns with intricate butterfly, flowers and heart designs. The worst outfits were the ones with my name or initials stitched on them. Some childhood it had been, indeed.

Sometimes I think mom is to blame for my groundless dislike of children. Perhaps I was traumatized by the overly special treatment I've been given as a child that I resorted to resenting the seemingly needy and wanting young ones. It was as though my every action had to be supervised, every word taken to heart and every whim followed. I got to thinking that children are good-for-nothing helpless little creatures that constantly need attention and much, much care. To some extent this holds true, I just have a rather exaggerated impression all formed in my head that I fear having my own kids – well, kids in general for that matter.

I could only hope that my constant exposure to little rascals would prep me for parenthood. I also wish, rather fervently, that it won't be anytime soon.

About the Author

Kids Adventure Inc. is a company offering [Wholesale christening gowns](#) and [Little girls formal dresses](#). For more information, visit <http://www.thekidsadventure.com/>

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