

Pedo Drew

Predator going door to door.

New neighborhood is new enough, old really, but so is everything in the festering suburbia wasteland. Drew's decisions trail him like a bad odor. Knock. Say the script. Continue on. It's the worst bet Drew's ever made.

Their eyes. Newcomers to the truth. Lift the veil over anything and watch it crumble. Ask a war vet, ask a heart-surgeon, ask an alien.

The neighbors' mouths open like film canisters, agape at Drew's pedophilic confession. By the time their mouths shut, they're already planning their escape from Cherryview, the nicest neighborhood this side of I-10. *Who's letting sexual predators move in? What's happening to their once peaceful neighborhood?*

Sure, Brons Pepperock used to get into some disputes with his wife. Sure, they happened in their front yard enough times for the cops to wait down the street every Friday night. But still, at least Brons wasn't a kiddie toucher, just a drunk. And anyways, he's dead now. Cold in the ground, liver failure. Liquor will do that to you.

Oh, and everyone knows that Mary Santis committed suicide after drowning her terrier in the public pool—no one knows how she got over the fence—but still, that's neither here nor there. Besides, the dog was old and Santis wasn't exactly young. The point is: there are bad apples everywhere.

But this Drew Higgins: neighbors tremble as they look at the card he gives them. The name Matthew Harper, his parole officer, is scrawled across the front along with a phone number. This Drew Higgins has to go.

Behind closed doors they talk about moving. It's a bad time to sell, not in this economy. Damn Republicans. Damn Democrats. Damn Tea Partiers. Damn government shutdowns. Damn

sexual predators. Damn anyone that's not us. America is as safe as a minefield outside the seaside headquarters of the Taliban during a tsunami.

No one is safe anymore.

They'll watch Pedo Drew turn and careen sheepishly down their driveway through the peephole. He'll get smaller and the world will curve around him. That flannel shirt and the way he walks like he has a stick up his ass: that's definitely how a predator would walk. Definitely. And his haircut? Too pedo to comment here. Move along people, move along. Don't go anywhere near 728 Birch street, there's a bad man there.

Within hours, people start parking their cars as far as they can from Pedo Drew's house. The trees across the street lean away from his side of the curb. The shrubs surrounding Drew's house uproot themselves. Ultimately, Drew pins them down using plastic stakes. Even the garden gnomes head for safer grounds.

By the following day, Weapons Nate in 730 begins building a trench around his house. The old couple in 732 install a pair of motion-activated flood lights even though they don't have any grandchildren. The family in 729 erects a camouflage deerblind near the recycling bin. The Starks in 740 keep their tiki torches lit at all hours.

A perpetual dark cloud forms over Pedo Drew's house and coughs up a bucket of rain every time he steps out the front door. At night, the streetlamps above Drew's house flicker. At night, eggs spring from their cardboard cartons into local teenager's hands, eventually finding a splattery home on Drew's front door.

Not more than forty-eight hours after Drew's door-to-door confession, a neighborhood meeting is held at the Pepperock's. Blair Pepperock takes the makeshift podium first and speaks of evil, non-redemption, the safety of her children (one of whom is currently in Juvie), the problems with the government, the necessity for life-long incarceration, and the best way to install a razor wire fence.

The Guy Nobody Knows takes the stand next and offers discount martial arts lessons at his brother's Tae Kwon Do studio. He chops through a wooden board, and, most impressively, manages to slice through a watermelon with his bare hand. This brings applaud, as it should.

Next up is Weapons Nate to talk about guns and ammunition. A lifelong shooter, Nate brings an impressive array of killing devices to show the concerned crowd. He even has a bear trap, which he nearly loses his foot in while showing how to properly clean a flamethrower.

According to Weapons Nate, The National Firearms Act allows citizens to legally possess any fully automatic weapon manufactured before 1986. This includes mini-guns, antitank rifles, and if one can find it, a German V-3 Supergun, a World War II monstrosity capable of delivering a half-ton shell up to ninety miles away. No one is safe anymore.

Weapon Nate's enlightening presentation is followed by a quick prayer session lead by Pastor Baker.

Pastor Baker calls on the Lord Jesus himself to keep a watchful eye over the Cherrywood neighborhood, and to protect them all from the iniquitous Pedo Drew. Inspired by his own fervor, Pastor Baker draws his hands into the air. He shakes his fingers at the trembling audience, yelps and stomps; he snorts hellfire and sweats holy water; he spits like the cobras on Noah's Ark.

Towards the end of his sermon, Pastor Baker reminds the crowd that the church needs a larger parking lot due to the increased size of American cars. "Big enough for the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!"

He finishes by reading from Luke 17: 2. *"It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."*

"These 'little ones' mean children," Pastor Baker says, after seeing a wave of confused faces. His congregation has never been that bright.

Pastor Baker steps down and Rudy Harrison takes the podium.

Rudy wants a pitchfork mob; Rudy wants flames, overturned cars, more refreshments at the next neighborhood meeting, death and dismemberment; Rudy wants families to please remember to turn off their porch lights if they aren't planning on handing out Halloween candy; Rudy wants life, liberty and justice, blind or otherwise.

Sweet-smelling saliva flies from his mouth into the first row as he begins telling the crowd about the Federal Government's conspiracy to place pedophiles in every neighborhood to keep people afraid. With a crazed look in his eye he shouts:

"1984 is here! 1984 is here! Down with big government! Down with Pedo Drew!"

Rudy Harrison is led away by Pastor Baker with the help of Mr. Kim, the neighborhood's only Korean resident who looks pissed. (He always looks pissed because the neighborhood kids routinely target his house for toiletpapering.) "Just relax, Rudy," Pastor Baker says.

"Let Rudy go!" Someone yells, as he's led away.

"That's right!"

"Let him speak!"

"Free country!"

"Not in my America!"

Inspired by his budding popularity, Rudy soars back into the room like a blind eagle. He transfers over the arms of Pastor Baker, Mr. Kim, and Mrs. Pepperock. The neighbors carry Rudy to the other side of the room bearing his weight. They set Rudy down carefully, and after a moment of bizarre silence, the crowd erupts in rip-roaring applause.

Ignited by the crowd's anger and his disdain for Pedo Drew, big government, and unconscientious neighbors, Rudy grabs the closest item that resembles a pitchfork—a chimney broom—and strikes it the air. The intensity in the room swells and the Stark's teenager daughter pulls out her smartphone to film the ensuing madness.

The following excerpt is taken from the thirty second YouTube video simply entitled, How to Start a Mob:

Rudy: Drew Higgins!

[Rudy holds the chimney broom high in the air.]

Gathered Crowd: Yea! Yea! Yea!

Rudy: We're coming for you!

Gathered Crowd: Yea! Yea! Yea!

Pastor Baker: Now folks, let's settle down. Remember, we're Christians here. Only God is allowed to slaughter the Canaanites.

[The crowd goes quiet.]

Rudy: Let's raise some hell!

[The crowd hoots and hollers. Mr. Kim approaches Rudy from behind.]

Pastor Baker: Now, I know there are a lot of concerns here, and I'm not saying they're not warranted. All I'm saying is we should—

Rudy: Let's get him!

[Mr. Kim grabs Rudy from behind and tries to drag him away.

Rudy responds by bucking his head back, sending Mr. Kim spiraling. The crowd cheers. Someone throws a bag of generic potato chips at Pastor Baker's face.]

Rudy holds the chimney broom in the air one more time and heads to the front door. The crowd follows. Rudy is the pied piper; he is the proverbial Paul Revere; he is the whistleblower; he is the trumpeter; he is the most demented man in the room.

An amoeba-like mob forms outside of Mrs. Pepperock's house.

The sky darkens and the streetlamps turn off. The Starks' tiki torches are passed out. Weapons Nate hands out stick grenades that he bought at a World War II weapon's tradeshow six months ago. Real estate signs and other neighborhood paraphernalia are plucked from freshly manicured yards and brandished.

Realizing that most of the ravenous crowd are active members of his congregation, Pastor Baker grabs a garden hoe—ironically, the only person to actually wield something a person in a pitchfork mob might wield—and beats it against the side of an empty trashcan. The crowd turns to him.

With fury in his eyes and a garden hoe in his hands, Pastor Baker bellows from the depths of his reverent soul: *"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God! Pedo Drew, down with thee!"*

The Guy Nobody Knows—later it's discovered that he actually doesn't live in Cherrywood neighborhood—drags a wooden canoe out of the Pepperock's backyard. Using his martial arts knowledge, he stomps on the keel until it gives way. The canoe splinters and the Guy Nobody Knows heaves a large hunk of wood above his head. He yells at the top of his lungs, "This is Sparta!" and everyone cheers. Chaos is in the air and it is contagious.

In a gesture that wasn't planned but was likely inevitable, The Guy Nobody Knows swings the plank of wood behind him and strikes Weapons Nate in the neck, severely wounding him. Rudy responds by jabbing his broom into the stomach of The Guy Nobody Knows.

The Stark's daughter manages to capture all this on video, but the audio is sketchy. In the ten second clip (YouTube: How To Attack Someone With a Broom), Rudy takes a swipe at The Guy Nobody Knows with his chimney broom. He connects with the man's chin and a tooth goes flying.

With a helping hand from Mr. Kim—who has taken the *if you can't beat them, join them* attitude he always resorts to when faced with American lunacy—Pastor Baker climbs on top of a Buick parked in front of the Pepperock's home.

“My friends!” Pastor Baker says from his vantage point above the crowd. “Do not fight amongst yourselves! Remember, we've gathered here today in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ our Savior to combat pedophilia. We've gathered to strike down the groping hands of Drew Higgins!”

Rudy stops assaulting the Guy Nobody Knows for a second to take in what Pastor Baker has just said. “That's right!” Rudy calls back. “We're here to *take the power back!*”

“Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight!” Pastor Baker cries.

The crowd rallies behind Pastor Baker and Rudy.

Weapons Nate is driven by Mr. Kim and the Starks to the emergency room—he still hasn't regained consciousness. The Guy Nobody Knows slinks away and Mrs. Pepperock locks herself in her house with a bottle of vodka. She watches the crowd leave through the front window.

The angry mob arrives in front of Pedo Drew's house brandishing real estate signs, stick grenades, tiki torches, and planks of wood from the Pepperock's canoe. It's a sore sight to see, blurry and furious.

Let it be known: all of this may very well have been necessary if Drew was indeed a pedophile. The problem is, he isn't. Seriously, he isn't. Drew Higgins isn't a pedophile. I repeated: Drew Higgins *is not* a pedophile.

Drew has never even been arrested, nor is he the least bit interested in child pornography. Hell, Drew doesn't even like children. He's opposed to the continuation of human life. He's a fatalist, a pessimist; he'll never marry; he's somewhat of a loser; he's a D&D aficionado; he can tell you ever ore available in Minecraft.

No, Drew Higgins is the victim of a lost bet. An absolutely horrible bet.

"I got an idea," Matthew Harper, Drew's rich Silicone Valley friend said over a bucket of beer at the local Hooters two weeks ago.

"What's that?" Drew asked.

"If the Lakers win the playoffs, I'll pay off your mortgage," Matthew said. "If the Lakers lose, you have to go door-to-door on your street telling everyone you're a pedophile."

It was the bet that would forever change Drew's life.

"That's ridiculous," Drew said, halfway drunk.

"You just moved in a month ago," Matthew said. "Everyone will believe it. Trust me. Trust me."

"That's the worst bet ever."

"How much do you owe on your house?"

"Close to 150K," Drew said.

"Sounds like a good bet to me."

"You're a sick man."

"It's easy money, Drew. You know I hate giving money away. Bets don't bother me though. Besides, the Lakers are favored to win. I'm doing you a favor here, really. I just want to up the stakes."

A compulsive gambler, Matthew had a habit of making high stake bets. In college he had to eat the cum cookie twice, take a bath in a tub filled with electric eels, wear a ketchup-covered camisole to his American Lit class, piss in the hallway leading to the dean's office, shave a penis into the back of his head, and fondle a homeless man: all the results of lost bets.

In what might be considered one of his stupidest bets ever, Matthew bet his first wife that he could cheat on her quicker than she could cheat on him. This, of course, didn't play out in his favor because his wife was a bombshell, and Matthew was a stocky guy with tufts of black hair on the tops of his hands like a primate. The bet ended in a divorce after Matthew grew jealous.

A bet was made, and the Lakers lost. Drew's best friend, Matthew, was indeed serious, and he quickly had cards printed up. *Matthew Harper, Parole Officer*—the cards read.

Worst bet ever.

In fact, up until he made the Laker's bet with Drew, Matthew had never actually won a bet against another person (aside from a couple of questionably successful Vegas runs where he broke close to even). He was defined by his losing streak, his poor gambling judgment. When Matthew made the bet with Drew, he didn't actually expect to win. He only wanted to keep things interesting. Regardless, a bet is a bet.

Enter Drew Higgins. Yes, this story is about Drew Higgins, but it has skipped around up until this point. The only reason Drew even took the bet is because, well, \$150,000 dollars is a lot of money. The Lakers were predicted to win, five to one. Would you take the bet? Think about it.

Worst bet ever.

"There's a freaking pitchfork mob outside my house!" Drew yells into the phone. Outside, Pastor Baker waves his garden hoe in the air.

"How many people are there?" Matthew asks.

"Maybe twenty-five. They think I'm a pedophile. Damn this bet!"

"Well, open the door and tell them you aren't."

"Who's going to believe that? I need your help, man!"

“Relax. Don’t panic. Tell them to call me. Tell them to call your parole officer. I’ll set this straight.”

A rock from the Stark’s Zen garden comes flying through the window and crash lands in Drew’s living room.

“Matthew, they’re throwing rocks!” Drew says, dropping the phone.

Afraid for his life, Drew runs towards the kitchen. He trips over his own feet, and falls just in time to hear an explosion in the living room. The blast force spins debris into the kitchen and rocks the foundation. Drew pulls himself up and opens the backdoor.

Much to his dismay, Pastor Baker and the rest of the mob have forced their way into his backyard. In an act of bravery that would cost him his life, Drew raises his arms high into the air.

“Stop!” he yells, trying to part the waters.

Pastor Baker readies his garden hoe. Rudy is next to him with the chimney broom. The crowd waits in hungry anticipation for someone to say something.

“Please, it was a bet, a horrible bet. I’m not really a—”

But Drew is too late. A real estate sign comes flying from the crowd and pierces Drew’s heart.

A day later, the members of the mob are arrested for manslaughter. The police discover the fake parole officer card and arrest Matthew Harper for impersonating an officer of the law.

In the Months that follow, most of the pitchfork mob members are sentenced to jail. Pastor Baker becomes a prison chaplain and uses his oratory skill to convert hundreds of inmates to Christianity. Ironically, neither Rudy nor Weapons Nate end up doing any jail time, even though Nate supplied the stick grenades, and Rudy is the one who started the mob. To this day, no one knows who threw the fatal real estate sign.

Pleading insanity, Rudy is committed and spends the rest of his life pretending to be vegetable. Rudy likes being a vegetable. It's much easier than being a human. Weapons Nate goes out the old fashion way: a game of Russian roulette with some surly Puerto Ricans on boat off the Florida Keys.

Drew Higgins is given a martyr's burial, attended by Vice President Joe Biden and Jeb Bush. A year later, a Hollywood biopic starring George Clooney as Drew Higgins is filmed and goes on to win the Academy Award for best picture. The film, *Predator: The Drew Higgins Story*, ends with Clooney fighting the crowd with an umbrella and speeding away in a red Porsche to find and kill Matthew Harper.

In real life, Matthew Harper gets off with a misdemeanor charge and fifty hours of community service. Money really can buy freedom. For his community service, Matthew flies to Hawaii to take part in a land reclamation program, which counts towards his community service.

It's in Hawaii that Matthew bets a beefy local that he can outswim a tiger shark. It's the last bet Matthew will ever make, and the best meal the tiger shark will ever have. No one is safe anymore, no one.