

# ETHOS

**Premiere Issue !**

**Our Gift**

**50 Shades  
of Blue**

**In Memoriam:  
Miguel Sanchez**

**Boywiki:  
Preserving  
Our Heritage**



# ETHOS

Amor et intellectus



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# Director's notations



"istockphotos.com/ michaeljung "

## **Welcome to Ethos!**

Hello! And welcome to Ethos Magazine. Amor et intellectus. (Love and understanding in Latin). This is the first issue of our fledgling magazine, and I am glad to be a part of it.

We are on a quest, ladies and gentlemen; a quest to portray what is true about the orientation of Boylove. We will be publishing this magazine in an effort to make society aware of the facts about REAL Boylovers, and that we are not the monsters they portray us to be.

We, in fact, are NOT monsters at all. We are simply attracted to boys of all ages. Are we sexually attracted to them? At times, yes. But will a true Boylover act on his impulses? No. Not if he is true and has the tenacity to back off in times of temptation.

So what will this magazine be about? Truth, for one. We will feature essays and articles from Boylovers from around the world. Those essays and articles will feature life for the Boylover, from a Boylover's perspective. We will discuss RSO (Registered Sex Offender) Laws, and how they affect us. We will bring to you any type of news involving anything BL-related. We also will have an artistic side. We'll feature poetry and short stories, etc. We'll feature selected pictures from various sources. These pictures will be legal, of course, as well as under creative license.

We are not professional writers, guys. We are just a group of people striving for some public awareness. The public needs to be aware that we are not common child molesters. We are people who love boys.

## **-Dragonlover**

Director, Ethos Magazine

# BoyWiki: Preserving Our Heritage

by Etenne

**B**oyWiki is an exciting opportunity for us, as boylovers, to record and preserve our own history, culture, and heritage. If it's of interest to boylovers, it belongs on BoyWiki! (<https://www.boywiki.org/>)

BoyWiki first opened on September 9, 2005 as a historical repository for information pertaining to the online boylove community. It was the initiative of Hínandil, a participant at Free Spirits. Since that time, BoyWiki has continued to grow and expand with the additions of the French and German language wikis in 2009 as well as the evolution in its mission to include historical material relating all aspects of boylove through the ages. The value of BoyWiki is not only the articles contained within, as interesting they are: it is the system of the wiki, with a large number of links to easily navigate from one article to the other. BoyWiki's content is placed under the GNU license, meaning content should be copyright free or within fair use bounds. This possibility offers a vitality and unity that are not possible with a magazine, a blog, or even with a printed Encyclopedia.

BoyWiki is a free; you can read anything on the site without signing up or registering. It is an open content resource for boylovers and others who are interested in our collective knowledge and culture that has formed over the years. The information contained is as vast and diverse as we are, and includes not only encyclopedic references but also articles about: News, Entertainment, Literature, Technology, and real life experiences from a distinctly boylove perspective. However, you can't have a BoyWiki without articles about boys; boys in history, art, sports, television and film all can be found on BoyWiki.

Once someone is ready to contribute to the many articles there, all they need to do is create a free account by registering directly on the BoyWiki site or sending a short email to [info@boywiki.org](mailto:info@boywiki.org) including what username and password they wish to use as well as a short statement about why they would like to be a part of BoyWiki, and they can join in and share their knowledge and experience, helping to preserve our history and our culture. Also, they will effectively be donating this knowledge not only to the boylove community, but to the entire world as well. BoyWiki's content guidelines are not as strict as Wikipedia, but users are encouraged to reference sources wherever possible. Boywiki encourages writes to submit their original written material that is from a uniquely boylove

viewpoint, and only information that is free and not copyrighted can be added to BoyWiki (unless the copyright holder gives permission).

While a basic knowledge of wiki code is useful, it is not necessary to get started. The helpful staff at BoyWiki will not only answer your questions about editing but will also assist in categorizing and adding links within your entry. As a user of BoyWiki, members have their own user page where they can publish whatever they like, so long as it conforms to BoyWiki's content guidelines. This is an opportunity for people to tell a bit about themselves, keeping in mind basic personal security. This page can be used in a variety of different ways to publish personal stories, revise your poetry, and keep notes and personal research for use in BoyWiki articles, keeping information that you link to frequently on the various message boards. Indeed, the value of BoyWiki is not just in articles, as interesting they are: it is still threaded by the system of the

**BoyWiki is an exciting opportunity for us, as boylovers to record and preserve our own history, culture and heritage. If it is of interest to boylovers, it belongs on BoyWiki!**

wiki, where a large number of links to navigate easily from one article to another.

BoyWiki stems from a desire to give boy lovers, with the variety of life experiences and opinions among them, the chance to voice their own perspective. Boylovers have their own narrative on the world they are a part of. On boys, of

course, but also on society's changes, on the gay movement having need to eagerly dump on us, on entertainment, on history. Also on the various forms of the BL movement, on the online BL world, on literature, on law, the news, court cases, and everything else of human interest. That includes art, sexuality, music of all kinds, sports, cinema, actors, and anything imaginable. The sky is the limit. BoyWiki's scope and breadth of knowledge and information is as vast as those of our users. The areas covered so far leaves a lot of unexplored territories for a next generation of writers to explore and indulge in. BoyWiki is but a few years old and there are a couple thousand years to cover. Expectations as to content quality are best described as adaptive. A wiki being a collaborative experience, an entry can be very basic to begin with, or can be written as fully professional and scholarly.

The curator of the English side of BoyWiki sums up BoyWiki with the following statement, "I do not want people to think of BoyWiki as only an encyclopedia. That's

**“I see Boywiki as an innovative and dynamic resource. One that can become the center/hub of the boylove news and information.”**

Wikipedia's area of expertise, and we will never be able to compete with that, and in addition it's too limited. I see BoyWiki as an innovative and dynamic resource. One that can become center/hub of the boylove news and information. I envision that someday boylovers will come to BoyWiki daily to read the news at Portal:Boylove News Channel I ([https://www.boywiki.org/en/Portal:Boylove\\_News\\_Channel](https://www.boywiki.org/en/Portal:Boylove_News_Channel))."



# Starfighter: Chapter 1

***This is a Sci-Fi story set 1500 years in the future. The year is 3520, ten years after a vicious war devastated the planet Aquaria.***

by Miguel Sanchez, Kermie and Ghostboy16

The members of the Stellar Defense Committee decided on setting up a front line fighter-pilot squadron. The squadron was made up of the best of the best cadets who spent five years at the academy, looking forward to the day they would go into battle with the rest of the fleet.

One pilot found himself in the thick of things. His name was Cat, age 14, the youngest in the sector to reach the rank of Lieutenant. Cat (like most pilots) could speak a number of alien languages, and, he could curse in several others. During a particular battle Cat was in trouble.

"Damn, I can't shake him of my bloody tail. Tron where the fuck are you?"

The voice of his wing man came over the com, "Sorry sir, I was held up."

Back at the flight school, Commander Migs was just finishing up his day.

"Attention on deck!" a voice shouted.

Migs snapped to attention. "Admiral, to what do I owe the honor?"

"At ease Commander." the Admiral replied.

"Commander Migs, you have a very impressive record. I think your skills can be better used elsewhere."

"Better used Sir?"

"That's right Commander." The Admiral said, pulling out some papers. "You're being transferred."

"But why Sir, are my students not up to snuff?"

"At ease Commander. Your pilots are some of the best in the fleet. They're all excellent pilots, especially a young cadet named Cat."

"Glad to hear it. He used to be strong headed and wanted to do things his way."

"He still does, but he gets results and that's what matters."

"How many planes has he lost?" Migs asks.

"Not a one and never had any damage either."

Migs stands there stunned. "Man, I guess he's grown up."

"That he has, he's an excellent Wing Leader."

"Will he still have that position?" "When is this transfer effective?"

"Immediately get your gear packed. There is a transport ship waiting for you. Good luck Commander. I am not sure what position Cat will have." said the Admiral.

Migs saluted. "Thank you Sir, they will be the best squadron in the fleet."

"Of that I have no doubt, dismissed".

Migs does an about face, then goes to his quarters and packs his uniforms and personal effects. He walks into the flight bay, there is a young officer by the gangway. Migs stops in front of him.

"I understand you're waiting for me."

The young officer salutes. "Uh y... yes Sir. May I see your orders?"

Migs hands him the papers. "Come aboard Commander."

"Thank you Ensign." Migs enters the ship and takes a seat as his gear is stowed. The engines start, then they are cleared for take-off. The flight takes only a few minutes flying at warp speed. The ship slows down and prepares to land at the star base.

After a smooth landing, the doors open and a young man is waiting on the ground. Migs stands and walks down the steps. He can't believe who is standing there. Cat was transferred too. Migs thought, That is why the Admiral was not sure what position Cat would have, he was transferring him and letting it up to me. "Lieutenant Cat, it's nice to see you again, I've heard excellent things about you."

"Migs," said Cat, "it's good to see you again. I see you've been promoted to Commander."

"I have Lieutenant. Can you take me to the Base Commander?"

"Yes Sir, follow me." The two men walked over to the offices. "Why are you here Commander?" asked Cat.

"All in good time, I see you're still impatient."

"A short-coming I am still trying to over come."

Migs let out a huge belly laugh. "Well, I'll help you with that. You'll know soon enough but I've been transferred here."

"Really, what is your position?"

"I'm the new Squadron Commander."

Cat responded in a disappointed tone, "But Sir, I was hoping for that position."

"Lt. Cat Azual, you're a young and upcoming officer. You have to earn the rank, then the position will come to you. You're an excellent Wing Leader and you will keep that position."

"Thank you Sir. Here we are, this is Captain Turney's office."

Migs knocked, then waited. "Enter" said Captain Turney. Migs walks to his desk then saluted. "Commander Sanchez reporting for duty Sir."

"What, I have no knowledge of this?"

Commander Sanchez handed Turney his orders, "It's all right here Sir."

The man read them and Sanchez could see he wasn't happy.

"Wait in that office Commander."

"Yes Sir." Migs said then headed towards another office.

As he walked there everyone jumped to their feet.

"Attention on deck."

"As you were, carry on." Migs said as the men returned to their duties.

Inside the Captain's office, Captain Turney was on the face to face communication system going at it with Admiral Chase.

"At ease Captain." Admiral Chase orders.

"Admiral, I don't want this flight school instructor Sanchez coming here taking over one of my squadrons."

"Captain, Commander Sanchez was a Squadron Commander when he was a Level One Cadet. As you know Cadets get no command responsibility until they are Level Four. He's more than qualified and his skills are impeccable."

"That maybe all well and good but I have top notch pilots here."

"But who is ready to be a Squadron Commander?" The Admiral asks.

"Lt. Azual is my top choice."

"He's still wet behind the ears" said the Admiral. "I've read his personnel file cover to cover."

"Lt. Azulal is my choice Admiral."

"I'm afraid he's not Captain." Admiral Chase replies.

"Are you over ruling me?"

"Consider yourself overruled. If you don't lose the attitude, I'll be there in person and demote you couple of ranks. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes Sir."

"Commander Sanchez is the Squadron Commander."

"As you wish Sir." Captain Turney answers then ends the call.

"COMMANDER SANCHEZ!" shouts Turney.

Migs enters the old man's office and salutes.

"Commander Sanchez reporting as requested Sir."

"I see you're our new Squadron Commander. I want you to -groom Lt Azuel for the position."

"As you wish Sir."

"I want him to be your Executive Officer."

"Yes Sir, but he's more valuable in the air rather than riding a desk."

"You'll follow my orders Commander."

"As you wish Sir."

"Your office is in there."

"Excuse me Sir?"

"You'll share an office for now. I'll have to make one available for you."

Over at the flight school, Admiral Chase was still doing a slow boil. That Captain needs to learn his place, Chase thinks to himself. I think a surprise visit is in order.

Admiral Chase goes to the hangar bay and check's out Migs's fighter. Commander Sanchez will need his fighter. Admiral Chase starts the engines then taxi's out to the runway. "Fighter 21 Alpha requesting clearance for take-off"

"Did you file a flight plan?"

Admiral Chase quickly files a flight plan. "You should have it now."

"Thank you Admiral, taxi to runway 2 on the left. You're first in line for take-off."

"Roger, taxi to runway 2 left."

"Fighter 21 Alpha, you're cleared for take-off. Have a good flight."

Admiral Chase pushes the throttles forward and starts down the runway. He takes off into the sky then reaches warp speed. The flight takes about 45 minutes. "Fighter

21 Alpha requesting landing clearance."

"Fighter 21 Alpha, land runway 4 right."

"Roger, runway 4 right."

Just then alarms go off. Pull up, pull up. "Fighter 21 Alpha, Landing Port what's the meaning of having me land on a congested runway?"

"Fighter 21 Alpha, land on 4 right."

"Roger." Admiral Chase replies then brings the fighter into a hover.

He finds an opening then lands and taxis to a hangar. He opens the canopy and shuts the engines down. 'Heads will roll for this.'

A cruiser comes over and picks the Admiral up. "Where to Sir?"

"Base Headquarters."

Seconds later, the car stops at the office building. A young enlisted man opens the door and salutes. Admiral

Chase returns it then enters the building. He finds the base commander's office then walks in. "I don't believe I gave you permission to enter." says Turney.

"I don't need it."

The Captain looked up then quickly got to his feet saluting. "My apologies Admiral."

"What the fuck is the meaning of landing a fighter on an occupied runway?"

"Uh, I had no idea."

"Bull shit. You're the commanding officer. You're responsible for everything. Where is Commander Sanchez?"

The Captain was sweating bullets. "Uh, he's in that office."

Admiral Chase goes over and walks in. "Attention on deck."

"Commander Sanchez is this your office?"

Migs is startled to see the Admiral there. "Uh, for now Sir."



"This is unacceptable. Captain Turney, get in here."

"Yes Admiral?"

"You mean to tell me as big as this building is, there isn't one empty office?"

"Uh, they're not ready for use Sir."

"Get one ready NOW."

Shortly after, Cat arrives at Migs' office.

"Lieutenant, if I didn't know you so well and respect you, I'd put my boot so far up your six, you'll be burping Kiwi for the next century."

Cat lowered his head. "Aye, aye Captain."

"Relax now Cat, it's just you and me like when we were back in flight school. What did you call me back then?"

"Migs Sir."

"That's right. Now, what ever made you hit the wall in your quarters? Did it assault you?"

Cat broke into a half smile, "Uh well, no Migs. It was just my hot headedness."

"I see, so I lose a top wing leader because of stupidity, is that about it?"

"Yes Miguel,"

I have plans for you Cat. Now if you ever pull another stunt like this again, it'll go in your permanent record.

"Yes Sir," Cat said softly.

"Now, listen up." Migs tells Cat. "The Admiral wants to start a flight school at this base and he wants me to be in charge of training. You're a talented pilot but damn it man, you pull some of the most boneheaded stunts I've ever seen. How long is that cast to be on you for?"

"The doc said about six weeks."

"Shit Cat, you'll need to redo your fighter qualifications, if you can't fly for 6 weeks."

"Oh Miguel, can't you do anything?"

"Not here buddy, if the Admiral learns I didn't make you re-qualify, it'll be both our asses in the sling."

Cat looked at the floor. "No, I don't want that Migs. You got me through flight school, I don't want to fly in any other squadron."

"Now, listen closely. When the flight school starts I want to have you selected to be an instructor."

"Really, me an instructor?"

"That's right, now just no more hot headed stunts. So we understand each other?"

"Yes Sir, I won't let you down."

"You better not. Is there anything else you wanted to talk with me about?"

"It's the Raterians sir....."

I have been having this visions from their minds sir.....

It's like I am seeing and feeling what they feel sir and its very real sir....."

They had been fighting the Raterians for years now but very little was known about them. Cats' insight might be the first break in a war that seems destined to continue for decades. Migs sat and considered what he had just been told. Here was his best pilot. One that flew on instinct and was so young. He thought for a moment.

"Listen Cat, let's keep this between us for the moment 'till I can see best how to handle this."

"Yes Sir."

"Next time you have a vision I want you to come talk to me."

"Yes Sir, I will."

"Now Dismissed. I will have new orders sent to you today."

"Thank you sir."

When Cat left the office Migs still was not sure what to

make of what he had just heard.

Beep Beep.... Migs' com link went off. "Yes?"

"Message from Fleet sir."

Designation Top Secret Eyes Only (Migs eyes lite up when he read further).

: Designation Top Secret :

Fighter Name: Titan

Single Seat

Fighter Type Hallow

Wings Three Ultra Power

6 Phaser And Plasma Guns.

Shield Level 10

Creative

It should allow us to defeat them

The fighter is controlled by the senses of the pilots

Only three have been made one to be shipped to your location

End of Message:

Damn Migs thought, he knew just who would pilot this...

It was to be Cat.

Beep Beep.

Off went Migs' com link again. "Yes?"

"Incoming message from the Admiral."

.....

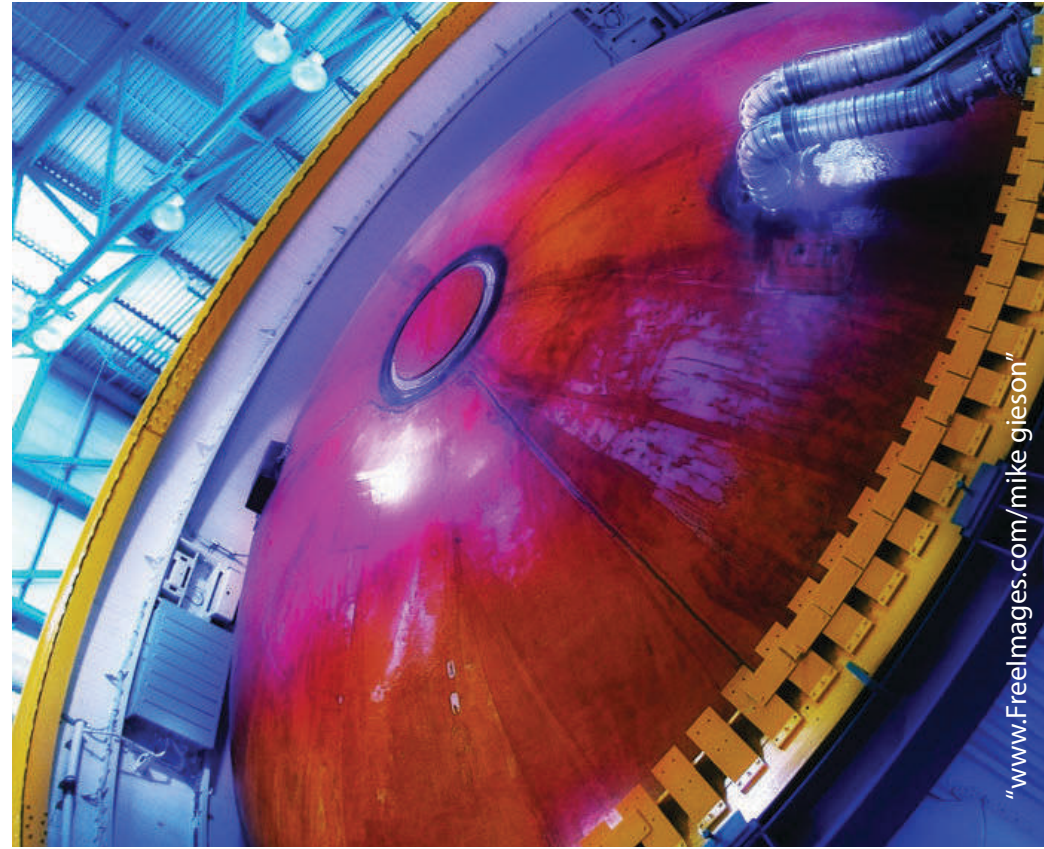
"Captain Sanchez here Admiral."

"Captain, did you receive the message about the new fighters?"

"I did sir and I have the perfect candidate for it too."

"And who might that be?" The Admiral asks.

"Cat, he'd be the perfect pilot for it."



"I concur, but what's his mental status like since his crash?"

"Top notch," Miguel answered.

"Well, have the flight surgeon go over him from head to toe. I want to see a clean bill of health on him. That fighter is the break we need."

"Aye, aye, sir. Does that thing fly manually?"

"I've never been inside the cockpit but from all I've seen and read about it, it's all controlled with the pilot's brain."

"I've only heard stories about a fighter like this. I never thought one could actually be built and made a practical fighter."

"There is a lot more to this fighter than meets the eye."

"When will I be able to see this fighter in action?"

"As soon as you have me Cat's clearance on my desk. I'll be expecting it Captain."

"Yes Sir." Miguel replied as his screen went dark.



# Interview: 50 Shades of Blue

by Jonny399

Boy lovers know what it is like to love a boy but what is it like from the boys point of view? Does he see it as a duty or maybe he sees it as an obligation? Maybe he sees it as an honor to be loved in the special way. In any case the unbiased truth will come out in this interview:

**What is love?** I asked this question to several boys from around the globe and got answers that were as different as the colors of the rainbow. This is what they had to say-

**Michael (age 7):** "Love is a funny feeling you get when you really care about someone. Like you could just die if something happened to them"

**When did you first feel this love?** "I guess it was for my Mom, but I don't remember how old I was."

**Eduardo (age 11):** "Feeling really happy when I am with someone I love." ...

**When did you first feel this love?** "I'm not sure. About 7 or 8 I think."

**David (age 14):** "It's like a really special feeling where you care about someone as much as yourself and maybe even more" ...

**When did you first feel this love?** "11."

**SAM (age 15):** "I know this sounds bad but I don't really know love. When Dad died it hurt so bad..."

**Hector (age 13):** "It's the best feeling in the entire world because you feel so happy and you want the person you love to feel happy too."

**Jason (age 16):** "Love is not real. It is a fairy tale told to little kids."

**When did you first feel this love?** "I last felt love if you can call it that, back in the 3rd grade. You are not going to use my real name right? No... ok. It was another boy and I got into all sorts of trouble and ever since then I have hated boys."

**You have heard about boy love and where a man falls in love with a boy? So what do you think about this?** While the overall consensus is that most of the boys are ok with this concept some are not ok with it.

**Jason (age 16):** "Men should not have feelings for boys. Not those kind of feelings." When asked how the man can change his feelings, Jason just said, "I don't know. It's just not right."

**Michael (age 7):** "If a man has feelings for a boy and the boy also has those same feeling, then what is wrong with that?"

**These two boys have never had a man to love. I asked a similar question to the others. What is the difference between a pedophile and a boy lover, in your opinion, or are they the same?** This was their reaction....

**Eduardo (age 11):** "They are all just words that can be used to describe bad things or good things. The word pedophile has been made into a word even worse than nigger so the word boylover sounds a lot better. But there is nothing wrong with any of the words. What's wrong is how hateful people use them."

**SAM (age 15):** "One sounds like a sickness. The other sounds cool. There are guys I have met that I would consider boy lovers. I wish they lived near me."

This was getting pretty deep so I wanted to lighten the mood, so I asked, **"What is the difference between love and lust?"** This was the response I got...

**Eduardo (age 9):** "Love makes your heart big. Lust makes your penis big."

**Hector (age 13):** "Love is in your heart. I never really thought about lust until now but I feel it everywhere in my body."

**David (age 14):** "What is the difference between love and lust? Lust is when you want to have sex with someone really badly. I feel both."

**SAM (age 15):** "No comment."

**Michael (age 7):** "Love is for special people and lust is something dirty."

**Jason (age 15):** "Love is for sissy's and lust is what the rest of us feel."

I wanted to keep this light but also wanted to stay on subject so I asked them what I thought was a harder question... **"Do you feel anyone should be punished for feeling or acting on that love feeling?"** This is what they said...

**Eduardo (age 11):** "No, Love is natural and wonderful."  
**So, do you feel pressure to hide your feeling of love?** "Yes or else a lot of horrible shit will happen."

**Hector (age 13):** "No."  
**So, do you feel pressure to hide your feeling of love?** "Yes of course its gay."

**David (age 14):** "No that's horrible."  
**So, do you feel pressure to hide your feeling of love?** "Yes."

**SAM (age 15):** "No, why? It's just how it feels and if you care about each other you won't hurt each other."

**So, do you feel pressure to hide your feeling of love?** "Yes, I can't tell anyone I feel gay. I like both boys and men."

**Michael (age 7):** "No, love is love and that is good no matter what."

**So, do you feel pressure to hide your feeling of love?** "Sometimes yes because it is not allowed."

**Jason (age 15):** "Feeling love - no - acting on love yes, unless both people want to act on it, I guess it is ok."

**So, do you feel pressure to hide your feeling of love?** "If I had that feeling no one would ever know. I learned my lesson in the first place."

*Disclaimer: All the name and places have been changed to protect the innocent.*



# Poetry

by LtDreamer

## **Alone and unloved**

The despair has risen  
The caring has stop  
Falling into a pit of darkness  
Alone and unloved

The friends are no more  
Left alone in a sea of darkness  
The mind folds in on itself  
Alone and unloved

The touch of love  
Has seen it's final day  
The smile of happiness is gone  
Alone and unloved

The thoughts of peace  
Have gone by the wayside  
As life throws it's stones  
Alone and unloved

The silence never unbroken  
The noise of life has silenced  
Nothing stirs in the mind  
Alone and unloved

## **Two Hearts**

Two hearts beating as one  
Born of tragedy, never to be  
parted  
Sharing themselves as one  
person  
Sharing their love for eternity

Two hearts beating as one  
The closest of all friendships  
Each giving the other life,  
Two lives shared as one

Two hearts beating as one  
Showing a love that knows no  
bounds  
Caring, understanding, and  
compassion  
A life together, always

Two hearts beating as one  
A love never felt by many  
A love shared by so few  
A love born of tragedy  
A love forever

## **Alone In Friendship**

We gather here every day  
Sharing our friendship  
We have a common love  
And here we can share in that

We gather here every day  
Surrounded by our friends  
We joke we laugh we cry  
There is always someone with a  
hug

We gather here every day  
Yet for many we are alone  
Surrounded by our loneliness  
Only our fears to keep company

We gather here every day  
In this artificial world  
For we are forbidden in the  
In the world we truly live

We gather here every day  
Surrounded by our loneliness  
Our friends are here  
And one day out there too

## **With This Great Mystery**

With this great mystery, we call life; it is sometime hard to understand what we are given. Our friends start to look like enemies, and our enemies start to look like friends. Our minds start to play tricks on us, and it becomes hard to see what is right before us. In today's world, the troubles are set with so many choices we become over whelmed with what we should do. Those like myself with a weak mind become overwhelmed with the choices. There are times we need to step away from it all and take a fresh look at the world. There is a safe haven found in our friends. We have found peace and caring in the true friends we meet. Given the choice to live with "weekend" friends, or having true friends I will never meet, I would choose my true friends. Patience and understanding is a mark of true friends that is undeniable. Truth is needed to ensure that the friendship holds. There is no need to lie to ensure that you have real friends. Your true friends care deeply for the real you. No, nothing can replace the touching and embrace of your real friends; yet remember that there are so many that does not have this physical contact. Living a life full of solitude. Care deeply for your friends, you may never know how deep their pain really is. Know they are there but alone, with you yet not, caring yet unable to help. This is what friendship is really about.



*To all those who heeded the call  
and gave their personal best, their  
perseverance and spirit to this  
year's games.... We thank you.*





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# History of Pederasty

by BabyBear

It is well known in our community that the history of boylove has been suppressed due to societal attitudes. In the light of everything that has been happening I'm forced to believe that we are entering a new sexual revolution. The first sexual revolution focused more on the issues of gay rights, abortion and birth control. Alfred Kinsey is the godfather of this sexual revolution. He was able to inspire an entire generation of post-war youth to challenge traditional norms and values of the time. In 1948 he wrote two books entitled "Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male" and "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female."

These were written based on extensive research and proved that a significant number of people had engaged in sexual behaviors that were taboo in those days. Homosexuality was more than a social taboo. It was illegal and punishable by law and was considered by many to be a condition/paraphilia. However, an LGBT subculture thrived even in those days before there was even the slightest concept of a gay rights movement.

The term "pederast" was used for a gay man with a sexual interest in younger males. Age is irrelevant to the definition of homosexuality, so boylovers are identified as homosexuals as well. I'm sure you've heard of the boy scout controversy, right? Well, the roots of the scouts go back to Germany and were founded on the ideals of Greek Pederasty. Karl Fischer and Wilhelm Jansen founded the scouts in Germany in the late 1800s, called Wandervogel (wandering birds).

The boys ranged from 7-17. Pederasty was the most common form of homosexual relationship in history. In Japan it was known as Nanshoku and was practiced in the Samurai class in Imperia/Feudal Japan.

One of the reasons that gays were despised was because they liked young boys as well. Homosexuality and pederasty are inseparable, and my experience in the BL

world have proven that since many of us are gay the only difference is that some are exclusively attracted to boys while others like men as well.

In most ancient societies, boys were always valued more, so girl-related pedophilia was not as common. Boys were trained to be warriors and were mandated from an early age to join military institutions and to be trained by older men who they were mentored by and bonded closely with.

My point is that boylove is a way of life, a subculture that has existed for centuries. What I have shared with you here are just a few instances because there is much more. The fact that gay men can be boy scout leaders scares a lot of people BECAUSE they connect it to pederasty, thus proving my point: Attitudes towards us are no different than attitudes towards gays.

In conclusion, I want to say that we should stop referring to ourselves as "pedophiles". We are, in fact, pederasts, which is a Greek word that literally means boylover.



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## Chapter 1

It's finally here, Junior-Senior Prom. After 5 and a half years of meetings and dating, you would think the butterflies would be gone. Tonight they are back in full force. Luckily some of us have the day off from school, so I can lay in bed most of the day. One more year left and we will be off to college, where it doesn't matter what people think. "Relax dude", I tell myself, "upcoming football captain, star quarterback for the last 2 years, and home coming King this year, wow that was a big shock". People will never know how close I came to being another Dumb Jock at a lonely little High School. I can still remember how all this happened, like it was yesterday.

"Okay class, I will be returning your pretest to you for you to review. Remember your actual test is 100 questions and not 25, you have a 3 day weekend to study up on the material you got wrong before your actual test on Tuesday." Ms. Jackson starts handing out papers to the students, always offering words of praise or encouragement as she goes along. I notice that as she passes a student their paper seems to always be on top, she never has to go looking for it. I will be one of the last ones handed out, always am, sitting in the back corner of the classroom. As usual I am the last to receive my paper, but she only lays it upside down on my desk with her hand over it. Ms Jackson whispers quietly, "See me after class Mr Murphy". While she makes her way back to her desk I look at the test and see the ZERO I have received as a grade. I slump back in my chair knowing this will not be good.

The bell sounds to end the class and I know everyone will rush out to get outside as soon as possible. Everyone but one that is, Double Dweeb. Always has to suck up to the teachers. 'sighs' "Thank you for a wonderful educational experience, Ms Jackson." "You are quite welcome Mr Yazzie, uhm Edward, could you please wait just outside the door for a couple of minutes?" "Why I would be happy too" and off he skips. As I approach Ms Jackson's desk, her eyes turn toward me, with a look of steel and sorrow. "Kevin, you are

# The Secret Never Told: Chapters 1-3

by LtDreamer

on the verge of failing this class. After speaking with some of your other teachers, you are not doing much better in those classes either. If you can not bring your grades up soon, you will not pass the 7th grade." I look down at the floor crestfallen, knowing that if I fail I will not be able to play any sports in the coming years. "Your pretest was a disaster, and all of your teachers know you can do the work. Would you be willing to have one of your peers tutor you to bring your grades up?" I look up in shock knowing where this is going. The smartest kid in school just happens to live across the street from me, and is a real DORK.

"But...But...I..I, But I..." "It is either that or repeat the Seventh Grade and not play sports next year." My shoulders slump in acceptance, knowing I was not going to win this one. Reaching up to scratch the back of my head, like I do whenever I'm nervous, "I guess so." "I am sure you made the right choice Kevin, you are smart enough to know this, you just need a few pointers." Ms Jackson gets up and heads to the door and opening it sticks her head out and says "You may come in now Edward." She turns and walks back to her desk, as I look towards the door to see the Double Dweeb freeze in the doorway, upon seeing me. Eyes like saucers, and knees starting to shake, I can tell he no more enjoys the close proximity to each other than I do.

Approaching her desk, clutching that bag of his like someone is going to snatch it and set fire to it. Hmmm, note for a prank later. Double D finds his voice while avoiding having

to look in my direction. "Y-Y-Yes Ms Jackson, What can do for you?" AARRGGG! What a dweeb.

"Kevin needs help to bring his grades up so he can pass this year. Being as how the two of you live in the same neighborhood, and grew up together, you might be able to help him out some." "O-O-Of course Ms Jackson." "Good, now the two of you go enjoy your weekend, and Kevin, I expect you to at least pass your History on Tuesday." "Yes Ms Jackson" we say in unison. As we turn to leave I think the Dork broke some speed records getting out of school that day. I wasn't going to pound him today, I needed him to help me pass. Maybe in that smart brain of his that information will click and he will calm down.

Thinking back on all this, I should see if Ms Jackson is still teaching, and thank her for doing what she did. If it wasn't for that little push, I wouldn't be here now, with butterflies in my stomach, and drenched in a cold sweat. Yep really need to thank Ms Jackson.

Thinking back on all this, I should see if Ms Jackson is still teaching, and thank her for doing what she did. If it wasn't for that little push, I wouldn't be here now, with butterflies in my stomach, and drenched in a cold sweat. Yep really need to thank Ms Jackson.

## Chapter 2

"No Eddy, I will not help you with one of you crazy ideas today. No, I am getting ready for the prom. Yes I actually have a date tonight. NO! I am not going to tell you. If you want to meet my date get your suit ready and be at the prom. Go Stag, or with Ed I don't care, I have enough to worry about today. Goodbye Eddy." Cell Phones, the bane of existence to man kind. Whoever came up with this idea should be strangled. I just wish I could turn it off and not hear from Eddy, but then my date would call or something, and and, OH MY OH MY OH MY here I go again worry worry worry. OK lets go over the list again. Tux, Powered Blue with a Dark Blue shirt and White Bow Tie, complete opposite color scheme of my date's outfit. Dress Shoes shined to a mirrored finish. Limo waiting at secret location to fool Eddy and Ed, I hope. Reservations made for a late dinner. Flowers? Yes, No? AAARRGGG No Flowers, too cheesy. If I keep pacing my room I will be too tired to dance. Me dance, another blow to the students at Peach Creek High tonight. It will be a night full of surprises for sure. We have been dating so long now, we have become pros at not getting caught. But tonight we agreed to make the debut as a couple, rather we stir things up or not. We both are tired of hiding.

Our first date so many years ago, over a Holiday weekend. It wasn't planned, rather planned for us. "This was just a pretest to let you know what you need to study up on for Tuesday's Test. That one will be a 100 question. Remember that your test and classroom involvement will count as 75% of your final grade. I will be returning your pretest to you for you to review, you have a 3 day weekend to study up on the material you got wrong." As she is handing each test out she points out what each student did wrong. Reaching my desk she hands me my paper and says "Excellent job as always Edward." I know other students are staring, but I really like learning and it comes natural to me. I can't help that I am so smart. Looking at the clock I notice that we have less than a

minute remaining of class so I go ahead and pack my supplies knowing that Ms Jackson will not be able to instruct us any more today.

The bell rings and the entire class heads out the door like a pack of stampeding wild animals. It is a wonder to me that no ever gets hurt in this stampede. As the classroom thins out I stand and walk up to Ms Jackson's desk to thank her for today. "On behalf of the students, Thank you for the wonderful educational experience, Ms Jackson." "You are quite welcome Mr Yazzie, uhm Edward, could you please wait just outside the door for a couple of minutes?" "Why I would be happy too, Ms Jackson". As I head toward the door I wonder why she needed me to wait outside, at the same time I noticed that Kevin has not left the classroom either. This was highly unlike him. I close the door like Ms Jackson likes and walk over to my locker and shuffle what books and notes I will need for studying this weekend.

After a few minutes Ms Jackson opens her door and looks at me and says, "You may come in now Edward." She just turns and walks back to her desk. When I reached the threshold I noticed that Kevin is still standing in front of her desk like a statue except that he is able to move his head. He turns and looks my way and my knees start to shake involuntarily. For a brief second his expression showed of a chuckled grin, that most people would have overlooked. Why did I catch it though?

I walked up to Ms Jackson's desk and try to speak, "Y-Y-Yes Ms Jackson, W-W-What can I do for you?" Out of the corner of my eyes I see Kevin roll his eyes quickly. Again why did I catch the change in his expression? "Mr Yazzie, I was wondering if you would agree to tutor Mr Murphy over the weekend and through the remainder of the school year. Kevin needs help bringing his grades up so he can pass this year. Being as how the two of you live in the same neighborhood, and grew up together, you might be able to help him out some." "B-B-But...", I can find no good reason not to help him, that Ms Jackson would agree upon. I slowly nod my head. "Good, now the two of you go enjoy your weekend, and Kevin, I expect you to at least pass your History Test on Tuesday." "Yes Ms Jackson" we say in unison. I turn and high tail it out of the class room without running, of course it is forbidden in school, I didn't want to give Kevin a chance to pound me without a good reason.

Walking out the main door of the School I see Nazz waiting on a bench looking as pretty as she always does. "Hi Edwarrd"! I cringe at that sound, Kankers. I barely get turned around before Marie has me in her grasp trying to get a kiss from anywhere her lips could touch. How Revolting. I work to pry myself away from her evil clutches, when Kevin walks out with his swaggered step and a short laugh in my direction. "Later Dork, Don't get too busy with Marie this weekend." As Kevin and Nazz walk off together with their arms around each other, Marie is talking about marriage again. Next instant I am free and I look to see Ed holding Marie up by her shirt collar and not letting her feet touch the ground. Sometimes having a big goof as a friend comes in handy. "Marie, leave Edd alone. We have things to work on, and don't need you." Shouts Eddy. Ed sits her in a trash can so she has trouble getting out and we three taking off running. Can't run in school, but outside there is no rule, and by the time we were 12 we had gotten pretty fast to outrun the Kankers. And so starts the Holiday Weekend that will go down in history.

## Chapter 3

The sound of laughter outside, brings Kevin out of his day dream. Sara, Jimmy, and Johnny are playing some made up game in the Cul-de-Sac, when he peers out the window. Being Freshman this year, they still had to attend school.

"School must be out for the day. Only a few more hours to go" he thinks to himself, still clad in only his boxers, and settling back across the bed.

"What was I thinking about again? Oh yea, The Holiday Weekend." and a pleasant smile returns to his face, as he remembers it all. Friday afternoons seem to have a ritual all their own. Playing games, or whatever with the others. Picking on the Dorks, sometimes helping Rolf. There is always a late dinner with the folks, family time in front of the TV, and my time after 9pm. Fairly standard Friday, other than THAT Friday. 'sniff'

No will not think about that now, and get my eyes all red. This is a happy time for us, we hope.

Saturdays are mine, all mine, unless there is a chore to do, like mow the yard or something. I'm out riding my bike, trying to impress Nazz, or whoever will watch. As I ride by the playground just outside of the Cul-de-Sac, I notice the Eds', all three of them, are up to something. "Oh well here goes nothing" I think. "Hey Double D, come over here for just a minute." All three of them look up from what they are doing and Eddy shouts "What you want Kevin?" Ignoring Eddy, Ed walks up to the fence that I am parked outside of, and even though he is scared of me, I can see it in his eyes, he still has that cheery voice. "What can I do for you Kevin?" he asks. Always so polite.

"Ahh, listen, I know you were suppose to help me study and bring my grades up, so what say we meet at my house tomorrow around 2 to start my tutoring. Would that be OK?" "O-O-Of course K-K-Kevin, that would be fine to start then." "Listen Double D, you say you can help me study, I need this or no sports. What say we call a truce between us, just us, while you are helping me." And I am scratching my neck again. When did I start that. "Sure Kevin, that would be fantastic" he giggles. I arch an eyebrow in an unspoken question to him and he whispers, "I won't tell the others about our truce, especially Eddy, it will drive him mad." I can't help but chuckle at that and Edd then laughs out loud. I can see over his shoulder the both Ed and Eddy are wondering what is going on over here. "Okay then Double Dweeb, I will see later", I poke him with my finger, and looking at Eddy I yell "DORK!"

Off I speed on my bike, turning down the alley way that

leads behind all the houses of the Cul-de-Sac. Building speed as I peddle faster and faster, looking for something to jump over. I can't believe I invited Double D to my house. Boy I must have been desperate to play sports. I mean who would ever think of inviting one of the Ed's into their home. Well maybe Rolf. He survived, no one said a thing, I guess I did to. I'm here ain't I? Sunday came and I started at the front door, and walked through the house, checking for things of my personal life I didn't want Double Dweeb to see. Baby pictures of me that Mom would let me hide, we had a big argument over the one of me naked on the rug. I actually won that one. I finished downstairs and looked to the second floor, and dread over took me. What if I had to take him upstairs? TO MY ROOM!?! Nononono, I trip over myself getting upstairs to try and hide everything in my room. This was MY space, and not for the Ed's to see. I carry my books downstairs and await the dreaded doorbell. And thus goes the weekend that changed my life forever.

Thinking back, I sure miss that old bike, it should still be in the garage. Maybe after this whole thing with Prom and everything else I can pull it out and fix it up. Donate it to some child who doesn't have a bike. "Did I just say I would donate my bike?" Damn I have grown up in the last several years. If I have grown up so much why am I so nervous about a simple High School dance. That's all it is, a fancy dance for the Juniors and Seniors. I look over to my door and see my Tux hanging neatly on the door, my shoes are laid beside the door, even my undergarments and socks are on a hanger, to keep everything together. I used to not be this organized, another habit I have picked up from my date.

I can't stand it any longer and pick my cell and hit the Speed Dial for Nazz. "Hello?" "Uhhmm, Hi Nazz it's Kevin. I just wanted to see how you are doing this afternoon." "Oh Hi Kevin, I'm just getting my hair and nails done for tonight." "Okay, so you're good for tonight then?" "Well yes, why wouldn't I be?" "I don't know I just thought I would check and see." "Kevin you are a bit nervous right?" "Yea" "Don't be, it will all be okay. Go rest, play a game, watch TV. You have plenty of time to relax before you have to start getting ready like us girls." The giggling in the background makes me wonder who she is with, but it's just one of those great mysterious ways of being a girl.

As I lay my phone on my bed, I start pacing my room, from door to window. No one is outside, now, gone off on some adventure I guess. Back to the door, yep my suit is spotless, can never check it too many times I guess. Why am I so nervous, it's not anybody's business but mine. It's just a dance, I can dance. I know everyone there, been here my entire life.



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# Book Review: “The Moralist” by Rod Downey

by Zoomzoom4

“The Moralist” by Rod Downey is one of the best “boylove” novels I have ever read. It presents the truth about man/boy love just as the nonfiction books do. This book is for the straight, the gay, the mother, father, conservative, liberal, the boy and yes most importantly of course the boylover. It dares to ask ... what if? Not only does it ask that question, but answers it. What if a man really and truly loved a boy?

The novel tells the story of a man named Red and his young friend, 12-year-old Jonathan. The two meet when Red volunteers in the sixth grade middle school writing program. This is about a man and a boy who are deeply in love.

Red's very intense love for the boy makes him pursue the relationship, but not what he, of course, also strongly desires, and that is to have sex with the 12-year-old boy. Unless, he decides, under one condition only ... if the boy himself initiates it. Finally, after several months, their love is consummated on a camping trip.

Their relationship blossoms even in the toxic social environment of child-abuse hysteria where Red's fellow boylover friends are persecuted. As a “BL spin doctor,” Red

advises the heroic boylove activists how to survive in an environment of hostile press and fire-breathing hysterics.

As he enjoys being with the love of his life --- this wonderful and amazing 12-year-old boy --- he becomes increasingly outraged by the absurd injustices and the prejudice against man/boy love, demonizing a form of love that, for Red, is the very definition of beauty.

“The very loving relationship between an adult male and a male child is far more often psychologically beneficial to everyone involved,” says Red.

“The Moralist” is a true boylove story which presents a relationship between a man and a boy in a very positive light.



# In Memoriam: Miguel Sanchez 1951-2016

“W hen it comes to writing memorials I am not very good at it. I have had the unpleasant duty to do so a few times but none like this one. The ones that I have done were primarily for people I really didn't have too much to do with. But this one is different. This one is for a dear and sorely missed friend.

I guess I'll start at the beginning. I first met Miguel or "Migs" as he liked to be called on Boyland Online (BLOL). He was the Board Manager over there when I signed up. It was my first board and I really didn't know the rules. I started posting, and every so often I would say something that was against the rules and Migs would send me a friendly PM telling me what I did wrong. Yet I was hard-headed and continued to make mistakes. As the mistakes continued Migs would send more PMs with each one getting more angry than the first. I can remember one that was absolutely filled with the "angry" and "censored" emotes. But as time went on and I became active in the community we eventually became good friends.

Skip ahead to 2014. After quite some time on BLOL, Kermie and I decided that it was time to branch off on our own and start a new BL board. That board would eventually become Enchanted Island. It took us months to completely set up but eventually we did. We were in need of a Gallery Manager soon after opening and after reviewing several applications we selected Migs for the job. He dug in right away helping out in many ways behind the scenes and up front. He was great at what he did and knew all the rules. He had a very sharp eye for anything that was considered questionable.

Migs so loved the boards that he held positions on other boards as well. So he was kept quite busy. We often wondered where he found the time. Yet as time rolled on many noticed that he would disappear for a time and then come back. Disappear again and then come back with each disappearance longer than the last.

It was in 2015 that we found out that Migs was not a well man. His room mate whom he cared for very much had passed away from cancer and Migs was getting sicker as well. So not only was he dealing with the loss of his close friend but he was also dealing with illness as well. Eventually he wound up in a hospital and then in a nursing home. He would phone Kermie every so often and give updates on what was going on with his health. But the phone calls started becoming more far apart. We lost our

*by Dragonlover, Scorpion and Miles*

dear friend early in 2016. It came as a shock to anyone who knew him. We held a memorial service for him on Enchanted Island and dedicated a special radio show to him on WEIRD Radio. Many who knew him attended.

And so now we know that Migs is watching from far above and making sure that we are all ok. I still would talk to him today if I come across a difficult situation. "What would you do Migs? What would you do?" We miss you my friend. Lots. But you are far better off now with no more pain and no more suffering. You are in a far better place. We love you and we will miss you dear friend. Rest in peace."

**-Dragonlover**

*Administrator, Enchanted Island*

"I am deeply saddened by the passing of our dearest friend Miguel Sanchez. I had known Miguel Sanchez for many years and his love for the BL community was very inspiring along with his deep love for the BL community and for all boys around the world. His commitment to all the BL boards worldwide was truly a gift to us all. I loved Miguel with all my heart and think of him quite often. The time he spent helping other BL members and his devotion to each board was truly an incredible gift. Much of his time was devoted to posting some of the greatest quality images of boys ever found anywhere. He was much more than just a friend. I am so honored to have known one of the greatest boy lovers of our time. A man of character, honor, commitment and devotion to others. You will be forever in our prayers Miguel Sanchez. May you R.I.P. our dear friend Miguel Sanchez."

**-Scorpion**

*Board Manager, Enchanted Island*

"His humanity and being open to everyone and his reliability and heartfelt love towards everyone will be missed. He will always have a place in my heart and I will remember him forever. Rest in peace my friend. I will meet you on the other side."

**- Miles**

*Admin/Owner, Boylandonline*

# Light a Blue Candle

by BL in Black

## **Light a Blue Candle**

On International Boylove Day, every year  
I light my blue candle and let it burn down.  
And remember those who have gone before  
me  
And the ones who suffer and the injustice in  
this world.  
I light the candle for the young BL.  
Who has grown up lonely, confused and  
depressed.  
Who feels like he has nowhere to turn to.  
I light it for the 10-year-olds on the sex  
offender registry,  
whose lives were ruined unjustly by irrational  
hysteria!  
For nothing more than a little natural sexual  
fun.  
I light it for the old BL  
Who feels lonely, hopeless and isolated.  
Who feels there's no light at the end of the  
tunnel.  
I light it for the persecuted, the reckless and  
the condemned.  
The one who did nothing but love someone  
younger.  
The ones who grow up repressed and dam-  
aged.  
You might say we haven't got it all that bad!  
There have been plenty worse off than us.  
But I think it is a small but symbolic gesture -  
To light a candle for injustice in this world  
And the hope that maybe one day it will be  
a better place.  
That blue candle has been abused,  
disregarded,  
beaten, trashed, rejected and ignored.  
But as the smoke rises up into the heavens  
Somehow it makes me feel safe.  
In the knowledge that someday there will  
be justice.  
Someday we will prevail.  
Into a safer, more humane and more  
accepting world.



"www.FreelImages.com / Ann- Kathrin Rehse"

# Our Gift

by TheJustinOne

When you look at a cute boy what do you see? You see more than anyone else in him. You see his true beauty. Everything about him seems perfect even the imperfections. If you didn't see him like this, who would be able to appreciate his beauty? Who would be able to see just how remarkable his innocent heart is? For so many boylovers they wish they could just be "normal". They are tired of the burden their feelings put on them. They often pretend they don't have them (even around other boylovers) or feel guilty. Modern society will tell you that you're a monster for how you feel. So when you feel tired of hiding who you are, when you feel tired of allowing yourself to be labeled a monster, when you feel tired of feeling ashamed, you should feel proud instead. BoyLove is a gift and not a curse. When others see Boylove they call us broken, but instead we are special. They are ignorant, where we see the truth. Why wouldn't they be? It's the easy path. We cannot take the easy path, not honestly, but that is why the greatest gift we have is boylove. It enlightens us and shows us what a true open mind is. **Be proud.**



**Amor et intellectus**