

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus



**No-Hugging
Schools**

**Boy Holiday
Music Buzz**

**Interview
with Damien**

**BoyLover.net:
The Legal Story**



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Ethos Magazine is a volunteer-led effort to create an outlet for frustrations and a venue of entertainment within the boylove community.

Website: <https://ethosonline.net/>



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If you have any feedback, please take some time and send it to us here:
<https://ethosonline.net/feedback.php>

Ethos

notation



<https://pixabay.com/photos/christmas-tree-ornaments-christmas-149619/>

If it's starting to feel a lot like Christmas, that's because it is.

Yes, that time of year again: too much eggnog, third cousins rummaging through your fridge, and stressful attempts at shopping, online and otherwise.

So here we are, publishing our twelfth issue of Ethos Magazine. And notably, this is the fourth Christmas issue. Yet it is not just Christmas but New Year's as well. And with every new year comes not only new beginnings but also fresh initiatives and expectations.

Still our mandate remains the same: to publish articles "devoted to the interests and perspective of boylovers."

That's why we continue to welcome submissions from the community on any subject, seasonal or otherwise. As long as they fit within that broad definition stated above. I invite readers who are interested in writing such pieces related to boys and boylove, to send us their proposals. Every submission is welcome; we value the feedback from the community.

Here is Ethos issue 12, created by boylovers as something we can all be proud of. So to our beloved readers, we extend a glass of eggnog to you and wish you a very holly jolly Christmas. It is the best time of the year.

Merry Christmas to all of the boylove community, from Ethos Magazine!

Zoomzoom4
Ethos Co-owner

Beauty is not wanted, it is needed...



ETHOS NEWS

September to December 2019

Yours for free

WHAT IS ETHOS NEWS?

Ethos News is a recurring segment in Ethos Magazine, designed to highlight recent happenings relevant to the boylove community and, at times, to highlight the wonder that boys bring to the world.

If you have stories you think we'd be interested in writing about for our next issue, please send us a brief description or a link using the contact form on our website. As long as the story pertains to boys, boylovers, cybersecurity, or our rights as people, it's enough for us to consider publishing.

RETRACTIONS AND CORRECTIONS

In the Ethos News May to August 2019 story titled "Juvenile detainee groped by guard in detention centre" on page 6, the following paragraph should be appended:

Despite the obvious illegal nature of the acts committed, the immigration detention centre has defended the guard by claiming that the acts had been consensual. This is interesting, considering that this defence would not be allowed were it one of us under scrutiny.

This line should've been in the original printing, and we apologise for its absence.

ETHOS STAFFING CHANGES

We are happy to announce some internal changes within the upper Ethos staff team:

Co-owners:

Lil Monster,
Zoomzoom4

Director:

Dragonlover

Assistant Director, and Content Manager:

FalseAlias

SCHOOL ID BADGES LISTED SEX LINE AS SUICIDE PREVENTION NUMBER

A California middle school was subject to the furor of outraged parents this October as their kids discovered the phone number listed as a suicide prevention hotline was instead a sex chat hotline intended for adults.

The ID badges used by Lancaster's New Vista Middle School have a series of phone numbers on the back of them for students to use during emergencies or to find resources. A parent and her daughter decided to call up one of the numbers for fun and got a message clearly intended for adults upon answering.

The school has since replaced the ID badges with the phone number, issuing a statement clarifying that they had made a mistake and the numbers "have two digits transposed."

Sources:

<https://abc7.com/education/5656614/>

<https://metro.co.uk/2019/10/29/school-directed-suicidal-kids-phone-sex-line-instead-suicide-prevention-charity-11004715/>

DARKNET SITE DISABLED WHILE OVER 300 ARE ARRESTED WORLDWIDE

A darknet child pornography trading hub was taken down in mid-October as law enforcement agencies from 12 countries made more than 330 arrests, including that of the illegal site's South Korean operator.

The site, which was called "Welcome to Video", served as a marketplace for child pornography distributors to sell and purchase from others. It was discovered after a British academic pleaded guilty to a series of offences committed in October 2017.

Christopher Parsons described

the site and its users as "very low-hanging fruit", and said the takedown and arrests evidence that even cryptocurrencies that claim to be untraceable are not immune to police tracking tactics.

Officials stated during a press conference that they were able to trace the server to its South-Korean owner's house by making small bitcoin transactions to the site and tracing exposed IP addresses.

Sources:

<https://www.reuters.com/article/us-usa-crime-exploitation/dark-web-child-porn-bust-leads-to-338-arrests-worldwide-idUSKBN1WV1WW>

<https://www.wired.com/story/dark-web-welcome-to-video-takedown-bitcoin/>

<https://www.nationalcrimeagency.gov.uk/news/337-arrested-after-takedown-of-horrific-dark-web-child-abuse-site-welcome-to-video>

BOY RUNS 5K RACE ONLY TO FINISH, AND WIN, 10K RACE INSTEAD

Minnesota 9-year-old Kade Lovell started off running a 5k race in September, but when he was told by a lady to keep running that's exactly what he did. Just over 48 minutes after he had set off on his 5k race, he crossed the finish line of the 10k race ahead of its 40-year-old second-place runner.

Kade's mother, Heather, said she became worried when her son didn't cross the finish line for the 5k race like everyone else. While a firefighter was preparing to search for the, she's called by her brother-in-law saying that a "cute little kid in a red shirt" was running the 10k. The event was for charity and consisted of a 5k race and a 10k race. The difference between the

two was a single turn, which Kade was told not to take. When Kade finally came back into view of his mother, she yelled over at him "You're in so much trouble!"

Source:

<https://www.runnersworld.com/news/a29323829/9-year-old-accidentally-win-10k-minnesota/>

MOSCOW MAN SUES APPLE, CLAIMS IPHONE MADE HIM GAY, THEN DROPS THE SUIT

In late September this year, a Moscow man filed a lawsuit against Apple alleging that his iPhone turned him gay. Less than a month later, the lawsuit was dropped after it is claimed that the man had fears for his privacy.

The original claim argued that there had been "moral suffering and harm to mental health", and said that Apple has been "manipulatively pushing me toward homosexuality."

The man, only identified as D.E. Razumilov, says that he had downloaded a cryptocurrency app in 2017 and purchased some currency through it. Rather than the bitcoin he was expecting, he received GayCoin with a note that read "don't judge without trying." Since that time, Razumilov broke up with his girlfriend and has found himself in a steady same-sex relationship.

The case was dropped on October 17 by Razumilov, with his attorney, Sapizhat Gusnieva, saying that Razumilov was concerned for his privacy after he had started receiving letters from Apple supporters and "haters".

Had the case proceeded, Razumilov would've been seeking 1 million rubles (\$15,560 USD, \$23,000 AUS, £12,000) in damages from Apple.

Sources:

<https://www.nst.com.my/world/2019/10/530874/russian-man-who-said-iphone-turned-him-gay-drops-lawsuit>

<https://www.bbc.com/news/newsbeat-49933003>

MAN ARRESTED FOR OWNING SITE DISTRIBUTING SEXUAL STORIES INVOLVING CHILDREN

A Texas man was arrested by the FBI in mid-November for owning and operating a subscription-based website that dealt with sexual stories involving children.

He has been charged with "importation or transportation of obscene matters" under federal law, in addition to "engaging in the business or selling or transferring obscene matter and obscene visual representations of the sexual abuse of children."

FBI infiltrated the site using credentials of a person who had a subscription, and then proceeded to identify and trace other subscribers.

Source:

<https://www.cbs7.com/content/news/FBI-arrests-man-in-connection-to-website-that-trafficks-in-child-sex-abuse-stories-564860402.html>

Original complaint:

<https://assets.documentcloud.org/documents/6548074/Thomas-Alan-Arthur-Criminal-Complaint.pdf>

UK DROPS STRICT PORN-BLOCKER PLANS

In a completely unsurprising move, the British government has dropped plans to implement a country-wide porn blocker intended to stop under-18s "stumbling across" things such as porn.

Reasons for the drop include ease-of-access to VPNs and platforms not classified as porn providers.

Source:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/technology-50073102>

ALLEGATIONS OF CHILD PORN POSSESSION CAUSE SENATOR'S RESIGNATION

Pennsylvania state senator Michael Folmer resigned in mid September following charges filed by the police.

A tip off from Tumblr sparked an investigation, which later led to the senator's house. A search warrant was executed and child pornography was discovered on the senator's phone.

Governor Tom Wolf said the

decision was "the right decision", adding that the senator has "taken advantage of the trust and privilege afforded by the people of Pennsylvania."

Source:

<https://edition.cnn.com/2019/09/18/us/pennsylvania-state-senator-child-pornography-charges/>

CHILD GENIUS, NINE, PULLED FROM UNIVERSITY BY PARENTS DUE TO GRADUATION DATE

Belgium child prodigy Laurent Simons, aged 9, has been pulled from Eindhoven University by his parents after they refused to accept a later graduation date.

The decision was made because he'd be 10 by the a proposed the mid-2020 graduation date. His parents, Lydia and Alexander, want him to be the first university graduate under 10 years old.

In mid-November, it was reported that Laurent was on-track to graduate before his December 26 birthdate, however the university has since said that there are too many exams that need to be taken. They've also said too much media attention could necessitate a psychiatric exam.

The university has already allowed him to undertake the three-year course faster than most other students.

Sources:

<https://us.cnn.com/2019/11/14/europe/university-graduate-child-genius-scli-intl/index.html>

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-50734000>

WANT TO CONTRIBUTE?

If you have a story that you want us to consider for use in our next printing of Ethos News, send it in to us. You can contact any one of the Ethos staff team members, or you can send it directly using the contact form or by emailing.

<https://ethosonline.net/contact.php>
submissions [at] ethosonline.net

Hope you enjoyed this round of Ethos News.

Friendship Can Be Enough



REALTALK

<https://pixabay.com/photos/people-kid-boy-child-playing-2594456/>

Having a young friend is the most fulfilling, happy thing that can happen to any boylover, but it is also a landmine of powerful urges, conflicting emotions, and danger.

I have had the good fortune of having had three young friends in my life, or two depending on how you count as only two have reciprocated my attraction to them. The other friendship was of a different nature.

Like many childlovers (I like girls too), I kept my feelings bottled up inside for many, many years; petrified that I might slip and society would pass its harsh judgment on me. All that changed a few years ago when I met Watersprite.

I met him one summer. He was 13 and the son of my friend's girlfriend. Our attraction was as immediate as it was mutual and we instantly became inseparable. Those long summer days on the beach and by the pool, or strolling under the starlit sky, are some of the most precious memories I have.

It was like a floodgate opening. Here was a boy, a beautiful boy, who was obviously attracted to me. This was real, and I didn't want to spoil it. I decided there and then on one fundamental rule: I would not initiate anything physical. While I am pro-contact, I feel strongly that it is the young friend who has to make the first move. They are the ones exploring their sexuality, and they need to explore it on their own terms.

He never did make a move. Oh, he flirted. He would lean against me on the beach, hold my hand when no one was looking, and when we were watching movies late at night he'd rest his head on my lap and I'd stroke his luxuriant hair. I sensed that he wanted to take it further but wasn't ready. I accepted that. It was excruciating, but I accepted that. My love for him

would allow no other decision.

Alas, the summer ended, and I had to return home. I had spent much of the winter months worried that I had fooled myself, or that Watersprite had forgotten me. The occasional emails from him were like pearls discovered in the midst of a desert. The week before I went to see him again, I was a bundle of nerves. He put me at ease with a long telephone conversation in which he recounted in detail some of the great times we had had the previous summer. All my favorite moments were his too, and he remembered them as clearly as I did!

The second summer was even better than the first. He was 14 now, even more flirtatious, but he still held back. If a policeman had been watching us from the window, he would have raised his eyebrow a few times, but would have seen nothing illegal.

And that's how it remained.

My second young friend was Soccerboy, who I've known from when he was 10 to his present age of 14. He was always been a bit flirtatious with me, and that has only grown as he got older. Once, at age 12, in a quiet moment in the park when his friends were out of earshot, he told me he was gay. I told him that was a wonderful thing to be and congratulated him on figuring that out at such a young age.

The flirtation increased after that. Like Watersprite, he could sense I was attracted to him even though I never said anything explicitly. He liked to wrestle with me and slap my butt when we play soccer, and coo in a feminine way as he checks out my muscles when I flex. His flirtation was much more direct, more obviously sexual, as compared to Watersprite's shy warmth.

But Soccerboy never initiated anything either. I sense that while Watersprite wanted too but wasn't ready, Soccerboy didn't want to. Instead, he liked to be

safe to express himself around. I was honored that he's picked me, and I would never do anything to break that trust. I am part of Soccerboy's development into a confident gay man. I only wish I had someone like that when I was growing up.

Now I want to talk about my latest young friend, Skaterboy, who is 12 and who I've known since he was 10. Some boylovers may not count Skaterboy as a young friend because my physical attraction to him is not reciprocated at all. He is as straight as the day is long and he has no interest in flirting with some adult guy.

I still consider him my young friend, though, and here's why.

Except for the physical element, we are just as close as I have been with Watersprite and Soccerboy. We share secrets, he asks me for advice, and his face lights up every time he sees me. I'm sure mine lights up too. We are friends, true friends. My time with him is just as rewarding as it has been with Waterprite and Soccerboy.

I actually have them all to thank for getting reassurance that I can be physically attractive to boys, and in a way, takes the pressure off my questioning self-esteem. Skaterboy wasn't rejecting me because I'm "old"; it's just that he's simply not interested in a physical relationship with an older man, or even a male his own age.

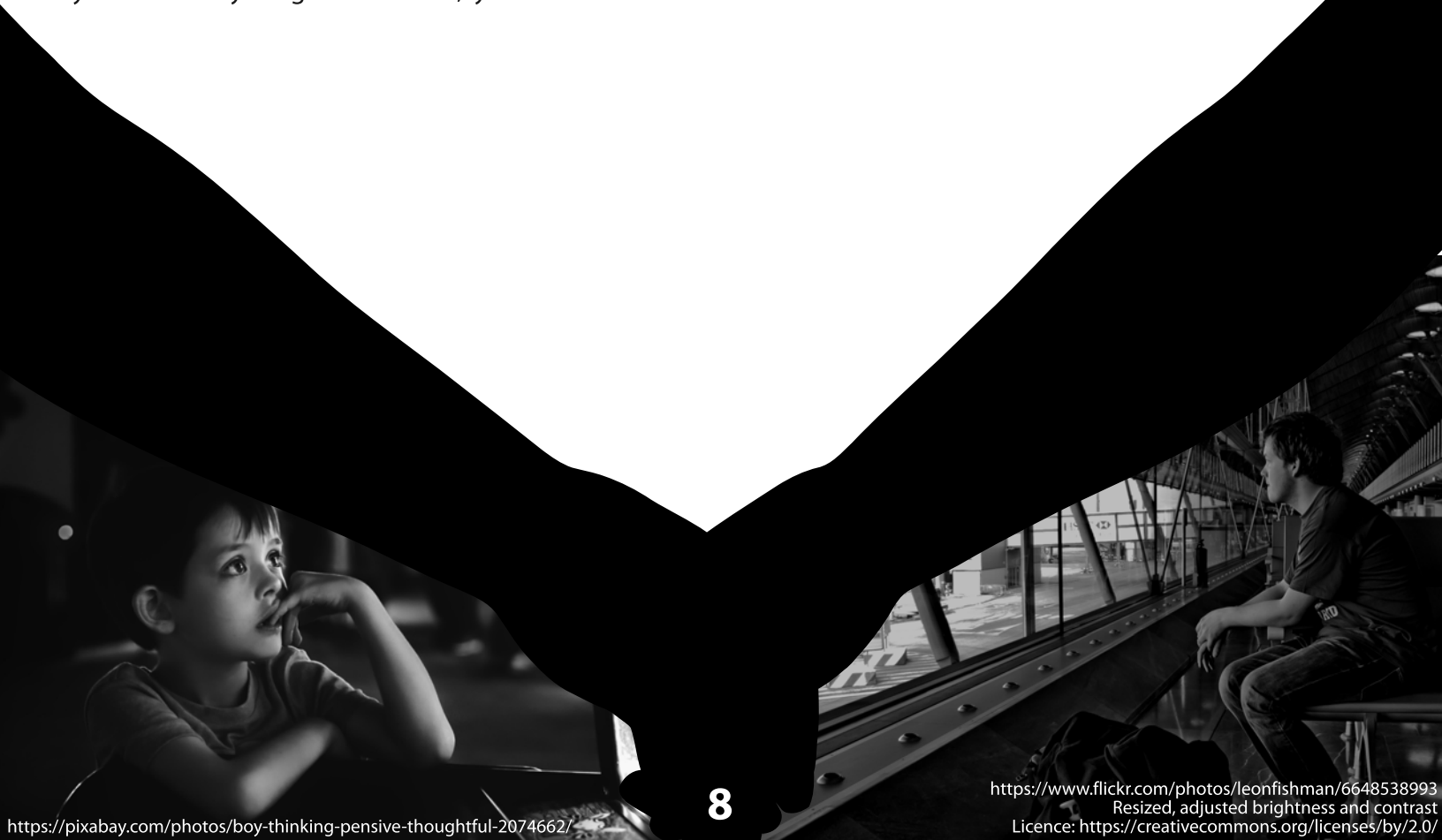
Most boys and girls aren't interested in a physical relationship and that's something we, as childlovers, have to accept.

Would I prefer to have Skaterboy flirt with me like my other two young friends? Oh, yes. Do I fantasize

about him initiating something that I've longed for all my life? Hell, yes! But I've accepted that we will only be friends.

So I treasure those moments with Skaterboy. I treasure when he does a new trick in the skate park and immediately looks across the park to check if I was watching. I treasure the big grin that lights up his face when he sees that I was. I treasure our serious conversations together. I treasure that he comes to me for advice. As much as I long to take him into my arms, I have learned to be content with all the wonderful times he has spent with me.

Value the gifts you are given, fellow child lovers, and try not to suffer too much for not getting what you most want.



https://pixabay.com/photos/microphone-music-sound-mic-musical-2130806/



Interview With Damien

By FalseAlias

This interview was conducted with Damien in November of 2019. Damien is the founder of BoyPlanet.net, one of the newest boylove boards. He originally started BPN many years ago, but closed it shortly after creation. He reopened it in December 2017.

FalseAlias: What made you want to create BoyPlanet without any email system at all? Anonymity is good, but having no emails might be seen as a disadvantage by many. There are anonymous email providers, like ProtonMail, so what makes having no emails better for BPN members?

Damien: In short it allows access to BPN without the fuss of supplying an email address and saves one from having a 3rd party link to the board.

The best management systems are designed to be secure and limit liability, and with such inherent strict defaults come benefit and drawback. It is considered a drawback to not be able to recover account details or receive email notifications from BPN. The benefit is that the information within BPN does not have a route to travel out of BPN via email, and account integrity is more certain as accounts cannot be compromised via email account recovery methods.

FA: Creating a board takes a lot of time and effort, as everyone already knows (at least, I hope they do). What sort of things did you have to consider when you were busy writing up the guidelines for BPN? Was there a logical pattern to guideline placement, or did they just go in the order you wrote them?

Damien: The first guidelines were largely borrowed from BLN (boylover.net) and were modified by others more than myself. As far as how orderly they are, they require constant tending in order to remain relevant. Given enough time, the intention of a rule that is not maintained, later becomes lost when interpreted.

FA: What is most important, to you, about running BPN?

Damien: To state that "I" run would be inaccurate of



course, but, the important thing to me is fostering a community that operates as public property as much as possible and not the private property it is in reality. I wish that it would occur to more people operating boards that they are in fact civil servants. The tone of a board comes from the top down just like any business. If the people at the top are primarily interested in serving their own needs, or kicking their feet up and doing nothing but having a title, or promoting double standards, or disallowing some topics and ideas, then there is little reason for anyone to really care and embrace their duties and push the board to success.

FA: Are there any memorable BPN registrations that tickle you?

Damien: Oh how I wish I could list specific ones but doing so would be to violate member privacy. There are interesting registrations nearly every day.

FA: BoyPlanet used to exist some number of years ago, too, but you elected to close it down after less than a year of operation. Why was it closed? What made you bring it back at the end of 2017? And, what made you decide to style BoyPlanet in a similar fashion to BoyLover.net?

Damien: Last thing first... The original design of BPN was space-themed from the graphics to the room names. While that worked well at the time, I felt that a more neutral and conventional implementation would be more comfortable. It made sense to borrow from the successful BLN format; to use a minimalist approach for the board's software and to resurrect feelings for the BLN veterans still kicking around. As for why I did not keep the original BPN going, there wasn't a real need at the time for another board, it was simply

a fun thing rather than providing a needed service for the community. Many years later in 2017 I did find that the community needed a board that is stable and here we are today.

FA: Are you related to the Damien who used to be a member of BoyLover.net?

Damien: Not at all. In fact I believe that person used a different spelling, Damian.

FA: Do you think the demise of BoyLover.net could've been prevented, or would you rather not speculate on this without more information?

Damien: Most things in life can be prevented if you can speculate on what can go wrong in advance, like, having a spare tire for your vehicle. I'll say this much: if you know have a spare tire only a fool would hit has many potholes as he could.

FA: Did members make you feel welcome when you joined your first boylove forum?

Damien: Definitely. I felt very welcomed at BLN, and each person that chimes in an introductory thread makes the new member feel like they belong.

FA: Up until BoyPlanet started, I don't think anyone knew you as "Damien", so how long have you been in the boylove community with this username, and how long were you in the boylove community before you were Damien?

Damien: I've been Damien since re-founding BPN, so I've been Damien since October 24th 2017. I first happened upon the boards in 2003 and read things (at a time when many boards still allowed some read-only access), but I didn't have a computer that was solely mine until 2004 so I didn't feel comfortable in joining a site until that time.

FA: When did you most recently return to it, and what made you want to?

Damien: I've been in and out of the online BL community since I found it. The reasons for leaving and returning have always been by choice and varied. If I had to give a simple answer, curiosity makes me return.

FA: Do you think that the closure of three boylove boards in such rapid succession (YoungCity in late January 2018, BoyLover.org in February 2018, and Enchanted Island in March 2018) is a connected incident, or are they all separate?

Damien: Anything can be speculated.

FA: We both know BLo and EI went down because of a malicious DMCA spam attack, but YC still hasn't confirmed their reason for termination. Even today, there is only speculative theory. Would you speculate about YC's demise, or would you like to refrain from commenting without evidence to support anything?

Damien: Again, we can speculate as much as we like but won't get anywhere.

FA: Do you think the current community has any flaws that need to be patched up or worked on?

Damien: How much time do you have?

The biggest flaw right now is how people feel about themselves – not so much the veterans of the community – but people who are trying to understand their feelings in a world of stigma and expectation. I imagine that they are rarely looking deeper within themselves straight out of the gate concerning their attractions. And with the rise of the darknet they are thinking with their dick and not happening upon fruitful sites of interest like boylinks and discussion boards; so they end up propagating the stereotypes expected of them and do not discover legitimacy in their feelings. Given enough time I believe this darknet thing is setting people up for failure and not advancing awareness.

FA: When you joined the boylove community, what were your initial observations? How has your view of the community changed since that time?

Damien: My initial observation was that the online community was large. Though, activity has been in some decline due to the reasons I just stated regarding your question about flaws in the BL community. Thankfully the community endures.

FA: What is your fondest memory of being in the boylove community? No doubt, there must be at least something good from all your time here.

Damien: I have fond memories of people I have met in person. And also my first discovery of the online community was a bit of a shock; I could not believe the conversation that people were having.

FA: Have you had any interactions with community members that you regret? What would you say to them if you had the opportunity?

Damien: I once worked at a board and I had what I thought was a valid bitch. Whether or not it was valid is of no consequence, but the way I inadvertently created the situation and verbally 'fought back' was wrong. It wasn't that important, I should have just been humble rather than typing out my dissatisfaction out of anger.

FA: In however many years you've been around as a person, have you ever loved?

Damien: Yes. It is best to just remember the good times.

FA: When did you start to realise that you were interested in boys? What prompted that first thought?

Damien: Unlike some boylovers, there was never a time in my life that I wasn't interested in boys. Puberty did not alter my sexual interests and physical attractions so I didn't have a decidedly first thought about it.

FA: Are you attracted to just boys, or are girls involved too?

Damien: I am not interested in girls, or anything girly for that matter.

FA: What is your AoA, and has it ever changed or moved?

Damien: The concept of AoA is a flawed one. People should think of their interests with fluidity.

FA: Do you have a type of boy? Any particular hair colours, skin colours, physical attributes, face shapes?

Damien: As with the AoA inquiry I am fluid in my interests.

FA: Do you think being a boylover means one must have a sexual desire for boys, or can it be a purely emotional attraction?

Damien: There is neither a ceiling or a floor to attraction. It does not have to be any one thing.

FA: You're a boylover, and you've obviously been one for a pretty long time. Would I be correct to assume you've learned a few things in handling your attraction that you might be able to share with the younger boylovers?

Damien: Yes. Don't get old. Haha.

On a serious note, I do not think of myself as a model to look up to, and maybe that outlook of myself keeps me aspiring to be a better person so I take my stability for-granted. I do not know how 'younger BoyLover' specific this will be: no matter how old you are or how new you are to the community you will have a better time of things if you stand up for what *you believe in* as much what *others believe in*. Constantly re-evaluate yourself and do not take anything too seriously.

FA: What type of person do you think you are?

Damien: I wish that I knew. Perhaps The Observer Effect prevents anyone from having extremely accurate answers. If I *must* state something, hmm.. I would say that I am a person that is not afraid to be wrong so that I can be more receptive to new adventures.

FA: As a person who takes pride in writing their contributions to good quality, do you like reading too?

Damien: I do enjoy reading though I am not the type to sit down with a book. That said, running up to the day that the last Harry Potter book was released, having never read any of them, I sat down and read all of them from the first to last in about 6 days.

FA: Have you ever had any experience with the legal system related to your attractions to children?

Damien: I do not have first hand experience. I have always kept to myself and have done my best to live simply.

FA: Do you think any of the chronophilias are caused exclusively by genetic factors, or are

environmental factors of significant importance too?

Damien: It is generally believed that sexual preference is mixture of genetic and environmental factors. I do not believe that it matters; we have all arrived, bound by the ignorance of the unyielding pack and most desperate parts in our throbbing flesh.

"Most things in life can be prevented if you can speculate on what can go wrong in advance, like, having a spare tire for your vehicle. I'll say this much: if you know you have a spare tire only a fool would hit as many potholes as he could."

FA: Do you believe that paedophilia, or boylove, should be legally recognised as a sexuality?

Damien: I believe that it is ridiculous that sexualities have such inherent emphasis placed on them that they even factor into rule of law and moral decency.

FA: Do you think that parents over-protect their children in current society, or would you say they're too care-free about what their children do?

Damien: This question is parent specific isn't it? I cannot provide much insight here.

FA: If you had free reign to run a school of little kids (between ages 4 and 10) for a day, what would you do?

Damien: Suppose I would encourage a day away from structure and expectations, to day-dream without screens or internet, to interact with one another on a visceral level in this ever-so-increasing world of passive communication.

FA: What do you think of the debate between labels? Paedophile/Boylover/MAP?

Damien: I think the reality is that it is a non-debate. This question goes beyond labels. It is more an issue of semantics rather than true differences.. When sensibilities *do* collide, how people handle them is what truly defines them – a label does not define or identify anyone really – what person wants to be reduced down to a single word known as a label? Though, it can be safer and easier to push new and uncomfortable ideas away by clinging to labels, where embracing other perspectives can require care outside of personal comfort zones to identify and sympathize with them, and if you believe you are a label you are not doing yourself many favors. Labels are safe when they do not carry expectations, but what label can do that? It is up to each person to divest themselves when it comes to working with and understanding labels.

7 Reasons Why 2019 Was The Most Shocking Year Of My Life

By Noah

Hello, Ethos readers.

My nickname is Noah, and I am going to share with you my first story for Ethos.

This year was, by far, the most shocking and most relevant year of my not-so-long life so far. I am 20 years old, and my story begins way back in my childhood, but I am not going to write about that. I will tell you about this year, 2019, and all the important things that happened.

▲ First: this is the year that I first found Ethos magazine and your community. Before I'd started surfing the internet and looking for boylove communities, I found an interesting video on YouTube. It was a TED Talk about a student that loves young girls. That was the first time I'd found somebody talking about the subject in front of a big audience. I won't talk too much about the reaction of people, you can watch the video and read comments for yourself. I like that at least someone started talking about the problems that boylovers/girllovers are facing in everyday life. Here is the link to the video:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VbQaC_8QuWk

▲ The second major thing that happened to me this year was finding out about International Boylove Day. Held twice a year, once in summer and the second time in winter. This December 22 will be my first time lighting a blue candle, and I can't wait to be part of that synergy. To be one step closer to community that I belong to. :)

▲ Third reason why this year has been one of the most important in my life is because I dropped one university course, and started a different one; one I will actually enjoy committing my life to.

▲ Fourth, my best friend told me something I never thought could happen. He told me that he is gay! That was first time anybody told me something like this. Knowing my own sexuality, this was even more

important to me. This was the moment I saw a possible friend who could understand my feelings. I live in a small European country, and here, being gay is still a taboo, and not to mention about being a boylover. Him telling me something like this was very brave.

▲ Fifth is that I fell in love with one of my close friends. I mean, I've liked him for a long time, but this is the first time I felt actual love for him! He is the brother of my best (female) friend. Nobody knows about my feelings for him, but he might be aware of something. I am not sure. Falling in love with him is important because it was the first time I have ever fallen in love with somebody that is older than 13! He is 15 years old. Yeah, still 5 years younger than me, but I feel like I am not going to lose my interest in him even after he grows up!

What is IBLD?

IBLD is a boylover's day to celebrate their interests, traditionally by lighting a blue candle.

Want to know more?
Head on down to pages 48 and 49.

△ **As a sixth reason**, I will say all the smaller things that happened. Things like getting driver's license, finding a job, helping my brother to move in with his wife in a new apartment. I am saving reason number seven for the most important thing.

But before that, I will tell you about my search for help in one of the psychological institutions of my hometown. I went there to talk to someone about my feelings, because I was getting more and more depressed and I just had to talk to someone. In some of the later Ethos issues, I will write about my experience with psychologists. I didn't get the help I was searching for, because I didn't have any trust in people working there even though they were psychologists. I even gave them fake name and surname when applying for help, so I had an easy way out if I was not any longer interested in their "help".

△ **Reason number seven** of why this was by far the most relevant year of my life is that, for the first time, I told my best friend about my feelings! Yup. I seized the opportunity when he told me about his own sexuality and I shared one of the most intimate parts of my soul with him. I took a long walk, and told him that I fell in love with a 15-year-old boy, and I told him about even younger boys that I like. If I wrote about that conversation, it would be twice as long as everything I've wrote so far, so I will save that for a separate submission to give it the attention it deserves.

So this was a little introduction of myself and a summary of the year behind me. I was very happy finding out about Ethos, and even happier knowing that there is a fighting force trying to introduce boylovers to the world in a different light than the stereotypical prejudices. If I look back at the beginning of 2019, I can say that we are still in the "dark ages" for people of our community, but also that things *are* going somewhere. The world is changing. The world we are leaving behind each day is also not the same as today, and tomorrow, and day after tomorrow!

Happy holidays to everyone, and I hope 2020 will be the year of love and understanding for the people so desperately in need these days.

Cheers!
-Noah



COOPERATION: Boys, their inattention and energy to spend.

ADHD ATTENTION DEFICIT HYPERACTIVITY DISORDER

By Junni

I am interning as a psychology resident in a clinic that receives children who have psychological problems and stay in or go to orphanages. Thinking about our involvement with and love of boys, I decided to write a series of articles about boys' behavior and how we can identify disorders in our children and YFs and thus help them and their families lead a better life.

An orphanage social worker couldn't understand what was going on with Rayke, then 4 years old. She says the boy seemed to live in a moon world, that he didn't pay attention to the most basic things. When watching football games on TV, he would forget the name of your favourite team or player within seconds. At school, he was having trouble getting literate. His lack of organization in remembering or doing daily tasks was noticed by friends, caregivers, and teachers. In search of an answer to the problem, the social worker decided to take the boy to a doctor.

After a lengthy consultation came a diagnosis: Rayke suffered from ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder), a neurobiological problem of genetic origin.

It is normal for children to occasionally forget their homework, daydream during class, act without thinking, or get restless at the dinner table. But inattention, impulsiveness, and hyperactivity are also signs of Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder, ADHD.

ADHD affects children and adolescents and can continue into adulthood. ADHD is a mental disorder and is most commonly diagnosed in children.

The signs and symptoms of ADHD usually appear before age seven, during the early years of school, when the child begins to have problems with attention and focus. However, it may be difficult to distinguish between attention deficit disorder and normal "child behavior". If you identify only a few signs, or if symptoms appear only in some situations, it is

probably not ADHD. On the other hand, if your child has several ADHD signs and symptoms present in all situations - at home, at school, and during play - then it is time to take a closer look.

When people think of ADHD, they imagine an uncontrolled child in constant motion, jumping off the walls and interrupting everyone around them. Wrong! This is not the only possible expression of ADHD. Some children with the disorder are hyperactive, while others are quiet - with attention miles away. Others put too much focus on one task and have a hard time switching to another. Some are only slightly inattentive but overly impulsive.

The three main features of ADHD are inattention, hyperactivity and impulsiveness. The signs and symptoms of a child with the disorder depend on which characteristics predominate.

ADHD treatment requires medication. If started in childhood, when the brain is still in the formation phase, the patient may reverse the problem. In adults, the drug works only to manage the main symptoms: inattention, hyperactivity and impulsivity - which may appear in isolation or in combination, and generally make it impossible for patients to perform a series of daily tasks. Studies show that only a quarter of untreated patients, for example, can complete college. About 40% are expelled from schools.

When Rayke arrived at the doctor's office, I soon noticed his uneasiness and inattention to things around me and what I was asking, things like the names of animals and objects in photos. It was after the medication was prescribed that the boy started to eat twice a day. According to Simone there were some side effects in the beginning, such as stomach ache and lack of appetite. However, the improvement was rapid and significant.

"In a month, school performance and grades improved a lot. We also noticed that he started to pay attention to what we were talking about," says the

social worker.

According to Marco Antonio Arruda, professor of neurology at USP (University of São Paulo), the biggest problem in treating ADHD is the lack of knowledge. "Most carriers don't know they have it," he explains, and this can reach adulthood. Parents and caregivers think that as they were inattentive or restless as children, it is normal for their child to be inattentive or restless as well.

ADHD sufferers who do not receive proper treatment can face a number of lifelong difficulties as it is not uncommon to be labelled for their symptoms. Sufferers of the disorder are often called irresponsible, aggressive, or inattentive. This is actually a problem that can be treated with medication and, in some cases, with the help of therapy.

The doctor, however, is keen to point out that not all children or adults with these behaviors suffer from ADHD

Just because a child has symptoms of inattention, impulsivity, or hyperactivity, it does not mean that they have ADHD. Certain medical conditions, psychological disorders, or even stressful life events, can cause ADHD-like symptoms. Before an accurate diagnosis of ADHD can be made, it is important that you consult a mental health professional, or a psychologist, to explore and rule out some possibilities such as:

- * Other learning problems, or reading, writing, motor skills or language problems.

- * Major life events or traumatic experiences (eg recent movement, death of a loved one, intimidation, divorce).

- * Psychological disorders including anxiety, depression, and bipolar disorder.

- * Behavioral disorders such as conduct disorder and oppositional defiant disorder.

- * Medical conditions including thyroid problems, neurological conditions, epilepsy and sleep disorders.

Understanding ADHD

ADHD is a problem of genetic origin. It is caused by changes in the frontal region of the brain and its connections. This area of the brain is responsible for self-control, memory, organization, planning, and the ability to pay attention. Although this is not well-known, the problem affects about 4% of the Brazilian population, according to data from ABDA (Associação Brasileira do Déficit de Atenção, or Brazilian Association of Attention Deficit).

Check out the most common problems faced by a child who has ADHD:

- * Cannot pay close attention to detail or makes careless mistakes in work.
- * Does not follow instructions until necessary and does not finish school duties.
- * Becomes distracted by stimuli and forgets to perform daily activities.
- * Frequently moves their hands, feet, or their chair.
- * Runs on one side, gets out of place in the classroom, or climbs too high on things in inappropriate situations.
- * Appears to be not listening when talking directly to them.
- * Always going fast, having difficulty participating in calmer games or leisure activities.
- * Avoids, dislikes, or unwillingly engages in tasks that require prolonged mental effort.
- * Has difficulty organizing tasks and activities.
- * Regularly loses necessary or important things.
- * Speaks excessively or answers questions hastily before they are finished.
- * Has extreme difficulty waiting their turn.



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"Some children with the disorder are hyperactive, while others are quiet - with attention miles away. Others put too much focus on one task and have a hard time switching to another. Some are only slightly inattentive but overly impulsive."

If your child's symptoms of inattention, hyperactivity, and impulsiveness are due to ADHD, they can cause many problems if left untreated. Children who cannot concentrate and control themselves may have difficulties at school, get into frequent problems, and find it difficult to get along with others or make friends. These frustrations and difficulties can lead to low self-esteem as well as friction and stress for the whole family.

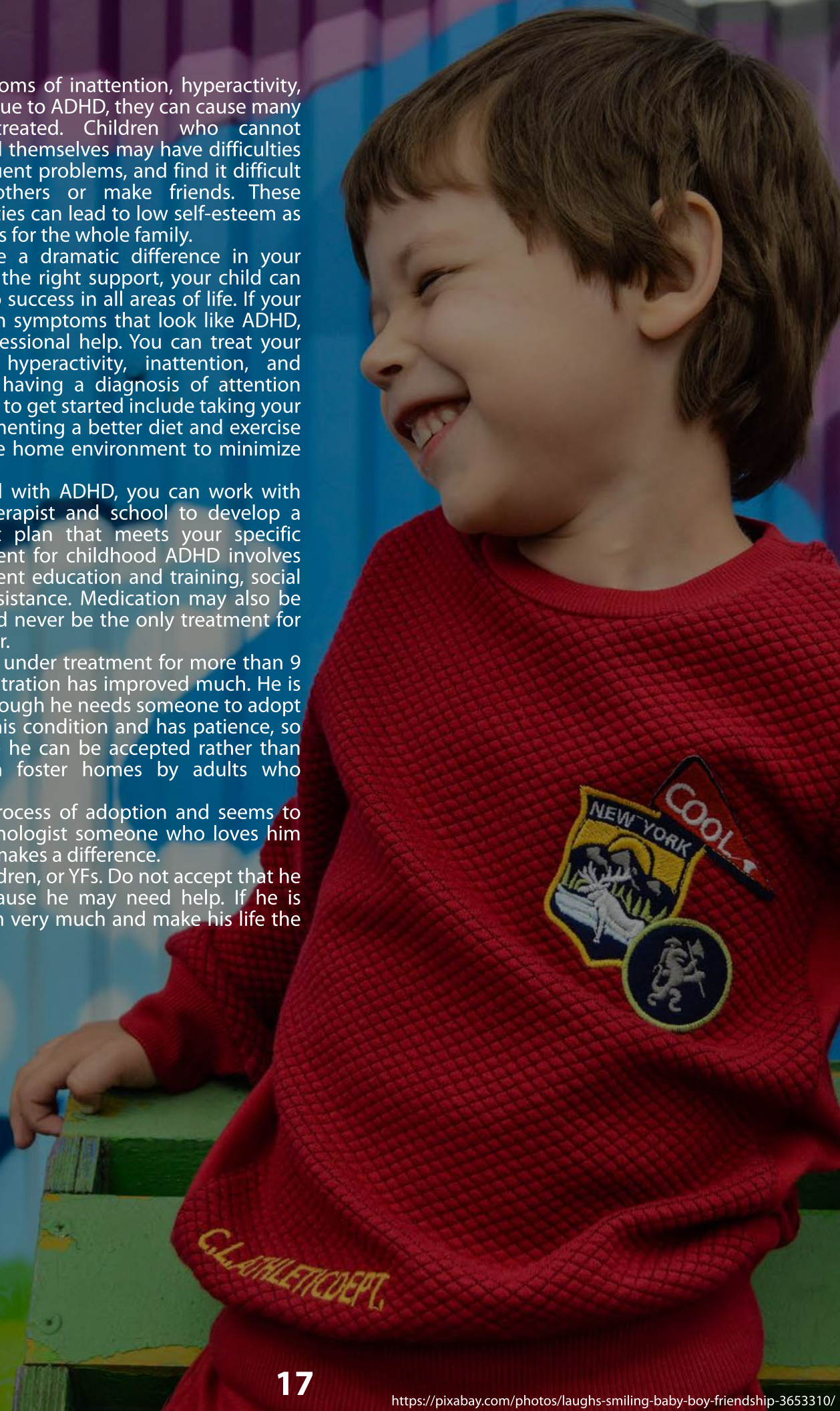
Treatment can make a dramatic difference in your child's symptoms. With the right support, your child can get on the right path to success in all areas of life. If your child has problems with symptoms that look like ADHD, don't wait to seek professional help. You can treat your child's symptoms of hyperactivity, inattention, and impulsiveness without having a diagnosis of attention deficit disorder. Options to get started include taking your child to therapy, implementing a better diet and exercise plan, and modifying the home environment to minimize distractions.

If you are diagnosed with ADHD, you can work with your child's doctor, therapist and school to develop a personalized treatment plan that meets your specific needs. Effective treatment for childhood ADHD involves behavioral therapy, parent education and training, social support, and school assistance. Medication may also be used; However, it should never be the only treatment for attention deficit disorder.

Now 5 years old and under treatment for more than 9 months, Rayke's concentration has improved much. He is calmer in everything, though he needs someone to adopt him who understands his condition and has patience, so that throughout his life he can be accepted rather than being sent back from foster homes by adults who couldn't help him.

Rayke is in a new process of adoption and seems to have found in his psychologist someone who loves him and understands what makes a difference.

Know your child, children, or YFs. Do not accept that he is simply different because he may need help. If he is really different, love him very much and make his life the best it can.



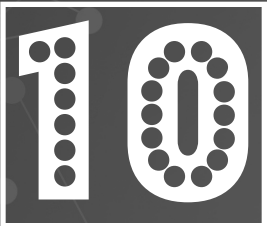
Boy Music Holiday Buzz

By Skeeter



reetings, lovers of boy music artists, this is your very own DJ Skeeter from WIRED-PM Radio buzzing in with a very special Christmas/Holiday countdown exclusively for Ethos magazine.

Yes, of course, we all love a classic Christmas carol. "Silent Night", "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas", and "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree" are just a few examples of some traditional family favorites that have stood the test of time. Yet, when a young boy artist sings his heart out to a Christmas song, it adds that extra touch of magic. So hold on tight as we take a sleigh ride through time while checking out the fantastic music that truly jingles our bells.



Warm and Fuzzy Billy Gilman

Debut: October 17, 2000
YouTube views: 800K+
Sales: 500K (Classic Christmas album)

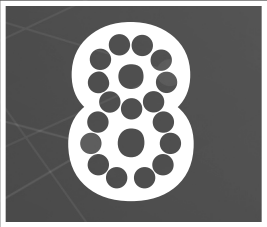
The countdown starts off "Warm and Fuzzy" literally with a ditty from talented country artist, 12-year-old, Billy Gilman. Right on the heels of his debut album "One Voice" came his "Classic Christmas." Quite the way to kick off the first year of the new millennium, Billy. The second track "Warm and Fuzzy" begins the countdown.



What Christmas Means To Me Hanson

Debut: November 18, 1997
YouTube views: 800K+
Sales: 1.9M (Snowed In album)

Released in November of 1997 in an "MMMbop" after their huge record "Middle Of Nowhere" came this Christmas classic. This "meaningful" tune was powered by lead vocals from 12-year-old Zac Hanson. From the Tulsa, Oklahoma trio of brothers album "Snowed In" there truly was something special about this time of year.



Santa Claus Is Coming To Town Carson Lueders

Debut: December 9, 2016
YouTube views: 1.1M+

During the Christmas season of 2016, fifteen-year-old Carson Lueders (pronounced Leaders) from Spokane, Washington, got his dance moves on and put a modern spin on the standard "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town."



Christmas Love Johnny Orlando

Debut: December 22, 2013
YouTube views: 1.5M+

A true gift for the Christmas season of 2014 came from Mississauga, Ontario, Canada's own 11-year-old Johnny Orlando, who warmed hearts all over with his cover of the Justin Bieber song "Christmas Love."



(I'm Gettin') Nuttin' For Christmas
Barry Gordon

Debut: Christmas 1955
YouTube views: 2M+
Sales: 1M+

Way back in the Christmas season of 1955, the novelty Christmas song "(I'm Gettin') Nuttin' For Christmas" was written by Sid Tepper and Roy C. Bennett. It appeared on Billboard's pop charts by five different artists. The highest-charting of the five recordings was released by Art Mooney and His Orchestra along with 6-year-old Barry Gordon as lead vocalist. Barry's version peaked at #6 and became a million-seller.



All I Want For Christmas
MattyB

Debut: December 2010
YouTube views: 3M+

In December of 2010, 7-year-old MattyB along with Julia Sheer and Tyler Ward scored a big hit rapping along to Mariah Carey's 1994 classic "All I Want For Christmas." This was one of first of many mega hits to come from Matthew Morris from Duluth, Georgia.



If Everyday Was Christmas
Cruz Beckham

Debut: December 16, 2016
YouTube views: 4.3M+

The Christmas season of 2016 had some added kick when Cruz Beckham, 11-year old son of former English professional footballer, David scored a jolly big hit with the original song "If Everyday Was Christmas." Being a kid that has a heart of gold along with golden singing pipes, Cruz donates all the money from his song to various charities.



Carol Of The Bells
Libera

Debut: November 23, 2011
YouTube views: 8.1M+

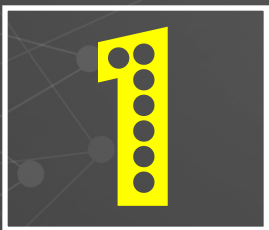
The Christmas season of 2011 was especially blessed with an album by those angels in white robes, the boy choir from South London, Libera. The third track "Carol Of The Bells" from "Libera: The Christmas Album" is an ethereal arrangement that rises above all other versions.



I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus
Jackson 5

Debut: October 15, 1970
YouTube views: 22M+

The holidays in 1970 had a whole new groove for the new decade. Young Michael Jackson turned in one of his most joyous early performances, which is saying a lot given the ebullience quotient of his other Jackson 5 offerings.



Mistletoe
Justin Bieber

Debut: October 17, 2011
YouTube views: 363M
Digital Sales: 1.1M

Baby, you have come a long way. There is something to be said for an original holiday jam that's equal parts pop perfection and Christmas cheer. Without further ado, here is the best original Christmas anthem from any artist young or old, perfect for shaking things up any festive season.

So, that is the countdown of the all-time most popular Christmas/Holiday music from boy artists. Ho, Ho, hoping it brought back a fond memory or created new ones for you. I also do hope you enjoyed this article and found it useful. Thank you so very much for reading.

Keep your ears open and when you hear a buzz, that means quality music is on the way from WIRED-PM Radio. That or you better grab your biggest swatter because a swarm of skeeters may be coming down your chimney.

Have a Merry Christmas/Happy Holidays!
Yours, DJ Skeeter (WIRED-PM Radio)



The Commercialization Of Christmas

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<https://www.flickr.com/photos/jdg32373/8585158899/>

In my city I go to a local Walmart, and the Christmas trees are out and decorated, Christmas decorations are on sale, Santa statues are out and surrounded by festively wrapped gift boxes. There are even some classic Christmas tunes playing on the loudspeakers. You may ask what the problem with this is. Well, my problem with that is...

IT'S SEPTEMBER!

Not anywhere near Christmas.

That really did happen this year. It seems that the Christmas spirit takes hold of merchandisers earlier and earlier each year. And that to me, is disturbing. I am not a religious person by any means. However, I do believe that holidays such as Christmas and Easter are sacred holidays; ones that are to be revered and not commercialized.

I can remember a time, decades ago, when I was just a young boy. Christmas was about being with family and friends. It was certainly filled with its religious connotations as well. But it was not as nearly about the acquisition of "stuff" as it is now.

Nowadays, everyday is a sale day at every store. On certain days, you take your personal safety into your hands by going out to buy the latest electronic gadget for your kids. We have drifted away from the traditional meaning of the holiday and replaced it with how much stuff can be bought, and how deep the discounts are.

Now, as I said I am not a religious person, but many are. My grandmother was a very religious woman who, if she were to see the state of things regarding Christmas today, would shudder in disgust. I may not have followed my grandmother's religious path, but I respected her views.

Start with Black Friday; the day after America's Thanksgiving Day. This is one of the busiest shopping days of the season. And, it can actually get deadly. I have seen and read reports of people actually being trampled to death while trying to get into a store as soon as it opens on Black Friday. Even more people have suffered some pretty severe injuries. All in the name of participating in a holiday tradition where everybody absolutely HAS to be there as soon as the store opens so that they can get the best deals on gifts for friends and family.

Me? The last time I was in a store on a Black Friday was when I worked in the retail industry. I was witness, first hand to how ordinary, everyday people change and behave when it comes to the Christmas shopping season. I even saw people get into physical fights over the last hottest toy on the shelf. After I left the industry in 1990, I vowed I would not return. Even after I left, I would still not venture inside of a store like Walmart during the shopping season because it is just so insane. Angry people, whining kids, long lines, mean and agitated cashiers. No thanks, you can keep it.

I'll buy my Christmas gifts over the summer.

We have drifted away from the traditional meaning of the holiday and replaced it with how much stuff can be bought, and how deep the discounts are.





Boy Next



DOOR

By Zoomzoom4

Part 3



he elementary school was five or six blocks from our apartment complex. The first time we went there was the first time I was allowed to take him somewhere, for us to leave the apartment grounds and get to spend time together just the two of us.

The most important aspect of me and him leaving the premises together for an outing was that it was just me and Mike. A man and a boy. Best friends. Inseparable.

Walking down the street with my new best friend, talking and laughing with him, was such a rewarding experience. The sheer exhilaration of being in love with a small boy, and having the opportunity to develop our friendship and spend all the time necessary to bond with him.

We had each other's full attention. For that day, there was nobody else on Earth except for me and this pre-teen boy. An adult male and a male child, doing a careful and intricate dance of relationship-building, both of us fully immersed in the intoxicating experience of being together. A man and a boy high on each other.

The reason we wanted to go to the schoolyard was to play soccer. We couldn't really play at the apartment grounds because of the close quarters of the doors and windows of the neighbors. The soccer ball would sometimes go flying perilously close to a neighbor's window, or near a neighbor's head as they were walking out into the courtyard.

The schoolyard gave us the exact opposite problem. It was so vast that for only two people to play one-on-one soccer was ridiculous. So that's why initially we only played half-field, since it was exhausting to be running around a field which was in fact made for

baseball.

I brought two water bottles, one for each of us, and we got so thirsty that we'd refill them in the outdoor water fountains of the school, which were old and yellowed from the 1960s and rusty but still worked.

That's when he wanted to climb up onto the overhead awning, to then climb onto the branch of the nearby tree. Next thing I knew he was above me walking on some questionable wooden planks which squeaked with each step of his basketball shoes.

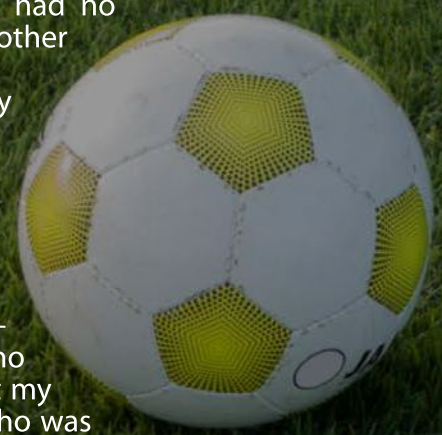
The average reader might typically wonder what all this running, jumping and climbing was all about. My answer: that should be expected when your best friend is a 10-year-old boy. And why would a grown man want to spend all his time with a young boy? Only a non-boylover would ever ask that question.

As we were playing soccer one-on-one across this wide field, a little boy of about five or six came running onto the grass. We both stopped and looked at him and Mike laughed because he saw that it was a kid he knew, and the boy's mom was there, grinning at the proceedings because she knew her son wanted to play.

"This is Johnson," Mike said to me, acknowledging that I had no idea who these other people were.

Johnson clearly wanted to join the game so I shrugged and said, "Okay me and Johnson can play against Mike."

Now I was teamed with a tow-headed 6-year-old blond boy who I had just met, against my number one friend, who was promising to "Mop up the floor" against me and Johnson.



As the first kick was made by Mike, opposed by Johnson and Mike went running back after, Johnson took a roll like a doodle-bug and sat up and barked in his high-pitched warble, "I'm wungry!"

That's when his mom called him over and they both waved goodbye. Mike and I looked at each other and laughed because Johnson was such a kind of silly kid. His funny way of talking became what we then called "Johnson Language."

"What's with us?" Mike asked, as we both jumped onto the baseball cage fence to climb it.

"We're both a couple of monkeys," I said, climbing the chain-link fence with him as we both laughed at our seeming willingness to climb any- and every-thing. But I fell back as he kept climbing, and I looked up watching this kid determined to go over the fence and to climb down the other side.

"That is such a boy," I thought to myself, watching my friend act so boyish and so 10. I looked up as he straddled over the top, and thought at the same time both that he was pretty high up there and that maybe I should have been trying to climb it with him.

Yet my time of importance came when he was finishing the climb, because his hands were very tired and he was literally about to fall off the fence. I took his little sneakered feet and put them in the holes of the chain-link fence to give him solid footing as he climbed down, because otherwise they were dangling and looking for some solid place.

"You're like just the ruler of the fifth grade playground," I said, smiling at him as if he was totally the man like that.

He smiled back and held up four fingers and said, "fourth grade."

I found that to be one of the very most charming moments I've ever had with any young friend, not only correcting me about his lower grade but holding up the four fingers to count (fourth grade) like a little boy would do. And while he was a "little boy" as in being age 10, he was old enough to qualify in his mind as an equal and legitimate friend to an adult male like me.

I wanted to make sure he knew that I would never dismiss him as "just a kid," and treated him not as a little boy that I knew from being neighbors but as a true and genuine person who I was building a real friendship with.

He didn't have to try to act more mature when he was with me, he could be as "kid"-ish as he wanted and I accepted him that way, and I could do the "kid"-ish things with him while still remaining firmly footed in grown-up land.

An example of that is when he climbed up to the roof of the school, using the awning above the water fountain. I jumped up and grabbed the beam to pull myself over and onto the roof, as he had done. He was smiling broadly at me as I climbed onto the roof and stood up. In his mind it was like having a same-age friend who just happened to be a 20-something-year-old adult.

On my part, knowing how strict his step-dad was, I

worried about what he would think about me and Mike being on the roof of a government building. If we both got in trouble for it, perhaps by someone seeing it and reporting us, I could imagine that our friendship would be over. His parents would never let me see him again. Or at least not for a very long time.

While I was silently fretting over the possibility of us being forcibly unfriended (so to speak), he was busy picking up pebbles and stones from the rooftop.

"What are you doing?" I asked, and he grabbed my hand and moved it right to his crotch.

No, not "there" – although for a second I wondered – but to the right pocket in his board shorts. It was a small bulge, filled with little pebbles. He wanted me to feel them.

"Let's see if we can hit the bottles," he said, pointing at the near-empty plastic bottles we brought. They were side-by-side on the picnic table nearby, as we had left them when we were sitting there.

Now we stood next to each other looking across the way at them. Mike took a pebble out of his pocket and thrust it toward the table. He missed by a long shot, as I told him using those exact same words. I didn't have any rocks to throw so he reached into his other pocket and gave me a small handful.

"You won't hit it," he said. I threw the rock and the bottle fell.

"Oh! In your face," I taunted, knowing what a competitive boy he was.

"Yeah right," he said, reaching into his pocket for a pebble, "you're going down." He threw the rock and hit the other bottle.

I laughed, impressed. He was better than I thought.

We then found other targets to aim for, and when he was out of rocks we climbed back down. I was relieved to get him off that school roof.

We still had about 30 minutes until he had to be home, so we were just hanging out on the bench talking, when suddenly he got up and started climbing the nearby tree. He jumped up pretty high to grab the lowest branch and then pulled himself up. "Come on, come climb with me."

Marveling at what an active and energetic young friend I had, I took a running start toward the tree and jumped to grab the branch. Struggling to pull myself up, and wondering why the hell I was trying to climb a tree at my age, looking up at the boy's bright smiling face gave me the answer.

I would do anything to be able to spend time with this boy. I couldn't get enough of my 10-year-old best friend, and wanted to spend every minute of every day with him.

JiWo, makil, kered, bolding, Jimmy5659, Lazz, Laetus, Staaf, vik266, Happy Camper, Paazin, maven, trunky, Buddy Christ, Benjamin Boy, Taapui, Yossel, rebellee, JC, Fashion Boys, bighbwaves, sfturman, boylover_man, Preparatoryschoolboy, rmm, Boxer, SoS, Go.Go.Go,Johnny, Chippie, luthien, Skatewave, bietje23, perry mason, Anynomouse, BastianDB, GayBoi89, Oldguy, krkxx, Hamster, Nicki, SadMan, edward bear, bcbylvr, aminkor, Jona, Draco_NL, lilsexy, Jeff04, ratsorizzo, billyboy123, Spy2ca2, gollum, Dr_Angelicus, LND, Mr Bolo, pita, muscleboy982, denbl, Waitzkin, mayonesa, YoungGuy2442, Othan Silverter,



A Review

Part 1

gamehunter777, yankee101489, Gimabry, Ashley, boyhunter12, Dany, calvin, yearning to, Space.ace, CampDad, lavaguy1234, MoonWalker, dante, Boysrmine, Teddybeer, brinkadeira, figjam1990, RIrlick, Galvatron 2005, youwish123, aaronwesley, icarobrasil, andy_ref09, Bookworm, Yunalesca, armpit, bfddc, Toxicrain, Johnny, WinglessBird, octanito, Kuifje, Maverich, Draken82, stash, Tomoki Himi Neo, poster, The Counsellor, kayy911, matty123, AnemicFairy, Alex83, miles, Ganymede, christopherson, a-rock, sommertag, jimmy_the_third, Rushe, GoodIntentions, GuardianAngelz, Bento, BoyFANatic, fabioml, Deere1, mighty, LankyLuke,

Introduction

BoyLover.net, perhaps one of the most well-known boylove boards to exist. It was started in 2002 by LostBoy, and ran for nearly eight years before it was shut down by law enforcement as part of Operation Rescue in 2009. The site had over 80,000 members, and operated as a legal discussion forum for boylovers to talk of their feelings and to gain mutual support.

For many people, BoyLover.net was a home and a safe haven where they could get the support society refused to give. There were international forums with languages ranging from Russian to Italian. Until 2006 the minimum age requirement for membership was as low as 12 years old, a little controversial for a website discussing sexual attraction to minors. They changed that due to the problems that were being caused by underage members, or rather by adults pretending to be underage, but the board continued to operate as a legal discussion forum.

When BLN was taken down as part of a collaborative effort between 13 different countries, a lot of boylovers were effectively made homeless. Many were never heard from again, while others have slowly made their way back months or even years later. New boards were created to replace BLN, but none really could.

There's a lot to learn about what BLN was. This part of the review will focus primarily on the legal side of things, starting with how the police discovered BoyLover.net and how their investigation grew over time. Following from that, some memories of the site originally published by former BLN members in Modern Boylover Magazine.

Why am I doing this? As a lesson, to every boylover out there, that even the safest of places are only as safe as the individuals who use it.

Note: This is part one of potentially many, more of which will be posted in a future issue of Ethos once I have gathered more information on BoyLover.net's culture and the way the site operated. I don't know how many parts there will be, BLN's culture and operations are not a clear-cut thing. There's so much that I've yet to learn that it would be unreasonable for me to say "there are exactly this many parts."

Need4Speed, Prometheus, damien65, sky, Boyscents, woolfy72, Master of Puppets, Ander, altersachse, Cyborg, Cathetus, Xaman-Ek, shyguy, RusskieTiger, jigger, Abraxas, Dyna, chat85ter, -=Troy=-, nellybelly, SeanRyan24, Dream Caster, UNREAL2005, Joshua Kanter, SimbaLion, Rock, Patrizier, Mark77, Drew, DunDeeJay, richierich, iebidan, littlekronk, ColdFusion, WikidJuggalo101, Jay1234L, shorty45, wayneski999, ELP, codeman667, melk, in-limboy, riverboy, freakdmighty, skwerg, Marius130271, Harrison, neko, kaosc, Geir Rand, merlinboy, cp19, juan blue, Alexandre Motier, boyfriendz, sportswearfan, Stitch, Twelveagain, minuvtcr,

The Legal Story

Disclaimer: All information given here was acquired via online public sources or from people involved with the investigation. As I don't have access to police records, information may be incorrect partially or fully. One should perform their own research if they wish to verify information or learn more.

Note 1: There are no names of people included in this part. Not even names of law enforcement officials. If you're that interested in knowing people's identities, do your own research because I won't tell you.

The investigation into BoyLover.net started in February 2007. While details are difficult to come by, British police were looking for two suspects who had fled Britain. They were later found in Spain, but the forum they were noted to regularly visit also caught their attention. Even after the arrests of these two, police interest in the site continued. It is understood that these arrests should be considered as the first of Operation Rescue, headed by Britain's CEOP (Child Exploitation and Online Protection Command).

At the same time, authorities in Australia received a tip off from "another government department" about a child pornography exchange group that might be operating in New South Wales. As a result of this, The police in New South Wales work with the AFP (Australian Federal Police) to initiate Strike Force Pymont. This operation focuses on a group of six men, and does not target BLN directly. It is through this operation that Australia learns of BLN, and also of British interest in the site. In October, AFP officially joins Operation Rescue.

In December, Strike Force Pymont came to a close. The 11-month investigation results in nine arrests, including all six who were originally flagged back in February. The operation uses some 59 detectives, a rather high number for such a small operation. Some of these arrests include an admin and other staff of the lesser-known boylove forum BLAUNZ (BoyLovers in Australia and New Zealand). Without doubt, their usernames were also traced to BLN. At this point in time, both Australian and British law enforcement agencies have infiltrated BLN.s

During February 2008, the CEOP sends data to the Royal Thai Police regarding some potentially ongoing activities in their country. This information is largely left to collect dust for some months, but it is used later in the year. It is likely that police in Thailand are busy, as the country was already well-known as a paedophile's haven in 2008. Pattaya was often target for paedophiles wishing to have sex with Thai boys, and numerous arrests of foreigners happened there on a

regular basis.

Moving swiftly on to June, authorities in the U.S. learn the identities of some suspected offenders who are using BLN. In order to investigate these properly, ICE (Immigrations and Customs Enforcement) joins the ever-growing Operation Rescue. There is nothing as-of-yet known of the members who were identified during this period.

In October 2008, a member of BLN makes an admission during a therapy session. This admission is later reported to the AFP, who promptly begin Operation Caledon. Their first target is this person, as his admissions include contact-offences in foreign countries. Their investigation soon grows to cover a few people, including a disgruntled admin of BLN and another member the AFP considers important. This disgruntled admin will later become quite the pain in BLN's backside, unknowingly of course.

The primary objective of Operation Caledon is to gather enough information on two specific individuals in order to make prosecution a possibility, however they have a second agenda of collecting information on the site and its operations in order to aid other international investigations. Clearly, the site's mere existence was a threat to the AFP, despite their own admissions that the site itself was "pushing the boundaries but technically not illegal."

AFP officials soon recognise their difficulties in tracking one of their Caledon targets. Through some methods they've not publicly disclosed, they learn enough to identify that this member is using a computer they're not aware of. They acquire a warrant to tap into Skype conversations (take note, Skype users) and listen in to his activities.

Also in the month of October, the total number of participating countries in Operation Rescue increases from a cool four to a less-cool six. The IPCP (Italian Postal and Communications Police) and RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) both join the investigation. Both countries do make arrests out as a result of their involvement, but that'll be covered a little

Mattya, one45, Micky_050, Robson Mattos, bearboy, 420Guy, Terminator, Lucian, ronald10, 1234say1234, Lil Fiend, blm75, marc, Galaxy, jass, Sebastian Melmoth, tinkeywinkey, ItsJustMe, Mihai Tudor, stiev, justoldhappyme, MZ, LostBoy, Brewerboy, johnnyson, Bronco, darthjon, uncutboy, Siegfried, dad, strolch80, Edgar1999, teddy lang, Lillelinus, Elijah Wood, Lurifix, BL.ONE boylover_brasil, realtightstuff, JJChicago, willie, tucker, Tyler_08, Guillaume, gromboy, KennyB, Sharkie, AnakinBoy10, Sonny Jim, shotacon, Dbboy, realitycheck, adar80, robotboy26, Aaron G, Wolfgangau, Johnny9, Prinzz, DarkStar, mustang, AIMboy Advance,

later.

Finally, in November, nearly nine months after receiving the information, Thai's police force initiates Operation Naga. Through the information received from the CEOP back in February, they immediately begin surveillance on upwards of 10 suspects, though only five show evidence of committing any criminal acts.

Early December arrives, and one of the two suspects under surveillance in Operation Caledon is arrested. The AFP suspect he's been actively abusing a boy, but neither the boy nor the suspect cooperate with investigators. The boy holds his story that he isn't being abused, and for now this holds up.

A bit later in December, four people are arrested in Thailand. This is the conclusion of Operation Naga. A fifth was investigated and continually pursued, but they could not find any incriminating evidence and are forced to drop their case on him. One of the four arrested in this operation had already been arrested once in the past five years for exactly what he's being charged with here. He is later "released."

January through to March 2009 turns to be quite an interesting period for the investigators on Operation Caledon. In January, the suspect arrested in December is released on bail. He's allowed to continue on with his life, and this is what he does. Unfortunately, the other suspect is not as cautious as he is.

Skip to mid-March: the Caledon suspect as-of-yet unarrested is discovered in possession of child pornography at a New Zealand airport, some involving the boy that the suspect on bail is accused of abusing. To this man, it doesn't seem to be a big deal. He pays a fine and carries on his way. Later that day, he and the on-bail suspect are both arrested and charged. Neither of them cooperate with law enforcement, however after more pressing the boy allegedly abused cracks and gives evidence against one of the suspects.

Also in March, British police gain access to the account of BLN's British administrator. They are able to identify BLN's server location through this, but their access doesn't last long. A week later, other BLN admins discover the infiltration and cut the CEOP's open-access. Fortunately, not a lot of information was exposed however it was enough for the CEOP to pursue further leads.

There is uncertainty on whether or not the server's location was discovered here, in 2009, or in March 2008. Statements issued by Australia's AFP and Britain's CEOP says March 2008, however the official Europol statement, along with most international media, says March 2009.

At the end of March, another operation begins. This one, a collaborative effort between CEOP, Swedish law enforcement, and Royal Thai Police, is titled Operation

Snapper. It targets the disgruntled admin mentioned earlier. Even though the AFP investigated him, he was not arrested as part of Operation Caledon. It is suspected that information gathered through Caledon was passed on to Thailand's police force to further their investigation.

This operation is quite quick to close, much like Operation Naga. Three people are arrested in May, including this disgruntled admin. He makes a deal with law enforcement to provide information on BLN in exchange for not being prosecuted on the sex-related charges and repatriation to Britain. This is how, in a few months, information on some of BLN's higher members comes into the hands of law enforcement. A document detailing some of the involvement of ICE informs only that the information came from a "reliable source" and doesn't elude as to that source's identity. It does cite Operation Caledon, but only to provide context of the information coming from the AFP. We know this source to be the disgruntled admin arrested back in May.

The source provides information on many avenues, including BLN's owner, second in command, and on various policies the site had. In June, this information allows Holland's Zaanstreek-Waterland Police, and Europol, to join the investigation. It also gives Dutch law enforcement what it needs to secure a search warrant for the BLN server. With this information, the investigation agrees that an international day of action will take place on November 25, 2009. Specifically, Dutch police will execute their search warrant on the BLN server at this date. In various places globally, preparations take place for arrests and raids to occur on that date.

Part of the intentions of this day of action being so well-coordinated is to prevent the server being wiped remotely before they can get to it. The server was custom-built and shipped to the Netherlands, meaning law enforcement knew very little about it. Additionally, it meant that those who operated it were tech-savvy and most likely had the ability to wipe it remotely. For the search warrant to be effective, they'd need to guarantee that the server won't be wiped before they get to it.

At this point in time, we work our way over to the American side of things. Up until now, their involvement hasn't been particularly important. Information they received from the AFP in June gives them a huge advantage, however. Based on this information, ICE contacts a confidential informant and they agree to inform on BLN's second-in-command.

In late July, the suspect "released" following the arrests of Operation Naga is arrested again for exactly the same thing he has been arrested for two times prior. While this isn't relevant to the legal chain

chico, felisex, Steinbeisser, Young biy, thedge40, stff2, dexter77, sotec, bruneau1980, boysliberatingc, DFJ, Huggable61, dome, AnemicFairy, CarlitosBL, Sebas, Slade, Jake T., teenclub, arielp, manuno, Atreyu_Warrior, makako, GayWheel, Boylover_xl, Eniot, yybc, b-love, markf, Jimmyboy7, shaft, Papa_klaus, John., Garfield, SprouseFan, Hawar, JhonnyWalker, benmad, blfranky, Aviador, Mark in FL, paligapjs, gomphey, KidKip, Samir, Joecool4218, Heybabyblues, Trippster, uwearboy193, Kid Icarus, FenixCry, SyD, Duzza, HBO16, keko, tollwood, bottomboy96, Insane, Tonka-Truck, Jean Valjean, lossless, Felagund, lucky-nl, crzyrocker6,

of events that took down BLN, it goes to show that stupidity doesn't reward itself anything. You'd think he'd have learned by the second time, but evidently this isn't the case.

Over the next few months, ICE's informant provides varying pieces of evidence against BLN's second-in-command. This evidence builds up over time, and leads to the first of many arrests in the day of action. November 24, 2009, is when this person is arrested. His arresting being a day before the intended day of action is of no significant consequence, as news of his arrest won't travel that quickly. It does, however, ensure that no one can remotely wipe the server.

November 25 arrives, and numerous arrests are made and raids run. The most important of these are that of BLN's owner and a BoyZoom director raided (but not arrested). In addition to these, the search warrant for the BLN server is executed. As an immediate result, the site is taken offline and the physical server seized. This is the last time that BLN sees daylight.

The aftermath of this is immediate and quick. News of the arrests travels quickly as it's reported across various sites globally. A site in America reports on the arrest of BLN's second-in-command and a BLN mod (providing usernames) while Dutch sites report on that of BLN's owner (without names). A community-wide panic sets in, causing some other sites to close shop in the coming months. BoyZoom is one of those, along with Boyland. After December 2, 2009, BoyZoom ceased to exist as an active board. It was voluntarily shut down by its owners. Boyland was later re-opened, though we're unsure exactly when. Its companion site, Kidsland, was never seen again.

Events after this calmed down significantly. With no investigation into an active site, information gathering on members slowed down. In January of 2010, investigators in Europol (European policing agency), Britain, and Australia all receive a copy of the BLN server. Using this and data gathered during their investigations so far, they steadily work on tracking members of BLN to other sites and making further arrests. It'd be reasonable to assume that other sites were infiltrated during this time for the purpose of suspect tracking, and possibly still are infiltrated.

Arrests slowly get made as time goes forward. Some members who thought they were safe following the takedown turned out not to be quite as safe, as they're arrested in connection with their account on BLN and things said through it.

In March 2011, BLN's owner is sentenced to three and a half years prison on charges regarding a trip he made to Brazil in order to have sex with boys there. While he was initially charged with possession of child pornography, he was not convicted on these charges

or on anything else.

Following his conviction, Europol decides to hold a press conference to make public a large number of details on this operation. These details include the number of international arrests, suspects, children safeguarded, and the number of intelligence reports distributed to numerous worldwide countries.

The conference makes international news, much like BLN's takedown did. Various news agencies are also given names of some people involved, who were previously considered as unrelated to BLN. New news reports are created rehashing old stories, this time with their links to BLN and how they were part of a larger "international paedophile ring."

A presentation given by the Australian Federal Police during the March 2011 press conference suggests that investigators learned of the BLN server's location during March 2008. This is incorrect and conflicts with statements made by Europol and CEOP officials. Information on BLN's server location was not uncovered until at least March 2009, a year later.

The disgruntled admin who provided information back in May 2009 sues The Sun in 2011. During the March 2011 press conference, he claims his name was incorrectly given out and that he was incorrectly branded a paedophile. He wins this suit, but is later sued back in late 2014 when he is convicted on all of the sex crimes he was charged with in Thailand along with new historical offences committed in Britain. He is sentenced to life.

Now, at this point in time there are a few things I must stress: I don't know everything. It's very likely that I've made mistakes in piecing together the events somewhere or another. I've had to rely largely on publicly available stories from media outlets, places that we all know to misrepresent the truth or otherwise bias things.

If you have information you feel I haven't fairly represented or is otherwise incorrect, let me know either via the Ethos contact form or by my Ethos email address: **falsealias [at] ethosonline.net**

This is the first piece of a multi-part report on BLN. My inspiration behind this was primarily to learn from its mistakes, but it appears more that the mistakes weren't BLN's but those of then people in power. Had those people not crossed the legal line, perhaps the site might exist today? Maybe, maybe not.

Are there lessons to be learned? Yes, of course, but there's really only one I wanted to emphasise: do not cross that line. Some of these members thought they would never be discovered, yet they were. With the ever-increasing power of law enforcement, it's not worth the risk.

burnettbum, happyclown789, sonhador, Roderik, Belltower, faashacarp, ashoka, kneblein, LordByron, big_hearted_lug, Matt123, eaglecoke9784, waterjongen, Girlyiet, Raku, brat-1, supertrooper, makavelli, Jimbo2, Filed Minds, Daver, YOUNGBOYS, zodiac, Bong-Bong, Diesel, efebo3:16, Milkman, miklal, tomp, IMRazor2002, EternalBliss, fredfred, fossil, ConfusedEire, kimlarrylarsen, watt, ike14, Studio_br, salut1231, Yvanbleu, bietje, flea, snakebitten, Meant to Fly, Underdog, DavidA.I.Lover, FriendlyWolf, Ajkem Tzj, lovesboys80, Ca9s, dax, peterpan983k, dracnum, Loren, Run5k, iluvbois, boyrific, Dundustin, Crake, Superflea, Popperle,

Known statistics (as of December 2019):

Note: Statistics may be incorrect or inaccurate. As stated at the beginning, I am relying on the Internet and it is not known for its reliability or accuracy. They are also limited by the amount of knowledge I actually know and the resources I have access to. Like above, if you see an incorrect detail then please let me know.

Note: Not all statistics may add up correctly.

Global:

- Arrests: 250
- Suspects identified: 779
- Children safeguarded: 252
- Intelligence reports issued: 4202+
- Countries directly involved: 14 (Australia, Belgium, Canada, Germany, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Netherlands, New Zealand, Poland, Romania, Spain, United Kingdom, United States).

United Kingdom:

- Arrests: 121
- Suspects investigated: 240
- Suspects identified: 371
- Children safeguarded: 60

Ireland:

- Arrests: None.
- Suspects: 12

Scotland:

- Suspects: 15

Australia:

- Arrests: 31
- Safeguarded: 4

Spain:

- Arrests: 17
- Suspects investigated: 460

New Zealand:

- Arrests: 6
- Children safeguarded: 19

United States:

- Arrests: 5

Canada:

- Arrests: 2

Chile:

- Arrests: 4+

Holland:

- Arrests: 2+

Argentina:

- Arrests: 1

France:

- Arrests: 1+

Germany:

- Arrests: None.
- Suspects investigated: 7
- Suspects identified: 377

Some facts that might surprise you:

#1. AFP marked the wrong country.

In 2013, the AFP released a publication that contained an article providing insight into Operation Caledon and their involvement in Operation Rescue. The cover is a global map showing the countries that run operations involving BoyLover.net. On this map, the AFP incorrectly highlights Burma/Myanmar instead of Thailand.

#2. Thailand never joined Operation Rescue.

Despite being involved in numerous investigations associated with BoyLover.net, Thailand never joined Operation Rescue. Their involvement was mostly in cooperation with Australian or British authorities handling natives of each country respectively rather than looking into other Thai residents. During the three year span of Operation Rescue, three smaller operations occurred. Operation Caledon, Operation Naga, and Operation Snapper. All three involved Thailand, and were associated indirectly with BLN and Operation Rescue as they all shared arrested persons at different times. Europol never lists Thailand as a country involved with Operation Rescue.

#3. The BLN server was very clean.

Despite numerous websites claiming the site had child pornography on its server, these claims are untrue. Investigators themselves said the site was clean. This indicates that during their entire time investigating BLN and interrogating their copy of the server, they never found any child pornography. They would've likely taken the site offline in March 2009, when they learned of the server's location, if there was illegal content on it.

#4. Some BLN members let the police in.

Australian officials were required to attain consent from BLN account owners before assuming control of their accounts. They did not create accounts in order to infiltrate BLN, they used already-existing accounts and assumed the identities of existing members. As such, multiple Australian members of BLN *willingly* gave Australian police access to the site. This is likely true of the British side of the investigation too, as a source I communicated with was asked by police ask to use his account during his arrest and detainment. Fortunately, this source did not roll over or consent and the police could not use his account.

quiet boy, rlogan23, tordeal, Matt2, AngelEyes, Merkator, TheRyMage, Haku, Andy Bueno, sharpham04, tyler13, hotboy13, CurioG, les h, uncle bri, dogdish35, dank, BoyReader, Neptune, pandemas, Shikamaru, mtmfrank, Voltaren, stiGma., PiAH, Alex Brenner, boymadrid, blgrandpa, hotboy1981, Diddle, Shanx, BoyAddict, Shotafanboy88, Teetch, bolboaar, svenni134, MaThiAs, stormorphan, herakles, Tider, Lionel Johnson, Diegor18, tijs, zero, Daan, Jikke, IMBoylvr, surferboy, gentil66, Uncrewdbler, Chain_615, boamaster, sharkman, KyleS, Tnrmadness, xerxes1, wonderer, Lauris, DLW, wannabe12, Jesar4ever, Buble gum,

Timeline

February 2007:

- CEOP starts Operation Rescue. They are unaware of the Australian operation.
- AFP starts Strike Force Pymont. They are unaware of the British operation.

October 2007:

- AFP officials working on Strike Force Pymont notice British interest in BoyLover.net and join Operation Rescue. SFP continues.

December 2007:

- Strike Force Pymont concludes, resulting in nine arrests.

February 2008:

- CEOP sends a quantity of data to the Royal Thai Police.

June 2008:

- American agency ICE joins Operation Rescue.

October 2008:

- AFP (Australian Federal Police) begin Operation Caledon.
- Italy and Canada join Operation Rescue.

November 2008:

- Royal Thai Police starts Operation Naga. It is a joint operation with the intelligence recieved from CEOP in February.

December 2008:

- One of the Caledon suspects is arrested in the early portion of the month.
- Operation Naga concludes with four arrests.

January 2009:

- The arrested Caledon suspect is released on bail.

March 2009:

- All suspects investigated in Operation Caledon are arrested.
- CEOP discovers the location of the BoyLover.net server.
- CEOP also gains short-term access to the site via an arrested admin.
- Operation Snapper begins, an effort between CEOP, Swedish authorities, and Royal Thai Police.

May 2009:

- Operation Snapper concludes with three arrests, including that of a former BoyLover.net admin with a grudge. This former admin turns into a source of information for the investigation.

June 2009:

- **New Zealand joins Operation Rescue.**
- The former admin provides a large amount of data to Operation Rescue investigators, including information on BLN's owner, BLN's second-in-command, the server's location, and some incriminating information on various BLN staffers.
- Dutch law enforcement starts investigating BLN's owner.
- ICE starts investigating BLN's second-in-command.
- An international "day of action" is set for November 25, 2009.

October 2009:

- ICE turns a former friend of BLN's second-in-command into a CI and uses them to gather evidence.

November 24, 2009:

- BLN's second-in-command is arrested.

November 25, 2009:

- BoyLover.net is taken offline by a Dutch search warrant.
- BLN's owner is arrested.
- One of the BoyZoom directors is raided (not arrested).

January 2010:

- Europol, CEOP, and AFP receive a copy of the BoyLover.net server.

January 2010 to March 2011:

- Using data gathered throughout their investigation so far, authorities continue making arrests and investigating suspects.

March 2011:

- BLN's owner is convicted and sentenced to 3 and a half years.
- A press conference is held a day after the above conviction, revealing details on Operation Rescue. At the conference, the following statistics are provided: 184 arrests, 670 suspects identified, 230 children safeguarded, and 4202 intelligence reports distributed to 33 countries (25 EU member states, 8 foreign countries).

All images used in this piece are either original creations based on former BLN resources, from BoyPlanet.net, from Modern Boylover Magazine, or from web.archive.org captures of boylover.net.



» Hello, Ethos [log out]

MBM » Issue #8 » Features and Profile » Boylover.net Memories

Author Topic: Boylover.net Memories

Underdog

posted March 21, 2010 12:15 AM



Entertainment Coordinator
Member # 8976

I've been attracted to boys since I was twelve. At the time, I thought that I was gay since the boys were my age. I spent my Jr. High and High School years surfing the net for images of young boys. I watched as websites were there one day and gone the next. The images that I sought out were of the illegal nature so sites didn't last too long. This all changed when I graduated from High School.

I had just started college and was scared at what the world had in store for me. Through a board that is no longer around, I met a friend. This friend introduced me to BoyLover.net. I joined in January 2004 and had no idea what this board would mean to me in the future. As most new members, I joined BoyLover.net for the Gallery. I made my 10 posts and then went to lurking. The greatest thing about the Gallery is that the images posted there were not illegal. So there was a feeling of safety when viewing them. Through the Gallery I made some very close friends and became a frequent poster there.

One day as I went to log on, I noticed that the banner was advertising Moderator positions. I clicked the link, submitted my application, and waited for what I figured would be a "Who are you?" answer. To my surprise I was granted an interview. There I was told that I needed to be more active in other rooms like the Porch. After the interview, I took my first steps into the Porch. That's how a spam whore was born. In all seriousness, going from Gallery lurker to prolific Porch poster changed me. I made friends and connections that I will never forget. I learned to accept myself as a boylover and a person.

My first Moderator gig was, big surprise, a Gallery Moderator. I soon added the Porch and Paperboy to boot. The time that I had with my Senior Moderators and fellow Moderators were some of the best times in my life. It may seem odd to use such a monumental line like that. I'm no stranger to excitement in my real life and friends and connections that I'll never forget. The difference here is that these people knew me better than my real life friends. They knew who the real me was... a boylover!

I soon took the position of Entertainment Coordinator. In this position I had the privilege to work with a wonderful creation called Modern Boylover Magazine. This semi-yearly production was a giant undertaking but a rewarding one too. To help get real stories about boylovers to the public was a pleasure. I got to help work on 3 issues of MBM before getting the chance to become Assistant Moderator Manager. In the AMM position I received the chance to manage a wonderful team of Moderators and make even more friends among the Admin team. That position was short lived.

After a falling out between some of the Directors and LostBoy, I was promoted to Director. I remained a Director until I got online one day to realize that the board was gone. There is nothing more devastating to know that you've lost someone or something that you love. The camaraderie of being a member and staff member of BoyLover.net will be hard to find elsewhere. The slander and lies about the board by Law Agencies, News Reports, and other anti-boylovers are just that.

Here is what I know about BoyLover.net. It was the largest & most successful boylover board. There was never any child pornography hosted on our server and we didn't require members to post images to stay on. LostBoy was a good friend and one of the smartest coders I've known. Even though the board is gone, I will always be from BoyLover.net.

To my friends from BoyLover.net, I don't know if some of us will see each other again. All I can do is wish you the best and let you know that I will never forget the times that we have had together.

To LostBoy, words cannot express the gratitude that I have for you. The time and money you spent to build a home for many lost souls is immeasurable. I hope you can find strength in these desperate times and that one day your name will grace my MSN again. I love you. Hugs my friend.

~Underdog

Posts: 18772 | From: The Internets | Registered: Jan 2004 | IP: Logged | Report Post



An Introduction

To Consequence

https://pixabay.com/photos/prison-prison-cell-jail-crime-553836/

By Alexander

Part 2

Once sentence was passed, the court officials snapped handcuffs on me and I was escorted down a flight of wooden stairs to the holding cells below. There, I was relieved of anything in my pockets and the belt holding up my trousers. A short while later my lawyer came to see me, and to say he was gobsmacked would be an understatement.

He first explained the sentence and what it meant. Being Scottish, I had never heard of this type of sentence before. It had been introduced by David Blunket, the Home Secretary in Tony Blair's Labour Government of the time. It was created in response to complaints from the tabloids that criminals were repeating offences and getting light sentences and that the UK should get tough on them. In effect this only meant England and Wales, as Scotland has a Devolved Parliament and its own distinct legal system. What the UK government was trying to do was copy the American system where they were talking about the "three strikes and you are out".

What was supposed to happen in England, was that if you had committed the same type crime and been sentenced three times in a court of law, then the judge could impose a stiffer sentence on you. Effectively this meant that you were given a life sentence with the tariff for the normal sentence which was supposed to stop you being released at the half-way point.

Although these sentences have now been abolished by the European Human Rights Courts, there are still a number of people in prison who have served seven and more years for minor crimes like shoplifting food and would normally have been given no more than

one year, maybe eighteen months and served half.

With these sentences, you have to apply to the parole board after the minimum term and satisfy their conditions before being freed. Each time, of course, the parole board adds more and more conditions and refuses you your freedom. It reminds me of that scene in *Shawshank Redemption*.

I had been given a life sentence with a one-year minimum term. A life sentence in the UK means 99 years but there are only a handful of people who are informed that they will never get parole. These are serious murderers and child molesters, more often than not a combination of both and just don't have any remorse.

I felt as if I had been floored and, even if I'm a tough Scotsman, I had been a bit scared, frightened and had done a bit of crying too. It wasn't really what I wanted to hear, but the lawyer had some forms for me to fill in and sign too. I did and he informed me that one of the forms was an appeal form and that he was going to lodge it with the Court Registrar straight away.

To get to the court on time, I had had to leave home at midnight, so it was something of a long day for me. I was getting used to being alone and waiting for time to pass. With nobody to talk to and no way to tell the time, time eventually means nothing. It's just a state of being. In the circumstances I was in, I was too tensed up to relax and there were far too many things racing through my mind and no way to satisfy those thoughts. You try and focus on one thing at a time but as soon as you manage to get just one clear thought in your mind they all suddenly rush back in.

Eventually, at about 5pm, the prison van arrived to take me to where I was going. The handcuffs went back on, and then I was outside for a few seconds

while I stepped into the van.

It was a lovely September day, but I hardly noticed the sun shining. All you do is retreat into yourself and try and create some kind of normality. That seems to be nature's way of helping you cope.

In the van itself, you're locked into a small cubicle of about one metre square with a hard plastic seat. Not the most comfortable mode of transport and my first thought was what would happen if there was a crash or some accident. This only added to my frustrations and things going through my mind. I also wondered how long I was going to be in there. Nobody really wants to tell you anything and the drivers themselves have to be careful in case someone tries to escape.

However, they were friendly enough. With the seat, any time you go over a bump or the van turns a corner, you are flung all over the cubicle. Then there is a small window about the size of your two feet put together. As you are not given any information, you have no way of knowing where you are going or when you're going to get there. The journey itself must have lasted about 30 to 45 minutes. Eventually we went over a suspension bridge and I had a fairly good idea of where I was heading for.

Hull prison is an old place, having been built in the Victorian era. Although it has modern wings, some of it is just a manky old place. There is just no way you can scrub clean old concrete; the memory of all the cons who were hung there at one time and the old regimes.

The prison is situated across the road from the docks. Once we were through the gates, things moved at a fairly decent pace. An officious bastard, who thought he was still in the army, handled my transfer into the facility.

Seems a high percentage of prison officers are all ex-army who can't do any other civil job, or else you get the idiots who can't do man management and can only shout and try and bully you. This one seemed to be a cross between the two: he had the bearing of ex-army, highly polished boots and buttons, ramrod straight as if he'd a ruddy great stick rammed up his backside. He certainly didn't know manners and didn't know how to handle men.

Being Scottish, we like to take the mick out of these type of people and can bring them down with some ease. I just lowered my head a bit, raised both eyebrows, and looked at him over the top of my glasses, just the way an old schoolmaster would look at a naughty boy. Underlings like him don't like being taken down a peg or two and he needed it. I've worked with both boys and men for the best part of forty years so can handle all sorts and bully boys like him, and they don't like it when you can treat them with the contempt they deserve. Don't over do it, just a quick glance to let them know you think they're a naughty schoolboy.

Shortly afterwards I was given my prison issue clothes of an old pair of jeans and an old pale blue t-shirt and told to change. I was then taken back to a holding cell for a short time, and then to another part

of the prison for the induction.

When you go to prison in the UK, the first few nights are spent on an induction wing and you need to be medically assessed. As a first timer, I also had to have a 72 hour, round the clock, suicide watch. This means that the screws check up on you about every 30 minutes. With doors made of steel and a steel flap covering the peep hole, all you get is a clang clang clang all night long, meaning sleep is often interrupted. The screws also know what type of offence you are in for, and some take great pleasure in taking it out on you.

Three days later, I was finally led to my cell and got some clean bedding. Meals had already been served, so I was given some cold pasta and cheese sauce which looked revolting and most likely would have tasted as bad as it looked. I didn't feel hungry and I was tired so made my bed and tried to get my head round the fact that I was now in prison. Sleep certainly wasn't easy that night. Those first three days, I was held in

"I was getting used to being alone and waiting for time to pass. With nobody to talk to and no way to tell the time, time eventually means nothing. It's just a state of being."

isolation and only got out to see whatever prison official wanted to see me, then returned to my cell.

The next morning I had a meeting with the prison chaplain, not at my request. He was a fairly young man of about six foot in height, and maybe in his late twenties or early thirties. For an ordained minister, he wasn't a very pleasant person to meet. One of the first questions he asked me was "what was my religion," and when I told him that I was a Spiritualist he was definitely not pleased. He started spouting his firebrand form of religion which I doubt any Church of England Bishop would be pleased about. Then, because my crime was sex related and gay, he let rip about how gays will go to Hell to stoke the fires of Damnation for eternity.

For a minister, he didn't believe in showing any compassion or any other finer points you would expect from someone like that. I was later to learn that his nickname was "The Hell's Angel" and it wasn't anything to do with the notorious motorcycle outlaws of the same name. I left him to ponder that if I've to go to Hell for my crime, then he'll be joining me for eternity stoking the same fires.

Thankfully on the second day, I was given a different cell. This was a bit bigger and a bit cleaner, if you can call dirty ingrained dirt in concrete clean. However, I found some soap and a sachet of shampoo so I was able to get a wash for the first time since I had left

home.

The third night, at around 7pm, my cell door was unlocked and I was told to get my things together as I was being shifted to another cell in a different part of the prison. I took one look at the officer standing in the doorway; he had a black goatee beard and it was in two pigtails with longish black hair, and both arms were covered in tattoos. If you're thinking Captain Jack Sparrow, you've hit the nail on the head. He was actually an extra on the film set however at that time I hadn't yet seen the film but he was definitely a sight to see! I was to learn in my stay there that he was actually Johnny Depp's body double in the Pirate's of the Caribbean film.

His was the first friendly face I had seen since talking to my lawyer three days before. As we walked to the wing I was going to, he gave me some good advice to keep my head down and get on with my own sentence. He also told me a bit about Hull prison and that we were walking over the graves of a lot of people that had been executed years before. Life for them really meant life behind bars and then some more. They'll never get out of prison until they pull the place down, and now anytime I have a drink I always make sure to toast their memory whenever I can. But that feeling when you get told something like that,



knowing that you have a life sentence, is something that I'll never forget. However, it was good to get out in the evening sun and a breath of fresh air.

Every time you go from one part of a prison to another, it's a right palaver! Heavy iron gates have to be unlocked and then locked behind you and before they can be unlocked, the officer has to get permission from the control room to move you, and as I was a protection prisoner, this is also noted. CCTV cameras are everywhere so you can't go off the route without being seen. It took a good few minutes, about 5 or so, to go a short distance. I was certainly surprised at how big the place was and how many men it held. There were ten wings and over 1200 men.

Initially I was apprehensive and was put in a double cell with a young coloured lad from Portugal, but we hit off and got on great. He also kind of filled me in on

how to get on in prison. So I just dumped my bedding on to the bunk, and went to the con who was in charge of toiletries and got soap and shampoo and had a good shower.

Most of that evening was spent either trying to make my bunk up or being introduced to a lot of people as they all came to welcome me to the wing. You don't have much variety in prison and the days tend to blend into each other so a new face is a welcome distraction. As such, it was fairly easy to settle in with everyone and I soon found out that nearly everyone was a sex offender of one description or another.

Life on a sex offenders wing is usually very laid back and there is very little hint of trouble, although there can be some high profile offenders in at times. Trouble tends to come when you get released back into society.

I soon found out that the wing sort of divided in to two factions: the gays and the straights. These were further divided into those who were BLs or GL and those who were into adults. Looking back, this wasn't really a surprise. Most, however, were into children, which made things easier again.

In this prison, there were three separate wings for sex offenders which could hold about 75 to 150 men each, so I got to know some high-profile people, well-known sex offenders, and heard some great stories. One guy had been involved as a child originally and had grown up in the sex business in some form or another. He was also involved with the Russians, and this was from the early days of the internet. When he was caught the police found five forged passports in his possession and none of them British, all were Russian or American. I also met a young American lad who had been caught stealing young boys underpants from a washing line and he even told the police it was so he could get a sexual thrill from the underpants. So basically, there was the full range of sex offenders there.

I also quickly realised there were basically two types of prison officers: those who genuinely go out of their way to help you where and when they can, and those who take great pleasure in making your life hell. On an SO wing, they have very little to do compared to mainstream where trouble is always brewing, and sometimes it is like that literally! It's amazing how they can make hooch out of next to nothing.

However, the worst case scenario you can get in prison is the officer who hates working in prison and hates sex offenders, and you do get a few. There always seems to be one in every prison. Each prison officer can only spend a short time on any wing, and this usually no more than two years. They also have to do their stint on an SO wing. There was one in hull and he was a closet racist against the Scots, so I had been warned by one of the other officers to watch out for him when he came onto the wing.

Prisons are ran on a very regimented routine. Mondays are for one thing, Tuesdays another,

Wednesdays something else, and so forth. Well, this one wanted to interfere with my menu and the trick in prison is to take a note of what you have ordered before you hand it in each week. When your menu is handed in it is photocopied and sent to the kitchen. One copy remains in the office. Each day, when the food comes back to the wing, two photocopies come with it. One for the people serving food, and one for the officer in charge. Here, like a lot of prisons with sex offenders, the meals were made and prepared by the sex offenders in the kitchens and there is never any trouble with our meals. There should always be: one copy in the wing office (the copy of your original which went to the kitchen), one behind the servery which the kitchen staff have access to, and one for the officer in charge of the servery.

This officer didn't like Scots, and he made it known. That was his first big mistake. A couple of years previous, there had been a case of racial abuse in the papers in Scotland when an Englishman had made comment about a Scotsman. A considerable number of English forget that we are a different nationality from them. Although joined by an international Treaty of Union and they do tread on toes sometimes. Since that case the courts had set a precedent in the UK.

The prison officer in question was known for telling the cons behind the servery to give you the default option, which is usually a veg dish. So when he tried that trick on me I called over the senior officer and told

him what had happened and told him that I wanted the officer in question removed from my sight as he was a racist bastard. It certainly caused a big stink at the time and although I got the meal I had ordered, it took a few days to sort out.

First of all the senior officer and prison staff weren't aware of the case I refer to as it hadn't been reported in England. When I told them that I wanted it reported to my lawyer, they did some research and discovered that I was right. One red faced prison bully of an officer ended up apologising to me. In prison, it's always best to know about some case law and your legal rights. But, don't over play complaints. I've known cons put in a lot of complaints every day.

Eventually after some three months of waiting, I received word that my appeal was to go ahead. As I had been persuaded to plead guilty to the charges, all I could appeal on was the sentence. Looking back now, years later, I do regret my guilty pleas although I would have undoubtedly been found guilty of some things.

As my legal team didn't have to compile any new evidence, I only saw my lawyer a couple of times during the whole process, and mostly I received word by mail. By this time it was coming up to Christmas, so it cheered me up no end.



Movie Review:

GOOD BOYS



by Zoomzoom4

Note: This review contains spoilers of the movie. If you do not want spoilers, do not read. Thank you!

The TV commercial for "Good Boys" shows producer Seth Rogan behind a desk, with the three preteen stars of the movie sitting before him. He explains that they are technically not allowed to see the movie they are starring in. Why? Because it is rated R, which means "Restricted" to those under 17. This TV ad cleverly played on the irony of how a movie about 12-year-old boys is aimed at an adult audience.

On paper, this was not supposed to work. Yet it was one of the biggest hits of the year. Grown-ups flocked to the theaters to see a movie about three young boys. Much of it can be credited to the sharp writing and brisk directing style which keeps the movie going. The script is air-tight, not wasting a single moment, and the plot is simple yet dense and doesn't stop from scene to scene.

Max (Jacob Tremblay) is 12, and really into girls now. His two best friends are lagging behind him in this area of interest. Max also wants to move up in the social strata of the sixth grade, and feels he has to constantly implore his two friends to have the mindset of, "Are we fifth graders? Or are we ... sixth graders?"

Because sixth graders are leaving behind the childish ways and stepping bravely into the world of preteen-dom. Some more than others, though. Max is the defacto leader of the "Bean Bag Boys" (him and his two best friends) so he is leading them to the world of the cool kids. One of the first steps in that direction is to go to the skate park, the place to be seen. One of the cool kids invites Max and Thor (Brady Noon) to drink with them, a bottle of beer which they pass around. Warm, and has to be opened with a bottle cap, but they each take a sip.

First the two cool kids take a sip, then hand it to

Max, and no doubt it's his first sip of beer ever, but he does it. He hands it to Thor, who is clearly hesitant. Has he never had a beer before? "Dude I've had like five thousand ... sips of beer," he insists. He brings the bottle to his lips then suddenly remembers he is trying out for the "Rock of Ages" middle school musical next week and they "drug test for beer."

This makes him look like a baby and swiftly earns him the nickname of "Sippy Cup." He insists that he is grown up and "I drink from a juice box not a sippy cup," but it is too late – he has been branded.

Unlike Max, who as we see from the very first scene, wants to get in touch with his hormones. And by touch I mean he is preparing to masturbate, for very likely the first time. Then his dad spoils it, and embarrasses him by recognizing what was about to happen. The movie gets many laughs playing on the schism between Max's foul language and adult posturing and his still-innocent ways. That goes for his two friends as well. One of the best lines is from Thor: "I've never kissed a girl. I've had sex, yeah, but just never kissed."

Max taking that brave sip of beer leads to him getting invited by the cool kids to a "kissing party," which incidentally the girl he likes will be attending also. Is this his chance? But he doesn't know how to kiss.

This is what sets the whole plot in motion. Next door are some teenage girls who are slutty. And they have guys in their backyard often. So Max wants to spy on them "to learn how to kiss," by using his dad's awesome new drone, which he was strictly forbidden to touch. He and his friends fly the drone over the yard of the girls, who notice and think the boys are little perverts trying to spy on them. The drone crashes and the boys go to nicely ask for it back. The girls won't give it, so the boys steal one of the girl's satchels.

The satchel happens to contain a bottle of pills, which is molly (a popular club drug). So now the boys

have leverage, demanding the drone back or the girls will never see their pills again. This all leads to a series of humorous events, including the now-famous scene of the boys trying to run across a busy freeway.

The movie delivers the laughs, which is no surprise, but is also surprisingly poignant. The relationship between Max and his dad comes into play near the end and shows a real heart. That emotional element is what makes it a satisfying movie, a weight to anchor all the profanity and sex jokes on.

The movie also shines in the areas of costume design, editing and the soundtrack. Having Thor sing in his own real singing voice at the exact right times in the movie showed how no talent was wasted in the making of this production. Each of the three young actors are allowed to do their best, and they do. Jacob Tremblay was already a star before this, having quite a few major movie hits on his resume. The way his career has hopped forward is no doubt due to his talent. He has the ability to act without seeming at all like he is acting. You believe every moment you are watching him, and forget you are watching an actor.

With the success of Good Boys at the box office, I now fear that a sequel will be made. The reason I would not necessarily welcome that news is because the film-makers here captured lightning in a bottle. And that is not something which can be re-created based on a formula. Just look at The Hangover movies. I take heart in knowing that Seth Rogan did not make Superbad 2, or Pineapple Express 2. He has never shown a tendency to turn every movie he makes into a trilogy.

Good Boys is a good movie, and the kind that should be watched more than once. Some of my favorite lines are when the main teen girl threatens Max with, "I'm going to tell everyone you're a misogynist." His reply: "What? I've never massaged anyone!" And Thor trying to shed his new nickname Sippy Cup, tells the other kids, "I love beer. I'm a fucking alcoholic!" And while we the audience know he's still never had a sip of beer in his life.

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Movie Information

Official title: Good Boys

Genres: Adventure, Comedy

Age ratings:

US: R

UK: 15

Australia: MA15+

Runtime: 89 minutes

Release:

US: March 11, 2019

UK: August 16, 2019

Australia: August 22, 2019

Main Cast:

Jacob Tremblay

Brady Noon

Keith L. Williams

Molly Gordon

Midori Francis

Director:

Gene Stupnitsky

Production Companies:

Good Universe

Point Grey Pictures

Quantity Entertainment



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Expanding the conversation one episode at a time

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Jack And The Christmas Tree?



By Jonny399

It was a cold day and school was cancelled due to snow. I should be happy, but since dad had to work, I have to have a baby sitter. "I'm nine-years-old for peat sake!" I think as I wait by the door.

There comes a knock and I'm quick to open it. I see a rather small man standing there. I blink, he is smaller than me. My dad walks up behind me and I turn to say something, but I get distracted by something out of the corner of my eye. I turn to look and see the little man is not little after all, he's a normal size man.

"What the..." I say, almost cussing.

"This is Jack," my dad says, "he's from the babysitter service, Tod was not available."

"But... he was... little," I squeak out.

"Nonsense, how can I be little like you young man?" He says with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Well I hate to rush out, but I'm running late," dad says as he puts on his coat. "You be a good boy and do everything Jack tells you."

"Oh, forgive me," Dad says to Jack. "This is young Robert. His brother Nick is still asleep up stairs," he mentions as he pushes past us.

I stand there staring at this man. He grew, I think? I look him up and down looking for any sort of device to explain it. "I know you?" I say, thinking that I have seen him somewhere before.

"You might, young Rob, you might," he says with a wink.

"How do you know everyone calls me Rob?" I ask, eyebrows raised.

"I know all the good little boys and girls," Jack says with a smile.

"Girls are yucky," I tell him with a frown on my face.

"I agree, but little girls are just as important as boys," he claims. "Aren't you going to invite me in, young Rob?"

"Oh... I forgot, please come in old Jack," I say with a wide smile.

"You can call me Jack," he says as he seems to float through the door.

"Well you can call me Just Rob, not young Rob," I tell him, closing the door behind him.

"Okay, just Rob," he says. "Now, where is your Christmas tree?" he says looking all around.

I giggle because he said "just Rob," and that's very funny. "We don't have a tree," I say, looking down. "My mom died last year, on Christmas Eve, and ever since then we have been a sad family."

He lifts my chin and looks deep into my eyes and says, "we are here to change that."

"We?" I ask, "I don't see anyone else here." I look around, thinking maybe this man is crazy and strange.

"Oh I'm not crazy or strange," he claims, "and I know exactly what your thinking, so don't try to fool me."

"Whaaat?," I stammer, "how... did... you..."

"Know what you were thinking?" He finishes my question, "I'm an elf don't you know?" He asks with a surprised look on his little face.

I just then realized that he is only 7 inches tall. "Cooooool... how did you do that?" I ask looking up, down, and all around. There must be some sort of trick going on here, maybe a mirror or something.

"It's no trick, and there are only the mirrors in the bathroom," he tells me. "Now, if you will kindly go wake up your brother and make it quick," he says as he starts to jump up on the sofa. "We don't have much time, much to do... much to do," he says as he eyes everything in the room.

I race up the stairs with my heart beating out of my chest with excitement. I fling open the door to our room and leap on my brothers bed.

"NICK! NICK!" I scream at the top of my lungs, "WAKE UP! WAKE UP! THERE'S AN ELF DOWN STAIRS!" I yell in a night pitched voice.

"Whaaat?" He says sleepily, "it's not Christmas yet, is it?" He looks hopeful as he asks this.

"No, silly," I say, "but there real live elf downstairs!"

I saw him grow and shrink! You have to come see!" and I jump off the bed and tear off downstairs afraid he might be gone.

"Ahh, there you are Rob," he says, looking up from a big red bag on the floor.

"Where did that come from?" I ask looking mystified.

"Direct from the North Pole, of course," he says with a nod. "Prancer was just here and made a special delivery."

I run to the window and think I can still see something in the sky, "was that...?" I start to say and just stare with my mouth open.

"Prancer," he finishes for me again. "He said to say sorry, he couldn't stay any longer, he is urgently need in Hong Kong." As he says this, he does a jump and a kick.

"Awwww..." I proclaim, "I wanted to pet him."

"Holy... cow..." Nick screeches, beginning to jump up and down. "You are an..."

"An elf?" Jack states. "I'm glad at least one boy in this house recognizes me. After all the times you came to visit the big guy at the mall every year, I was always there by his side. Now, we have much work to do and not much time to do it. Your dad will be home in just seven hours, so where is your tree? Rob tells me you have not gotten it yet?"

Nick is staring at the red bag on the floor and seems to get it right away. He points and says, "it's in the bag?" with pleading eyes.

"Very good Nicholas," Jack says. "Can I call you Nicholas? I am rather fond of that name, that's the big man's name, don't ya know?" He says with a giggle in his voice.

"Hey, that's right," he proclaims, "That is my name," as he dances around the room.

Jack opens up the red bag and gets a sad look on his face. "Oh my!" He says with sadness, "it seems Prancer has forgotten to pick out a tree, whatever shall we do?"

"I knew it was too good to be true," I say, feeling sad. "Dad always says if it's too good to be true..."

"Hush," Jack says interpreting me mid sentence. "Be careful what you say around me, things can come true if you really believe them to be true. Even bad things."

I put both my hands over my mouth and stay silent looking between Jack and Nicholas. "Sorry," I say, "I'll be more careful."

"See that you do, Rob," he says very seriously. "Now where were we? Ahh yes, the tree. You have to have a tree. Rob, why don't you come over and see if you can pick out a tree? There has to a tree in there somewhere." As he says this, he picks up the bag and it sparkles.

"But... that bag is..." I start to say.

"NOOOOO!" Nicholas screeches. "You can't say that! You have to believe!" His face turns red as he realizes he just yelled at me.

I cover my mouth with my hands and start to giggle. "Oops.." I say, "I almost forgot. Let me look." I say as I reach for the bag.

"It's a lot lighter than I thought," I say as I take the bag from Jack. It seems to get bigger as I hold it and I open it up and look inside curiously, as I reach inside I feel branches and quickly pull my hand out grasping as hard as I can and before my eyes an enormous tree spills out on the carpet.

I fall back and land on my butt. I hear laughing from both Jack and Nicholas. I look at them and start to laugh with them. "Okay boys," Jack says, "we need to decorate it now. Who wants to pick out the decorations?" He asks as he holds up the bag. We both raise our hands and rush the poor elf who disappears under two rambunctious boys.

"Ughhhh..." I hear from a small voice. "Get off me." I hear as I move away looking down at the elf.

"Ops..." I say. "Sorry... I forgot you were so small. Did we smash you?" I ask as I start to giggle.

Nicholas starts to laugh and soon Jack is laughing as well. "You think that's funny?" He asks, not serious at all. "Well it won't be funny if the tree is only half decorated when your dad gets home."

"Yes it would," Nicholas and I say at the same time and start laughing together once again.

"Well never mind," Jack says. "Let's get to the decorating! Carefully this time." He says with a wink.

We spend the next hour or so decorating the tree and it looks magnificent. "Now for the rest of the house," Jack says. He looks around the room, and then asks "now where did I put my machine gun?" with a sly smile.

We both start to look around and it occurs to me, he doesn't have a machine gun and that an elf would never come armed. I think about this as Jack looks at me and nods his head. "I found it," I say as Nicholas looks at me from under the coffee table. I raise my arms and make a POW, POW sound and before I know it, I'm shooting streamers of red gold and all the pretty colors out my fingers. Nicholas crawls out from under the coffee table and joins in, and soon even Jack joins in and before we know it the entire house is so full of Christmas colors we can't even see the floor.

"STOP!" Jack says in a commanding voice. We both stop mid aim and the streamers coming out of our fingers dwindle to nothing. "That's quite enough, we must leave some ammo for all the other boys and girls."

"Awww, just a little more," we both plead with him.

He looks around at the mess and simply says, "MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS BE MERRY," in a loud and booming voice. Everything starts to swirl and spin and all the colors are mashed together, and before long it is a Christmas wonder land in the living room. A perfect decoration.

"WOE... I mean wow," I say as I stare in fascination. Nicholas is just



spinning around trying to see everything all at once and keeps going faster and faster and soon falls over on his butt laughing all the way.

"Right," Jack says, "I guess my job is done here." He starts for the door.

"Wait!" I plead, "it looks really nice and we had ever so much fun, but what about dad? He is really sad." The excitement starts to wear off. "How can we be happy if he is sad? Isn't there a way we can make him happy too?"

Jack stops and turns and looks directly at me. "Well there might be a way," he says very slowly, "but it will take a lot more work and a sacrifice."

"I don't care, we will do anything." I say for the both of us. "Christmas will never be happy if dad is sad, isn't that right Nicholas?" I ask him. Or rather, I tell him.

"Yeah," he says, "I don't even want any presents or a tree or anything if dad is sad. I'll give anything to see him happy like it used to be."

"Okay, just so you both agree." Jack says in a very serious voice.

"WE DO!" we both proclaim together.

"So... shall... it... be..." Jack says in a strange voice. Then, he promptly disappears. We both stare at the empty space where Jack was just sitting with open mouths.

I'm the first to speak and just simply say, "what happened?" As I look around our shabby house and realize that the tree and the decorations are all gone. There is not a clue that Jack was ever there.

"Where did Jack go? Where is the tree and all the pretty stuff?" Nicholas asks.

I realize what we said. I rush over and cover his mouth. "Don't you realize what we said?" I ask him. He has a blank look on his face. "We said we would give up the tree and our presents and all the decorations if dad would be happy? We gave it all away, no tree, no decorations, and no presents." I tell him with a heavy heart. He looks down at his feet and begins to cry softly realizing what we said and remembering Jack's warnings.

"It's almost time for dad to come home. Let's wait

for him in the hall way," I say as I lead him by the hand. Just as we get to the door it opens and in walks dad.

"Merry Christmas, my darling boys," he says merrily. "What's with the long faces?"

"Jack is gone and the tree and the decorations..." I start to say, but Nicholas interrupts me mid sentence.

"It's nothing," he says in a whisper. "We were just playing."

I stare at him thinking dark things in my mind when I hear a bell jingle from somewhere out side. I look and see a small man in the distance.

"Well you two need to get dressed right away," dad proclaims in a happy voice, "we have much work to do and not much time to do it." He says with a wink. I look at Nicholas and he looks at me. "Hurry up!" Dad says.

We run up stairs and get dressed as fast as we can and rush back downstairs and see dad smiling at us from the hallway. "I have some news boys," he says as he leads us to the old station wagon. "I got fired today, but it's okay. I just know something better is just around the corner."

I look at him and start to say something, but Nicholas puts a hand over my mouth and shakes his head, and I stay silent.

"I know you will find the best job in the world," Nicholas says as he winks at me. I smile a knowing smile and look to see dad humming a Christmas tune.

"Jingle bells, Jingle bells..." we all start to sing and as my heart fills with joy. I realize that as long as we are all happy, it doesn't really matter if we have a tree or presents colorful decorations or anything. As long as we are together and happy, nothing can ever compare.

We are headed out to find that Christmas tree and a few decorations and maybe a present or two, but I wouldn't trade this Christmas for all the riches in the world and as the song comes to an end I hear a small voice in the background say, "may your Christmas be merry."

I look at Nicholas and he looks at me and we both start to laugh and laugh, and soon dad is laughing as well.



No-Hugging Schools

By
BL in Black



Throughout many schools in the US in recent years, there has been news of several of them implementing policies against students having hugs or physical contact with other students. The penalties for such acts can be severe, and can range from a detention to even suspension or expulsion. As someone who is a boylover and pro-children's rights, I have always taken a strong stance against this policy and have been outraged by its callousness and lack of respect for our young people. Basically, my position against these policies comes down to this:

- It shows a total lack of respect for children's autonomy.
- It is an extreme example of how a witch hunt can hurt children.
- It is an example of how a small minority have influenced major policy and decision making.

I have tried my hardest, as I always do, to examine the underlying reasons and motives - as to why people would want to implement policies like this. Often reasons which I hear come up have to do with things like protecting children from violence and sexual harassment. Of course, nobody believes children should be subjected to these things. But what has a loving or physically affectionate gesture, which has been around as old as mankind itself, got to do with violence or unwanted sex?

In my opinion, such policies are also self-defeating. There is nothing inherently wrong with a child giving another child a hug, but having a hostile environment of stigma towards such issues can create problems by making a child feel guilty where otherwise there would have been no shame. Such a thing is totally unnecessary and I believe it is part of the whole aim here of persecuting society's youngest members. There was never any guilt or trauma associated with a simple hug, until society said there was.

In my opinion, this shows how a small radical fringe group can influence the masses. A small amount of people in society with extremist and dangerous ideas of wanting to control children to the most absolute extent and deny them any kind of physical affection, has succeeded in shaping these draconian policies. The idea that there is any kind of inherent connecting between a simple display of physical affection and "violence" or "sexual or psychological trauma" is

ludicrous and is part of a broader agenda to exert control and power.

I have often been critical in many ways of society's attitudes against pedophilia and child sexual rights in general. But this instance seems particularly alarming in that it seems to be an example of how these attitudes have extended even further into denying a basic normal fundamental part of humanity - showing affection. Both adults and children have been giving each other hugs for as long as adults and children have been around, and yet it is only in very recent years that society has felt the need to rewrite the rules to such an insane extent.

Children are not property. While they are dependent in many ways, they are also human beings with real rights and autonomy, which are to be respected. The fact that society wants to remove the right of children to the simplest most basic form of affection is indeed the final nail in the coffin for removing all respect for children in general. We must not underestimate the significance of this - and if we expect children to trust us as adults and take us seriously, we must treat them as real citizens and human beings, and not second class citizens.

What really seems to disturb me is the lack of zealous opposition to such policies. While some people favor such policies and others oppose them, nobody seems to be truly angry or outraged enough at exactly the harm such heinous policies are causing. We must not be complacent here - we must stand up and fight for this fundamental and serious cause of protecting our children from discrimination. We must get to the root of who is driving these policies and why, and challenge them and openly shut them down before they have a chance to implement their extremist agendas.

As a boylover, I am proud to be in a position where I can relate to issues like this and not jump on a shallow, callous and immoral societal bandwagon. I am pleased that I have had the opportunity to travel the road less travelled, and consider things from a different point of view, so I can come to the rightful conclusions where I see policies like this for what they really are. As minor-attracted persons, I do hope we can all agree that such policies help us understand that it's the rules of society which are screwed, not us, and can use this knowledge to bring peace of mind to our inner selves.

"There was never any guilt or trauma associated with a simple hug, until society said there was." ~BL in Black

<https://pixabay.com/photos/person-little-boy-kid-child-731165/>



The View

From Here

By Dragonlover

Going Home

April 18th, 2004

6:00 AM

I awake to that old familiar announcement that has started my day for the past five years: "The time is now six AM. All block officers commence meal procedures."

But this day is different, and there is no need to wake me up, as I have been awake for most of the night. I sit up and stretch, looking at the bag of belongings I had packed in a trash bag the night before. My cellie looks up at me from the bottom bunk.

"You ready, dude?" he asks playfully.

"Hell yeah, Joey. Time to get out of here," I tell him.

We get ready for the morning, brushing teeth, washing up and making the beds. Only I strip the sheets off of my bed and toss them in a corner of the cell. I am going HOME!

Breakfast was called, but I elected to remain behind and skip breakfast. I was too excited. I went downstairs to see the block officer on duty, Officer Smith, or to us he was simply "Smitty".

"Hey Smitty. Got a quick question. When do releases happen on Sundays," I asked.

"That's right, I did see your name on my discharge list. Damn, you been here five years?" he said.

"Five years less one day, Smitty," I told him.

"Okay, yeah. Here you are. Probably around eight AM. You packed?" he asked.

"Oh yeah. Packed and ready to go," I told him.

"Okay, great. When I get the call from Reception, I'll call you down. Bring all of your county issue and put it by the laundry room door and you'll be on your way," he said.

I headed back up to my cell and made a last cup of coffee. As I waited, the guys returned from breakfast, most of them heading back to their cells to return to bed. Joey came into the cell.

"You talk to Smitty? Find out when you're out?" he

asked.

"Yeah, just did. He said around eight probably," I said.

We sat in the cell on our beds drinking coffee. I was checking the clock every five minutes. Eight AM couldn't get here quick enough. But then, eight AM did come, and... Nothing from Smitty. Because of that I was starting to worry. What if something was wrong? What if something fell through? What if...

"DAVIS! E UP! ROLL OUT!" I heard Smitty call out.

It was finally happening! I was on my way out. I quickly grabbed my bag and sheets and headed to the door, when something told me to stop. I turned around. Joey was standing next to his bunk. I dropped my things and gave him a tight hug.

"You be good, hear? I'll write with an address and phone number, okay?" I told him.

"Yeah, okay," he said. I could tell he was holding back tears. Truth was, I was, too.

"I gotta go," I said.

We hugged once more and then I walked out of Cell twenty-three for the last time. I walked down the stairs and saw a few guys sitting in the dayroom, waiting for the TVs to be turned on.

"Just throw your county issue over there, Davis," Smitty told me.

I went over to the laundry room door and dropped my sheets and anything else that wasn't mine and walked over to the officers' desk. Smitty looked at me.

"Davis, is that a county issue t-shirt you have on? He asked.

"Yeah, it is," I told him.

"Nope. That goes over by that other stuff. You leave this block as you came in," he said.

So, I quickly unbuttoned my jumpsuit, pulled the shirt off and tossed it onto the pile by the door, and buttoned back up again. At that moment I saw an officer approaching the block. He entered, and spoke to Smitty.

"I'm here for inmate Davis. He's Roll Out," he told Smitty.

I took a few steps forward, while Smitty pulled my inmate ID card from his book and handed it to the officer.

"Come on, Davis. I'll run you to Reception," the officer said.

"Hey, Davis, good luck. I really mean that," Smitty said, extending his hand.

I shook it and was off to Reception. The inmates in the dayroom actually stood up and applauded. It was an inmate tradition; when a long time inmate leaves, everyone in the area shows respect by standing up and applauding.

"Boys, good luck. Take care, all of you," I told them.

As I walked the hallways, I thought back to that day five years prior when I was just being brought in. I was scared, not knowing what to think or do. We approached the last gate.

"Kitchner to Housing Control, open 1A for discharge," he said into his radio. I looked at the officer. I felt that I had been with him before, and it turned out that I was. He was the officer who brought me in. The gate clicked and Kitchner pulled the gate open and let me pass. He followed me and let the gate slam.

"Take a right at the corner," Kitchner told me.

I did, and was at another locked door.

"Kitchner to Housing, Reception One, please," he said into his radio.

The door clicked and he pushed the door open, and we went in. We went to the desk officer, where Kitchner handed him my ID card. The officer looked at the card and at my ID band on my wrist, and then at my face.

"Okay, good enough. Let me have your wrist. I'll cut the band off," he told me.

With a pair of scissors, he snipped the band off and wrote the word RELEASED on it. He wrote the same on my ID card.

"Okay, Mr. Davis. I'm going to take you to the dressing area where you'll dress out. Whatever you still have that belongs to us, leave with the officer back there. Just come on back here when you're done," the desk officer told me.

We rounded a few corners and arrived at the dressing area. I went to a counter and waited a few minutes. Then, a steel door slid up from the countertop. An officer was standing there with a burlap bag with a hanger on it.

"Davis? 069849W99?" he asked.

"That's me," I told him.

He handed me the bag and told me to get dressed, which I quickly did in less than a minute. I placed my yellow jumpsuit on the counter and walked to the officers desk.

"Okay, Mr. Davis. I'm just going to have you wait in that holding cell until we do the last of your paperwork, then you're outta here," the desk officer told me.

He escorted me to an empty holding cell, closed the door, but didn't lock it. I sat and waited anxiously on the wooden bench. I remember thinking to myself,

Only a few more minutes. I hope Chris is out there. Don't want to have to wait any longer than I have to. The desk officer returned after about fifteen minutes.

"Okay. Come on out. I have some things to give you."

I followed him to the desk, where there was a small yellow envelope and some forms waiting.

"Okay. So in the envelope is the money from your inmate account. There's fifty-seven dollars and thirteen cents in cash there. And, these are your discharge papers. You can use those as a form of ID if you need to. We had them notarized. And finally, I just need your signature here, here, and there," he said, indicating where I was to sign.

He handed me my copies of what I had just signed, put out his hand and told me good luck.

"You're a free man, Mr. Davis. Now, to get out just go through that door and let it close behind you. You'll come to another door. You'll hear a click. Open it, and you'll be in the front lobby of the jail. Just go out the front doors and you'll be by the parking lot. Good luck again," he said.

And with that, I grabbed my bag and went through the first door. Then I pulled open the second door and a huge lobby was spread out before me. By the front doors I saw an American flag, a Pennsylvania state flag and a county flag. I walked towards those front doors and saw a small sidewalk with a large parking lot just beyond it. I pushed the door open and stepped out into the open spring air. I drew in a long, deep breath; air that was not contaminated with the odors of the jail. This air was fresh and clean. A few clouds dotted the sky, but overall a very nice day.

"Hey you!" I heard someone calling. And then I saw Chris approaching me from the parking lot. I ran down the concrete steps and we met, hugged and let go.

"Well? How does it feel? Being free?" Chris asked me.

"It's beyond words, Chris. Really. Man, let's just get the hell outta here before they change their mind," I said, laughing.

We walked to Chris's car where he opened the trunk and I dropped my bag in. We got in the car and he started it up.

"Did you eat?" he asked me.

"Not on your life. I need real food," I told him.

"Great. Because we're going to hit a diner. We'll eat whatever we want," he said with a smile.

We drove down the long road of the jail complex and arrived at the intersection of Route 611. We hung a right and rode away from the jail. Within a few minutes we were pulling into a diner. We got out and went into the diner. The smell of food cooking and fresh coffee brewing hit me for the first time in five years. Lord, it smelled so GOOD! A waitress escorted us to a booth by the windows, where she handed us the menus. I opened my menu and wondered what I was going to get. For the first time in five years I had a choice of what to eat; not just eat what was served. I chose French toast, home fried potatoes and a glass of orange juice. We placed our orders and just sat, looking at each other, smiling.

"I'm out, Chris. I am actually in the free world! This is amazing! Like being born again. Or like being blind all your life and then being able to see for the first time," I told him.

"I know, dude. I know. I went through the same thing when I got out," he said.

We sat and talked about this and that, but I couldn't help but look around every few minutes, looking over my shoulder. As an inmate you had to do that; always know where people are in proximity to you, in case of danger. I guess Chris saw me doing this.

"Hey. You don't have to do that anymore. These people are not inmates, just ordinary people eating breakfast," he said.

I looked back at him. He had gone through the same thing I guessed. Our food soon arrived, and we dug in. For the first time in a long time I was eating real food. French toast and potatoes made by someone who wasn't an inmate. The food was awesome, but once again Chris noticed me doing a very bad habit. I was shoveling food into my mouth at an extraordinary rate.

"Jesus man, slow down. This is the free world. You don't have a twenty minute time limit to eat. Take your time," he told me. I managed to slow down.

As we ate we talked about old times in the jail, and friends who we wondered were they were at today. After we ate we took a drive to Chris's place where I would be staying until I got on my feet. It was in the northeast section of Philadelphia; an area I wasn't used to. We pulled onto Dyre Street and stopped in front of his building. We entered a short hallway and stopped at his door, and went in. It was an efficiency apartment, quite small. A small living/sleeping area, a kitchenette and a bathroom. I put my stuff down. I saw a freshly made bed and an inflated air mattress on the floor next to it. I sat on the air mattress and bounced up and down a few times.

"This'll do just fine," I told Chris.

"Oh no. I'M sleeping on that. YOU take the bed. I'm sure after all that time of sleeping on a very thin mattress on a steel plate it'll feel really good," he said, smiling.

"No dude. I can't. I don't wanna put you out of your bed. I'll take the air mattress. Its fine," I told him.

But he insisted that I take the bed, and I reluctantly, but secretly thankfully, gave in. I sat on the bed. Boy, was that soft! I would sleep great that night. On the opposite side of the room Chris had a huge aquarium, with some fresh water fish in it. We sat and watched the fish and talked. He was giving me the in's and out's of getting around the city. And after that, we were off again, on our way to Levittown, where we both grew up.

"Hey, Chris? Can we swing by the Highland Park section? On Hedge Road. I want to see my old house. Its the house I grew up in, and..." I trailed off. He knew what I was going to say. It was the house I was arrested in five years ago.

And that's just what we did. We pulled up across the

street from house number forty-seven. Someone else was living in it now; they had made some major changes. The first thing I saw was a white picket fence surrounding the front yard, and a child's abandoned tricycle by the fence. The front windows were modernized, as well as the garage door. I looked up at the room windows above the garage roof, which was my bedroom when I was a child. Memories flooded back.

"See that window there? My room for many great years," I told Chris.

We sat for a few more minutes, and then we were off again. Time for lunch.

"Where to for lunch?" Chris asked.

I thought a minute. The area had changed so much.

"Rick's Ballpark Pizza. They make THE best pizza," I told him, and we were on our way.

We pulled into the parking lot and went in. It was an old familiar smell from my childhood. My mind flashed back to when I was eleven years old and coming to this same pizza place for a hot slice after my bowling practice on Saturday afternoons. Chris and I sat down in a booth. An old familiar face approached.

"Oh my God! Look at you! Long time no see, baby!" the waitress said. And with good reason. She was serving me pizza when I was eleven, and even served me my first few beers after I turned twenty-one. I stood up and gave her a quick hug.

"Where ya been, darlin'?" she asked.

I take it she didn't read the horrible newspaper articles about me five years ago.

"I've been... away, Maggie. Out of town. I'm back for a visit," I told her.

"Well welcome back, baby. So, what'll you and your friend have today? Rick is still making his great pizzas," she told us.

"Okay, we'll take a large pepperoni with extra sauce and a pitcher of Bud," I told her.

"Great. I'll be right back with your beer," she said with a smile, and she was off.

Chris and I chatted for a few minutes and then Maggie came back with a frosty pitcher of beer and two frosted beer mugs. She even poured the first two mugs for us, just like she used to do.

"So, here's to freedom, and all that comes with it," Chris said and he raised his mug in a toast.

"To freedom," and we clinked mugs.

I took my first swallow of beer in five years. It went down my throat, cool and refreshing. After a few more sips I could feel the beer working its magic. I began to feel slightly flushed and warm. Not to mention slightly giddy. And, after two more pitchers and the pizza, Chris and I were feeling fine. After we had our fill we decided to head over to Chris's parent's place. He said that they wanted to see me. They had something to give me.

We arrived at their apartment complex a few minutes later and went to their door and knocked.

Mrs. P. answered the door with a big smile and a hug for both of us.

"Come right in children! Come right in! Come on and say hi to Mr. P. He's right in here," she said cheerfully.

It was interesting how she referred to me as one of her children when I wasn't even closely related, but I took it in, grateful that someone considered me to be their child. We went to the living room and said hi to Mr. P. who was relaxed on the sofa.

"So, boys, how is your day going so far? Good I hope?" he said.

"Yes sir, going very well, Mr. P!" I said.

"Now you stop all that Mr. P. stuff. Mr. P. was my father. I'm Michael and my wife is Doris," he said.

Mrs. P. had stepped out of the room but quickly came back with a dark blue duffel bag. She handed it to me.

"Now, Michael and I know how hard it is for someone just getting out of jail. It was hard for Chris, but he had us to depend upon. So, we went out and pick up a few essentials you'll need to get started. Its not much, just some toothpaste, deodorant, things like that. And, inside, in the right pocket there's something else. Don't open it until you get home," she said with a wink.

I took the bag and we sat down and chatted a while, catching up. Then it was time to be heading home. Traffic was starting to build slightly, and we made our way back to Chris's building. We went in and I plopped the bag on the bed and proceeded to go through its contents. Toothpaste, toothbrush, comb, hairbrush, a stick of Mennen deodorant, razors, shaving cream, a pack of underwear, white t-shirts, three pairs of jeans and three shirts. I then remembered what they said about the inside pocket. I unzipped it and withdrew an

envelope with my name on it. Inside were five crisp twenty dollar bills.

"Dude, this is one hundred dollars. I can't take that from your parents, man. They are on a fixed income. No way," I told him.

"The money isn't from my parents. Read the letter," he said.

Inside the envelope was a single, small piece of personalized stationary.

"Hello, I know you don't know me, but Mr. and Mrs. P. made me aware of your situation. I would like to help by letting you have this money to get you started. Its rough out there, and you'll need it more than I do. So, please take this with my blessing. Yours, Evelyn S."

I was stunned.

"Chris, who is Evelyn? I don't know any Evelyn," I asked.

"She's one of my parents' neighbors. She lives just down the hall from them. She's pretty well off. Her husband left her quite a bit of money when he died a few years ago," he told me.

It hit me hard. This woman whom I didn't even know, or even have met before was giving me money to get a fresh start. Me, an ex-felon. I was so moved by this that I felt tears welling up; tears of gratitude. And it wasn't just the money. It was everything. Being free, being given a place to stay, being with a good friend, just everything. But getting that money pushed me over the edge. Tears flowed, and Chris got us a couple of beers. We toasted again to freedom.



My First International Boylove Day

By Junni

Until this year I did not know that there was a day dedicated to "Boy Lovers", because for me every day is the day of loving a boy and devoting myself to him.

Even before I knew the whole culture and mystique of lighting a blue candle and leaving it in the window or the garden, my mind always worked to see the boy as the ultimate fruit of a relationship where friendship, fulfilment and love are essential. Let me share how my winter IBLD was for me, summer on top of the globe.

June 21st, 2019, turned out to be a rainy and cool day, very atypical for a tropical city of beautiful beaches in Brazil. Anxiety dominated me, it was my first IBLD and I would have a beautiful day with my three YFs: João de 6yo, Lucca de 6yo, and Lipe, my first YF when I didn't even know what it was to be a BL and that there were others feeling the same way I was still in my childhood. Lipe is 15yo, completely out of my AoA, but a day would not be perfect without him.

Everyone slept in my house, and early in the morning we got in the car and left. It would be 3 days with just the four of us camping on a mountain with a river and a beautiful view of the city below.

On the way, the silence gave way to my conversation with Lipe, while in the back seat João and Lucca slept. We stopped on the road around 6:30 in the morning to have coffee. I had to carry João, still drowsy in my arms. The sooner he fussed with the cold that rainy morning, the sooner nothing else would disturb our weekend. Outside, the water was washing the car, our bicycles on the trunk and our windsurf boards and sundboard on the roof of the car.

We all ordered chocolate pancakes and juice, bread, cheese and ham, some fruits like pineapple that Lucca loves. João and I ate lots of watermelon and grapes, while Lipe, who was never a fan of fruit, preferred cookies.

During coffee, two ladies sitting at the next table commented. I could hear that they said that a father could be friends with his children. They said "look how happy they are!" This was our cue to leave, hauling João over my shoulders with Lipe and Lucca on either side, their arms wrapped around my waist.

Back in the car we turned the radio on a much-appreciated rock selection and with some remixes that

made everyone sing. We also had a guessing game with musical movie themes, and our famous password game where duolas are formed and by associated words we have to guess the secret word.

We arrived at the camp at about 11 am and while Lipe and I set up camp and tents, Lucca and João picked up the sticks for the side fire by their catch-and-run game. It was interrupted when they saw the river. They stripped off their clothes and ran into the water, and as soon as Lipe noticed the boys in the river he guided them into the depth and then hurriedly joined them to make sure they were safe, noting that the water reached just under their chests.

Soon, I joined boys and we found ourselves in a small pocket of water with some depth without any current. We were all natural, without any clothes, and we splashed water on each other. The boys climbed on my back, and then jumped into the water. Each time one of them emerged, I felt something special seeing the water running down his face and his bare chest, falling down his body like a beautiful boy's waterfall.

The afternoon, after lunch, we lay on the banks of the river and took a quick nap. This was followed by play-fighting that drove us to our speedos, and then we took our sundboard and windsurf boards to the beach. A trail in the woods took us to the sand dunes. Lucca and João had raced ahead and quickly sat down on the boards. They were shouting with joy until the board turned and they rolled in the sand.

After many sundboard descents and a few laps in windsurf, Lipe dominated the board with flights and extreme manoeuvres. He should certainly try a youth championship, I really think he's good and I'll insist on that.

The evening came and we climbed the mountain to see the sunset. It was beautiful to see the colorful sky in shades of pink, blue and orange. I was sitting telling the boys how the colors formed in the sky. Lipe was sitting between my legs, reclined his back on my chest and my chin touched his head. Lucca and João were sitting on each of my legs and they hugged me. With my hand I ruffled Lipe's hair, who, with his eyes closed, said how much he loved these moments.

We went back to the camp at night with lanterns on the trail, we lit the fire, and the little ones cut the sausage for the pasta. In fact, they ate more than they cut. When the pasta was ready, all the mouths were red

soaked and João even dropped the plate on himself by accident. It made his belly all red and led everyone to a lot of laughs.

After washing in the river, we all went back to the campfire. With the guitar, we sung some songs and ate a lot of marshmallow and baked potatoes, ice cream and cake. Then, we seen the stars with them reclining their heads over my belly once again. This was an incredible moment, and I don't believe how blessed and happy I am to have these boys close to me and for me to be able to do something good in their lives.

Being a BL makes me think of loving boys and this gives them a reason to be happy. Times like this are common for us and even more for the boys I work with. Whenever you get the chance to be with a boy, that day is your IBLD. I live with my boys and do anything for them. We know what we feel and they also know and repay in their own way. It's a pleasure to be BL, and our days with boys are always amazing.

When is IBLD 2019?

This year's June IBLD dates have already passed, however you can still celebrate it! The December IBLD dates for 2019 are:

- **Solstice:** December 22
- **Saturday:** December 21

What is IBLD?

IBLD is shorthand for International Boylove Day. It is a bi-annual event held by boylovers and was created in 1998 to allow boylovers to celebrate and appreciate what it is to love boys. Most commonly, the day is celebrated by the lighting of a blue candle. It may be celebrated in any number of ways though, as in 2005 a group of 50 boylovers met up in a Dutch tavern to celebrate the day.

Ceberations generally occur on the two solstices of each year, however there are declared Saturday days for those who wish to celebrate it by being with boys or other boylovers if a midweek celebration is inconvenient. The ILBD 2020 dates have been calculated and displayed below.

For more information on IBLD, read the BoyWiki page here: <https://www.boywiki.org/en/IBLD>

When is IBLD 2020?

June 2020:
 Solstice date - 20 June
 Saturday date - 20 June

December 2020:
 Solstice date - 21 December
 Saturday date - 19 December



A Boy's Love

By Wolfrunner

There is a boy that I know.
His name is Nicholas and I love him.

He has two brothers and one sister and although I care about all of them,
And would do anything for any of them,
The fact is I love Nicholas as if he were my own.

They have moved away and there is a void in my life now.
I do keep in touch with them and Nick is so happy when we can talk on the phone.

The last time we talked,
When we were done,
I told him I loved him.



RV Shaving

By GenuineBoyLover

Resting up in our RV, in convoy, on high ground on the outskirts of a compound/township.

Early morning, sun blazing already, we're doing personal admin (cleaning weapons, eating, washing and in my case, getting ready to shave). I was sitting on top the APC with mess tin full of water, shave gel in hand rubbing it on my face.

Kids around, seeing my face covered come round me (why, I don't know). I notice, look at them, pull a face at them, they giggled, so me being me, decide to "entertain" and place more gel ALL over my face and head, giggles all round.

Then shaved all over. Giggles all round.

Our rations came, I gave the kids my boiled sweets and biscuits.

Nice day.



Your Feedback Is Important

Hi there, Ethos readers.

As you're aware, we're a community-run publication. None of us are professionals. We rely almost exclusively on content submitted to us from the community, and we rely similarly on feedback from the community so we can decide what types of content we want to look for and publish in future issues.

The problem is, we don't get a lot of feedback. We only know what a small number of people think, not what the wider community thinks, and this means that we can't respond to much feedback because it's the views of too few people. We need more people to tell us what they think we're doing good and what they think we're doing bad, and this way we can produce a better magazine for everyone.

Once you've finished reading, we'd be really appreciative of you if you'd head on over to our feedback page (linked at the bottom) and submit a few comments on what you thought of the issue and, if you have any, recommendations you have for improvements.

With that out the way, we wish everyone a beautiful Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hope you all have the best 2020 you could possibly have.

With love,
The Ethos Staff Team

Feedback form: <https://ethosonline.net/feedback.php>

... and all beauty requires love and safety.





Amor et intellectus