

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus®



MERRY
CHRISTMAS

HAPPY IBLD



**Come,
Christmas
is coming!**

Ethos Notation

MERRY.
CHRISTMAS

Welcome to the 15th edition of Ethos Magazine, which has a double theme of IBLD and Christmas.

The latter of these is of course a special time of the year for all boys, and both are a special time for us, especially those of us who are sharing our Christmas with a boy.

Christmas is not always a good time for all of us, especially those of us who either can't get together with a boy or haven't got family to celebrate with. The current Covid-19 pandemic may also place restrictions on our activities because of local rules; hopefully we and our friends and family will stay clear of this virus.

This edition has many interesting articles covering all facets of boylove, from news to fictional stories, with articles about the ups and downs of being a boylover with opinions on how to deal with life as a BL. Our articles will hopefully provoke thought and discussion amongst us, which will then extend to the many boylove boards.

It's only by careful thought and discussion that we can hope to give a more positive appearance to our sexuality, and it's effect on the boys that are involved in our lives.

We hope you enjoy this issue of Ethos, and that your holiday is a wonderful time filled with cheer and the fun and laughter of boys. Merry Christmas to all of you, from your friends at Ethos Magazine!

Turkboy
Chief Editor

ethos-online.net

3 | December 2020 | X-Christmas

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CREDITS



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- Correction: In issue 14 of Ethos, on page 50, we had an article entitled "What is Ethos", but no author was specified. However, the text was brought to writing by LtDreamer who gathered what was necessary for this article to happen.

- The images in the "Christmas Art" section were taken from <https://www.deviantart.com/>

- All images used in this edition for articles, cover and pages within this magazine are used legally in accordance with the image bank policy and are attributed by the following links:

- > <https://www.pexels.com/pt-br/procurar/Christmas%20boy%20and%20dad/>

- > [Fundos de fotos criados por asier_relampagoestudio - br.freepik.com](https://br.freepik.com/fotos/fundo)

- > Canva app for designers and creation, images used with permission.

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E-mails and posts can be edited due to space or content clarity.

ethos-online.net

ETHOS NEWS

BY PIT, LTDREAMER AND JONNY399

WHAT IS ETHOS NEWS?

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

As long as a news story pertains to boys, boylovers, or our place in the world as a people, it may be published in Ethos News.

TWO KINDS OF PEDOPHILES

The author, a former LEO, classifies pedophiles into different groups. My take on this is that academic psychology currently has no place for virtuous pedophiles in their academic studies. Since this article comes from Psychology Today, that's my current thought on the matter. It reinforces my view that academic psychology is nothing but a pseudoscience.

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/captivating-crimes/202009/profiling-the-offending-pedophile>

BIG CHANGE IN SEX OFFENDER LAWS

California loosened rules giving more leeway for having oral or anal sex with a minor. Caveat: You have to be no older than 10 years than the minor you had sex with. Despite the caveat, I'd say this is a step in the right direction, and a win for boylovers everywhere!

<https://www.usnews.com/news/best-states/california/articles/2020-09-12/california-governor-signs-bill-changing-sex-offender-law>

OUTRAGE OVER "CUTIES"

The author rants and raves about the movie "Cuties" released on Netflix, saying that it's pandering to pedophiles. Except the only thing is there isn't anything remotely sexual about anything that happens in the trailer. So who cares?

<https://m.washingtontimes.com/news/2020/aug/20/netflix-pandering-pedophiles-everywhere/>

ETHOS NEWS

BY PIT, LTDREAMER AND JONNY399

SEX TRAFFICKING GOES DIGITAL

The article claims that because of COVID-19, more live streams of child sex trafficking is occurring. It does give some evidence supporting the claim, saying that Europol has seen an increase in online child exploitation since COVID hit.

<https://www.npr.org/sections/coronavirus-live-updates/2020/04/08/828827926/child-sex-abuse-livestreams-increase-during-coronavirus-lockdowns?t=1607144392056>

BOY DISCOVERS RARE DINOSAUR SKELETON

The young dino enthusiast was hiking with his dad when he saw the bones sticking out of the ground. This led to a much larger discovery and a contribution to paleontology that you wouldn't expect a 12-year-old to make.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/election-us-2020-54547987>

9-YEAR-OLD BOY WANTS A FAMILY TO BELONG TO

Jordan, 9, is looking for a family. Jordan is a beautiful boy from Oklahoma, looking for parents to adopt him. His story has been on CNN, and has potential adoptive parents all across America interested. However, due to his brother living in Oklahoma, the adoption agency wants to limit their search to parents from Oklahoma.

My thoughts: I think it's great that the news is doing segments like this. I think we need a lot more so we can match boys with potential adoptive parents. I will be looking to adopt a boy soon, myself.

<https://www.cnn.com/2020/08/18/us/oklahoma-viral-adoption-plea-trnd/index.html>

ONE BOY'S CHRISTMAS WISH

What does this 8-year-old want for Christmas? Toys and games, sure, but most of all he wants to raise enough money to buy food and blankets for 50 homeless people. On his 7th birthday he and his friends made "blessing bags" to give to the poor. What an amazing kid!

<https://www.fox46.com/news/north-carolina-8-year-old-has-christmas-wish-to-help-the-homeless/>

BL VOICE

COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS

AND CRITICISMS FROM READERS

"I HAVE BEEN READING PREVIOUS ISSUES OF ETHOS LEADING UP TO THIS, AND I WAS SURPRISED BY HOW GOOD ISSUE 14 TURNED OUT TO BE. GOOD JOB, GUYS!"

CHRIS

"JUST REVIEWED ETHOS ISSUE 14. I STILL THINK IT'S ONE OF THE BEST EDITIONS. I LOVE THE VIEWS AND THE BEGINNING OF THE ISSUE. THANKS FOR THE GREAT WORK!"

ZOLTAN

RESPONSE TO READERS

"THANKS, DRAGONLOVER FOR A GREAT MAGAZINE. HOWEVER, I FOUND IT VERY DIFFICULT TO READ A LOT OF THE DIALOGUE, EVEN WHEN USING MY 42" TV SCREEN AS A MONITOR."

BAGGIEBOY

Team Ethos

Thanks for contact and feedback Baggieboy, firstly increasing the font represents an increase in pages, we are working to solve this problem.



"DON'T NEED A DOWNLOAD LINK, IT WAS JUST FINE. THANKS FOR WHAT YOU DO."

HULANN

"GREAT TO SEE ISSUE 14 OUT. GREAT LAYOUT AND FREE AND EASY TO READ."

TRUE REALITY LOVER

"EVERYTHING LOOKS VERY GOOD AND THE COLORS ARE OUTSTANDING, THEY REALLY POP OUT AT YOU WITHOUT BEING TOO LOUD. WITH THAT BEING SAID, HERE'S WHAT I WOULD CHANGE ...

PAGE 2 PICTURE OF A BOY BLOWING OUT CANDLES, LOOKS WEIRD, ALMOST LIKE IT'S PHOTOSHOPPED?

CREDITS PAGE, I WOULD GET RID OF THE BLUE LINES ACROSS THE BIBLIOGRAPHY LISTINGS, MAKES IT HARD TO READ."

JONNY 399

Team Ethos

Thanks Jonny399, for reading Ethos and giving us your feedback. We made the changes for better reading on the credits page. The photo on the back cover of Ethos (page 2) is a free image from an image bank of which we can use free.

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus



Happy IBLD

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF BOYLOVE



1. My boyhood only lasts about 17 years. Remember to care for me, and remember that I'm dependent on your love and affection.
2. Even if I don't grasp everything, talk to me. It makes me feel soo good when you treat me as an equal.

3. Trust me to make my own choices and guide and support me when I need it.

4. Don't be angry with me for long, I don't like it when you're angry at me.

5. Be clear about what you expect from me, it confuses me if I don't know how to behave.

6. Be aware that how you treat me will have long-lasting effects on me.

7. Be willing to do things with me, it means the world to me when we do things together.

8. Before you scold me for being uncooperative, obstinate, or lazy, ask yourself if something might be bothering me.

9. Go with me on difficult journeys but never say, "I can't bear to watch," or "Let it happen in my absence." Everything is easier for me if you are there with me.

10. Don't forget me even after my boyhood is over.

JACK AND THE CHRISTMAS TREE

by Jonny399

IT WAS A COLD DAY AND SCHOOL WAS CANCELED DUE TO SNOW. I SHOULD BE HAPPY, BUT SINCE DAD HAS TO WORK, I HAVE TO HAVE A BABYSITTER. A BABYSITTER! I'M 9 YEARS OLD FOR PETE'S SAKE, I THINK TO MYSELF AS I WAIT BY THE DOOR. SOON 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'M DISTRACTED BY SOMETHING OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE. I TURN TO LOOK AND SEE THE LITTLE MAN IS NOT LITTLE AFTER ALL. NOW HE'S A NORMAL SIZE MAN.

"WHAT THE F—?" I SAY, ALMOST CUSSING.

"THIS IS JACK," MY DAD SAYS. "HE'S FROM THE BABYSITTER SERVICE. TODD WAS NOT AVAILABLE."

"BUT... HE WAS... LITTLE," I SQUEAK OUT.

"NONSENSE," JACK SAYS. "HOW CAN I BE LITTLE LIKE YOU, YOUNG MAN?" HE SAYS THIS WITH A TWINKLE IN HIS EYES.

"WELL I HATE TO RUSH OUT, BUT I'M RUNNING LATE," MY DAD SAYS AS HE PUTS ON HIS COAT. "YOU BE A GOOD BOY AND DO EVERYTHING JACK TELLS YOU." AFTER LOOKING AT ME STERNLY, HE SAYS TO JACK, "OH FORGIVE ME, THIS IS YOUNG ROBERT," POINTING AT ME. "HIS BROTHER NICK IS STILL ASLEEP UPSTAIRS."

AS DAD PUSHES PAST US, I STAND THERE STARING AT THIS MAN. I KNOW... HE GREW, I THINK? I LOOK HIM UP AND DOWN, LOOKING FOR ANY SORT OF DEVICE TO EXPLAIN IT. "DO I KNOW YOU?" I ASK THINKING THAT I HAVE SEEN HIM SOMEWHERE BEFORE.

"YOU MIGHT, YOUNG ROB, YOU MIGHT," HE SAYS WITH A WINK.

"HOW DID YOU KNOW EVERYONE CALLS ME ROB?" I ASK, EYEBROWS RAISED.

"I KNOW ALL THE GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS," HE 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." THEN HE ASKS, "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.

"JUST ROB, NOT YOUNG ROB," I TELL HIM CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

"OKAY, JUST ROB, NOW WHERE IS YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE?" HE ASKS, LOOKING ALL AROUND.

I GIGGLE BECAUSE HE CALLED ME "JUST ROB," AND THAT WAS 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. "WE ARE HERE TO CHANGE THAT."

"WE? I DON'T SEE ANYONE ELSE HERE." I LOOK AROUND, THINKING MAYBE THIS MAN IS BOTH CRAZY AND STRANGE.

"OH, I'M NOT CRAZY OR STRANGE," HE SAYS. "AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE THINKING." I LOOK AT HIM SKEPTICALLY, AND HE ADDS, "SO DON'T TRY TO FOOL ME."

"WHAAAT?" I STAMMER. "HOW... DID... UH, YOU—"

"KNOW WHAT YOU WERE THINKING?" HE FINISHES MY QUESTION. "I'M NA ELF, DON'T YOU KNOW?" A GENUINELY 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 AND DOWN AND ALL AROUND. THERE MUST BE SOME SORT OF TRICK GOING ON HERE, MAYBE A MIRROR OR SOMETHING, I THINK TO MYSELF.

"IT'S NO TRICK AND THERE ARE ONLY THE MIRRORS IN THE BATHROOM," HE SAYS BRISKLY. "NOW IF YOU WILL KINDLY GO WAKE UP YOUR BROTHER, AND MAKE IT QUICK." HE STARTS TO JUMP ON THE SOFA. "WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. THERE'S MUCH TO DO... MUCH TO DO," HE SAYS AS HE EYES EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM.

I RACE UP THE STAIRS WITH MY HEAT BEATING OUT OF MY CHEST WITH EXCITEMENT. I FLING OPEN THE DOOR TO OUR ROOM AND LEAP ON MY BROTHER'S BED. "NICK! NICK!" I SCREAM AT THE TOP OF MY LUNGS, "WAKE UP, WAKE UP... THERE'S NA ELF DOWN STAIRS!" I YELLED IN A HIGH PITCHED VOICE.

“WHAAAAT?” HE SAYS SLEEPILY. “IT’S NOT CHRISTMAS YET, IS IT?” ASKING THIS IN A HOPEFUL WAY.

“NO, SILLY,” I SAY, “BUT THERE’S A REAL LIVE ELF DOWNSTAIRS. I SAW HIM GROW AND SHRINK. YOU HAVE TO COME SEE!” I PULL ON HIM THEN JUMP OFF THE BED AND TEAR DOWNSTAIRS, AFRAID HE MIGHT ALREADY BE GONE.

“AHH THERE YOU ARE JUST ROB,” HE SAYS LOOKING UP FROM A BIG RED BAG ON THE FLOOR.

“WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?” I ASK LOOKING ALL 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 ASK, BUT THEN JUST STARE WITH MY MOUTH OPEN.

“PRANCER,” HE FINISHES FOR ME AGAIN. “HE SAID TO SAY SORRY THAT HE COULDN’T STAY ANY LONGER BECAUSE HE IS URGENTLY NEEDED IN HONG KONG,” HE CLAIMS WITH A JUMP AND A KICK.

“AWWWW... ” I WAS DISAPPOINTED. “I WANTED TO PET HIM.”

“HOLY... COW... !” NICK SCREECHES. “YOU ARE NA... NA... ” HE STARTS TO SAY, POINTING AND JUMPING UP AND DOWN.

“NA ELF?” JACK SMILES. “I’M GLAD AT LEAST ONE BOY IN THIS HOUSE RECOGNIZES ME,” HE SAYS LOOKING AT ME. “AFTER ALL THE TIMES YOU CAME TO VISIT THE BIG GUY AT THE MALL EVERY YEAR, I WAS ALWAYS THERE BY HIS SIDE.” ME AND NICK LOOK AT EACH OTHER. “NOW, WE HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO AND NOT MUCH TIME TO DO IT,” JACK CONTINUES. “YOUR DAD WILL BE HOME IN JUST SEVEN HOURS. SO WHERE IS YOUR TREE? ROB TELLS ME YOU HAVE NOT GOTTEN IT YET.” HE LOOKS AT NICK AS HE SAYS THIS.

NICK IS STARING AT THE RED BAG ON THE FLOOR AND SEEMS TO GET IT RIGHT AWAY. HE POINTS. “IT’S IN THE BAG?” HE QUESTIONS WITH PLEADING EYES.

“VERY GOOD, NICHOLAS,” JACK SAYS. “CAN I CALL YOU NICHOLAS? HE ASKS. “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.

MY BROTHER BEAMS WITH PRIDE. “HEY, THAT’S RIGHT,” HE SAYS AS HE SKIPS AND DANCES AROUND THE ROOM. “THAT’S MY NAME.”

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 SADLY. “DAD ALWAYS SAYS IF IT’S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE—”

“HUSH,” JACK SAYS INTERRUPTING ME MID SENTENCE. “BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY AROUND ME.” HE TELLS US IN A HUSHED VOICE, “THINGS CAN COME TRUE, IF YOU REALLY BELIEVE THEM TO BE TRUE.” WE BOTH LOOK AT HIM. “EVEN BAD THINGS,” HE WHISPERS.

I PUT BOTH MY HANDS OVER MY MOUTH AND STAY SILENT, LOOKING BETWEEN JACK AND NICHOLAS. "SORRY. I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL."

"SEE THAT YOU DO, JUST ROB," HE SAYS VERY SERIOUSLY. "NOW, WHERE WERE WE?" HE ASKS US BOTH. "AHH YES, THE TREE. YOU HAVE TO HAVE A TREE." WE NOD IN AGREEMENT. "JUST ROB, WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER AND SEE IF YOU CAN PICK OUT A TREE," HE SAYS HOLDING THE RED BAG UP. "THERE HAS TO BE A TREE IN THERE SOMEWHERE," HE SAYS AS THE BAG SPARKLES.

I START TO SAY, "BUT... THAT BAG IS—"

"NOOOOO!" NICHOLAS SCREECHES. "YOU CAN'T SAY THAT. YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE," HE SAYS LOUDLY. 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 REACH FOR THE BAG. "IT'S A LOT LIGHTER THAN I THOUGHT." I TAKE THE BAG FROM JACK. IT SEEMS TO GET BIGGER AS I HOLD IT. 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. BEFORE MY EYES NA 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." THEN ASKS, "WHO WANTS TO PICK OUT THE DECORATIONS?" HE HOLDS UP THE BAG. WE BOTH RAISE OUR HANDS AND RUSH THE POOR ELF WHO DISAPPEARS UNDER TWO RAMBUNCTIOUS YOUNG BOYS.

"UGHHHH..." A SMALL VOICE SAYS. "GET OFF ME," I HEAR AS I MOVE AWAY LOOKING DOWN AT THE ELF.

"OOPS," 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, LET'S GET TO THE DECORATING," HE SAYS WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE. "CAREFULLY THIS TIME," HE ADDS 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 AS HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM. "NOW WHERE DID I PUT MY MACHINE GUN?" HE ASKS WITH A SLY SMILE ON HIS FACE.

WE BOTH START TO LOOK AROUND AND IT OCCURS TO ME, HE DOESN'T HAVE A MACHINE GUN AND THAT NA 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 AND GOLD AND ALL THE PRETTY COLORS OUT MY FINGERS. NICHOLAS CRAWLS OUT FROM UNDER THE COFFEE TABLE AND JOINS IN. 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,” HE SAYS, “WE MUST LEAVE SOME AMMO FOR ALL THE OTHER BOYS AND GIRLS.”

“AWWW, JUST A LITTLE MORE,” WE BOTH SAY TO HIM.

HE LOOKS AROUND AT THE MESS AND SIMPLY SAYS, “MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS BE MERRY!” IN A LOUD AND BOOMING VOICE. THEN EVERYTHING STARTS TO SWIRL AND SPIN, AND ALL THE COLORS ARE MASHED TOGETHER. BEFORE LONG, IT IS A CHRISTMAS WONDERLAND IN THE LIVING ROOM. EVERYTHING IS DECORATED PERFECTLY.

“WHOA... I MEAN, WOW!” I SAY AS I STARE IN FASCINATION. NICHOLAS IS JUST SPINNING AROUND TRYING TO SEE EVERYTHING ALL AT ONCE. HE KEEPS GOING FASTER AND FASTER AND SOON FALLS OVER ON HIS BUTT LAUGHING ALL THE WAY.

“RIGHT!” JACK PROCLAIMS, “I GUESS MY JOB IS DONE HERE!” AS HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

“WAIT!” I PLEAD, “IT LOOKS REALLY NICE, AND WE HAD SO MUCH FUN, BUT WHAT ABOUT DAD?” I ADD WITHOUT HESITATION, “HE IS REALLY SAD.” NOW THE EXCITEMENT WAS WEARING 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.” HE SAYS THIS WITH A WARNING IN HIS VOICE.

“I DON’T CARE, WE WILL DO ANYTHING,” I SAY FOR THE BOTH OF US. “CHRISTMAS WILL NEVER BE HAPPY IF DAD IS SAD,” I SAY WITH CONVICTION. “ISN’T THAT RIGHT NICHOLAS?” I ASK HIM, OR RATHER 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 PROMPTLY DISAPPEARS. WE BOTH STARE WITH OPEN MOUTHS AT THE EMPTY SPACE WHERE JACK WAS JUST SITTING.

I’M THE FIRST TO SPEAK AND 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, AND WHERE IS THE TREE AND ALL THE PRETTY STUFF?” NICHOLAS ASKS.

REALIZING 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.”

NICHOLAS STILL LOOKS AT ME BLANKLY. “WE GAVE IT ALL AWAY,” I TELL HIM WITH A HEAVY HEART. “NO TREE, NO DECORATIONS, AND NO PRESENTS.” 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,” I SAY AS I LEAD NICHOLAS BY THE HAND. “LET’S WAIT FOR HIM IN THE HALLWAY.” 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 THEN HEAR A BELL JINGLE FROM SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE AND SEE A SMALL MAN IN THE DISTANCE.

“WELL YOU TWO NEED TO GET DRESSED RIGHT AWAY,” HE 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!” HE SAYS WITH A SMILE.

WE RUN UPSTAIRS, GET DRESSED AS FAST AS WE CAN, 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,” HE SAYS WITH A SMILE AND A WINK. “I 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, SO I STAY SILENT.

“I KNOW YOU WILL FIND THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD,” NICHOLAS SAYS AND 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. MY HEART FILLS WITH JOY, AND 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 SOON HEADED OUT TO FIND A CHRISTMAS TREE, A FEW DECORATIONS, AND MAYBE A PRESENT OR TWO, BUT I WOULDN’T TRADE THIS CHRISTMAS FOR ALL THE RICHES IN THE WORLD. AS THE SONG COMES TO NA 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.



Blue Christmas

Interview with Blues

by Zoomzoom4

ZOOMZOOM4: SO YOUR NAME IS BLUES. HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH THAT NAME?

BLUES: I PICKED IT BECAUSE THE COLOR BLUE IS ASSOCIATED WITH BOYS AND IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER.

ZZ4: WHY PLURAL? WHY NOT JUST "BLUE"?

BLUES: GOOD QUESTION ... JUST I THOUGHT BLUES SOUNDED BETTER THAN JUST BLUE.

ZZ4: MAKES SENSE. HAVE YOU EVER GONE BY ANY OTHER NAME IN THE COMMUNITY?

BLUES: YES, WHEN I FIRST JOINED THE BL COMMUNITY AT BOYLOVER.NET I WENT BY GREENFIELDS. WHEN IT WENT DOWN I DECIDED TO START ANEW AND PICKED BLUES.

ZZ4: THAT IS CERTAINLY ORIGINAL, GREENFIELDS. AND WHAT A COINCIDENCE THAT BOTH OF THOSE NAMES HAVE COLORS.

BLUES: YEAH KINDA LIKE THE MOVIE RESERVOIR DOGS. I HAVE A HARD TIME REMEMBERING NAMES SO USING A COLOR HELPS.

ZZ4: SO THAT WAS NOT SUCH A COINCIDENCE THEN? YOU INTENTIONALLY HAD COLOR-ORIENTED NAMES IN EACH CASE.

BLUES: AND GREENFIELDS I THOUGHT OF BOYS IN FIELDS PLAYING, AND GREEN IS MY FAVORITE COLOR. YES, I DID CHOOSE BOTH INTENTIONALLY WITH COLOR IN THE NAME. OH ALSO IN ANOTHER BL FORUM I USED THE NAME BLUESKY. THAT NAME WAS THE IDEA OF A FRIEND I KNEW CALLED MOUSE.

**ZZ4: MOUSE CAME UP WITH THAT NAME?
YES I KNOW MOUSE, HE'S COOL.**

**BLUES: THE SONG MISTER BLUE SKY
REMINDS HIM OF ME.**

ZZ4: HOW COME?

**BLUES: I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE HOW I MADE
HIM FEEL. UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVEN'T
SPOKEN TO HIM IN AWHILE, WE DRIFTED
APART.**

**ZZ4: SO HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN
PART OF THE BL COMMUNITY? YOU SAID
BOYLOVER.NET WAS YOUR FIRST BOARD,
RIGHT? WHEN WAS THAT?**

**BLUES: IT WAS, I JOINED IT AROUND
DECEMBER 27 AND IT WENT DOWN THE
FOLLOWING NOVEMBER SO I BELIEVE IT'S
BEEN AROUND 11 YEARS.**

ZZ4: HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT IT?

**BLUES: BY TYPING IN "BOYLOVERS" AND
FINDING BOYLINKS. I WAS SEARCHING FOR
STUFF ALL THE TIME RELATED TO BOYLOVE
BACK THEN.**

**ZZ4: IS THAT HOW YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT
THE BL COMMUNITY? YOU SAT DOWN AND
TYPED IN "BOYLOVERS" AND OFF YOU
WENT? DID YOU MEET A LOT OF FRIENDS
PRETTY QUICKLY AT BLN?**

**BLUES: YES I REMEMBER DOING I
THINK CALL JEEVES AND TYPING IN
LIKE "BOYLOVER" AND IT SHOWED ME
STUFF. I DID MEET SOME FRIENDS RIGHT
AWAY, BUT I WAS VERY SCARED IN THE
BEGINNING SO DIDN'T REACH OUT TO
MUCH TO OTHER MEMBERS.**

**ZZ4: WHAT KIND OF THINGS WERE
YOU LOOKING FOR WITH ASK JEEVES,
INFORMATION ABOUT BL, OR FINDING
OTHER BLS, OR SEEING BOY PICTURES? OR
JUST ANYTHING THAT YOU COULD FIND
RELATED TO BL?**

**BLUES: WHY ASK JEEVES? I JUST THOUGHT
IT'S WHAT WORKED BEST AT THE TIME,
AND I WANTED TO SEE BOY PICTURES AND
EVERYTHING I COULD FIND OUT ABOUT IT.
IT WAS LIKE MY SELF-DISCOVERY AND I
ENJOYED IT A LOT, SOAKING UP ALL**

**THE INFORMATION AND THERE WERE A
LOT OF GREAT SITES; LEGAL OF
COURSE. I WAS VERY CAREFUL NOT
TO GO ANYWHERE I SHOULD NOT BE.
I REMEMBER LIKED JOHNNY PROUDLY
PRESENTS.**

**ZZ4: I WAS THE SAME WAY, I COULDN'T
GET ENOUGH INFORMATION ABOUT
BOYLOVE, AND WOULD BE UP FOR SUCH
LONG PERIODS ON THE COMPUTER,
LIKE OBSESSED WITH READING MORE
ABOUT BL. I REMEMBER JOHNNY
PROUDLY PRESENTS TOO, WOW THAT
TAKES ME BACK.**

**BLUES: SAME, UNFORTUNATELY I WAS
ON MY SISTER'S COMPUTER AT THE
TIME.**

ZZ4: OH MY GOD. THAT'S RISKY.

**BLUES: HAHA YEAH, I REMEMBER A
FEW TIMES SHE WAS WALKING INTO
THE ROOM AND I HAD TO HURRY AND
UNPLUG THE COMPUTER.**

**ZZ4: WEREN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT
HER SEEING YOUR BROWSING HISTORY
AND THAT KIND OF THING? DID
YOU DO ANYTHING TO COVER YOUR
ELECTRONIC TRACKS?**

**BLUES: NO, I WASN'T AWARE OF THE
HISTORY THING. SO ONE DAY SHE
CALLED ME ASKING ME ABOUT WHAT
WAS ON THE COMPUTER. I FIRST
TRIED, "OH I DIDN'T MEAN TO TYPE IN
BOYLOVER," BUT IT WAS A HORRIBLE
LIE. THEN I SAID IT WASN'T ME AND
SO SHE SAID IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY
NEPHEW. AT THAT TIME I CONFESSED
AND SAID IT WAS I WHO DID THE
SEARCHING.**

**ZZ4: SO SHE DID SEE THE HISTORY AND
THAT'S HOW SHE KNEW YOU SEARCHED
FOR BOYLOVE STUFF?**

BLUES: YES SHE DID.

**ZZ4: OKAY. WERE YOU FREAKING OUT
INSIDE? SCARED? WERE YOUR KNEES
SHAKING?**

**BLUES: I WAS. I DIDN'T WANT HER TO
CALL ME NAMES AND SAY STAY AWAY
FROM HER SON.**

ZZ4: SO WHEN YOU INITIALLY DENIED IT, SHE IS THE ONE WHO SAID IT MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR NEPHEW.

BLUES: YES.

ZZ4: YOU DIDN'T SAY IT WAS PROBABLY HIM. AND YOU DIDN'T WANT HIM TO GET IN TROUBLE FOR SOMETHING YOU DID? IS THAT WHY YOU CONFESSED?

BLUES: YES, I DID NOT WANT MY NEPHEW TO BE BLAMED FOR MY ACTIONS. IT WOULD NOT BE THE RIGHT THING TO DO. I REMEMBER HER ONLY WORDS AFTER I SAID IT WAS ME, WERE, "THANK YOU," AND "YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL LOOKING UP STUFF," AND THAT WAS IT. SHE DIDN'T ACT DIFFERENTLY AROUND ME OR TRY TO KEEP MY NEPHEW AWAY FROM ME. IT MADE ME REALIZE THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH BEING A BOYLOVER, AND I WASN'T A BAD PERSON AT ALL.

ZZ4: THAT IS A SURPRISE, WOW! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A BIG RELIEF. IS SHE YOUR OLDER SISTER? THAT SOUNDS LIKE A "BIG SIS" KIND OF THING.

BLUES: SHE IS MY OLDER SISTER. THE RELIEF WAS AWESOME KNOWING SHE AND MY MOM AND MY NEPHEW DIDN'T LOOK AT ME AS SOME FREAK.

ZZ4: SHE "AND" YOUR MOM AND NEPHEW? ARE YOU SAYING THEY KNOW, OR FOUND OUT, AS WELL?

BLUES: YES THEY FOUND OUT TOO. MY FAMILY IS LIKE THAT, GOSSIP GETS TOLD. AND LOOKING BACK I THINK MY MOTHER KNEW I WAS BL BEFORE I EVEN KNEW WHAT THAT MEANT. I ALWAYS HAD YOUNGER BOYS HANGING AROUND ME GROWING UP. I'M VERY LUCKY TO HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING FAMILY.

ZZ4: HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR MOM AND NEPHEW KNEW? DID THEY APPROACH YOU AND SAY, "WE KNOW YOU LIKE BOYS," OR WHAT? HOW DID THAT GO?

BLUES: MY MOM JUST WOULD SAY STUFF WHEN I HAD YOUNG BOYS AROUND, AND AT THE TIME I WAS A TEENAGER. SHE WOULD SAY STUFF LIKE YOU GUYS NEED BE CAREFUL, LIKE SHE KNEW. I TOLD MY NEPHEW I LIKE BOYS WHEN HE WAS GOING THROUGH A TOUGH TIME, LETTING HIM KNOW NO MATTER HOW DARK IT CAN GET TO NEVER GIVE UP. HIS RESPONSE WAS, "YEAH I KNOW THAT," AND THEN HE TOLD ME, "THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT."



ZZ4: THAT IS AMAZING, YOU HAD IT GOOD! I MEAN COMPARED TO THE YOUNG BLS WHO ARE TERRIFIED OF THEIR FAMILY FINDING OUT BECAUSE THEY'D BE DISOWNED OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. IT MUST HAVE GIVEN YOU SOME COMFORT AND TAKEN A LOT OF STRESS OFF YOU.

BLUES: TRUE, MY FAMILY IS AWESOME. IT DID TAKE A LOT OF STRESS OFF ME AND IT WAS COOL WITH MY NEPHEW, HIM BEING GAY WE WOULD COMPARE GUYS AND BOYS AT THE MALL. IT FELT GREAT POINTING OUT A HOT BOY AND SAYING TO HIM, "I THINK HE LOOKS HOT." AND HE WOULD POINT OUT A GUY AND SAY, "I THINK HE LOOKS HOT."

ZZ4: YES BECAUSE MOST BLS HAVE TO KEEP THOSE THOUGHTS BOTTLED UP. LIKE BE SITTING NEXT TO SOMEONE AND SEE A HOT BOY AND THINK TO YOURSELF, "HE'S SO HOT." BUT YOU'D NEVER SAY IT OUT LOUD BECAUSE OF WHO YOU'RE WITH. BUT YOU WERE WITH SOMEONE WHO WAS UNDERSTANDING.

BLUES: YEAH IT'S SHAME OTHERS CAN'T BE OPEN. IT'S NOT RIGHT.

ZZ4: IT CAN BE MADDENING SOMETIMES, WISHING I COULD TALK FREELY ABOUT WHAT I LIKE.

BLUES: IT IS, AND IT SHOULD NOT BE THAT WAY. THANKFUL WE HAVE THINGS LIKE PARADISE MOUNTAIN AND ETHOS MAGAZINE TO HELP US REALIZE WE ARE JUST THE SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE, WE JUST HAPPEN TO LIKE BOYS.

ZZ4: OKAY SO, WITH SUCH AN ACCEPTING FAMILY, DID THAT MAKE YOU FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE BRINGING BOYS OVER? DID YOU HAVE YFS AND NOT EVEN TRY TO HIDE THE FACT?

BLUES: YES IT DID, I FELT COMFORTABLE BRINGING BOYS OVER. I DID HAVE A COUPLE OF YOUNG FRIENDS. ONE BASICALLY MOVED IN WITH ME. I LEARNED TO DRIVE, FOR HIM ... TO TAKE HIM TO SCHOOL. AND I NEVER TRIED TO HIDE THAT THEY WERE MY FRIENDS AT ALL.

ZZ4: I LEARNED HOW TO DRIVE, MOTIVATED BY WANTING TO TAKE MY YF TO SCHOOL, SO I CAN RELATE TO THAT. HE WAS 12 AND I'D PICK HIM UP FROM HIS MIDDLE SCHOOL AFTER I GOT OUT OF MY HIGH SCHOOL.

BLUES: I REMEMBER ONE OF MY YFS, HIS AUNT TRYING TO GET HIM TO GO PLAY WITH HER SON AND MY YF NOT WANTING TO. HE WAS CRYING ABOUT IT. I REMEMBER TELLING HIM THAT SHE CAN'T FORCE HIM TO DO WHAT HE DOESN'T WANT TO DO.

ZZ4: THAT IS COOL, YOU STOOD UP FOR YOUR YF TO HIS AUNT. I MEAN YOU REASSURED HIM. SO HE WAS CRYING ABOUT IT. HOW OLD WAS HE?

BLUES: YEAH. HE WAS 9 AT THE TIME. YEAH, HE WAS CRYING BECAUSE SHE WAS PUTTING PRESSURE ON HIM, AND HE DIDN'T LIKE THE SON. HE WAS AN ANNOYING BRAT.

ZZ4: I CAN SEE THAT, YEAH.

BLUES: COOL THAT YOU LEARNED TO DRIVE TOO, FOR A YF.

ZZ4: YES IT WAS A GREAT WAY TO BRING US CLOSER TOGETHER. I KNEW THAT EVERY DAY WE'D SEE EACH OTHER AND SPEND EVEN JUST A LITTLE BIT OF TIME. AND HOPEFULLY MORE TIME AFTER SCHOOL.

BLUES: I LOVED PULLING UP AT HIS SCHOOL AND WATCHING HIM GET OUT OF HIS CLASS WALKING TOWARDS THE CAR CARRYING HIS BACK BAG. WHEN HE STAYED THE NIGHT AT MY HOUSE HE USED TO LET ME PICK OUT HIS CLOTHES FOR HIM. HE WOULD WATCH CARTOONS WHILE I'D GET HIS SHIRT ON AND HIS PANTS AND SOCKS AND SHOES ON HIM. I ALWAYS PICKED OUT CLOTHES I THOUGHT HE LOOKED HOT IN.

ZZ4: HOW OLD WAS THIS YF?

BLUES: HE WAS 9 AT THAT TIME. I THEN COMBED HIS HAIR FOR HIM, FED HIM CINNAMON TOAST, AND OFF TO SCHOOL WE'D GO. HE WOULD SIT IN THE BACK SEAT, I REMEMBER LOOKING BACK AT HIM THROUGH THE REARVIEW MIRROR, THINKING I'M VERY LUCKY HAVING SUCH A GREAT BOY IN MY LIFE.

ZZ4: OH ARE WE TALKING ABOUT THE SAME BOY? WITH THE MEAN AUNT? SORRY IF I'M GETTING THEM CONFUSED.

BLUES: YES, MY BAD.

ZZ4: SO MANY BOYS ... CAN'T KEEP TRACK. LUCKY YOU. WHAT IS YOUR AOA?

BLUES: 3 AND UP. MY FIRST YF, I USED TO BABYSIT HIM WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL. I MET HIM WHEN HE WAS 2, AND WE STAYED FRIENDS UP TO 12 WHEN HE MOVED AWAY.

ZZ4: OKAY, HERE IS A PURELY HYPOTHETICAL SCENARIO: A SPACESHIP PICKS YOU UP AND TAKES YOU TO THEIR PLANET. THEY WANT TO STUDY YOUR SEXUAL HABITS FOR 30 DAYS. YOU CAN PICK ANY BOY, ANY AGE, TO HAVE SEX WITH FOR THAT MONTH, AS MANY TIMES A DAY AS YOU LIKE. THE QUESTION IS: WHAT AGE WOULD YOU PICK?

BLUES: GOOD QUESTION. I WOULD NOT PICK A CELEBRITY BOY. I WOULD WANT A BOY I MEET, AND IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE. I WOULD CHOOSE 9 AND THE SEX WOULD BE GREAT. MAYBE HIS LITTLE BROTHER CAN JOIN US.

ZZ4: AWESOME, THAT'S SO COOL, VERY CLOSE TO WHAT MY ANSWER WOULD BE TOO. AND ABOUT THE LITTLE BROTHER, I LIKE THE WAY YOU THINK. SO YOU'RE NOT THE KIND OF BL TO WORSHIP CELEBRITY BOYS OR BOY MODELS, I TAKE IT.

BLUES: NO, I THINK THEY'RE HOT BUT I'M NOT INTO WORSHIP. YES, I LOVE THE SLIGHTLY QUIRKY BOYS. I THINK I DO BECAUSE I WAS ONE MYSELF, AND CAN RELATE.

ZZ4: HOW WERE YOU QUIRKY? WHAT MADE YOU UNIQUE?

BLUES: I DID ODD THINGS GROWING UP, LIKE ... I USED TO WEAR A BOW TIE IN THE 3RD GRADE BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT LOOKED COOL. I USED TO CHECK OUT DIRTY BOOKS AT THE LIBRARY AND READ IT OUT LOUD DURING RECESS.

ZZ4: A LOT OF COOL BOYS HAVE ROCKED THE BOW TIE, LIKE YOUNG SHELDON, RICHIE RICH, ALFALFA, AND OTHERS.

BLUES: I WOULD SOMETIMES PRETEND TO BE BRITISH AT SCHOOL. YEAH, AND DR. WHO.

ZZ4: LOL THAT'S A GOOD ONE. YOU DID A GOOD BRITISH ACCENT?

BLUES: I DID.

ZZ4: HOW? DID IT JUST COME NATURALLY OR DID YOU PRACTICE IT FROM SOME AUDIOBOOK THING? OR WAS IT JUST PART OF THE QUIRK?

BLUES: GETTING BULLIED DAILY I TRIED TO ESCAPE IN MY OWN GAMES.

ZZ4: MAKES SENSE. I MADE UP GAMES IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, LIKE PAPER GAMES. WAR GAMES AND THINGS LIKE THAT, STRATEGY.

BLUES: I LEARNED IT FROM WATCHING A LOT OF MONTY PYTHON FYING CRCUS.

ZZ4: OH YOU WERE A FAN OF MONTY PYTHON, COOL.

BLUES: I HATED PAPER AIRPLANES, MINE WOULD ALWAYS DIVE RIGHT DOWN.

ZZ4: DID YOU FLY KITES?

BLUES: YEAH LOVED THEM. ONCE MY BIG BROTHER FROM THE BIG BROTHERS GROUP HELPED ME MAKE A KITE. I REMEMBER IT WAS RED. IT FLEW FOR A FEW MINUTES THEN IT TORE APART.

ZZ4: OH NO, WHY?

BLUES: I THINK IT WAS VERY WINDY. BUT IT WAS COOL ACTUALLY.

ZZ4: I'VE HAD THAT HAPPEN A FEW TIMES, I WAS BIG INTO KITES ALSO.

BLUES: IT WAS FUN SEEING THINGS CRASH.

ZZ4: HAHA YEAH ... AND I SAW SOME AWESOME KITE CRASHES. ONCE THE BULLY KID ASKED ME TO HOLD HIS KITE WHILE HE WENT TO GO PEE, AND WHILE I HELD IT THE KITE CRASHED AND HE GOT SO MAD AND SAID I OWED HIM A KITE.

BLUES: HAHA ... DID YOU TELL HIM TO LET ME TRY TO POOP OUT A KITE FOR YOU?

ZZ4: NO, I WAS JUST GLAD HE DIDN'T BEAT ME UP. I DON'T THINK I PAID HIM THOUGH.

BLUES: THAT'S GOOD. I WASN'T WORRIED ABOUT GETTING HIT BY MY BULLIES, IT WAS ALL VERBAL ABUSE.

ZZ4: DID ANY OF YOUR YFS HAVE BULLIES AT SCHOOL OR IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD?

BLUES: YES MY YF WHOM I TOOK TO SCHOOL HAD BEEN BULLIED BY BOTH SEXES AND HAD NO FRIENDS AT SCHOOL.

ZZ4: OH THAT IS SAD. I'M GLAD HE HAD YOU.

BLUES: THANKS, I'M GLAD I WAS AROUND HIM TO TRY TO BUILD UP HIS SELF-ESTEEM.

ZZ4: THAT'S PART OF WHAT WE DO AS BOYLOVERS. IT'S LIKE OUR JOB.

BLUES: YEAH, AND MAKING SURE THEY GET ENOUGH BATHS.

ZZ4: I REMEMBER WHEN MY YF FIRST STARTED TAKING SHOWERS. BECAUSE HE'D BE OUT RUNNING AROUND ALL DAY. SO HE'D TAKE A SHOWER BEFORE BED. I LIKE BATHS BETTER. I MEAN, FOR A BOY.

BLUES: MINE ALWAYS TOOK BATHS. I REMEMBER SITTING HIS CLEAN UNDERWEAR AND PAJAMAS AT THE BATHROOM DOOR.

ZZ4: AW THAT'S SWEET. WHAT KIND OF UNDERWEAR DID HE HAVE?

BLUES: HE WORE TIGHTY WHITIES. THANKS, AND I DO WISH HE WOULD ONCE YELL HURRY AND JOIN ME IN THE TUB

ZZ4: OH, WOULDN'T THAT BE NICE!

BLUES: YEAH, I WOULD DIVE RIGHT IN ...

ZZ4: TIGHTY WHITIES <3 <3 <3

BLUES: HE HAD GREAT SMOOTH THIGHS.

ZZ4: WHAT KIND OF UNDERWEAR DO YOU LIKE BEST ON A BOY? OR "OFF" A BOY, I SHOULD SAY

BLUES: I LOVE ON LITTLE BOYS CARTOON BRIEFS, AND PRE-TEEN BOYS, TRUNKS ... AND OLDER BOYS BOXER BRIEFS.

ZZ4: WELL YOU'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT. I LIKE THAT.

BLUES: YEAH OFF THEM, NEXT TO THEM.

ZZ4: OKAY I HAVE TO ASK YOU JUST A COUPLE MORE QUESTIONS THEN WE'LL WRAP IT UP.

BLUES: OKAY.

ZZ4: DO YOU PREFER A BOY TO BE CUT OR UNCUT?

BLUES: I THINK CUT LOOKS BETTER BUT I WOULD NOT KICK AN UNCUT BOY OUT OF MY BED.

ZZ4: GOOD ANSWER. OKAY, ASIDE FROM THE OBVIOUS PARTS, AND WE KNOW WHAT THEY ARE -- WHAT PARTS OF A BOY'S BODY TURN YOU ON THE MOST?

BLUES: WHAT ... THEY HAVE OTHER BODY PARTS?

ZZ4: SO I'VE HEARD.

BLUES: I SAY HIS EYES. THE EYES CAN TELL YOU A LOT ABOUT HIM.

ZZ4: WHAT KIND OF EYES DO YOU LIKE? WHAT COLOR?

BLUES: BLUE EYES. I LOVE BLUE EYES, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY HAVE A RING AROUND THE IRIS. I LOVE THE EYES. THAT SHOWS KINDNESS.

ZZ4: YES I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. I HAD A YF WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EYES. IN PICTURES I HAVE OF HIM, I LOVE TO GAZE AT HIS EYES IN THE PICTURE.

BLUES: WOW NICE ... LUCKY YOU.

ZZ4: THANKS. YEAH, I WAS. OKAY LAST QUESTION. SO ... YOU'RE GOING SKINNY DIPPING WITH A BOY. DO YOU PREFER A SWIMMING POOL OR A LAKE?

BLUES: SWIMMING POOL. I HAVE FEAR OF SWIMMING WITH FISH. AND SWIMMING NUDE IS GREAT. BUT NOT IN THE LAKE, DON'T WANT A FISH SWIMMING UP MY URETHRA.

ZZ4: LOL! WOULD YOU RATHER SWIM NAKED WITH HIM DURING THE DAY, OR AT NIGHT?

BLUES: DAY TIME IN CLEAR BLUE WATER, SO I CAN SEE EVERY DETAIL OF HIS HOT BODY. WE WOULD HAVE A DIVING CONTEST.

ZZ4: GREAT IDEA! YOU CAN WATCH HIM CLIMB NAKED UP THE LADDER. HOW HOT WOULD THAT BE?

BLUES: VERY HOT WATCHING HIM WALKING UP THE LADDER NUDE, SEEING HIS CUTE BUTT CHEEKS AND THE BACK OF HIS SMOOTH BALLSAC.

ZZ4: WELL I REALLY HATE TO STOP YOU THERE ... BUT THE INTERVIEW IS COMING TO A CLOSE. I WANT TO THANK YOU, BLUES, FOR SITTING AND GIVING US YOUR TIME.

BLUES: WELCOME. IT WAS FUN CHATTING WITH YOU, YOU MADE ME FEEL AT EASE.

ZZ4: OH GREAT, I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT. IT'S DUE TO BE RELEASED ON DECEMBER 21ST, WHICH IS INTERNATIONAL BOYLOVE DAY. SO WE CAN CELEBRATE THE HOLIDAY WITH A NEW ISSUE OF ETHOS.

BLUES: COOL, AND I LOVE THE TITLE BLUE CHRISTMAS.



ZZ4: HAHA YES, I THINK THAT'S AN ELVIS SONG. NOT SURE WHO SINGS IT.

BLUES: YEAH, OR BING CROSBY.

ZZ4: THAT'S WHITE CHRISTMAS.

BLUES: HOW ABOUT A BOY CHRISTMAS?

ZZ4: THAT'S THE KIND I WANT.



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CHRISTMAS CONTEST

Image
contest
held at
BoyMoment
and
Paradise
Mountain.

WINNERS

Brian
5th-BoyMoment



Skeeter
5th-Paradise Mountain





FAMILY CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS

by Junni

Christmas always involves magic and tenderness, being supportive and sharing what we have. This is something I learned at home when I was a child.

I have my four grandparents all still alive. My father's parents live in Italy and we spend New Year's Eve with them; my mother's parents live in the south of Brazil in a mountain region and it's an amazing place. In addition to a small farm with some animals and a river that runs behind the back of the house, this is where I've spent Christmas for the past 26 years, all my life.

All of my uncles and cousins are always at my grandma's house for Christmas, and one thing that always made me happy is the fact that she will be waiting for me at the table with coffee just for me. I was the only child of my parents until I was 13, and Dad always made sure that our family was the first to arrive at Grandma's house to impress my uncles, so we always arrived in the morning. In the garden under a large olive tree, there is a table with brownies, chocolate milk, tapioca, cakes, ham and everything I like for months.

My cousin Kesley is the same age and he lives next to my grandparents. We are very close and he has always been my companion in mischief and adventure too. I arrived and he was there with the ball under his arm, to play football, on a red dirt field at the end of the street.

The first time we all got together for Christmas, the whole family without missing anyone, was in 1996. I was two years old, and that's when my grandfather started our tradition of setting up the Christmas tree on December 24th always before 11 AM. That involved choosing the tree on a pine farm, which a local trader has, then choosing the pitcher to plant it in, and hopefully we can have the same tree in the yard for many years. At home everyone is supposed to put na ornament and give their wishes of peace and joy to people. Our family tradition is for the youngest grandson to put the star on top of the tree. Since I was the youngest, it was up to me to do it. This year I will pass the tradition on to my children as a surprise, and I hope grandpa likes it.

After the tree is assembled, the best part comes next: Time to turn on the lights!

The colorful lights of the tree and facade of the house come to life, and our eyes sparkle gazing at them. Although sometimes it hasn't worked because they cross the wires,

and I laugh to myself because my father and uncles put it together. Meanwhile the women are preparing supper, and one thing I find strange is that many people who come to my grandparents' house are neighbors who swap and share things, yet we still have to go endlessly back and forth to the market to buy what is missing.

One of the best things about Christmas is how the whole day is covered in magic. This is something felt most by children, and after you grow up still Christmas makes you feel like a child. This air of nostalgia is present in you and around others. Christmas can be a state of mind, reconnecting you to the forgotten inner child. This special feeling is necessary to share. The magic can be felt everywhere, as tables start to be set up on the street and people are all dressed up and socializing, children running around and playing, young people and teens in their circle listening to their music.

With the lights on and people out of their house around 7:00 at night, grandpa gathers the whole family and shows us that Christmas is much more than gifts and parties, or na elegant dinner. As a Protestant Christian, he tells us about the real meaning of Christmas that brings salvation to humanity through the birth of Jesus.



Many families also go to church, whatever their beliefs may be. We are Baptists, we go to church, and by 11 at night we are already back. Around the whole street where my grandparents live, people are gathered with their food dishes prepared and we have a great get-together. I always thought this was wonderful and especially incredible is the boys at this time, just being in contact and how we make friends very easily. I can not be separated from the boys, it seems, as we are always playing games and laughing. I buy sweets and chocolates for them, and make packages to give them.

I take fun games for all the kids and keep them busy having fun, and make sure their parents also have fun.

Seeing all those people there with their families at na open-air dinner in the middle of the street, makes me realize how the simplest things make people happy. How sharing helps us to understand how we can be better, and that Christmas leads us to see things – and people – in a better way.

My Christmas is like this, and I don't want it to change.

A young boy with dark hair is hugging a man from behind. The man is wearing a white t-shirt and is holding a white card with a pink heart and a black mustache drawn on it. The boy is wearing a light blue long-sleeved shirt and has his eyes closed, appearing to be in a state of affection or joy. The background is a bright, slightly out-of-focus indoor setting.

THE BIRTH OF IBLD

by Zoomzoom4

We all know about IBLD (International Boylove Day), and many of us have celebrated it, but how well known is the history of this special day? I would say that most BLs don't know the history of IBLD. Let me ask you, how long have boylovers been celebrating IBLD? And who came up with the idea?

Building the foundation of a BL culture begins like any other culture, with institutions and traditions. This includes having annual holidays and observances, and most importantly the community coming together to celebrate those holidays. When IBLD was first proposed, the idea of boylovers "celebrating" our attraction to boys may have seemed bold. It was new, for sure. We have been ostracized, demonized, and ridiculed by society for so long that it felt etched in the rules of humankind that boylove is evil. Wrong. Shameful.

Well, what if it wasn't? What if boylove was rather something good, positive, and worthy of celebration? How about even having a day for us to express BL pride? A holiday that proclaims the inherent beauty and goodness of man/boy relationships. That was a major step forward in building a real community.

On June 29, 1998, the initial concept of IBLD was proposed on BoyChat by a user named bit. Later that day he followed up on SafeHaven by inviting the opinions of others: "I posted to BC today about the idea of a BoyLove day. I'd really appreciate input from the whole BL community. Please take a few minutes to go there and make a comment. Many thanks, with love, bit"

Several opinions and suggestions were posted, but the idea which really stuck was making the holiday based on the solstice, as proposed by Loren: "On the summer solstice, the longest day of the year, at least in the northern hemisphere. What better day could there be to celebrate a venerable and honorable institution that goes back before the dawn of recorded history? A time to remember back into a better era before the current hysteria and hate, when boys could choose to love and be loved. And to look forward with hope to the day when the present wrongs will be righted and sanity will return."

That post was widely applauded by other SafeHaven members, and the solstice idea gained traction quickly. The member hcaulfield posted: "Lets expand the thought. You are on to something that is very exciting. Please continue. hcaulfield"

Over the next few days, people did continue, but the ideas were scattered and loose with nothing solid emerging. So on July 3, 1998, the SafeHaven administrators posted in the thread: "Bit initiated the idea of a 'BoyLove Day' and we have had a lot of discussion about it here on SafeHaven. We would like to carry on with the concept ..."

Later that day, bit replied:

"Thanks for keeping the enthusiasm going it's really great to see. As far as I know the concept of a BL Day has been bounced around once or twice before, but without ever reaching fruition. So I can't really claim it to be my idea as such. (Babel-17 and Vespucci were also mentioned as originators) My only aim in trying to keep the topic in the limelight has been to prevent the idea from dying out once again. And with the debate happening here (on SafeHaven) that aim at least seems to have been achieved. So that being the case I'm entirely happy to hand over the logistics of how things should next proceed to someone with the necessary skills and resources. So it looks like the baby is yours now! At least it's a boy, may he grow to be strong and healthy. Good luck! With love, bit."

As part of the discussion that led to the formal start of IBLD, it was agreed to hold the observance twice a year on each of the solstices. Every six months there is a summer solstice and winter solstice between the 20th and 22nd of June and December, respectively. A web page for IBLD was established shortly after, and was continuously updated long after with contributions from numerous boylovers.

Over the years, further discussions caused the date to be shifted to the first Saturday after the solstice. However, after the June 2002 observation, the consensus was that twice a year was too much, and that only the June observations would be held in the future. But that decision didn't hold either, as boylovers continued celebrating in both June and December.

In recent years, some in the community have taken to observing the holiday on the first Saturday before the solstice, not the one after. Still others have gone back to the basics and say that it should be on the day of the solstice, and that the Saturday idea only confuses people.

Other elements of the observation have changed over time as well. Originally, the idea was to light a blue candle for the eternal flame of boylove, and place the candle in a public spot with a note explaining the positive nature of boylove. This was adjusted to the simpler practice of leaving a blue candle burning in your window. Most boylovers, however, burn the candle in the privacy of their home wherever they wish. One rule that has remained consistent though is that the candle must be blue.

So on this International Boylove Day, keep the tradition alive. Burn a blue candle for boylove, and think of all the boys and men who have come together in loving relationships. Think of the boys you have known and loved, and how much they mean to you. And don't forget to think of all your fellow boylovers who are also celebrating IBLD with their blue candles, and recognize that we are bonded by this love we have for boys.

This solidarity in observing IBLD and other BL traditions keeps us strong as a community.

CHRISTMAS CONTEST

ETHOS

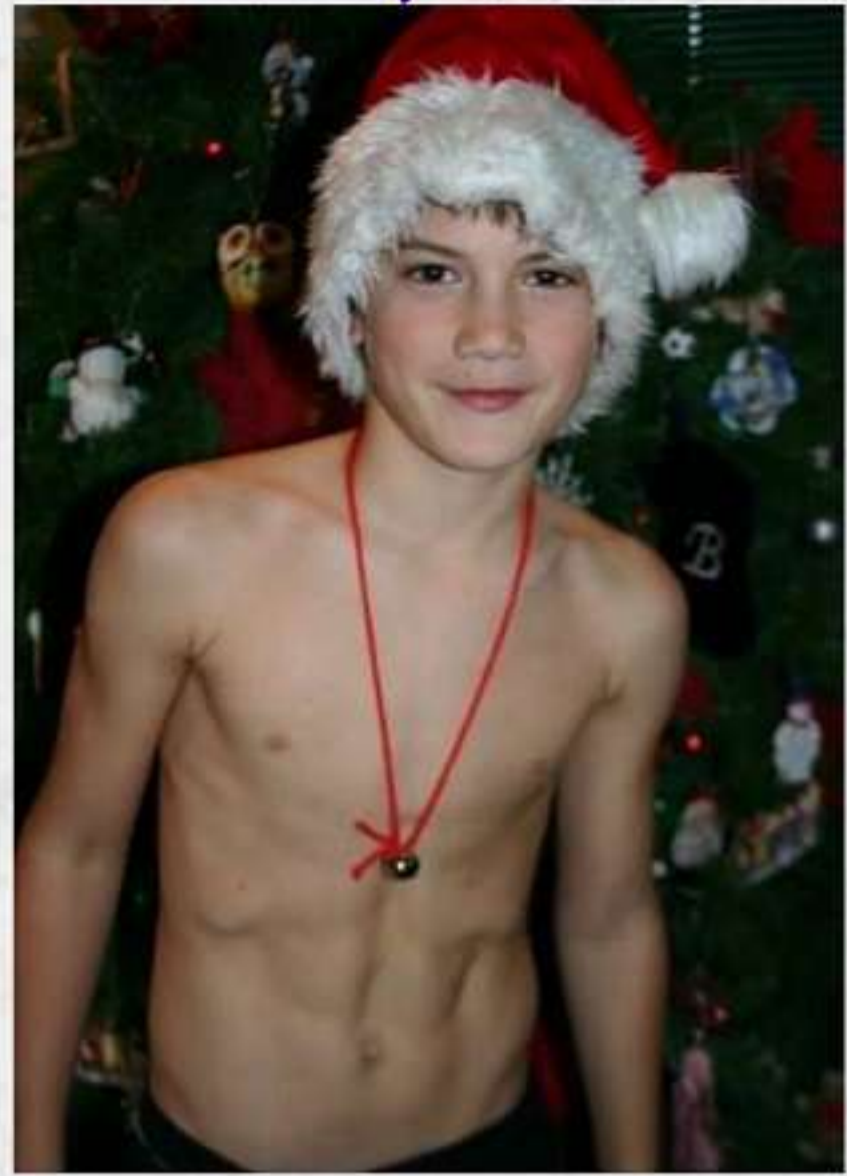


Image contest
held at
BoyMoment
and Paradise
Mountain.

WINNERS

Turkboy

4th-BoyMoment



Zoomzoom4

4th-Paradise Mountain



A HIDDEN CHRISTMAS



by **LtDreamer**

I have spent some time now trying to think of a cheerful Christmas story for Ethos. Sadly, since I have become an adult, Christmas has not been a happy time for me. I never had a happy story to tell. After I was asked to write something for this issue, I decided to write a different kind of story. Christmas is promoted as a happy, cheerful time of the year, neighbor loving neighbor.

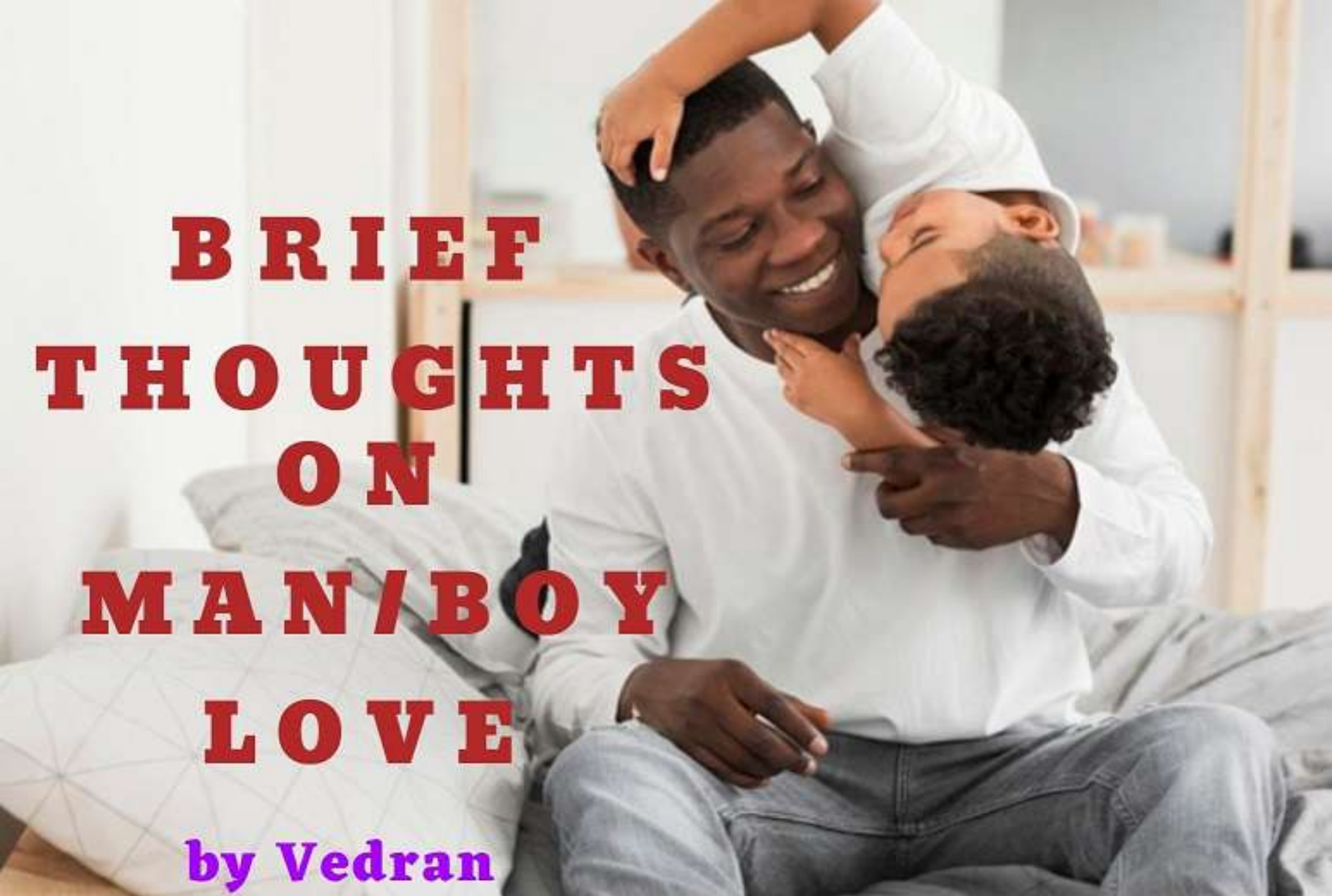
Unfortunately, millions of children are not happy or cheerful. Poverty, abuse, and even homelessness are still a part of the daily lives of these children. For most, Christmas is just another day in their lives. When I talk about this, I am often asked, "How do you know if a child is among this group?" Well, you don't. Of course, you may come across a young boy begging for food, anything he can put into his stomach.

As with every teenager, or even pre-teens, the way you look and carry yourself adds a lot to your status in a community. You cannot tell if one is abused or living in poverty by looks alone. During my own time of homelessness and scrapping for food, I have had the honor of meeting some of these lost ones.

I wish to share a story about a group of homeless children I once had the privilege of knowing. These lost ones were all a group of runaways and those thrown out of their homes. Somehow they found each other and formed a community. This community created makeshift homes with tents and tarps. Any food they were able to gather was used to feed everyone. They became their own family.

During this hardship, their "home" was decorated with garland and tinsel. Living in the woods away from the general public's eyes, power for lights was not available. This group found peace in being with each other.

The message I wish to convey here, as you are going along your daily lives, please remember not every child you come across is truly happy or cheerful. You can donate money to organizations to help out, but I ask of you this favor. No, I implore you to donate your time to a child in need. You don't have to give gifts, or even cook a meal. Just be there. Give your time and let them know that there are still people who care and are willing to do something other than make themselves feel better in this happy season.



BRIEF THOUGHTS ON MAN/BOY LOVE

by Vedran

It has been said that pedophilia, as a sexuality, is unnatural. In that, it drives one to sexual attraction that has no place in the natural order of procreation or reproduction. We understand why heterosexual relations exist, for reproduction of the human species. Why then do some men want to act in ways of sexual procreation not with women but with a male child? The reasons for this are unknown. Why is pedophilia, especially a man's love for a boy, in existence? This is unknown.

Equally unknown is homosexuality; in our case androphilia, a man's love for another man. This too seems against the natural order of reproduction of species. The existence of homosexuality is just as mysterious as the existence of boylove. There has always been a forced silence upon these subjects. Like in the military, "Don't ask, don't tell." Nobody wants to hear about it, nobody wants to speak of it. This is true especially for pedophilia and boylove. It is said to be an uncomfortable topic, unpleasant in conversation. So the result has been silence. We cannot speak of this, or try to understand it. We are, instead, not to talk about it.

Silence about this kind of love is not beneficial for anybody. It does more harm than the good it is intended for. They claim to have interests to protect the children, but there is not any differentiation between boys who are LOVED and boys who are ABUSED. The boys who are loved are claimed to have been abused instead. Thus, boy LOVERS are thought widely to be boy ABUSERS who harm instead of love boys.

We see how boylovers are punished as "abusers" of boys. The silence in conversation prevents any such discussion about the difference. A man engaged in sexual activity with a boy is thought of as being destructive in the boy's life. It is considered that sexual activity in the relationship makes it abusive by nature.

The differences between love and abuse can't be adequately clarified because of the simple fact that conversation of the subject is closed. If someone dares to suggest a positive nature in man/boy sexual affairs their voice is silenced by the dogma of society. One cannot speak in a positive way or manner about man/boy sex. They consider no such thing as being a positive experience for the boy, instead they say it is always abuse and always wrong.

There is a recent ad from Croatia where a man and boy (father and son) are together and enjoying their play and fun. This is okay because it is a man who is the father of the boy. But if another man is imagined, that play and fun becomes seen as "grooming" because the other man is construed or imagined as having interest that is sexual. Regardless of love between them, if any sexuality is involved then it becomes "abusive."

The tragedy of this concept is that any thought of abuse invalidates the love felt. Any love which may be true is discarded because if there is sex that makes it a relationship of abuse to the boy. No matter if the man, boy, or any other person pleads for a better understanding of this relationship. No matter what good they say, it all falls on deaf ears. This all because society has brainwashed everybody that man and boy sex is wrong. This is what everyone believes, and why? Does everyone believe this for reason?

As a gay man I can tell you about the beauty of a man/boy relationship, it is based on LOVE. As a child I knew this. I had love, real love I felt even then. As a child I had this on my mind, having pleasant (including erotic) thoughts and feelings about men.

I did not feel any threat or abuse in their intentions. I would have been seen as courting him, in any kind of traditional relationship. There was a respect between us, he always treated me like an equal. The beauty of a man/boy relationship is that if truly based on love, it would exclude abuse of any kind. Any kind of abuse is inherently against the nature of these relationships.

To me this was seen as a gay relationship, now looking back from my current years. The age difference did not matter. This is why I find the age of consent as a fallacy, in that, a fixed age works as the magical line for consent. Once a person becomes a certain age they may consent to the activities at that exact moment they have such maturity. But society says that even just the day beforehand they are still only a child.

The concept of this is what I find ridiculous and works to only punish those who have attractions to minors. And to mention the minor himself, as the boy is not truly cared for in these situations but used to feed the "abuse system." This system is merciless in tearing apart loving relationships that are true, and goes to prove that while tearing apart people in love, it fails to protect the boys it claims to be protecting.

What good is this system if it only serves only for those who work and profit from it?

Meanwhile no conversations or debates are being brought forth about why the dogmas and beliefs considered true in our present society are not questioned. Why it is considered true and accepted that a boy doesn't know and cannot say what he wants just because he is a kid; having no voice to say.

I was a kid once and had a voice to say, but like today, I would not be heard. Even if a boy says it is a good and loving relationship, they will take him away and far apart from the man.

I feel we should call these relationships to be gay, and like any other between two males. Age should not be factored into it. Its time we call them fairly and say a man and boy are the same, and must be considered as equally, to any gay relationship you see.

ETHOS
Amor et intellectus

Happy IBLID 





POETRY FROM IBLD'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY

To commemorate the first anniversary of International Boylove Day, the IBLD 1999 MkII Note Contest was held in December 1999. Supported by Free Spirits and SafeHaven, it was na IBLD-themed poetry competition for boylovers to express (in verse) what the holiday means to them.

There was a first place winner, a runner-up, and several notable mentions.

First Place Winner – by Echo

Let the boys shine

May they light the sky

May they be like stars
glowing proudly in the
night

May they live in peace

May they know no fright

May they understand our
love tonight

Let the boys shine

May love be theirs

Forever they give

May we know them
true

May we keep them safe

Let us celebrate

On International
BoyLove Day

First Runner Up – by Hoby

And then I want to love some

The past, tortured nightmares,
Dark voices, silent demons.

Do you see the little boy?

Trapped in darkness, forbidden
tears,

So cold here, so lonely, emptiness

My only friend.

So You float me, away from harm.

Days of laughter, guiding my anger.

Reaching in, you reached so far
inside

Of me, nursing me from the inside
out,

Your calmness, the strength, the

Gentle you.

Nighttime falls, I reach for you,

Naked touch, your fingers tracing
patterns,

Across the bareness of my body.

I have to close my eyes, to darkness,

But this is your warm darkness, this
is safe.

And then I want to love some.

Gentle touching of the lips,

I breathe your breath, as you
breathe mine.

Your soft touch against my skin,
exploring,

Exciting, I have to be close to you,

I need to be one with you.

And then I want to love some.

Locked in love, forbidden love?

No this is our love, twisted
thoughts

Of those that blind themselves,
they blind

Themselves to me, to who I am, to
my choice.

But still I want to love some.

I'm lost in our love, the rhythm of
our

Touching bodies, explosive
feelings,

The taste of our love. They say
I'm

Too young to understand this,
and you're to

Old to show, but does love
understand age?

No, love is ageless. So love me
some.

Notable mention by Dgennero

May I have your attention for a minute?

I am a boylover.

I am attracted to minors.

Maybe you will think I am a monster,

Someone who preys on children.

I'm not.

I don't prey on children, just as

Someone who loves women doesn't rape them.

But the mass media don't report on

"planes that don't crash."

Today, on International Boylove Day,

Which is celebrated twice a year

On summer and winter solstice,

We boylovers light blue candles

And leave short notes in public places.

We don't have the mass media behind us,

So we have to be creative.

This particular candle I dedicate to all

Boys who could use a little light in their lives,

But grow up lonely and unloved.

We boylovers could change that situation

For many a boy through our love.

Thank you for reading.

Notable Mention by p=[chad]

**This candle was left here
by a boylover, somebody
that is attracted to minor
boys. I am not a monster
as the media would
believe. A monster is a
person who doesn't care
about children, and is only
interested in satisfying
their own needs. I am not
a monster. My love for
boys is much like your
own. I want them to be
safe and to succeed in
life the same way you do.
I am willing to give all
I have to a boy, without
expectations go out of
my way to help them, and
would do anything to
assure their well being.**

**I am not alone, either.
There are millions just
like me, all around the
world. We are your
coworkers, friends and
family members. There
is a good chance that
a boylover is teaching
your children today. But
there is nothing to fear.
We only have the best of
intentions, and are not
out to hurt your children.**

Notable Mention – by Hooked

What do Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, William Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Ludwig van Beethoven, Walt Whitman, Oscar Wilde and James M. Barrie have in common?

These men, along with many others, are boylovers. What is a boylover, you ask?

Boylovers are adults (usually men)

Who are attracted to prepubescent boys.

Boylove has been around since ancient Greece and probably before, and is a natural orientation just like any other.

Unfortunately, it has not always met with public acceptance due to misrepresentation by the media. We would like to dissipate these false claims.

Boylovers spend much of their time mentoring boys in need of na adult male figure to identify with.

Boylovers strongly condemn molestation, manipulation and rape, which are acts derived from hatred, not love.

Boylovers currently have to suffer for the actions of child abusers because society fails to see the difference between these two inherently different groups.

Please think before you fall into the trap presented to you by the media. Open your mind, and recognize that some of the people who are close to you might be boylovers.

Notable Mention – by Sparks

December 21, 1999 is International BoyLove Day

On December 21, boys all over the world will be given special attention by the men with whom they share their love. All the way from simply spending the day together to a special excursion, gift, and treats. And you may see a blue candle burning in a public place symbolizing a boy who has found the love he was searching for.

Regretfully, that candle may instead represent the host of boys who still have na empty place in their lives, and the men who would, except for the current hysteria regarding boylove, share their caring and love with those boys.

This candle, like others all over the world, was placed here by a man who has volunteered his time for youth organizations, spent time mentoring and teaching boys values, and who was there for the difficult questions of growing up. Or by a man who would gladly do these things if he were permitted.

This candle was placed here by a boylover.

You might know me from my place in history. I had many names in ancient Greece, when boylove flourished while the foundations for a free and democratic society were first being fashioned. I have existed in every society since, usually in a place of acceptance, sometimes even in a place of honor.

You also might know me personally. Today I may be your coworker, your neighbor, perhaps your personal friend.

I am a boylover. I am not a molester, na abuser, or a rapist who forces boys to submit to his physical lust. These are the false images that the media would have you believe about boylovers, but these are not me.

There is a sickness sweeping the world, a madness that has grotesquely distorted the love and caring for boys that I was born with into something criminal and repugnant. For decades now, I, and countless others like me, have quietly endured persecution and lived hidden lives.

We no longer wish to be silent, we will not allow lies and hysteria to define who we are, at long last we will speak for ourselves.

This candle is my voice as we celebrate this special day.

**CHRISTMAS
CONTEST**

**E
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S**

**Image
contest
held at
BoyMoment
and
Paradise
Mountain.**

WINNERS

Filip

3rd-BoyMoment



MichaelD

3rd-Paradise Mountain



I LOVE HAMBURGER BOY

by Zoltan

Hamburger boy. I love him sooo much. He would always hug my legs when I came to his house. And then he looked up (sooo cute) and say my name. He is 13 now.

Back in the day he would always seek my attention, and ask for my phone to play Pokemon Go. We would often hunt our Pokemons together. Or I'd take him to the store to buy him some sweets. And give him things.

His parents and brothers were not giving him much attention. His mom was always drunk. And dad was better available for him, but he was also drunk, and occupied with other things most of the time.

I will never forget our first meeting. Just him coming in the room, seeing me, smiling. Me putting my hand out and telling him my name. Then he reached for my hand and saying his name. Good God. It was an immediate click.

It went fast then. He went on holiday, a two week holiday after our first meeting. I was kind of like thinking that I will not see him now for a while. But guess who video chatted me after a few days on holiday?

He video chatted me a lot back in the first days. Though our friendship was very short, it wasn't completely gone yet. I met him as a brother of another YF. His brother knew my feelings for him and his younger brother; whom I name here as Hamburger boy. The brother was already 18 when he introduced me to Hamburger boy. The 18-year-old YF, whom I knew since he was 13, was also a true YF.

The 18-year-old YF only brought me to meet Hamburger boy after all these years because they were actually half-brothers. And he did not live with his parents the first eight years of his life, I think.

It's sad because I really want to be with Hamburger boy, of course. But too many things happened. It's over now. Really over. Yes, I could still talk to him. And I hope one day to see him again. But we'll see.



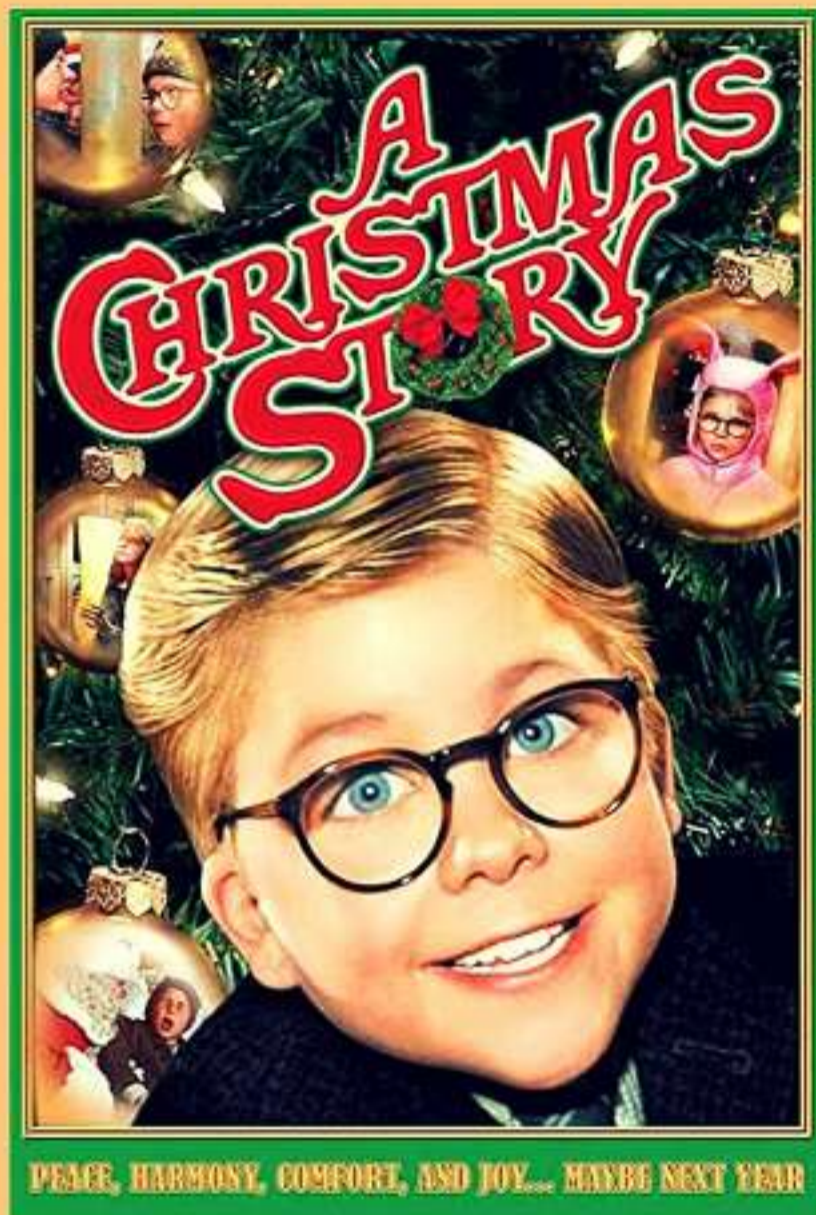
CHRISTMAS BOY MOVIES: THE BEST AND WORST

by Zoomzoom4

CHRISTMAS STORY (1983)

"You'll shoot your eye out!" That's what little Ralphie heard every time he told someone what he wanted most for Christmas. And that was the Red Ryder BB gun. But no, of course he could not ever have it. No matter how much he wanted it. Because ... you know, he'd shoot his eye out.

This is considered the gold standard of childhood Christmas movies. By that I mean, movies that have a child cast. Other Christmas movies would rank higher as overall, but of all the Christmas movies with child characters, this is the one.



With his wide face and spectacles, hair combed ever so neat, Peter Billingsley carried the whole affair with confidence, making Ralphie seem so real and relatable to generations of kids who know every scene. He perfectly encapsulated the rebel beneath the nebbish exterior, with his almost-foul language and overall sense of mischief.

Filled with memorable moments like Ralphie facing down the bully and especially the Triple Dog Dare, which results in Maxwell's tongue sticking to the pole, this was surprisingly not an instant success. Just a modest presence at theaters in December 1983, it shrank off the box office platform. But then it came out on the new platform of VHS home video, and that is how audiences discovered it. And they watched it over and over, rewinding the tape and starting again. The audience I'm referring to is mostly kids, of course. And naturally, since kids are the stars of the movie.

Home Alone (1990)

9-year-old Kevin gets left behind when his family rushes off on a Christmas vacation, and he is now the pre-teen king of the castle. Which two bumbling burglars are soon to find out. Filled with physical humor and slapstick gags, the high concept, tight writing, and assured directing give this film a talented base.

But it's little blond cutie Macauley Culkin who is the star of this show. He made his mark in "Uncle Buck" the year before, which was made by the same director, the legendary John Hughes. John liked Macauley so much that when he needed a boy to play his 4th grade hero, Macauley was waiting there just perfect for the part. And perfect he was. America fell in love with this boy and he has been a star ever since.

The movie became a smash in December of 1990, and Macauley's face in a joking shriek as he holds his hands up to his cheeks became his iconic symbol. The movie even became the highest-grossing film of 1990, beating out many well-known blockbusters. Out of all the movies of the year, the one that ruled starred a cute little 9-year-old blonde boy.



The Polar Express (2004)

Does this movie count? Yes, it's a Christmas movie. But as a boy movie? It does have a boy, he's just animated. No, not a cartoon, since the graphics in this film are photorealistic. But they've also been criticized for being robotic. Here's what you want to know: Is the boy cute? Yes, he is. And he's not even real.

Like the title suggests, the subject here is a railroad going through the North Pole. This is what the film is centered around, and so watching it feels like taking a journey since we're always on that train with the characters as they travel long ways across the frozen landscape.

Of all the movies on this review list, the Polar Express is the one that takes you most into the child's world. We see a dreamlike reality heightened by the fanciful vision of a boy. This format of animation gives it the sheen of magic while keeping us grounded in reality. While other movies show us the child's world, this one reminds us how imaginative that world could be.

The Polar Express is almost as if Stanley Kubrick did the animation. It takes you places, and you don't ask are we there yet, because you feel like you could go anywhere with the unnamed young hero.





Jack Frost (1998)

What if you were 12 and your dad had a tragic accident? And he came back to life. As a snowman. That's right, no kidding. The premise of this movie is ridiculous, and so is the direction the filmmakers take it. Needless to say, the only reason to see it is ... drum roll, please ... Joseph Cross.

He charms his way through this preposterous tale with acting that matches madcap Michael Keaton scene after scene. When Charlie's rock star dad dies and comes back resembling Frosty, the boy finds new ways to reconcile with him and strengthen their relationship in ways they never did before. All while finding ways to use Snowdad's abilities to beat the neighborhood bullies. This movie is almost so bad it's good, and all the while we can enjoy Joseph Cross.

Jingle All the Way (1996)

Last and most certainly least, is this stinker. A so-called comedy that teeters between manic slapstick and disturbing violence, it doesn't know what it wants to be. And try as he might, Arnold can not save this movie. What is the key to watching this movie? Two things: lots of eggnog, and more importantly the presence of Jake Lloyd.

I do have to cover the plot briefly. Jake Lloyd plays little Jamie, Arnold Schwarzenegger's superhero-loving son, who wants more than anything to get a Turboman action figure for Christmas. But there is a limited supply of the doll, and stores are running out. So the mad holiday rush is now on, with parents fighting to get their hands on this toy. Young Jamie is so lovable that who wouldn't take on the shopping masses to get him his favorite toy? I'm sure I would.



As any BL movie watcher knows, the boy makes the movie. And with Christmas movies especially, the boy is why we watch the movie. For what other reason would anyone watch this? The boy is the only redeeming quality of this movie. So let's forget the forgettable plot and get straight to the point. We know it's a bad movie. But is it a good boy movie? Let's put on our BL glasses and look at Jingle All the Way.

Obviously this boy is cute as a button. So the more we see of him, the better. Thus it's important to know how much screen time he gets. Sadly, not enough. Despite being such a central character, I'd say the boy gets only about 35 percent of screen time, compared to Arnie's 95 percent. Also you might want to know if there are any shirtless scenes, or even better, underwear scenes. The answer to that is also a pathetic no, as it being set on Christmas Eve, everyone is bundled up, including our young star.

If you like comedy so bad it's groan-inducing, or have a desire to indulge 90s nostalgia, this is your movie. But if you want to see a good comedy, or simply a decent boy movie, this is one to steer clear of.





Second Interview With Junni

Part 1

by Zoomzoom4

ZOOMZOOM4: So let me ask you first, what is your AOA?

JUNNI: Oh this is easy, my AOA goes 1 to 12 years old. I love the cuteness and the sweetness of the little ones.

ZZ4: If there are no boys, I always try to imagine that there are. Boys make everything better.

JUNNI: Boys are the joy of this world, always adventurous and fearless, ready to face the new in all areas and meanings of life.

ZZ4: Do you have a favorite age?

JUNNI: Difficult to say, all boys in my AOA are incredible, but if I really had to choose it would be 6 years old.

ZZ4: Do you like girls too? Or just boys?

JUNNI: Yes I do I like girls between 3 and 9 years old, but boys totally dominate me most of the time. Let's say that if there are boys, I don't see anything else. In the absence of them, girls become good company, why not?

ZZ4: "If there are boys, I don't see anything else ..." Wow that is exactly how I am, too. It's like in a room full of people, it's just a sea of gray. But if a boy is there, he registers as a colorful spot in my field of vision.

JUNNI: This is funny because when there are no boys, I still look around for where they are.

ZZ4: So is it safe to say, you have no sexual attraction to adults?

JUNNI: I am not attracted to adult men, and most teenagers rarely attract me, but when I was 13 and went to high school I fell in love with my English teacher. She was pregnant and then I discovered that I was attracted to older women, and mostly because of how I wanted to form my traditional family. The proof of this is that I am getting married in March to a 30-year-old woman. I do not feel for men what I feel for her, and considering how I will never be able to be with boys forever in my AOA, I think it is reasonable to have someone I like to share my life with, besides boys.

ZZ4: Boys are very different from grown men in their whole demeanor and attitude, as well as their bodies. This is a large part of the attraction that we feel toward them. Their boyishness, it is unique.

JUNNI: I SEE A LOT OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND BOYS, THE HAIR ON THE BODY TO NAME ONE. I DON'T LIKE THE HAIR ON MEN.

ZZ4: DO YOU CONSIDER PEDOPHILIA OR CL TO BE A SEXUAL ORIENTATION OF IT'S OWN?

JUNNI: I HAVEN'T READ MUCH ABOUT IT, BUT I BELIEVE SO. AFTER ALL, BOYS AND GIRLS ARE ATTRACTED TO ADULTS, SO I THINK SO.

ZZ4: WOULD YOU SAY THAT BOYLOVE AND GAY ATTRACTION ARE PART OF THE SAME ORIENTATION? SINCE THEY ARE BOTH MALE ATTRACTED TO MALE?

JUNNI: IF A BL AND A BOY ARE NATURALLY ATTRACTED THEY ARE GAY, YES BECAUSE SAME SEX, BUT WHEN THERE IS AN AGE DIFFERENCE WHERE IT'S MAN AND BOY, THAT STOPS BEING JUST GAY AND MAKES IT PEDOPHILIA. SO IF I'M ATTRACTED TO BOYS UP TO 12 YEARS OLD, BUT NOT TEENS OR MEN, AM I HALF GAY? NO, I AM A PEDOPHILE. I THINK THIS TERM APPLIES MORE TO AGE, AND IT IS CORRECT BECAUSE THE GAYS LOVE PEOPLE OF THE SAME SEX REGARDLESS OF THEIR AGE, AND A BL / PEDO LOVES ACCORDING TO THE AGE THAT ATTRACTS YOU.

ZZ4: I HAVE KNOWN A FEW BOYLOVERS WHO WERE MARRIED TO WOMEN, AND EACH FOR A DIFFERENT REASON. MANY HAVE NO PHYSICAL ATTRACTION TO THEIR WIFE, BUT ARE WITH HER FOR OTHER REASONS THEY FIND BENEFICIAL. I WAS SURPRISED BY HOW MANY BLS DO WANT TO BE FATHERS, AND HAVE A TRADITIONAL FAMILY.

JUNNI: I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A FATHER, I ALWAYS HAD A WAY WITH CHILDREN, AND BOYS WERE ALWAYS PRESENT IN MY LIFE IN GOOD AND LASTING FRIENDSHIPS. WHEN MY PARENTS STARTED ADOPTING CHILDREN AND WITH MOM WORKING AT NIGHT, I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF MY BROTHERS AND I KNEW I WOULD BE A GOOD FATHER BECAUSE OF THAT. ALSO THE PARENTS OF MY STUDENTS SAID THIS WHEN THEY SAW ME DEALING WITH THEIR CHILDREN, HOW I SHOULD BE A FATHER.

ZZ4: DO YOU LIKE BEING IN THE FATHER ROLE TO A BOY?

JUNNI: THERE IS NOTHING MORE INCREDIBLE THAN BEING THE FATHER OF A BOY. BEING THE PARENT OF A CHILD ALLOWS BOTH TO HAVE A CLOSE RELATIONSHIP AND PARENTAL CONNECTIVITY. IT IS NOT SOMETHING LIKE I HAVE BOYS FOR MY FUN, BUT IT'S ALSO HAVING THE BOYS TO TEACH THIS FUN TOGETHER, AND FUN IS WHAT WE DO BEST.

ZZ4: YOU HAVE BEEN WORKING WITH BOYS, AND DEALING WITH BOYS IN SOME CAPACITY, FOR QUITE A WHILE NOW. HOW DID YOU GET TO BE THE CENTER OF SO MANY BOYS' LIVES?

JUNNI: I ARRIVED TO LIVE IN BRAZIL WITH MY PARENTS WHEN I WAS 10, AND SOON FOUND A BAPTIST CHURCH THAT HAS AN ORGANIZATION JUST FOR BOYS. I GREW UP IN THIS ORGANIZATION, AND I STARTED WORKING WITH BOYS FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE AND I REALIZED THAT THEY THEY NEEDED A FATHER AND SAW ME AS A FATHER. MANY TIMES I ACT LIKE A FATHER, GIVING LOVE, AFFECTION, SECURITY, ENCOURAGEMENT, GUIDANCE AND BEING THERE FOR THEM AT ALL TIMES. I STARTED TO CARE ABOUT THEM THE WAY MY PARENTS DID AND CARED FOR ME. THEY NEED IT, AND PLUS TAKING CARE OF MY BROTHERS, THERE ARE TEN IN ALL AND I AM THE OLDEST.

ZZ4: TEN BROTHERS? THAT HELPED PREPARE YOU FOR HAVING SONS AND YFS THEN, I WOULD THINK. HOW MANY OF THOSE DO YOU HAVE?

JUNNI: SONS, I HAVE TWO. I ADOPTED ONE ON MY OWN, AND THE OTHER IS THE SON OF MY FUTURE WIFE. WE HAVE BEEN LIVING TOGETHER SINCE JANUARY 3RD; MY FIANCEE LIVES AND WORKS IN ANOTHER CITY IN THE SOUTH OF THE COUNTRY. AND I HAVE 3 YFS WHO ARE LIKE MY CHILDREN. THEY SPEND MORE TIME HERE IN MY HOUSE THAN IN THEIRS, AND I TRY TO HELP AS MUCH AS I CAN.

ZZ4: ARE YOUR YFS FRIENDS WITH YOUR SONS? DO THEY GET ALONG?

JUNNI: THEY ARE GETTING ALONG, A FIGHT OR TWO HERE AND THERE OVER A TOY, A TV CHANNEL, OR BECAUSE NOBODY WANTS TO PLAY OR SWIM IN THE POOL. NORMAL CHILDISH THINGS, THEN SOON THEY ARE RUNNING AND JUMPING TOGETHER.

ZZ4: HAHA YES, THAT'S HOW BOYS ARE. THEIR BOYISHNESS IS VERY ATTRACTIVE TO ME. WELL, ALL OF US (BLS I MEAN). SO WHAT DO YOU THINK ARE SOME OF THE MOST APPEALING QUALITIES ABOUT BOYS?

JUNNI: A BOY IS LIFE, JOY, LOVE WITHOUT INTERESTS, AND REMINDS YOU THAT IT IS NECESSARY TO BE MORE LIKE A CHILD. I ALWAYS BECOME A CHILD AGAIN WHEN I AM WITH THEM.

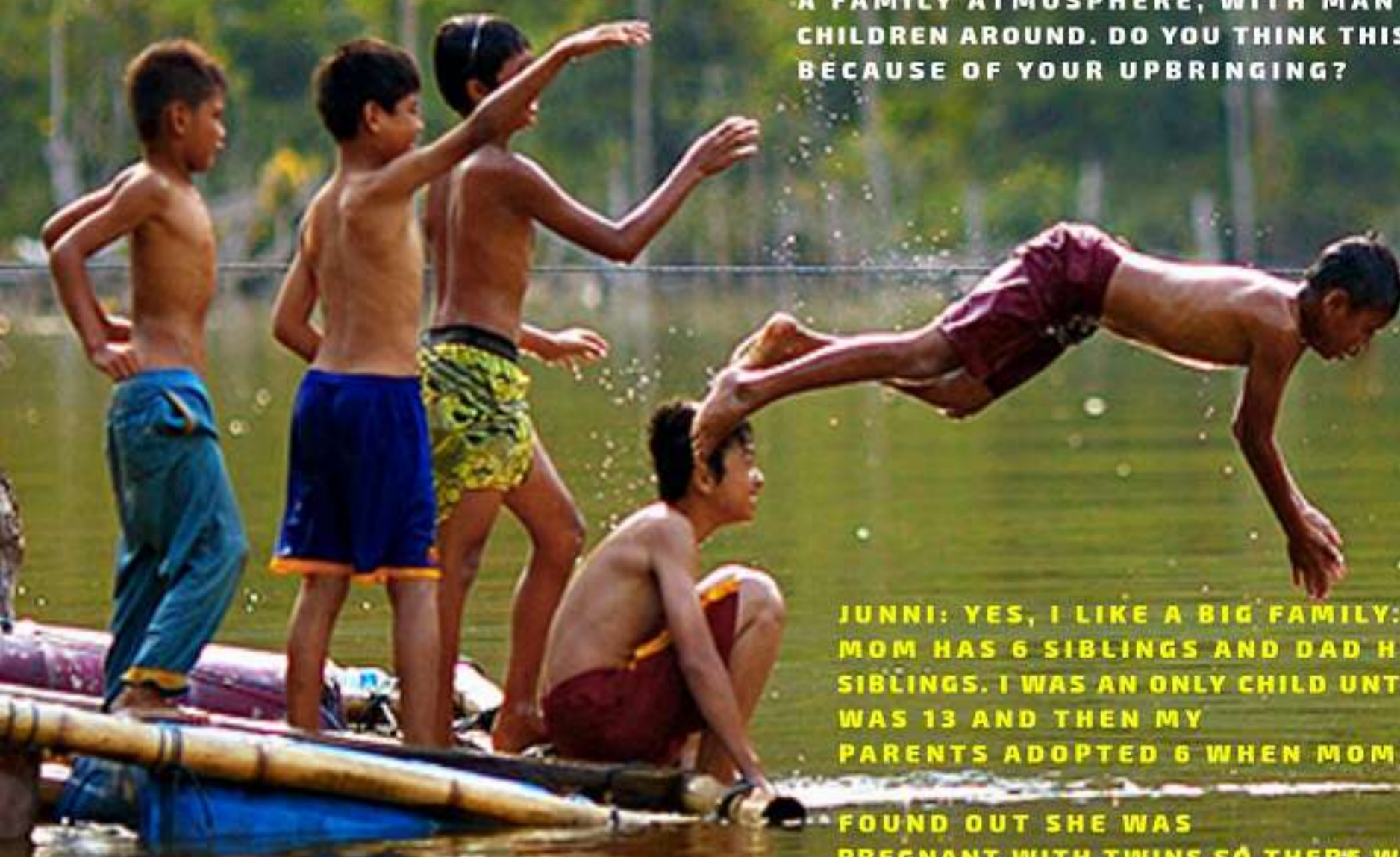
ZZ4: WHEN YOU MEET A BOY, WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU NOTICE ABOUT HIM?

JUNNI: THIS IS DIFFICULT. MANY WOULD SAY BEAUTY, BUT I SAY IT'S NOT THE MOST IMPORTANT. WHAT MOST CATCHES MY ATTENTION IN THE BOY IS THE WAY HE ACTS AND HOW HE TREATS YOU. RESPECT, EDUCATION, KINDNESS, ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT, HOW MUCH HE ALLOWS ME TO LOVE AND SHOW THAT LOVE.

ZZ4: AFTER YOUR KIDS GROW UP, DO YOU SEE YOURSELF AS POSSIBLY ADOPTING OR HAVING MORE?

JUNNI: I ONCE PLANNED TO HAVE 7 CHILDREN, AND YES WE CAN STILL HAVE MANY CHILDREN. I CAN'T WAIT FOR MY WIFE TO BE PREGNANT. I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S JUST ANXIETY OR A FETISH, HAVING A PREGNANT WIFE. LOL! I ALWAYS DREAMED OF HAVING MY WIFE PREGNANT, AND HAVING TO GO OUT AT NIGHT TO FULFILL MY PREGNANT WIFE'S WISHES, BUY BABY CLOTHES, THINK ABOUT THE BEDROOM. THESE KIND OF THINGS.

ZZ4: YOU FIND IT VERY APPEALING TO BE IN A FAMILY ATMOSPHERE, WITH MANY CHILDREN AROUND. DO YOU THINK THIS IS BECAUSE OF YOUR UPBRINGING?



JUNNI: YES, I LIKE A BIG FAMILY: MOM HAS 6 SIBLINGS AND DAD HAS 4 SIBLINGS. I WAS AN ONLY CHILD UNTIL I WAS 13 AND THEN MY PARENTS ADOPTED 6 WHEN MOM

FOUND OUT SHE WAS PREGNANT WITH TWINS SO THERE WERE 9 BOYS AND MY BABY SISTERS. HAVING 10 BROTHERS CHANGES YOUR LIFE, AND WE ARE HAPPY SHARING EVERYTHING, IT IS NOT EASY BUT THERE IS ALWAYS A LOT OF LOVE.

CHRISTMAS CONTEST

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BoyMoment
and
Paradise
Mountain.

WINNERS

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MY GRANDMOTHER'S CHRISTMAS MEMORIES



by **Dragonlover**

Many years ago, when I was just a boy of 7 or 8 years old, my grandmother took me aside one day to tell me a special story. A true story, and one that had to do with a special Christmas when she was a young girl. I sat next to her on her sofa, she put her arm around me and pulled me close. I listened intently, as I always did when she told a story.

Christmas, 1917
New Castle, Pennsylvania

My grandmother had turned 11 years old that year. Her father was away in Europe fighting in World War I, so he would not be home for Christmas. So it would just be her, her mother, May, her brother Jimmy, and her two sisters, Peggy Anne and Marilyn. It was my grandmother's first Christmas without her dad, and as the holiday approached, she grew more and more sad and depressed.

Her father, John, had always been there for the holidays. He worked hard in the coal mines 6 days a week, sometimes 10 or 12 hours a day. He came home filthy with coal dust every day, but he provided for his family while many men in that time could not. Jobs were scarce, and money tight. But John had a great heart and loved and cared for his family very deeply. He made sure the family had everything they needed and wanted if it was at all possible.

But, my grandmother felt let down that year because her dad would be away for Christmas. She was mad at everybody. Mad at her dad for joining the army and leaving, mad at her mother for letting him go, mad at her brother and sisters just for getting on her nerves. She knew she shouldn't be mad at everyone on a special holiday, but she was, and she couldn't help it.

Christmas Eve had arrived. May was busy preparing food for a special Christmas Eve supper. She was baking bread, preparing meat, and cutting up vegetables, all while keeping an eye on her children. My grandmother volunteered to help out where she could. At 11, young girls back then took on a lot of household responsibility. Her mother gave her the task of cleaning the fruits and vegetables, and she would be in charge of setting the dining table. She was encouraged to assign each of her siblings a task in the setting of the table.

May took a break for a moment and sat down, pulling a folded piece of paper from her apron pocket. She read it, for what seemed like the hundredth time.

November 23rd, 1917

My Dearest May,

Well, it's another day. As you can probably tell from the postmark, I am now in Italy. The fighting is fierce, scary. But, I know that with your love and support, and that of the children, I will come through this war just fine. I know that I will soon come home to you all.

My darling, as the holidays approach, I would like you and the children to proceed with your regular holiday plans. Don't let the fact that I am not there deter you in any way from celebrating Christmas. I ask because I want to know that you, the children, and the rest of the family are having a good time, and taking a break from worrying about me and this war. Promise me, my dear, promise me.

I will try and arrange some kind of gifts for you and the children to open on Christmas Day, but given this time, I cannot make any promises. But know that I will try. Don't tell the children. I want it to be a surprise.

Anyway, I have to wrap this up now. It is supper time here, and we have to eat as we can.

I love you, my darling and I promise to be home to you soon.

I remain forever yours,

John

May held the letter tight, then put it back in her pocket. She thought about holidays past when John was home to enjoy them with his family. Her heart ached. She sniffled quickly, holding back a tear. She had to stay strong for her children. This would be hard enough on them without her falling to pieces. She was startled by the front door slamming.

"Jimmy, how many times do I need to ask you not to slam that door?" she scolded her only son.

"Sorry, Mamma. But I heard something! I was down at the store just now. Mrs. Crenshaw, you know her, right? Well, she was there and she told old

Mr. Jensen that Mr. Crenshaw was coming home! Get it? If Mr. Crenshaw can come home, maybe Daddy can, too!" he said excitedly.

She sat down at the table, pulling her son to her.

"Jimmy, please listen. If your Daddy were able to come home, we would have heard about it. He would have been told, then he would have told us. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Crenshaw are very fortunate to have him home. But the army still needs your Daddy, I guess. He still needs to help to get peace," she told him.

Jimmy dropped his head.

"I wish he could be home for Christmas. I really do," he said. And as he stalked away from his mother, she heard him say under his breath, "I hate the army."

She knew how he felt. This was affecting everybody. Not just her, or her children. Everyone who had a husband, son, or brother serving in the armed forces. She then starting thinking thoughts that were best left alone. "What if he gets hurt... what if he gets lost or captured... or, what if he..." she stopped and shook her head. No, not today, not tomorrow. This is Christmas, and John said that we were to enjoy it, and by God we are.

"Peggy Anne! Come on in here. I need you to go upstairs to Mamma's closet. Way in the back there's a box with some special Christmas ornaments. Can you bring it down here, please? And be very careful with it," she said.

Peggy shuffled up the steps and went to the closet. She pulled out the box her mother was talking about. It wasn't too heavy, but when she picked it up she could hear that whatever was in it was wrapped in paper, so she was very careful.

"Here, Mamma. What's in it? I never saw that box before," she said.

"Well, let's open it and I'll show you," May said.

They opened the box, revealing a bunch of tissue paper. May reached in and picked up a random item and carefully unwrapped it. It was a large Christmas ornament. A ball that you would hang on the tree. She showed it to her daughter

"See? This one is from mine and your Daddy's first Christmas together. See what it says there?"

Christmas, 1901

John and May, our first Christmas!

"Wow, Mamma! 1901? Really?"

"Sure was! Oh my, your Daddy was sure something back then. When we were courting,

he was just so pleasant, nice to be around. Much like he is now, just younger is all," May said.

Additional ornaments were pulled out of the box. Many of them from when May was a child. Gifts that were given to her by her mother and dad. She and the children hung them on the tree as finishing touches. Just then, the telephone rang. It startled them all because at the time not that many people even had telephones. So May went over, put the receiver to her ear, and leaned into the mouthpiece on the wall phone.

"Hello?"

"Hi May, it's Marge. Listen, I have a call from a Lieutenant Jarvis. He says he is calling from Rome, Italy. It has something to do with John," she said softly.

May immediately thought the worst. He's been killed.

"Put it through, please, Marge," she said, steeling herself.

"Sure, May. And, if you need anything, don't hesitate to ask, OK? I'll put your call through," Marge said. There was a loud click.

"Hello? Mrs. Thomas?" a man's voice asked.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Thomas," May said.

"Mrs. Thomas, my name is Lieutenant Walter Jarvis of the United States Army. I'm a chaplain serving over here in Rome, Italy. Your husband, John Thomas is serving in Italy as well, is my understanding," he said.

"Yes, Lieutenant, John is there. May I ask what this is about?" she said, steeling herself further.

"Mrs. Thomas, I received news from your husband's unit today. As it turns out, your husband, as well as several others from his unit have been ..."

In her mind, she heard, "... killed while in action. The President and the army send their deepest of condolences ..."

But he was saying, "... discharged. Ma'am, your husband is coming home. He has all his points, he has served enough time. It has been determined that he is eligible for an honorable discharge, as signed by his Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel James Barrows. He is now honorably discharged with special commendation," he told her.

As she listened, her legs almost gave out. Marilyn rushed over.

"Mamma! What is it? Is it about Daddy??"

May composed herself.

“Oh my God! When? When will he be home? Please tell me!” she said joyfully.

“Mrs. Thomas, he was booked on a carrier out of Italy, headed to England. From there he has a flight from London to Pittsburgh International. That is close to you, isn’t it?” he asked.

“Yes, YES! Oh, thank you! Thank you for calling! This is a true blessing!” May said.

“It’s my pleasure, Mrs. Thomas. Always nice to be the bearer of GOOD news for once. Anyway, I have other calls to make. I wish you and your family a Merry Christmas. God speed,” he said, then hung up.

May put the receiver back on the hook, looked up, and closed her eyes.

Thank you, God. Thank you so, so much for bringing him home to us safely.

“Kids! KIDS! Get in here, all of you! I have wonderful news!” she yelled.

The children all gathered around her.

“Your Daddy is coming home! He’s out of the army!” she exclaimed.

The children looked at her in awe and shock. When her words sunk in, they all yelled and cheered.

Several hours later, the phone rang again. May answered.

“Hello?”

“May! Marge here. Guess who I have on the line for you?! Go ahead,” she said.

“Hello? May? My darling, May?”

It was John.

“JOHN! Lord almighty! John, where are you? Lieutenant Jarvis said you left Rome for London! Where are you?” she asked.

“Honey, I am calling from Pittsburgh! I’m ordering a streetcar and coming home! I’ll be there in a few hours. Are the kids there?” he asked.

“Yes, darling, of course. We’re all here.”

“I’ll see you all soon, then. I’m ordering a car and heading straight there. I should be there in the next few hours. I love you, darling. I’ll see you soon,” he said, then hung up.

As May hung up the phone, she sighed. John will be home for Christmas.

**CHRISTMAS
CONTEST**

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**Image
contest
held at
BoyMoment
and
Paradise
Mountain.**

WINNERS

MichaelD

1st-BoyMoment



BoysOwn

1st-Paradise Mountain



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by Various Authors





**THIS IS A COMPILATION OF
SCRUFFYLAD'S IBLD-THEMED
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM 1998 -- 2007**

**Snowman Boylover
December 1998**

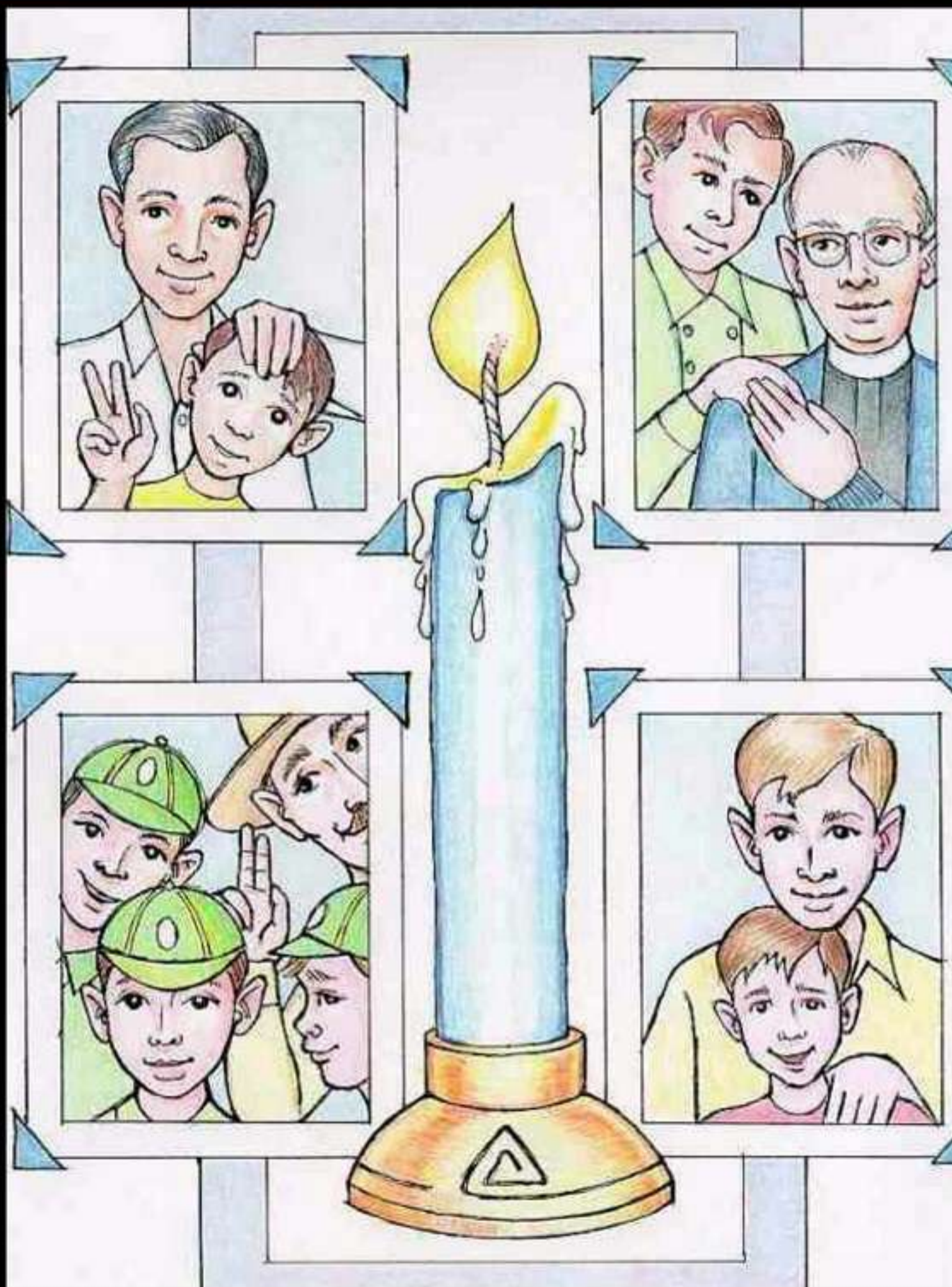


Boylove Sunset-June 1999

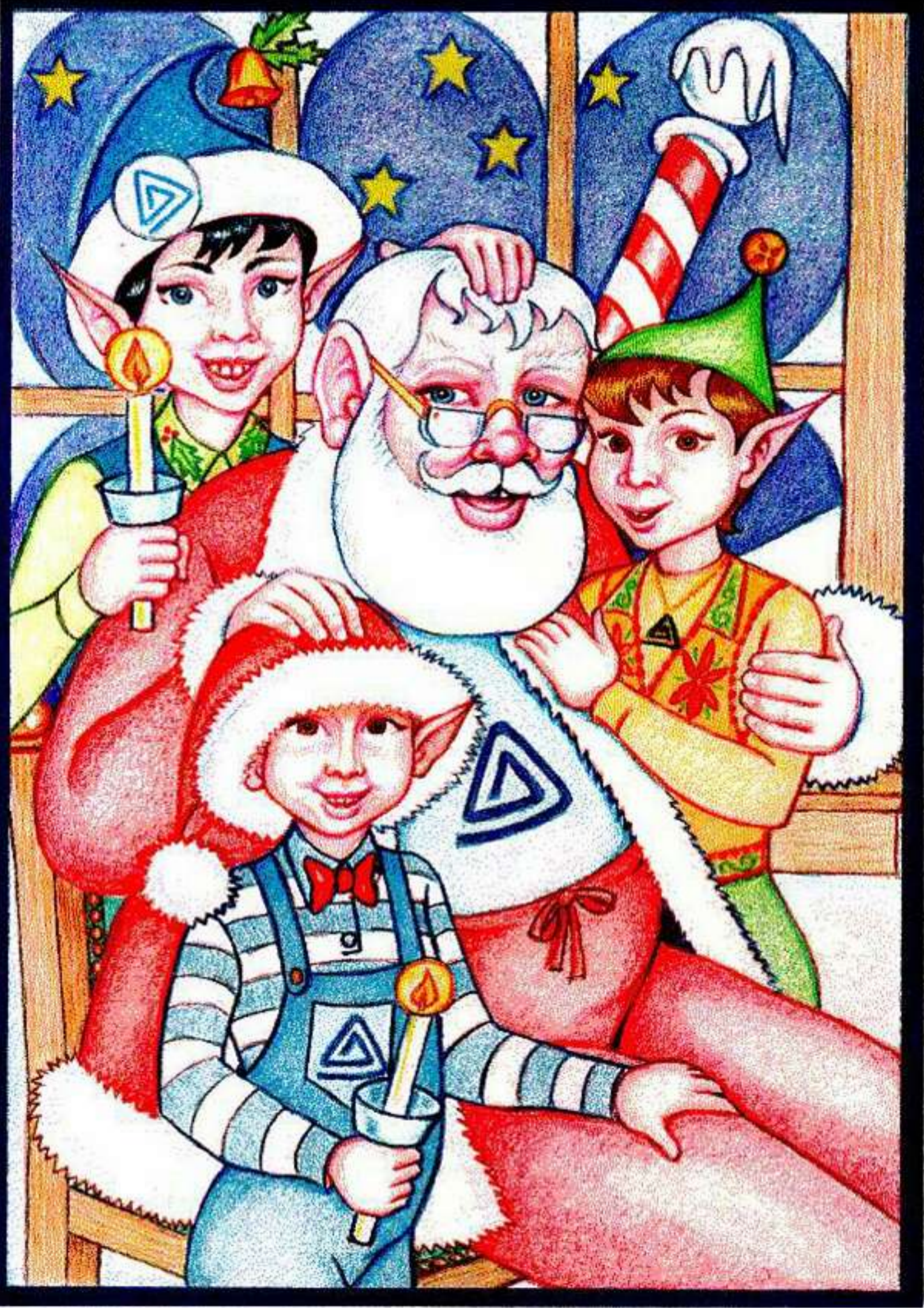


Boylove Album

December 1999







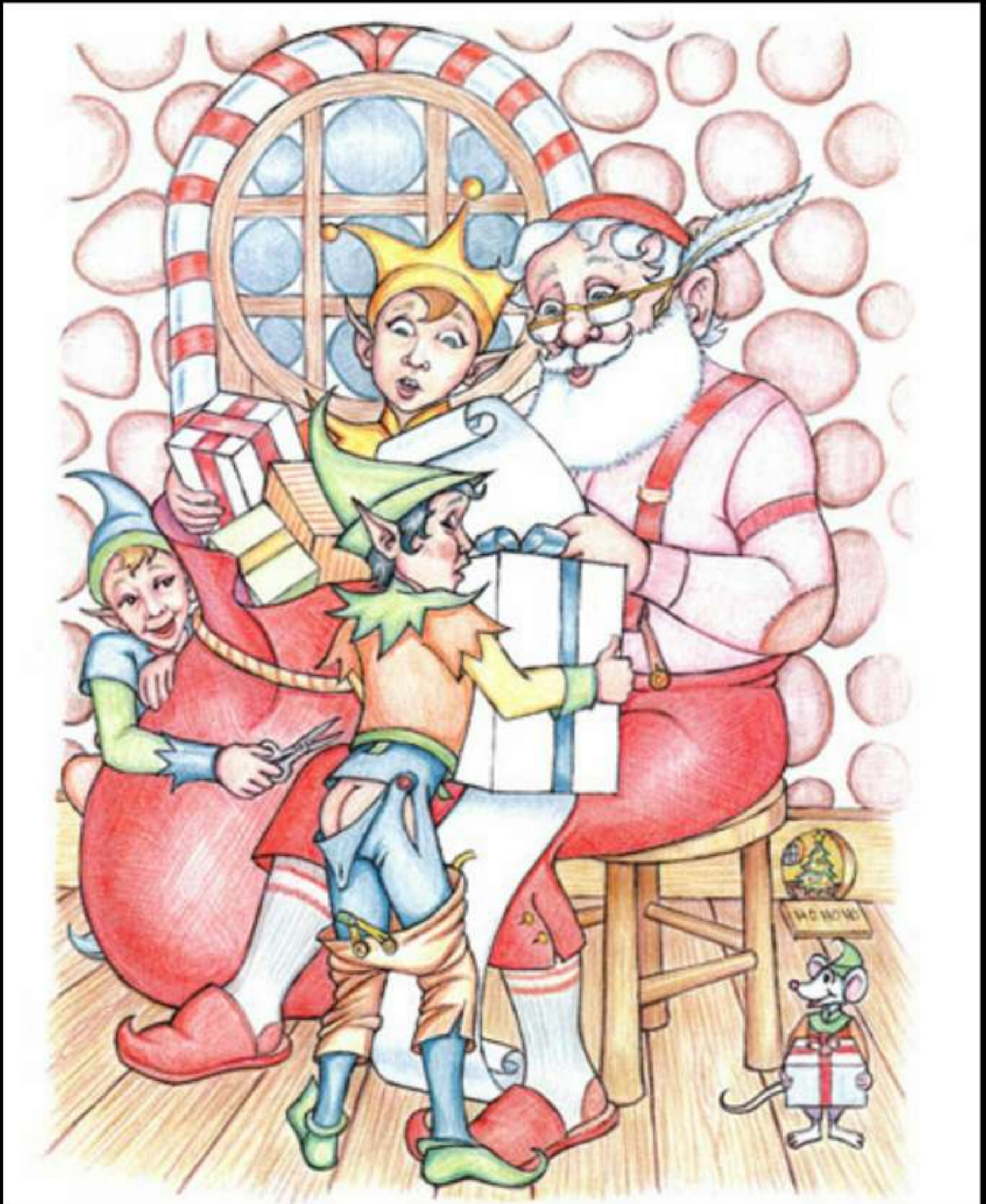


King Cole-December de 2001

His Safe Haven-June de 2002



Title Unknown-December 2003

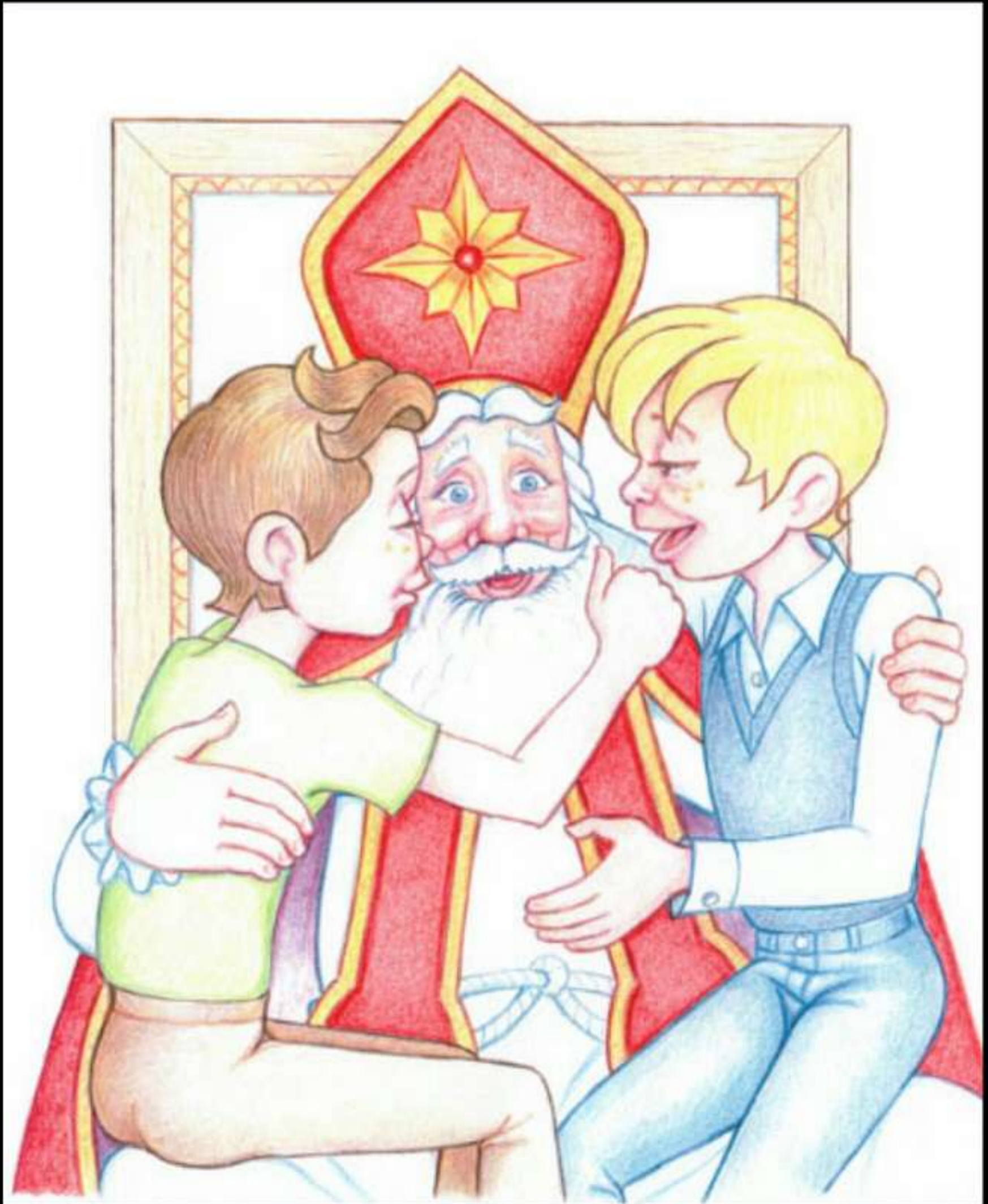


Surfers-June 2004



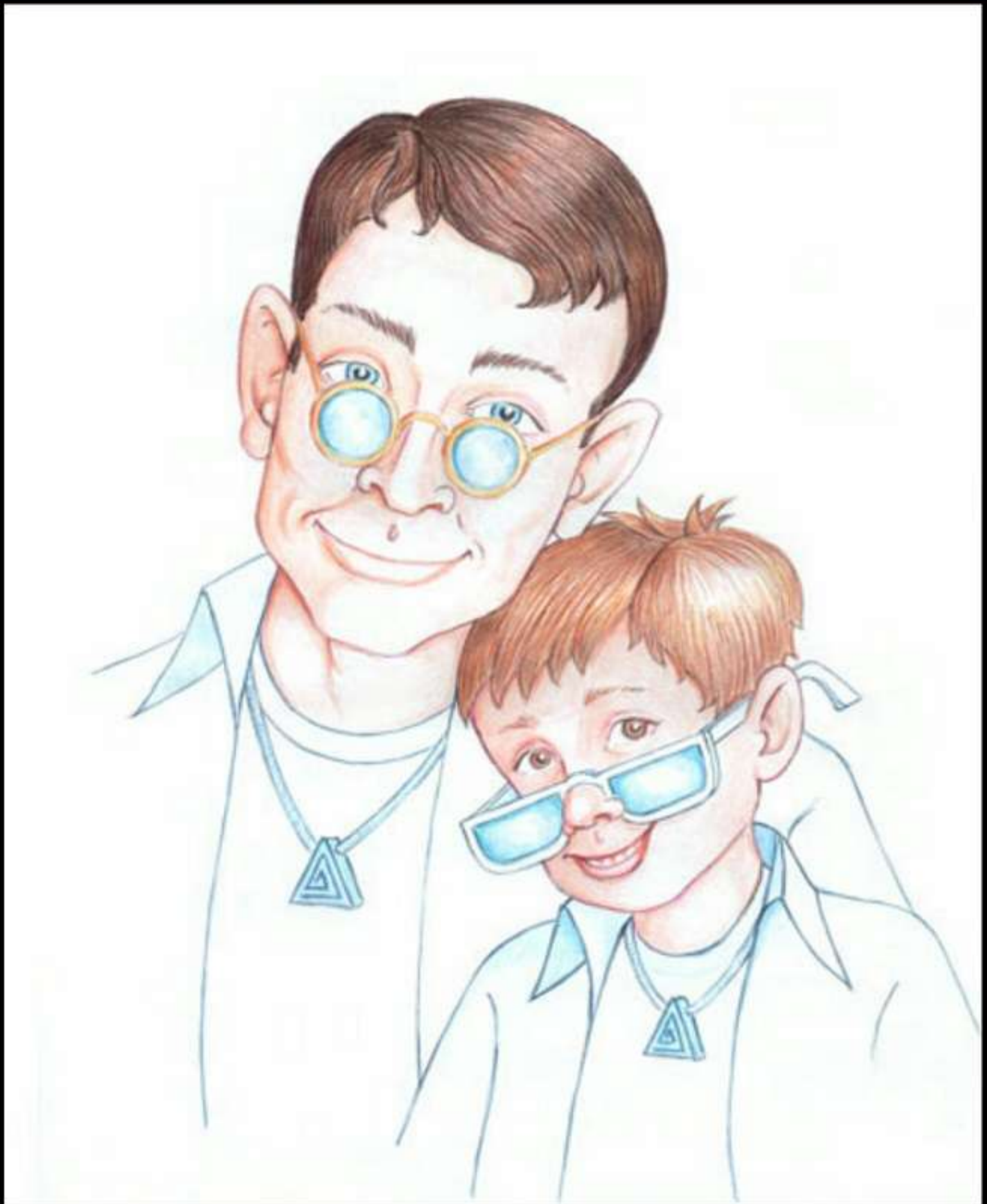
Title Unknown

December 2004



Title Unknown

June 2005



Boylove Background-June 2007

Scruffylad's IBLD Artwork



Let there be light!

Title Unknown

December 2007



Title Unknown

December 2007





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