

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

**BLs Mentoring
Gay Boys**

Me vs The System



International BoyLove Day



**June
IBLD**



Ethos **Notation**



Hello Ethos readers!

Thank you for helping me in my efforts to beat the snot out of writer's block. I'm motivated to do my best, knowing that someone may actually read what I'm writing. I know what I want to say; that's the problem, there's so much to cover. Where to start?

Oh, I know. A selfish "Yay me!" moment. It was a year ago that Ethos Magazine emerged triumphant after nearly buckling under a stressful change of staff. This was a personal challenge to me, added to a number of other challenges I was dealing with, such as a serious medical issue, family problems, job related stress, and of course the whole covid-19 pandemic.

Making the effort of keeping Ethos together into the centerpiece of my overall efforts to stabilize and improve my life, proved to be just what I needed.

A year later, I'm once again seeing parallels between Ethos and my own life. The danger of becoming complacent is very real and present, always. A magazine, like an individual, should always strive to be better, to make each day not as good as the day before -- but better.

Achieving this, on a regular basis, requires a certain amount of boldness in order to embrace the changes that are necessary. I've always considered the leadership of Ethos to be at least somewhat bold. Obviously it takes a certain amount of tenacity to even publish a boylove magazine to begin with. But the question remains: how do we define ourselves without any competitor or rival for readers to judge us against? It is competition that forces anyone in any field to change and improve. So without any alternative for readers, how do we keep resisting the temptations of complacency?

We cannot take readers for granted. We have to earn your loyalty each time, with every single issue. We are always auditioning for your attention.

And now that we have it, let me gush enthusiastically about what a fantastic issue this is going to be. We have real food for thought, unique insights, good fiction and poetry, and a few light moments also. Much of the material in this issue is of a highly personal nature, which I think is timely. Too many boylovers have no platform to express themselves; that is what I'm happy to bring with Ethos. A place for us to be ourselves.

Enjoy this issue of Ethos, and have yourself a wonderful summer.

Thanks for reading!

ETHOS **STAFF**

CO-OWNERS

**Zoomzoom4
Lil Monster**

DIRECTOR

Turkboy

ART DIRECTOR

Junni

CHIEF EDITOR

Boiforever

EDITORS

**MajesticBoys
Hikari**

WEB MASTER

Boysrule

NEWS

CORRESPONDENTS

**Jonny399
Pit**

ADVERTISING

DIRECTOR

Blues

STAFF WRITERS

**Onyx
RealMe**

**Zoomzoom4
Ethos Co-Owner
Notation**

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Amor et intellectus®



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CREDITS



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INTERNET: ethos-online.net

E-MAIL: contactus@ethos-online.net

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BL VOICE

COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS AND CRITICISMS FROM READERS

"ETHOS HAS BEEN MY FAVORITE NOW FOR A GOOD LONG TIME. I LOOKED AT MBM TOO BACK IN THE DAY. I'M WRITING THIS BECAUSE I ALMOST GAVE UP ON YOU GUYS. RECENT ISSUES WEREN'T UP TO THE OLD STANDARDS IF YOU ASKED ME. BUT THE LAST ISSUE WAS REALLY FINE, I HAVE TO SAY. KEEP IT UP, YOU ARE DOING GOOD!"

BLPROPHET

"FIRST AND FOREMOST I'D LIKE TO SAY THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR HARD WORK AND EFFORTS FOR OUR COMMUNITY. IT IS A PLEASURE AND A BLESSING TO BE A PART OF IT. I'M A PROUD MEMBER, MYSELF, AND LOVE THIS COMMUNITY. I HOPE THAT THIS PUBLICATION WILL GO ON FOR ANOTHER 5 YEARS OR MORE. THANK YOU ALL AND KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!"

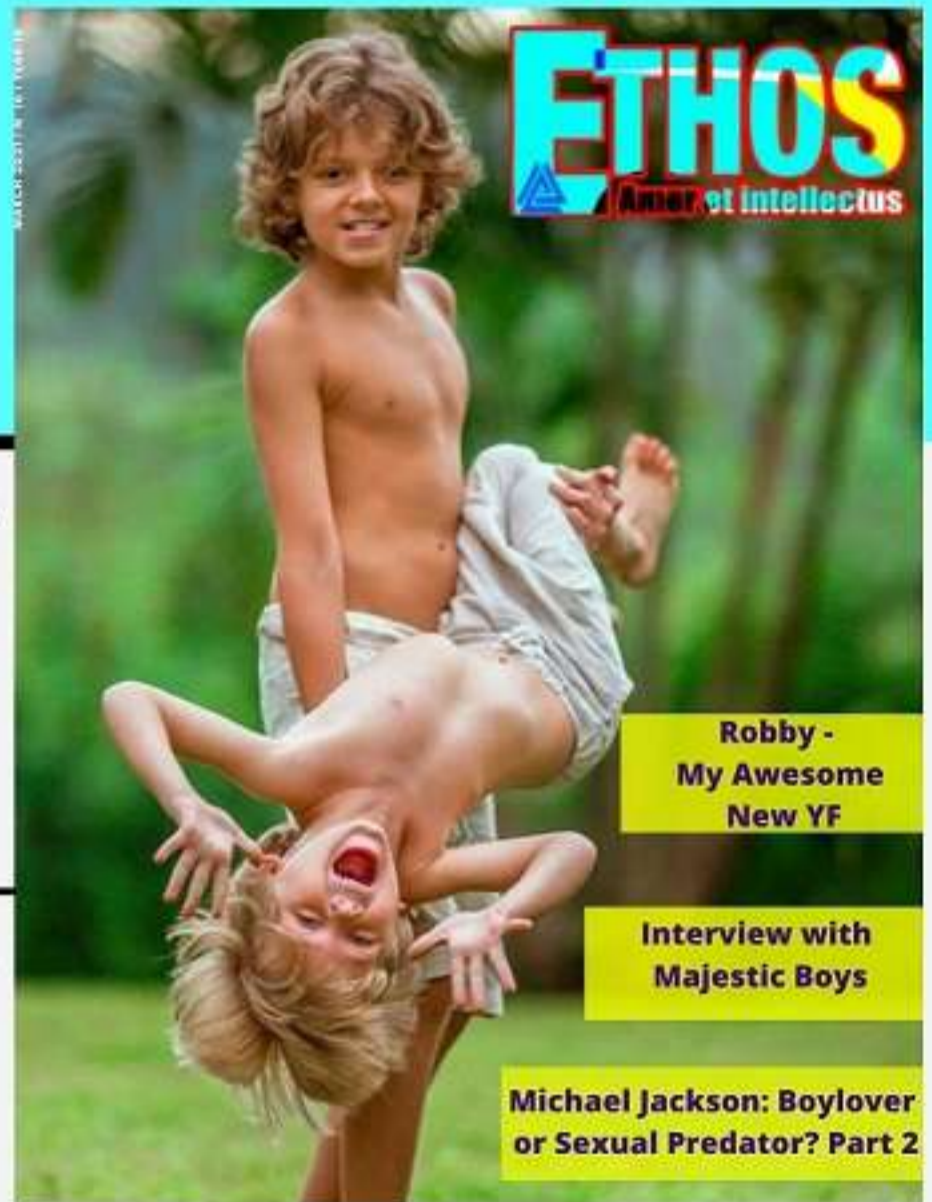
PLUS BIG SHOUT OUT TO ZOOMIE AND TURKBOY AND JUNNI AND MAGESTIC. FROM YOUR FRIEND, CHRIS"

CHRIS

"THERE'S A SIGNIFICANT VARIATION BETWEEN AUTHORS, NATURALLY THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED. BUT OVERALL THE QUALITY OF THE TEXTUAL CONTENT IS BETWEEN GOOD AND EXCELLENT.

THE MAGAZINE IS COLORFUL AND EYE-GRABBING, IT MAKES A NICE FIRST IMPRESSION. BUT WHAT YOU NEED TO EVOLVE TO IS A CLEANER, MORE MODERN LOOK. OVERALL THE MAGAZINE IS ACTUALLY REALLY EXCELLENT, AND YOU AND THE CONTRIBUTORS SHOULD BE PROUD OF IT!"

BOB



**Robby -
My Awesome
New YF**

**Interview with
Majestic Boys**

**Michael Jackson: Boylover
or Sexual Predator? Part 2**

"I READ NO ISSUES FOR ALL OF THE LAST TWO YEARS AND AFTER, SO NOT UNTIL THIS ISSUE DID I READ ANY NEW. SINCE THAT FIRST ONE I SAW IN 2017, AND I REMEMBER WHEN IT HAD WITH THE RADIO AND ZOOMZOOM BROADCASTING.

IT WAS ON ST. PATRICK DAY, I REMEMBER, AND WAS A GOOD ISSUE THEN. NOW IS A GOOD ISSUE I SAW, THE PART IT WAS SAYING MICHAEL JACKSON'S BOYS AND WHAT HE DID WITH THEM I DO NOT BELIEVE IT, HE DID NOT LOVE BOYS THAT WAY.

THANK YOU ALL WHO MADE THIS MAGAZINE. I WANT TO READ IT EVERY TIME NOW."

ROTHE MAN

ETHOS NEWS

BY JONNY399 AND PIT

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.

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING TRAIN

A young boy was saved from a speeding train in India. A mother was searching for her son. She is visually impaired and must have been horrified when her boy suddenly began to cry out. A train employee then rushed over to save the boy from the rushing train, not even thinking about his own safety. He deserves a medal,

and perhaps has made a YF for life.

<https://www.ksl.com/article/50157568/have-you-seen-this-man-saves-boy-from-oncoming-train>

BULLY ATTACKED BOY ON A \$1 DARE

Bullying has gone too far. Now a 12 year old has died after multiple attacks on him by bullies. Once at home after the first attack, the boy told his family that he had been beaten up, but nothing was done at that time. The next day another boy hit him hard in the face on a one dollar dare, causing him a slow death over the next few hours.

<https://news.yahoo.com/death-12-old-boy-brooklyn-005100019.html>

"I WAS A BOY FROM A TODDLER"

Elliot Page knew he was a boy from a very young age. Born a girl, he always knew he was a boy, deep inside, but was always told, "No, you're not. No, you can't be that when you're older." Well he has proven everyone wrong and has come out as trans, and showing himself to be a strong leader in the LGBT community.

<https://people.com/movies/elliott-page-collapsed-at-a-premiere-over-gender-pressures/>

OPERATION BROKEN HEARTS

If you come across an online "ad" like this, ignore it. Sad to say, but in today's climate, anything you're likely to find online that is advertising to MAPs is likely to be a trap.

<https://newspunch.com/arizona-cops-bust-massive-pedophile-ring-as-part-of-operation-broken-hearts/>



ETHOS

Amor et intellectus





ME VS THE SYSTEM

PART 1

By Khorny Bastard

I did not have a great childhood. I lived with my mom until I was approximately age 5. At that time I went into the system as a ward of the state of California until I was 18. During those 13 years, I was in over 41 group homes, placements, foster homes, and even children's psychiatric hospitals. I had at least two trips to juvenile hall for assault charges with deadly weapons.

Of course, I had my theft charges, running away, drug use, and gang-related lifestyle. I pretty much grew up as a racist. Involved in skinhead organizations, drug dealing, and lots of violence.

At age 12, I was sexually assaulted by four older boys in a group home ages 16 to 18. I had no father figure in my life. Zero stability. Zero coping skills that society would deem appropriate. I never trusted authority figures, and never learned to talk about my feelings. I usually fell back on drugs and violence to solve most of my problems.

So it is no surprise that as an adult I still had issues. Drugs and racism played a significant role in my life up until 2001 when I was arrested for what the state of California calls a lewd and lascivious act with a minor under the age of 14. I was 21 at the time I was arrested.

The allegations against me were fairly minor, honestly. It was alleged that I was kissing on and blowing raspberries on the stomach of a boy. And without hesitation, I will admit it was true. Of course, there was a shitload more to the story than the authorities would ever admit, but in 2001, there was zero chance that anyone would have truly cared about the more important details that had anything to say in my court case. As far as the law was and is concerned, I was and am a monster to society.

I was sentenced to over ten years in California state prison. Then I was told that upon my release, that I would have at least five years of parole. On top of that, I'd have to register as a sexually violent sex offender, despite the glaring fact that there was zero evidence of anything even remotely close to violence in my actions. But under California law, any victim under 14 was and still is automatically considered a violent offense.

There is no way for me to explain to these lawmakers and law enforcers that I love boys and would never do anything to cause them harm or pain. The state just calls me a manipulator, a monster, that is only attempting to justify my deviant actions and thought processes.

I served and survived over ten years in prison. In 2010 I was awaiting parole after serving my time. Only to be evaluated by some ridiculous shrinks under California's "Sexually Violent Predator Act" to see if I meet the criteria for indeterminate incarceration based upon some fucker's opinion on whether I am likely to re-offend, and that my re-offense would likely be of a sexually, violent and predatory based offense.

I was diagnosed with pedophilia like it is some kind of plague, and even that is bull. I have often tried, unsuccessfully, to explain to those in positions of authority that I am what would be called a hebophile. I preferred 12- to 14-year-old boys, primarily right around pubescence.

But these people did not -- and do not -- care about details. It just does not serve their purpose. To them, it is not even of concern to look at the actual evidence. I am just an actor in their play.



**BALD
IS
BEAUTIFUL**

By Pharmakon

I do not care
For pubic hair
But when it's there
I think it's fair

To think a boy
Has learned his toy
Can bring him joy
He'd like to share

SOON!

The new BL
magazine
that will
reveal an
apparent
beauty!



MAN/BOY LOVE LETTER



By
JungleBOY12

As our lips meet for a long passionate
kiss every day,

Both our flesh become one ...

As we embrace each other intimately
with love so deep in our hearts,

that my very soul burns for you.

You are my boy ...

And I am your man.

Is there a greater love than ours?

Not for us ...

For our love is so beautiful and
passionate
that we can't deny our true desire to be
together in such a hateful world as this.

It hurts to be away from you when I have
to. Not knowing when I will see you
again.

But then, you finally come back, and
everything is right with the world again.

I love you so much, that I can't bear the
thought of losing you.

But I know that one day you will
grow up. You will move on with
your life as an adult.

And what we have now will cease to
be ...

So let us live in this moment.

And know how much I love you. You
are the boy I want to spend my life
with.

Until the day I die, or you decide to
leave me after you grow up.

But until then, we have right now to be
together ...

Making memories for a future
unknown to us now.

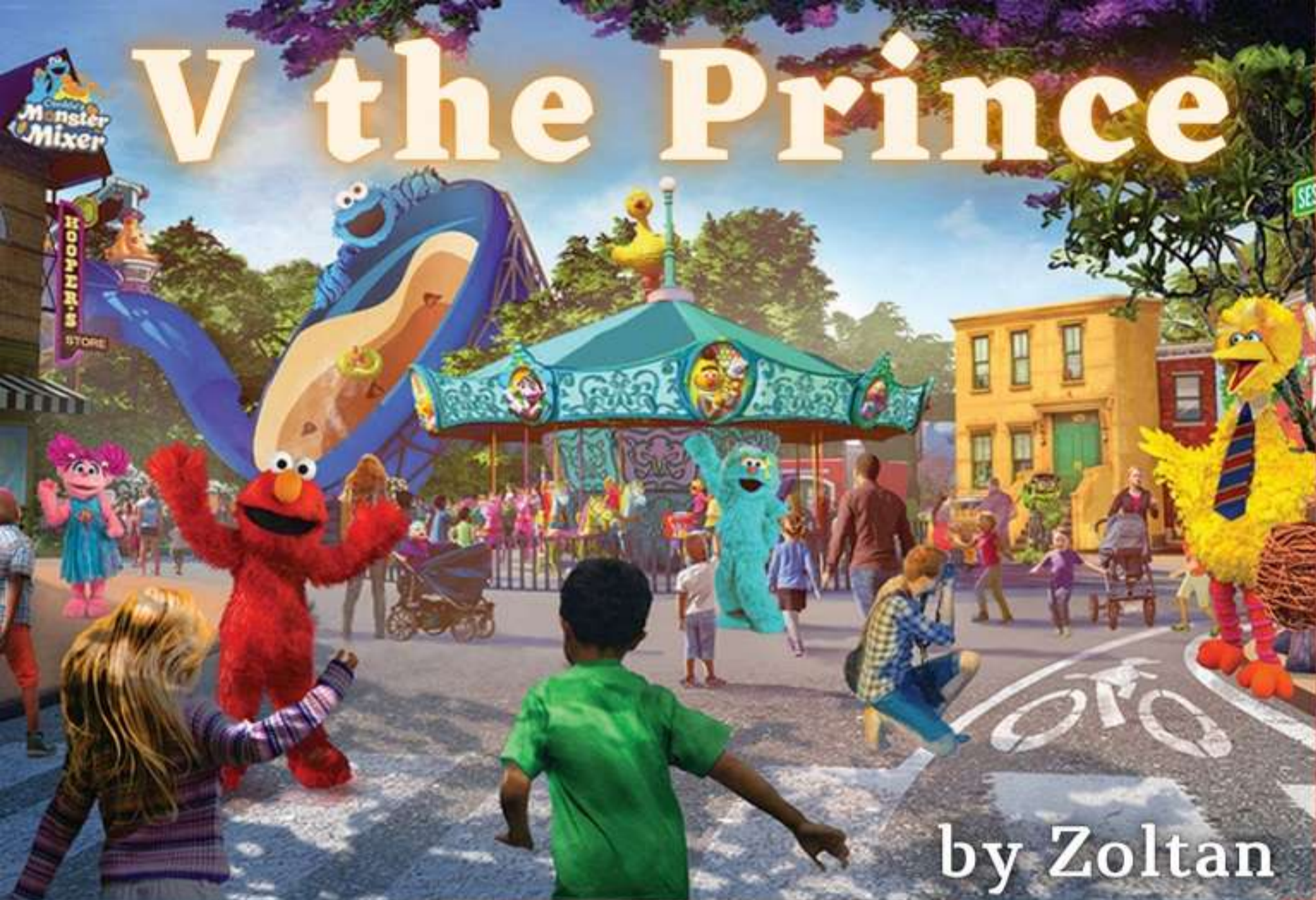
I am writing this to you -- not only
because I love you -- but because I'm
falling even deeper in love with you.

So come back to me as soon as you
can, My Sweet Little Angel.

Love,

You Know Who

V the Prince



by Zoltan

I had the opportunity to go with a 12-year-old boy to a theme park, and I did it!

He is the son of a colleague of mine. They were all going to the theme park, and his friends at the last minute decided not to go. So he asked his mom if I was free, could I go with him?

It felt like heaven this afternoon! We talked and talked, did a lot together. He was always talking about his friends and school and girls, among other things.

And it was amazing because HE wanted me to go. I had already talked to him before, a few times in the past when I saw him at my work with his mom, my co-worker.

I want to text him. Right now. Even as I'm writing this, I feel like texting with him. And ... okay, I'm going to text him now.

But the day wasn't completely perfect. He broke his arm after we left the theme park. He fell. How it happened is this: he was lying on a big stone and fell off of it on his arm. "Broken," the doctor said.

So that's a big ouch! He'll be wearing a cast. The best thing about that is, I can sign it. Thinking about that, I'm like, "Yesss!"

I just got a call from him but I was too busy writing this and didn't see it. He likes to video chat with me. And he calls me!

Sitting here, in shock, awe, and so so happy. I think I have a boy chasing me, out of the blue!

My head is in the clouds! But I keep my feet on the ground. Meaning, that I'm keeping very calm and just letting things happen as they come. Stay calm, play it cool. I'm in a perfect position. I am. He's coming to me.

I was scared in the beginning, hanging out with him. I didn't want to see people who knew me. But it was all fine. It was the best day I've had in years!

Me and him together, it was an instant boylove high.

Nevertheless, I'm just going to see what will happen. We had a nice connection. I can't get enough of him!

He has a big mouth for a 12-year-old, but I totally like that. He's just a very cool kid. Meeting a boy like him, it's so great when things like that happen. And I know his mother, she is also a manager where I work. We always got along well, me and her.

So this is perfect. And I call him V.

V the Prince. I like that name, and I like that his mother trusts me. That is a very good thing. And I know the family very well since we work together. I'm a "friend of the family" ... perfect for a BL. And I know his cute cousin, also.

They go on family outings and dinners, and I hope to get invited. So I can spend time with the prince, which is the only thing in the world that I want. The ONLY thing. Will I get invited? I hope so. I think I will.

I was already told that his mom was very thankful that I went to the theme park with her son. I was like, "It's no big deal." And then she was surprised that we

amused ourselves so well at the theme park together.

I want to tell him that I won't leave him, ever. I will never, ever leave my prince for another boy!

He reached out to me and made me the happiest person on Earth. The past couple of days ... sheer bliss. Everything is alright, that's how I feel. I'm just sitting here writing this, feeling a bit like in heaven I guess.

Thinking about how much closer this made us. I'd seen him before, at my work with his mom a couple of times already and I always made jokes with him. But this weekend was our first real "date."

I remember the first time I saw him. And what struck me most about him? His cuteness. And he was always very friendly. So the first time I spoke with him, I remember that very well also. Because it was a very special moment.

He was in the kitchen of the restaurant and he had to wear a "mask for the hair" to keep the hair together. It's a hairnet, that's what I like to call it. And I put it on his head and we had that little conversation. It was weird having a boy in the back, where all the employees are, but amazing.

Because he is amazing. And I will never get tired of talking about him. Or thinking about him. I'm just so totally in love. My tummy is filled with butterflies.

I just saw my darling boy and spoke with him. Can my day be any better? I'm in love! And so out of the blue. I love the feeling. Makes me go like ooh ooh oohohohoho.

He just turned 12 in April, and his hair is blond. But not like "blond" blond. I guess you could say he's a young-looking 12-year-old, who can pass for a 10-year-old. But he talks like a 12-year-old if you know what I mean. And I noticed his voice starting to crack, and squeak like it should for a boy of 12.

That is my boy, V the Prince. He is my boy, my beautiful boy, and I love him.

I love him. And no, I will never get tired of saying how much I love him. Because I love to say it. I love V the Prince.

Want to hear me say it again? I love my boy, V the Prince. Again? I will. I'll say it again. And again, and again.

A young boy with dark hair is sleeping peacefully on a bed. He is wearing a white t-shirt with a blue and green dinosaur graphic. His head is resting on his hands. The background shows a colorful patterned blanket.

THOUGHTS ON "RETURN TO INNOCENCE"

by Oddish

"Return to Innocence" is a very interesting movie in terms of its subject. It deals with relationships between boys and male adults and their effects.

To make this very clear, the movie does not answer the most urgent question it evokes: Is a sexual relationship between an adult and a boy always considered molestation and abuse, leading to negative effects on the boy's mind? Or can it under certain premises -- if not be appreciated -- at least get rid of its sinister reputation?

This is the main essence of the story. The answer is not given; it is left to the audience to make up their minds, if they are open-minded enough to even consider reflecting about this issue.

So the question is, should every male adult strictly refuse any sort of sexual touch, even if there is no threat, violence or any element of it, but just mutual love? There are scientific articles that claim that boys are not necessarily harmed, even if there is some sort of sexual relationship; something very hard to digest for our conservatives.

Maybe the topic of age of consent is one of the most complex things in our society to talk about. And I think it's quite absurd to legislate on it. "Consent" depends on the individual's maturity, background and beliefs.

But I'm most sure that consent depends really on just one thing: freedom.

The decision capability of an individual to act in a way he or she considers helpful, good or whatever positive adjective you can put on that behavior. Usually, the real consent in whatever conduct the society claims as criminal, is, alas, love!

And we (men) are not free to love boys. Nor are boys free to love us, as they are not allowed to consent. Therefore men and boys, in modern Western society, are not free. That is what I took from watching "Return to Innocence."

DECEMBER 15TH

REMEMBERED FOREVER



by **Wolfrunner**

The snow was falling. It was the first week of December just outside of Chicago. The boys, Mark and Mike, were walking home from school. Mark was 7; his younger brother, Mike, was 6.

They were both adopted from different families, and they both knew this and understood what that meant.

When they got home from school, their grandmother was there to greet them and ask how their days were. They sat at the table and had a snack before they went out to shovel snow in the driveway. Because their mom was going to be home soon, when they got done they played in the snow for a bit.

They saw their mom drive into the driveway and went to greet her. She said hello and hugged them, but she seemed distant in a way.

However, the boys never picked up on that. After dinner, the boys asked when daddy was coming home, and they were told he was on a business trip and would be home soon.

The boys didn't know it, but their dad had left. He moved out.

The next few days passed normally, but the boys grew more expectant of dad coming home.

It was right before Christmas. Mark walked into Mike's bedroom where Mike was playing and asked, "Did mom say anything about when daddy was coming home?"

"No, but let's go ask mommy again." Mike said.

They ran upstairs to the kitchen, where their mom was just finishing washing the dishes from dinner.

They both ran up to her and asked, "Mommy, when is daddy coming home?"

She looked at both of them, gave a big sigh, and told them both to sit at the table.

The boys sat down and looked at their mom. She was trying to find the right thing to say.

"I have never lied to you boys yet, and I'm not going to do it now." she said. "There is no other way to say this...but daddy moved away and won't be back."

The boys looked confused for a minute. They looked at each other, then at their mom, and asked, "What do you mean he won't be back?" Tears started to run down the boys' faces. They didn't know what to think, what to say, what to do. Why, why, why did daddy leave us?

Their mother didn't know what to say or do.

The rest of the night went downhill from there. The boys didn't know what to do or think. Daddy was not going to be there for Christmas, and he would not be there for anything else.

The next few days were just a blur, and the boys went to school and tried to be normal, but that didn't work too well. Mike thought about all that was going on and would cry at the drop of a hat.

Christmas day came, and the boys woke up and ran upstairs to see if Santa came. There were presents under the tree and their mom was up, and they all tried to pretend it was a normal Christmas, but it was not. The boys missed their dad, but being small boys, they dealt with it as best they knew how and tried to be happy.

Christmas was never the same after that, and that is true to this day.



L
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Author Unknown

*Little boys come in all shapes and sizes,
Shy and adventurous, full of surprises.
With misshapen balos and mischievous grins
Small dirty faces and sweet, sticky chins.*

*They'll keep you so busy,
and yet all the while,
Nothing can brighten the world
like their smile.*

*And no greater treasure
has brought homes more joy
Than a curious, active and lovable boy!*



LET'S
SUMMER!

BL'S MENTORING GAY BOYS

by Curious 1



Is it okay for boys to play with boys? Of course it is.

The stickier question is: Is it okay for men to play with boys? In certain very specific situations, I would also say yes.

To those who would say it's wrong, I would say sometimes it is even essential.

In my mind, any boy who is mature enough to know that he is gay, and knows what play is, is also mature enough to play.

The idea of age of consent is just another roadblock put in the way of boys who are experimenting by well-intentioned people who merely fear that the boy will grow up to be gay. People who need to know that experimentation is just experimentation and not the end of the world.

If the boy is homosexual he is homosexual and will probably be gay when he grows up as well. A fact which is beyond parental control.

By the same token, if a boy is just experimenting or considers himself to be bisexual, what the boy grows up to be is also beyond any but his own control.

But we are talking about mentorship here, so let's get to the sticky question: What are the specific situations which I mentioned earlier?

Well I can only talk about my case.

As a 10-year-old gay boy who knew I was gay ever since I could remember, whenever boys my age offered me the opportunity to play with them, I was petrified because of the ideas that were put in my head about what I was.

In this case, it was absolutely essential for a man to come along to tell me that being gay was okay, and that anything that I wanted to do I could do with him if I wanted to.

His intentions were pure because it was more important to him for me to have the opportunity to play than for him to have the opportunity to play with me.

Yes, obviously he was a boylover. And yes, of course he wanted to play with me and frankly even at the time that didn't even matter to me because I knew that his intention was for me to finally be able to play because I wanted to.

He gave me his body, his cuddles and his love because he knew at the time that that was what I needed.

He said to me "This is what you've always wanted? Well, would you like to play? Please go ahead and play with me! My body is yours."

We kissed and explored each other and spooned and cuddled.

It was magnificent!

Now are there men out there whose sole intention it is to play with the boy? Yes.

Boylovers need to be very mindful of their intentions and their values because these are young impressionable boys that we are dealing with.

If a boy comes to you and tells you his desires, it is really up to you to figure out what your intentions are.

If you seek out a boy, it is really important for you to ask yourself these questions: Is the boy gay? Is he experimenting? Does he really want me to play with him? Should I allow him to find a boy his age? Does he merely want attention from me? For me to understand? Most importantly: Will what I do in any way harm the boy?

These are all values that I expect adult friends to have. But that is just me.

Yes, it is okay for boylovers to seek out boys who might be in need of mentorship. But are you doing it for you or for the benefit of your YF?

Homosexual boylovers are absolutely right and just. We love males and boys are young males so of course we love them.

But to love them is to care about their needs and put those needs first.

If a boy comes to you and tells you about his needs and his desires, sometimes all you need to do is listen and understand. Sometimes that is all he wants you to do and all he needs.

You never know until you are in that situation. But it's your heart that will tell you what to do.

Ask yourself if you are fulfilling your fantasy or his.

Yours can wait for another situation, sometimes his can't.

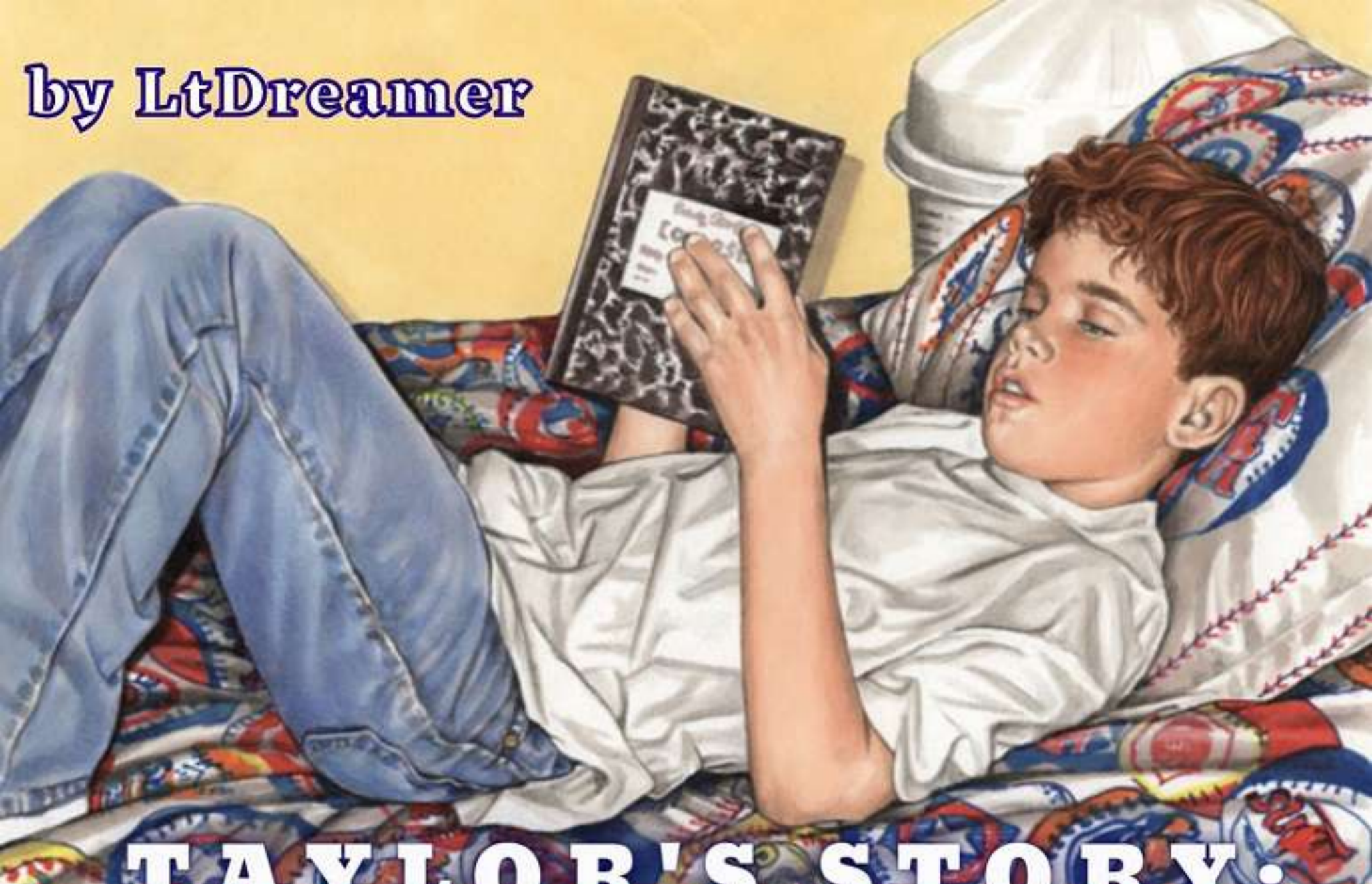
When it is his needs that are important to you, then I say absolutely, go right ahead and offer him play. You are not hurting anybody. Be gentle and patient and kind of course and listen to his needs. This situation is definitely not about you, it's about him.

We must be gentlemen.

The man who finally brought me out at 10 after years of knowing that I was gay was my angel. And I thank him from the bottom of my heart. He did right by me. And I would wish that for any boy who is going through what I went through when I was their age.

Gay boys need love too. Little gay boys need adult male mentors. And I am proud to say that I love them, and am happy to mentor them.

by LtDreamer



TAYLOR'S STORY: CHAPTERS 13 - 15

Chapter

13

Jazz is a real gem. The house was still in good order after everyone left. I had little to do. I was taking the last of the leftovers to the kitchen, walking past the office. Strangely something was off, and I

don't remember leaving any lights on in there, let alone flash. Setting the food down, I walked to the door, looked in finding the office dark, except for a light flashing from the desktop.

I just placed my hand on the desk to look at the desktop. A light under my hand glowed for only a second. After that, a screen showed in the center which stated simply, "DNA TEST COMPLETE. JAMES TANNER, JERICO, TAYLOR, 100% MATCH. SAME INDIVIDUAL."

All I could do was stare at this. It was not something I wanted to see. I was also upset that Edd had the test ran without telling me. We had always shared what the other was thinking. This was too much for me to process right now.

The sounds of small running footsteps started signaling the end of his bath, and it also marked the screen turning itself off. I just remained where I was, still trying to process this information. I never heard Edd or Jerry calling my name. I did hear only a single set of steps on the stairway, so it was just Edd left downstairs. "Kevin, is everything alright, babe." When I looked up was when I knew I had tears in my eyes. "What's wrong, what happened Kevin?"

"As if you don't know, your damn test results are back already." I stormed past him and headed for the kitchen door. The slam of the door was the last I heard from the house. Jumping in my truck, I left, not even caring where I was going. I just couldn't understand why he would do something like that. Maybe he just forgot to mention it to me, no Edd never forgets. Just driving was the only thing I could do.

JERICHO'S POINT OF VIEW

Poppa Edd asked me to look upstairs for Poppa Kevin. While I was up there looking around, I heard a door slammed downstairs. I went running to see what was happening. Poppa Edd was in their office, crying, I didn't see Poppa Kevin anywhere. I ran up and climbed into his lap, not knowing what to do. All I could do was hug him. "Poppa Edd, where is Poppa Kevin?" "He left," was all he would say. Poppa Edd said no more. He just sat there, looking at the door. He wouldn't look at me, talk to me, or anything. I didn't know what to do. What could I do? I jumped off Poppa Edd's lap and ran to the front door. I was going to do the only thing I knew to do. I ran to Taylor's house. Maybe his dad would know something. I thought I was banging on the door forever, and it finally opened with his dad wearing nothing but boxers and a tee-shirt.

"PoppaKevinleftandpoppaEddisnottalkingormoving," I got out before he could say anything.

“Whoa whoa, slow down, buddy, tell me what is going on and why you’re here in your underwear,” he said. “Poppa Kevin left, and Poppa Edd is not talking or moving,” I told him. “Taylor is in the bedroom, stay there until I get back,” he said and ran out the door. “Dad! What’s going on?” That was Taylor calling, and I could hear the fear in his voice. I ran in there to find him on the bed nude, still wet. Even with everything going on, all I could do was laugh at the sight.

“Oh hilarious underwear boy, how about a towel and finding me some drawers please.” I threw him the towel and started looking for his underwear. “What happened at your house, why are you here with no clothes on? You had me scared beating on the door.”

I wasn’t sure how to answer him, what was happening over there. That was when I started crying. I was so scared I lost both my poppas, I didn’t know what to do. I just curled up next to Taylor, and cried, I didn’t have anything else to do. I hope Taylor’s dad came back soon.

MATTHEW’S POINT OF VIEW

I didn’t know what was going on, but I was going to find out. I’m glad that Jerry didn’t see me grab a gun from beside the door. Going in as quiet as I could, I heard nothing. “Edward, can you hear me?” Nothing, not sure what I was expecting. Clearing the front room, I started moving toward the kitchen, checking one room at a time, after the kitchen I walked slowly toward their office, seeing the door open put me on high alert. This is not right; that door should not be open; they never told me why only it was vital to secrecy. The room was dark, but a quick look told me someone was sitting at the desk. “Identify yourself,” I called out, following standard procedure. The only response I heard was a quiet sob. Slowly I entered the room, staying on high alert. I made my way to the desk, still unsure of what happened. My first concern was Edd’s safety. Finding him alive, and yet not seeing any threats, I reviewed my next step. I could call in an alert, but this did not warrant it.

I was still new to the area and didn't have all of the contacts memorized, and of course, I was in my boxers. I did have one option available to me, and it was the one number I could use, and not create an international incident. Picking up the desk phone, I dialed the only person I could. "Oliver, call and wake up the Cul-de-sac. Have them all meet at Yazzie's house. This is going to need everyone. I only had to wait a few minutes, and I heard Ed, and Eddy come in first, I called them into the office to look after Edd, "I need to start a search for Kevin."

Chapter

11

The night over at Kevin and Edd's was terrific. Seeing them again was great. I was so worried after the fire and everything on the west coast. It was unusual for my phone to ring this late

at night, I almost didn't answer it. The caller said he was Oliver with the Yazzie's company, and there was an emergency over at Kevin and Edd's house. A quick look out my window, and seeing the doors open at both Kevin's and the new guy, Matthew's, was all I needed to see. Grabbing my housecoat and heading out the door. I did notice the Kankers and Rolf headed there also. I was almost running now, this was not good, something was up, and I was going to find out.

I didn't know what to expect when I enter the house, but I was going to find out in a hurry. The first thing I did notice was that Ed and Eddy were already there, and they, along with Matthew, were still in their boxers. The Kankers came in shortly behind me, followed by Rolf. A very distraught Double-D was being led into the front room by Ed and Eddy. We still haven't had any idea what was happening until Matthew decided to speak up and fill us all in at once. Mae, true to form, took charge immediately of what was happening, she instructed the boys to go home, put some clothes on, and sent Lee, Marie, and me to look for Kevin.

I asked Lee & Marie to search the neighborhood, and I was going to look somewhere else.

I had an idea, but I was going to need my car, so I headed to my house to throw some quick clothes on, and grab my keys and ID. Kevin was gone and upset; there was one place I thought he might be, the place where we went so often when we just wanted to be alone. Taking my Prius, I headed out of town in hopes of finding Kevin. I don't know what happened between the two of them, but I was going to try to help fix this. Kevin may have been my first love, but first and foremost, both were my friends. I saw Kevin's truck in the empty parking lot we have visited so many times before, if he was here, I knew exactly where to find him. Taking only a moment to send out a text, letting everyone know he was safe, I went to join him in the back of his truck.

"You always did like to come out here and look at the stars, and I have to say I did too." He didn't respond to me or anything I said, so I just laid next to him. I knew Kevin, and he would open up and tell me what was wrong before too long, from the time we used to date, this is what he used to do.

"Do you think I will always be a dumb jock, Nazz?" His statement did not surprise me one bit. He has asked me this more times than I can count. He needs to work on his self-confidence, and I know of a way to do that now.

"Kevin Murphy, how many times are you going to ask me that? How many times have you asked me that? What was my answer every time? Do you remember?" I knew I had reached him because that old shy smile started to show on his face.

"I don't know, Nazz. It just seems that everyone just looks around me or doing something without me. I just don't get it. And honestly, I thought Edd and I were partners, not Edd and me as a sidekick."

I set up straight at his statement. I was going to get one thing straight in his head if it is the last thing I do. I grabbed both sides of his head and made him look at me, and this time it would not be a sweet smiling face staring back at him.

**LIFE IS
BEAUTIFUL**



"You get one thing straight and get it now, young man. Edward Yazzie loves you more than anything in this world. You are his partner and no sidekick. If I ever hear that come from you or anyone, they are in for an ass-kicking from me. GOT IT?" The shocked look on Kevin's face told me that I had hit the mark there. "Hell, Kevin! He loves you more than he did that damn cactus he had when we were children."

That set off chuckles in both of us, as the memory of Jim, Double-D's cactus, and the care he gave it. My mind flashed to the time Ed tried to eat it, Double-D didn't talk to him for a week after that. "Kevin, have you talked to Edd about what happened, or did you let your red-headed temper out?" At this point, I knew what the answer was going to be and what had to be done.

"Well..." was all he could say to me. I had one solution and damned he was going to do it, or I was going to kick his ass anyway. "Get into your truck, go home, find Edd and talk with him, and you are to do this right now, mister." Kissing him on the cheek I pulled him from the bed of his truck, "And I am going to follow you to make sure you get there, you got that?"

A smile and nod of his head told me he would, and we went to our separate vehicles. As I said, I would, and I stayed just long enough to allow him to leave first so I could fall in behind him. I made a quick call to Mae to let her know we were returning, and that Kevin and Double-D were going to need some time alone.

Chapter

15

After Kevin left, I don't remember much of anything. I had next found myself sitting in our front room with someone handing me a hot drink. Just out of reflex, I brought it up to my lips and drank. "AACCKKK! What is this stuff?"

"It is a broth of vigor, from the hills around my village. It is used to wake someone up. It is good, yes?" I just knew it had to be something of Rolf's, only he could come up with something like this. "Drink, Drink. You need to drink it all. It will make you feel better." He was pushing the cup to my mouth, letting me know I didn't have an option this time.

Looking around the room, I saw it was filled with Rolf, Ed, Eddy, Mae, and Matthew, but no Kevin, or "Jerry! Where's Jerry? Is he ok?" Now it was my time to take no for an answer, as I jumped to my feet to look for him.

That was when Matthew came up and put his hands on my shoulders. "Relax, Edward. He is at my house with Taylor, and I just checked on them. They are both asleep. He ran over to get me when you wouldn't respond to him. You want to tell us what happened?" What did happen, I found Kevin in the Office, and he was upset about something, then he left.

"I don't know Matthew, but I do need to talk to Kevin. Where is he?" If he wasn't here and Jerry was ok, I was going after him, and find out what was going on. Mae had just gotten off of her cell phone and announced that Kevin and Nazz were on their way back. She then ushered everyone but Matthew out of the house and told them to go on home. Thinking about what Kevin said, I had to ask Matthew. "Matthew, did you have some test ran, or something? Kevin said the test results were back right before he left."

"Edward, the only test I know about was when we were talking in the office about the boys. Crystal couldn't have done it because it involved the company, and I didn't order it yet, because I was unsure where to find James's DNA. Could you or Kevin had run the test, and forgotten about it?"

"Edd doesn't forget a thing like that." We both turned toward the door to find Kevin standing there in some ways looking bashful. That was all it took, and I had to run and put my arms around him. His arms around me were enough to let me know we would be ok. "I'm sorry Edd, this was all my fault, I jumped to conclusions and didn't think things through. I am so sorry, love."

“And that is my cue to leave you two alone. Jerry will be fine with Taylor and me tonight, just call in the morning when you are ready for him to come home.” I thanked Matthew for his help, and as he left, we closed and locked the door. Kevin picked me up in his arm, and kissed me, with such passion, I knew all was well.

MATTHEW'S POINT OF VIEW

Hearing the door lock behind me, I knew I had made the right call earlier this evening by calling Oliver. It did remind me to look into why it seems that Oliver was always available to answer my calls when I did make them. That was something for another time. I walked back to my house slowly, looking around the neighborhood. All was quiet now, and everything seems to have returned to normal. Standing in the middle of the cul-de-sac, and taking one last look around, I made a mental note about getting some of these kids on the payroll, and some training. I knew the loyalty to each other was fierce, but tonight showed me just how much. With the right training, they will make perfect security for Edd and Kevin, without standing out too much.

I found the boys still in bed asleep and curled up with each other. After securing my weapon and the house, and turning off all the lights, I returned to my bedroom and stripped to my boxers. I was glad in a way to have a King size bed. It did put to rest some of the fear of having two 8-year-olds sleeping with me. The last time I was in bed with two boys, it didn't end so well for me, even if nothing happened. Having children was going to take some getting used to again. That was why I am still single today.

“Is Poppa Edd alright, Mr. Davis?” asked a sleepy Jerry. “Yes he is ok now, and your Poppa Kevin is home also. They said you could stay here tonight” I answered him quietly, not wanting to wake up Taylor. All I got in response was an ok as he was back asleep already.

I kissed both of their foreheads and went to the other side of the bed to crawl in. They must have sensed my presence because it wasn't long before they had migrated to my side and curled up with me.

Before sleep overtook me, there was one nagging question in my mind. If a DNA test was run on the boys, like we talked about, who ordered it? Crystal couldn't, I didn't, Kevin didn't, and Edd wouldn't forget he did it. So who? Having the boys snuggling closer, each trying to make contact, and getting comfortable was all it took to wipe that from my head for now, and allow sleep to overtake me. The morning was going to come early, as it always does, but for now, life was good as I hugged the boys.





AN EVOLUTIONARY EXPLANATION FOR BOYLOVE

by NewOrbit

Traits, unless they are errors (such as diabetes, or certain mental disorders), exist because in the past those traits helped the person who possessed them spread their genes more effectively. For example, we get ravenously hungry and eat because that helped our ancestors survive. Since they survived, they were able to have kids and also help their kids grow up.

At a first glance, boylove does not fit into this paradigm. It does the opposite of help you reproduce: boys cannot produce children with men, so if you are only attracted to boys, you will not personally spread your genes.

I do not think that boylove is an error. It is common enough that if it was so disadvantageous, it would have been evolved out. Just like if 5 percent of the population hated eating, they would die off and only people who liked eating would remain. Therefore, the only remaining possibility is that boylove helps you spread your genes in some way. The only question remaining is how?

I think that boylove is meant to foster intra-tribal mentorship. The neolithic boylover finds himself attracted to another boy in his tribe who is not directly related to him. He cannot help himself but to adore the boy, and as he does so he teaches the boy: how to hunt, which plants are poisonous, or how to start a good fire.

In this way, he is like a third parent to the boy. It is even better because he will probably love many boys over the course of his life, so for the later boys, he will likely be more experienced at teaching than the boys' parents.

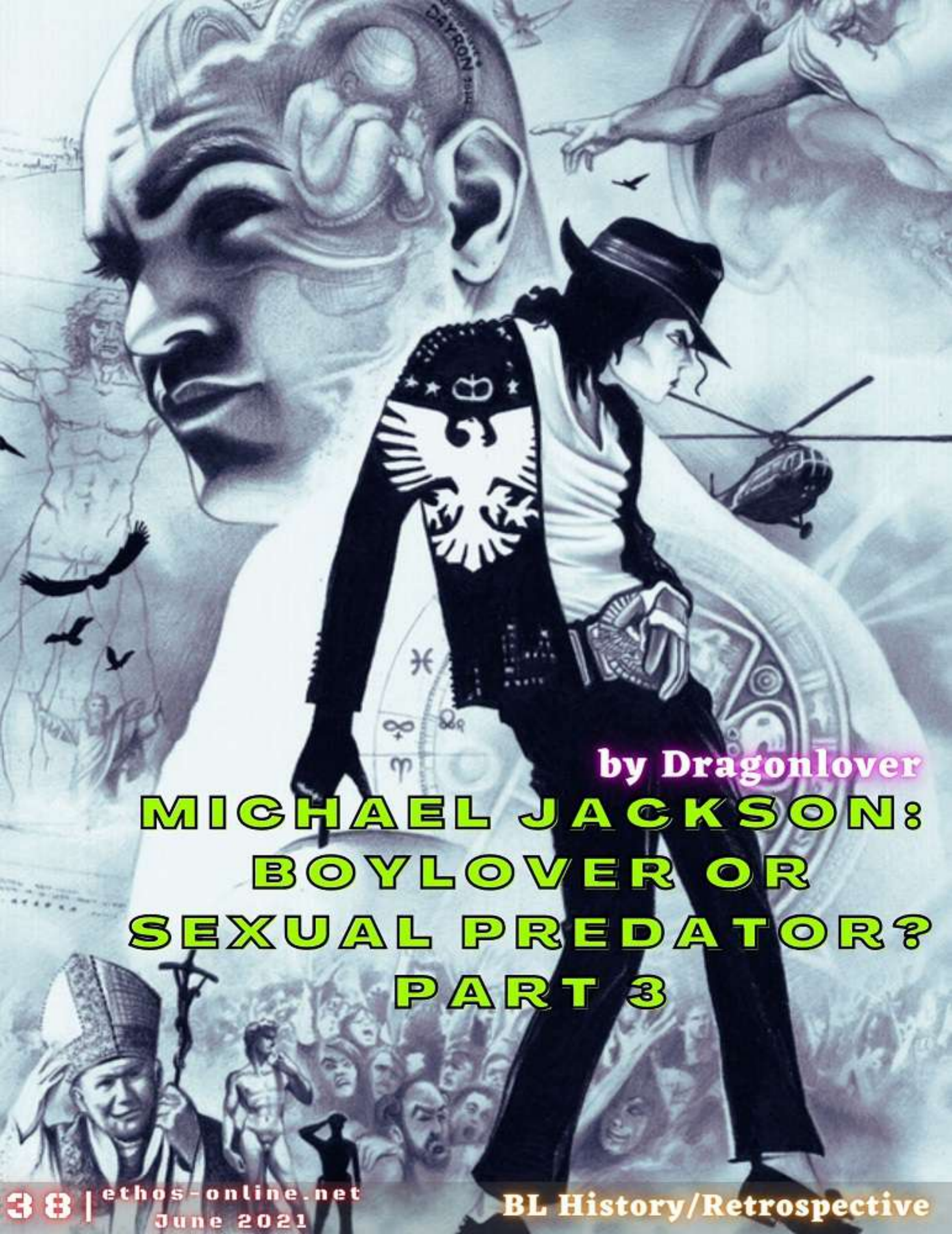
Ancient boylovers probably held positions similar to today's scoutmasters, teachers, and priests. To summarize, the loved boy grows up to be more successful than he otherwise would have been, and that spreads the boylover's genes better than if he had kids of his own.

In the modern day, this mentorship has added benefits. Humans are more specialized, and sometimes boys have different interests than their parents. Say a boy loves math, but his parents are both history teachers. A boylover who is also specialized in math would be a great help to this boy by providing individualized instruction. The math prodigy Terrence Tao was personally tutored by a famous math professor who helped him as a child prodigy. Magnus Carlson, the chess world champion, was also tutored by the top chess player in his country as a child.

A boy is much more likely to get the kind of devotion he needs to truly excel from someone who loves him erotically than from a paid mentor.

In conclusion, boylove evolved because it was beneficial in ancient times, and it remains beneficial to this day.





by Dragonlover

**MICHAEL JACKSON:
BOYLOVER OR
SEXUAL PREDATOR?
PART 3**

In April of 2005, more witnesses were called, including Jordan Chandler. Chandler, an adult now, had left the country and would not testify. He was emancipated from his parents. His mother, June, testified that she had not spoken to her son in eleven years. Ralph Chacon, a former security guard, testified that he had witnessed Jackson performing oral sex on Jordan Chandler in the early 1990s. He also stated that he had seen Jackson passionately kiss Chandler on the lips and place his hand on the boy's crotch. He said that he did not report this to the police because he felt that he would not be believed. Adrian McManus, a former maid, claimed that she had seen Jackson kissing boys, including the young star Macaulay Culkin. She said that she also saw Jackson caressing the young star's leg and rear end. She also said she saw Jackson touching Chandler's genitals.

Gavin Arvizo, now 15 years old, testified that after the documentary, "Living with Michael Jackson" had aired, Jackson started to serve him and his younger brother, Star, wine, sometimes concealed in a soda can which Jackson referred to as "Jesus juice." He would then make sexual advances while showing them pornographic videos. Arvizo also testified that Jackson had sexually molested him, and told him that if men do not masturbate, they might "rape a girl." Mesereau challenged the testimony by getting Arvizo to admit that his grandmother had told him to say these things. "I don't exactly remember what my grandmother told me," Arvizo said. He also admitted that he told school administrators that Jackson had not molested him.

Star Arvizo, Gavin's younger brother, testified that he saw Jackson molest Gavin on two occasions. He also confirmed Gavin's statement that Jackson had given them alcohol, sometimes in soda cans, calling it "Jesus juice", and the showing of pornography on his computer. He also said that Jackson would display his genitals to the boys, saying that "everyone does it."

According to assistant defense counsel, Susan Yu, over 500 witnesses were prepared to testify for the defense. Macaulay Culkin when called to testify on Jackson's behalf, said that he had shared a bed with Jackson many times between the ages of 9 and 14 years old, but nothing inappropriate had ever happened.

Wade Robson also testified that he had slept in Jackson's bed on many occasions, but had never been molested by Jackson.

Brett Barnes, who first met Jackson at the age of five, also claimed that he had slept in Jackson's bed without incident.

Comedian George Lopez testified that he had given money to David Arvizo to help pay Gavin's medical bills. But, he testified, David seemed more interested in the money than in helping his son.

TV late-night talk show host Jay Leno testified that when he had the Arvizo family on his show, they displayed unity and strength during Gavin's battle with cancer.

Comedian Chris Tucker testified that he felt sorry for the Arvizos and donated money for their cause. They started calling him "brother" and started to expect too much from him.

After closing arguments, the jury deliberated over 30 hours over seven days. On the initial vote, nine voted to acquit Jackson on all charges, while three voted for guilty verdicts on all charges. But in the end, on June 13th, 2005, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty on all charges. This both pleased and outraged many people.

As the years progressed, Michael Jackson slipped into a deep depression and claimed to be in constant pain; pain resulting from a 1984 incident where he was accidentally burned while filming a Pepsi commercial. He hired a personal physician, Conrad Murray. Murray would supply Jackson with whatever pain and sedating medications Jackson needed. These medications included the drugs propofol, lorazepam, and midazolam.

Jackson wanted to do one more world tour, calling it the This Is It Tour. He was due to perform in London's O2 Arena. On June 24th, he was rehearsing for this performance at The Staples Center until after midnight. Magician Ed Alonzo, who had been rehearsing with him said that Jackson was smiling, joking, and full of energy. As the next day progressed, Jackson went to bed in his at his home at 100 North Carolwood Drive in the Holmby Hills section of Los Angeles. He was complaining of intense pain all that morning. Whenever Jackson asked for his "milk", that was his signal to Murray to administer a dose of propofol. He called it milk because the drug looks like milk while in its vial.

On June 25th, 2009, Jackson claimed to be in intense pain. Murray administered multiple doses of propofol to ease his pain. Later that day Jackson was found unconscious in his bed not breathing with a very weak pulse. Murray attempted CPR but to no avail. A security guard called 9-1-1 and an ambulance was dispatched to Jackson's home. Paramedics performed CPR for 42 minutes at Jackson's home. He was then taken to Ronald Reagan UCLA Medical Center. Doctors there pronounced him dead at 2:26 PM.

Of course, this news was released to the media, which stunned the world. Michael Jackson died at the age of 50 years old. His memorial service was held on July 7th at The Staples Center in Los Angeles and was covered by the media worldwide and watched by an estimated 1 billion people.

Later, Conrad Murray would be convicted of involuntary manslaughter in Jackson's death and was sentenced to four years in prison. He served two years in prison and the other two years on parole.

Now, we come to two men who were involved with Jackson as his friends. Wade Robson and James Safechuck. Robson, who testified under oath at Jackson's 2005 trial that Jackson had not molested him, filed a 1.5 billion dollar lawsuit against Jackson's estate, claiming that Jackson did molest him for seven years when he was a child. In May of 2015, Judge Mitchell Beckloff dismissed the suit, saying that the allegations "are untimely and should be dismissed." Robson also filed a suit against Jackson's corporations which were dismissed in 2017 because the judge, in that case, declared that Jackson's corporations could not be held responsible for Robson's exposure to Jackson.

In 2014, James Safechuck filed a lawsuit against Jackson's corporations, MJJ Productions, and MJJ Ventures, using the same lawyer as Robson, Vince Finaldi. Safechuck had previously given sworn testimony in Jackson's 1993 case that Jackson had not sexually abused him. He said that he suddenly remembered that he had been abused when he heard about Robson's allegations. He now alleges that he had been abused over 100 times in four years. He claims that he was brainwashed into thinking these acts were acts of love. The lawsuit was dismissed in 2017 by a probate court as time-barred.

Robson and Safechuck's suits against Jackson's corporations were revived in 2019 by a California court of appeals when California expanded its statute of limitations regarding child sexual abuse. On October 20th, 2020, Safechuck's lawsuits against Jackson's corporations were dismissed.

In 2019, director Dan Reed released a documentary film called "Leaving Neverland", featuring Wade Robson and James Safechuck's personal stories regarding the alleged sexual abuse perpetrated by Michael Jackson. It premiered on January 25th, 2019 at the Sundance Film Festival. It was reported that people who viewed it were so sickened by the details in the film that some left early, passed out, or even vomited.

The film was later broken up into two parts and played on HBO over two nights in March of 2019. Robson and Safechuck go into some very deep detail about the alleged abuse they endured over several years. They start from the beginning, when and how they first met Jackson, the visits to Neverland, phone calls from Jackson, and the overnight stays, where they state they slept in Jackson's bed on many occasions. I won't get into the specific details regarding the alleged abuse, as they are quite graphic. If you would like to see the film, it is available in several venues. You can see it on Amazon Prime, although currently, you need a subscription to their HBO channel. There is a 7-day free trial. Part 1 is 122 minutes in length, and Part 2 is 123 minutes in length.

Now, after the original broadcast of the film, at the end of Part 2, there was a special hosted by Oprah Winfrey called, "Oprah Winfrey Presents: After Neverland." In this broadcast, Winfrey interviews Robson, Safechuck, and director Dan Reed in front of an audience of sexual abuse victims and their families. Winfrey of course presents Jackson as a complete monster.

However, in retaliation for "Leaving Neverland" a rebuttal documentary was released on August 13th, 2019 on the various streaming services called, "Michael Jackson: Chasing the Truth." The film described Jackson as, "acquitted in life, back on trial after death." The film focuses on research done by journalist and biographer

Mike Smallcombe. He asserts that "Safechuck and Robson's abuse claims were fictitious and motivated by financial gain."

Other films were released as well, such as "Square One: Michael Jackson" and "Neverland Firsthand: Investigating the Michael Jackson Documentary."

Although Robson and Safechuck maintain that their claims of sexual abuse by Jackson are true, and they continue to pursue financial compensation from Jackson's corporations, the statements they have made do seem to be untrue. If you begin by watching the "Leaving Neverland" film, followed up by the "Chasing the Truth" film, you'll see the discrepancies in their claims. I invite you to do your own research and form an educated opinion.

Michael Jackson was, without a doubt one of the most popular pop stars of all time, and loved by millions. The fact that he loved being around boys, and that he even shared his bed with boys, makes him out to be some kind of monster in some people's eyes. But the fact is, he never had a real childhood of his own, never had a chance to be a boy himself. Not until later in life.

Did he love boys? Yes, he did. Did he perhaps do some things with boys that, yes, would be considered illegal? I believe he did. But were they forced? No, I don't think so. These were acts of love. Therefore, in my opinion, Michael Jackson was not a monster. He was a boylover.

ETHOS
AMOR & INTELECTUS

A young boy with short brown hair, wearing a yellow t-shirt with green trim and dark shorts, is riding a black bicycle with red wheels on a paved path. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. The bicycle has "EXPERT" written on the top tube and "CALOI" on the down tube. The background shows a gravel area and some greenery.

Life...

...was made to live!!!

FATHERLY

INSIGHT

BY PADDINGTON

Let me start by revealing that I am a husband, a father, and of course a boylover. Needless to say, raising a boy has given me much more insight into the nature of little boys than most BLs could ever have. And having a daughter, in addition, has only furthered my insight into the mindset of the male child.

One clear distinction between raising a son and daughter has to be a boy's fascination with being naked. When it comes to undressing, boys are more than eager, and I hate to generalize but this is true. Although I have never understood why going in the buff is the most amusing thing in my son's entire day, he does get a chuckle out of me when exercising his "freedom" to go clothes-free.

He thoroughly enjoys getting ready for his shower and is never apprehensive to demonstrate his outrageous "nudey man" dance. There is a whole lot of jumping around and hip action involved in the "nudey man" dance choreography.

When my daughter was an infant, nothing calmed her down instantly more than a warm bubble bath. She also enjoyed running from me during a diaper change to feel the freedom, if even for a moment. My son on the other hand takes clothing changes to a whole new level. Clothing is not only an imposition but I'm certain that if he could, he would not bother with getting dressed.

In speaking with other parents who are raising both genders, they reaffirm that my experience is not an anomaly. I was surprised to find when talking to the mothers that the finger was pointed at me in blame. Why? Because I am a father, and they believe dads encourage and demonstrate this behavior themselves in front of their sons. Could it be that having a boy gives them the ability to relive the freedom they felt as kids? That's the running theory among these mothers.

Last night while getting ready for his shower, my son began streaking throughout the house. This while I had some friends over. Truly embarrassed, I said "Boy, cover your shame!" and my son responded, "It's not shame Dad, it's the pride of mankind!"

I suppose that statement not only sums up his strong self-confidence, but reinstates why the world needs boys.



WELCOME
SUMMER!



PAR
TY!

EVALENA

SUM
MER

