

# ETHOS

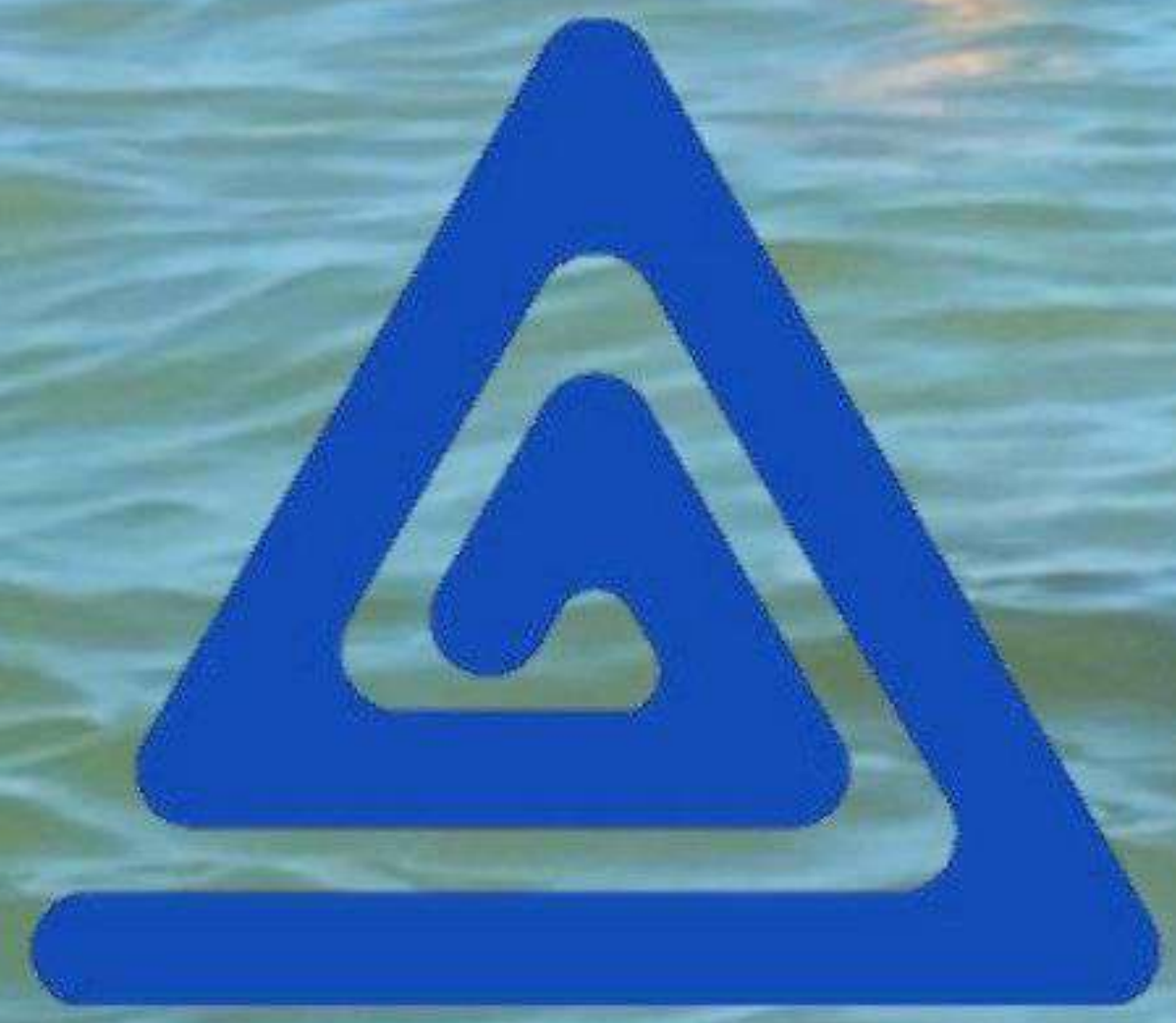
Amor et intellectus



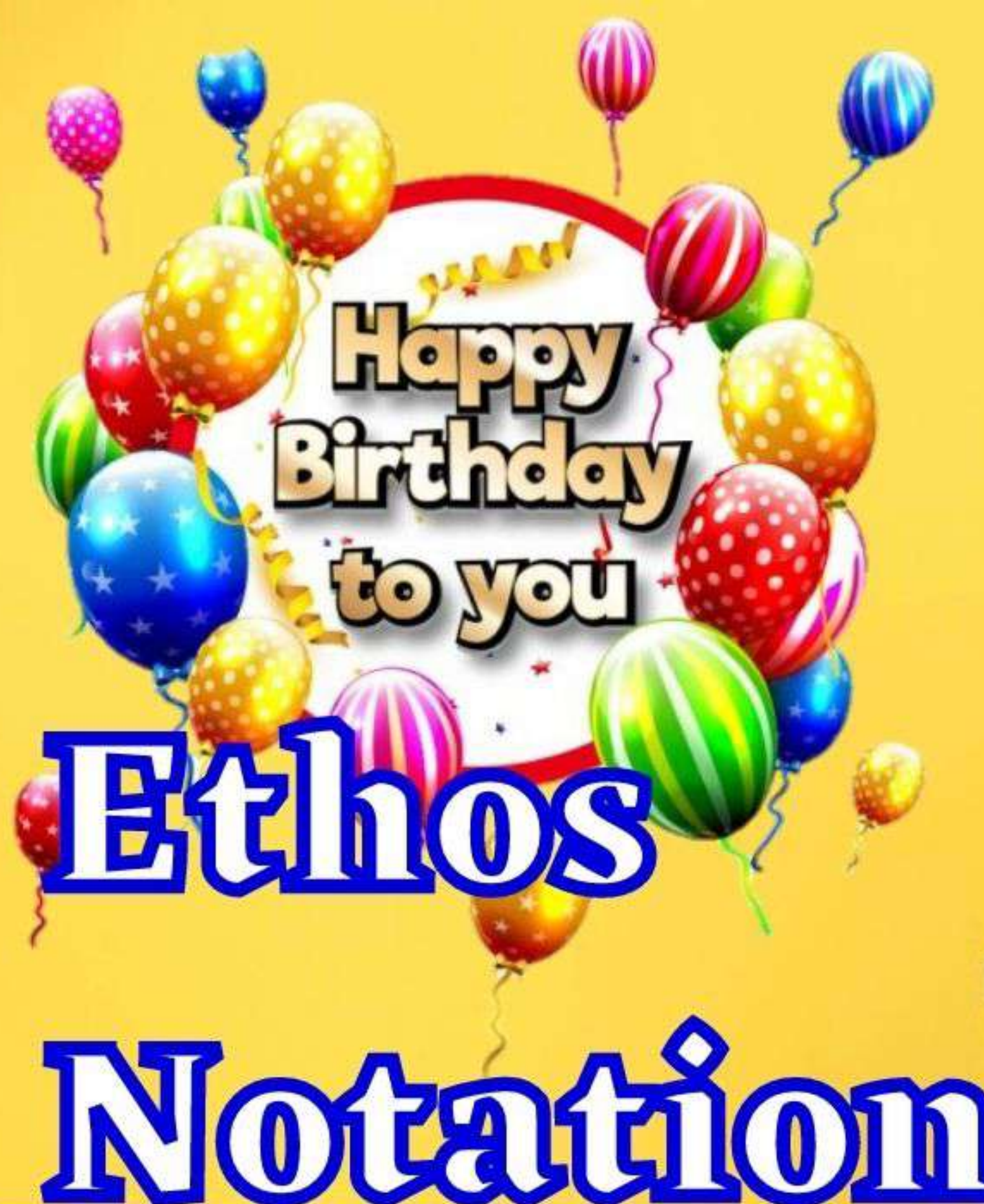
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This issue's theme is "5 Years of Ethos." When Ethos began it was about realizing one man's dream. Now it's about enriching all of our lives. A fundamental change of ethos for Ethos.

Five years ago I was given the job of Ethos Representative. I was representing a brand new magazine to all the BL boards who had never heard of it. It wasn't much of a job, and still, I was crap at it. But I wanted to help.

I thought I deserved a better position, but those were reserved for people who were around longer. While I'd been in the community since 2002, taking time off meant I wasn't so well known in more recent circles. These days positions are matched up to those with the right skill, and we're doing our best to stay professional in every area.

So in the spirit of professionalism I say, welcome to Ethos number 69.

No, seriously. It's hard to believe Ethos is 5 years old already. Firmly in my AOA. So much has happened in the last five years. The United Kingdom left Europe. We had a pandemic, an actual Hollywood-worthy outbreak. The pangolin is the new (insert monkey type from outbreak here.) And to top it all off, America elected its first orange president.

None of which is relevant to a boylove magazine. But like your parents when you were conceived, the BL is between the covers. The covers of this, issue 18.

Remember to keep reading Ethos, and never stop caring about kids. But please cut back on sugar, it's your worst enemy.

**Lil Monster**  
**Ethos Owner**





- 05 CREDITS ETHOS**
- 06 BL VOICE**
- 08 ETHOS NEWS**
- 10 5 YEARS OF ETHOS**
- 12 FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL**
- 16 GROWING UP BECOMING A BOYLOVER**
- 19 THE POWER OF (BOY) LOVE**
- 20 LEGALLY SANCTIONED BIGOTRY**
- 24 TV REVIEW: SWEET TOOTH**
- 27 BOYLOVE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH**
- 31 INTERVIEW WITH CHRIS**
- 40 NICE DREAMS**
- 41 WHAT IS BEING GAY TO A BOY?**
- 43 ME VS THE SYSTEM - PART 2**
- 47 WHO DO YOU LOVE MORE?**
- 49 REALTALK BY REALME**
- 52 BEST OF ETHOS**

**ETHOS**  
Amor et intellectus



# CREDITS

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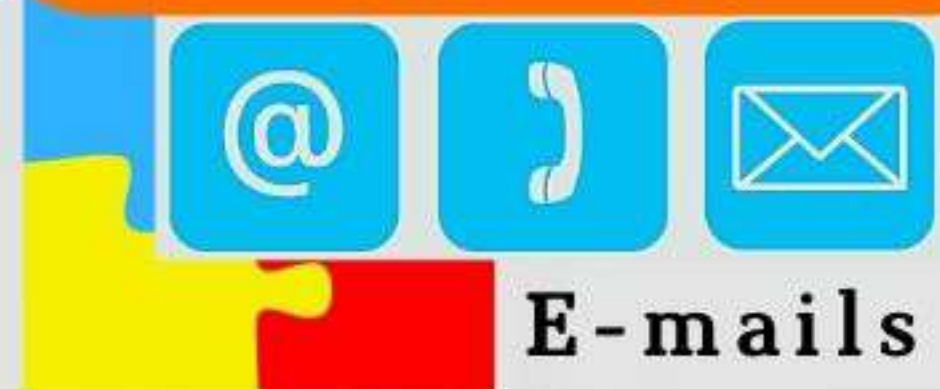


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# BL VOICE

## COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS AND CRITICISMS FROM READERS

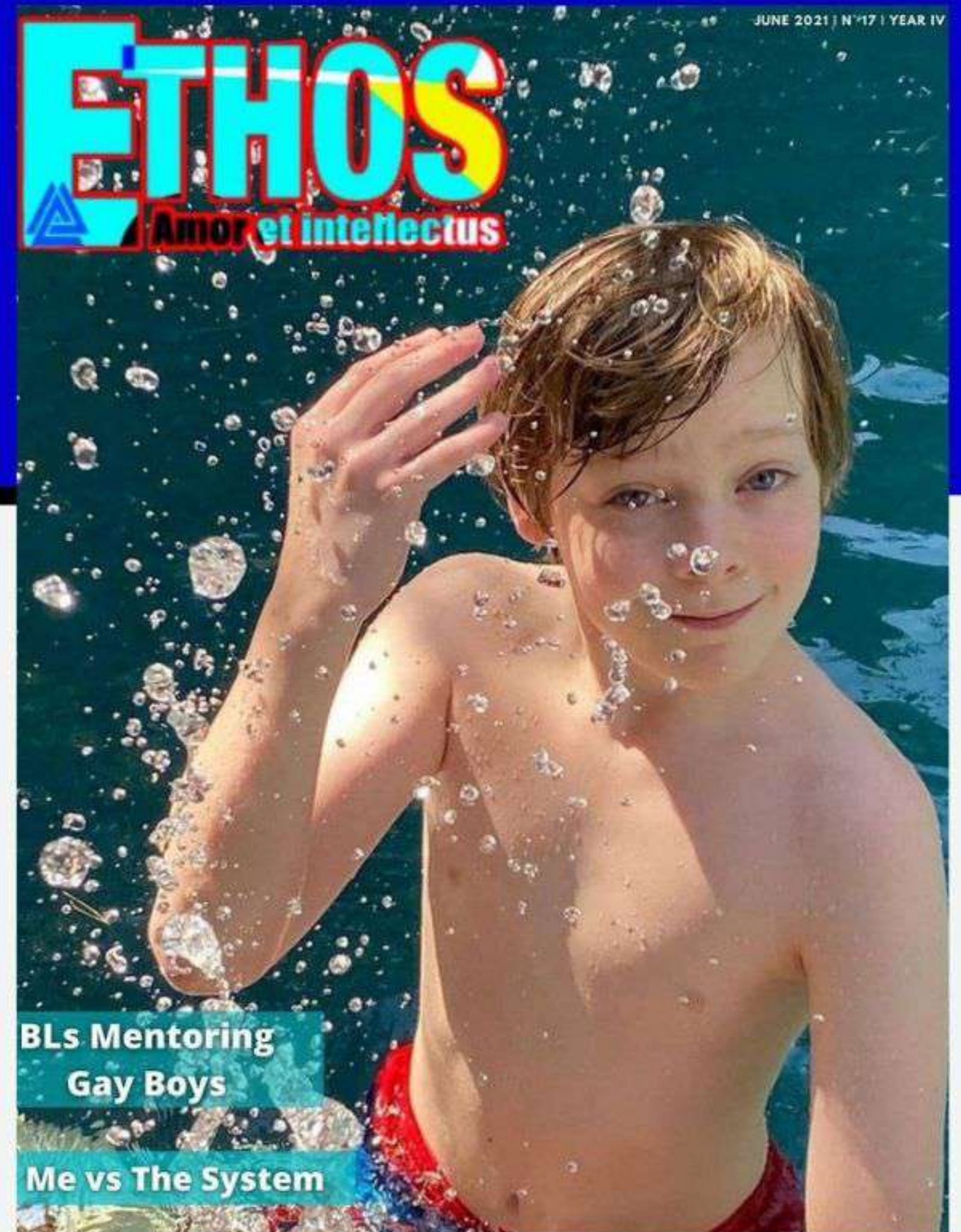
WHAT DO I THINK ABOUT ETHOS?  
by DILLON

"What do I think about Ethos? Wow ... well, let's see ... I think the BEST thing about it, is the graphics, and layout. I LOVE that just because it's an online publication, you haven't succumbed to the boilerplate standard web look, like most news sites use.

One of the true joys when I published my magazine was laying it out. I truly felt like I was creating a masterpiece ... no two were the same. And that definitely comes through with Ethos ...you guys are creating a masterpiece, with the layout, and graphics, and abundant color.

It really is a feast for the eyes! It's not just about WHAT you say in the magazine, but how you present it.

Another BIG strong point of it, is that I love how the entire emphasis of the magazine, from beginning to end, is about LOVE. The LOVE of boys and youth. It's about what we can GIVE boys, not what we can take from them.



As for the magazine's weaknesses, the biggest one that stands out to me also happens to deal with the graphics.

Other than that, it's a fantastic publication, and the dedication and hours you guys put into it really shows. From the stories, to the artwork, to the interviews and more.

So ... what do I think about Ethos? Hope that answers your question. Keep up the great work!"

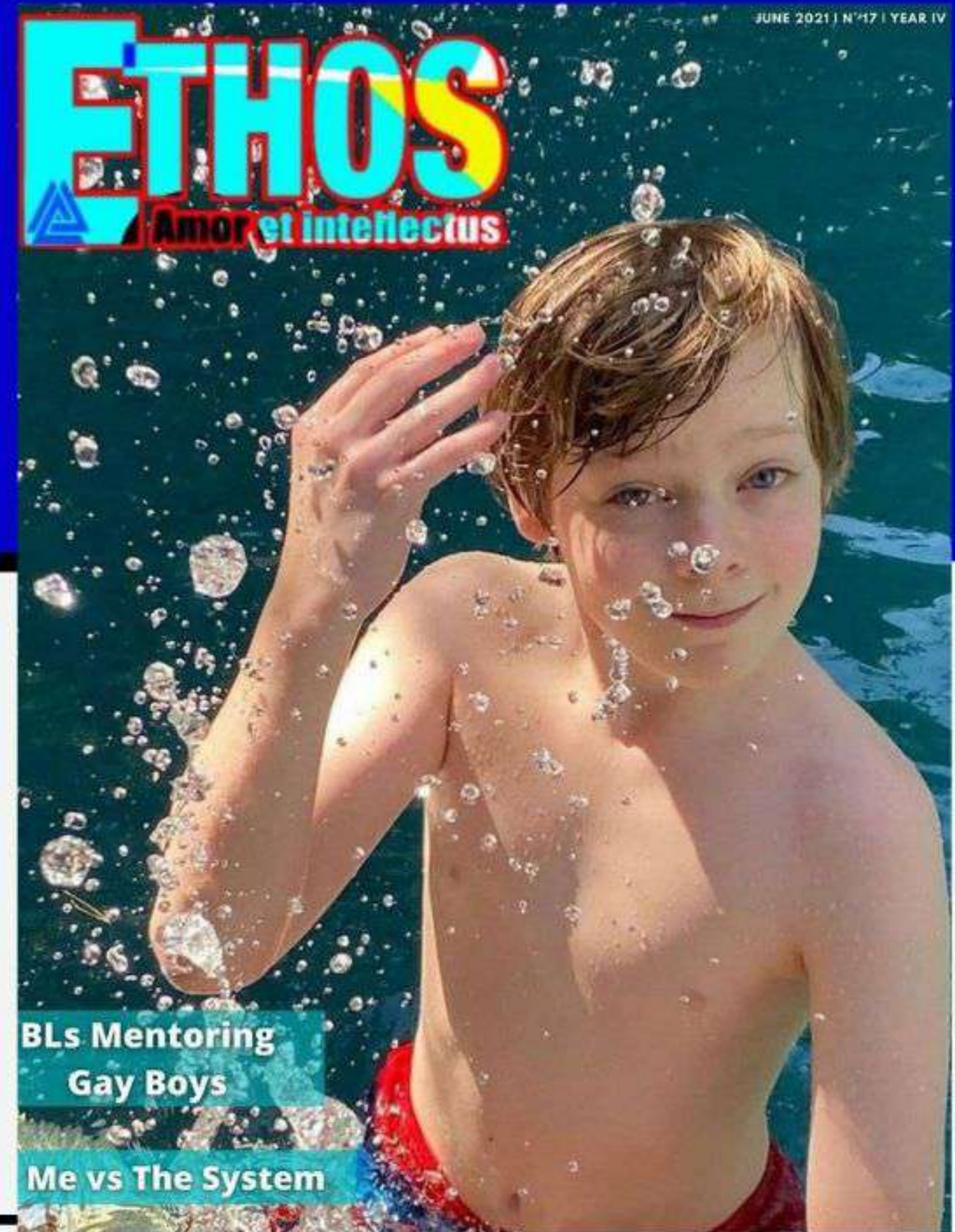


# BL VOICE

## COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS AND CRITICISMS FROM READERS

### SAFETY by Cookie Monster

"I'm no Cookie-come-lately. I have experience with Ethos, I know what I'm saying. And it's nice to see that Ethos now has again a secure page without external trash, and is a safe place again."



### MODERN LOOK by Bob

"I don't think any changes need to be made to how the proofreading process works, but some even tighter editing wouldn't hurt. There are a couple ways. First is simply in the resolution of the pictures. It does a disservice to the effective design of the magazine to use images that when enlarged to page-size look fuzzy.

What you need to evolve to is a cleaner, more modern look, and simply changing the typography will do it for you. This does not have to be overnight or all at once, it can be an evolution as you experiment with different fonts to find the one that works best.

The rest of the design (graphic elements, arrangements, white-space balance, etc.) are all quite good."

### ABOUT TAYLOR'S STORY by XYZ

"About these three chapters (of Taylor's Story) written by LtDreamer, I'm sure that people ... have noticed that he's a rustic writer who writes as he thinks, with almost no care to hide his feelings about what he's narrating and, to my surprise, this happens every time he talks about the boys who are part of the plot. For the author it's no problem that certain sentences (and even a whole paragraph) exude sensuality as long as it faithfully portrays what he's feeling at that moment!

Perhaps this is the essential reason LtDreamer has managed to publish 15 chapters (!) in a row: the inner voice of the protagonist identifies with what other boylovers would like to say but, for various reasons, they cannot express so openly."



# ETHOS NEWS

BY JONNY399 AND PIT

## JACK BRADY'S SUMMER JOB

Tom Brady's son Jack, 13, has taken on the job of being a ball boy for his dad's famous football team, the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. Jack's proud father posted pictures on Instagram gushing over his son's work ethic and dedication to his job.

<https://www.boston.com/sports/nfl/2021/08/20/tom-brady-son-jack-buccaneers-ball-boy/>

## BOY WITH MEDICAL CONDITION BOOTED FROM CLASS FOR NOT WEARING MASK

Have the mask suggestions been getting out of hand? A seventh grader was kicked out of school for not wearing a mask, his family doctor wrote a note explaining that he cannot wear a mask for medical reasons, but the school is refusing to budge. It is still unclear if he will be allowed to return to classes at the same school.

<https://www.foxnews.com/us/california-student-removed-class-face-mask.amp>

## LOCAL STUDENTS MAKE PROSTHETIC ARM FOR 7-YEAR-OLD

A boy born without an arm is gifted with a prosthetic arm from students in western New York. The boy was so very excited to be able to ride a dirt bike and is looking forward to many of the things his friends and classmates take for granted.

<https://www.wivb.com/news/local-news/local-stem-students-make-prosthetic-arm-for-7-year-old-boy/amp/>

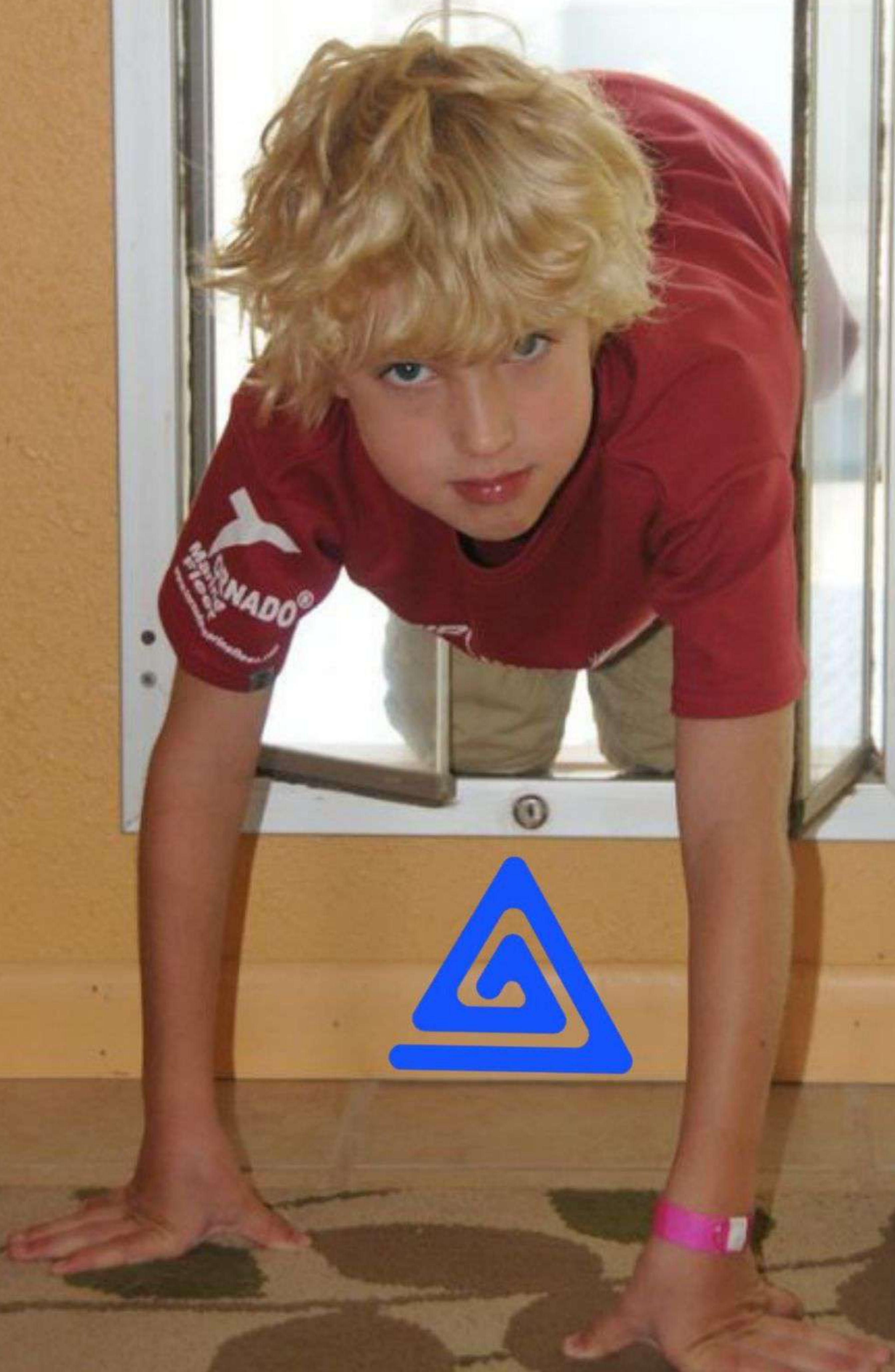
## 5-YEAR-OLD TRAIL CONQUERER

"Little Man" has yet to even start Kindergarden but he already has the entire Appalachian Trail on his list of conquests. Spending the better part of a year hiking the trail with his parents, he has covered thousands of miles and made memories he will cherish for a lifetime.

<https://www.wafb.com/2021/08/20/imagination-skittles-help-boy-5-conquer-appalachian-trail/>



**ETHOS**  
Amor et intellectus





5th

ANNIVERSARY

# 5 YEARS OF ETHOS

By Zoomzoom4

In the summer of 2016, the 10 year anniversary issue of Modern Boylover Magazine was due to be published. But it was looking less and less likely by the day. I had been working at the magazine for two years now, starting as a fledgling Staff Writer and now serving as makeshift Graphic Artist. To be honest I didn't know if I was gonna cut it. My nightly training sessions with 420Guy weren't exactly turning me into Picasso Junior.

The lack of staff in basically every area of the magazine was forcing the last two of us remaining to wear every hat and do every job. Then unforeseen personal difficulties forced 420Guy to focus on real life issues. I found myself as the single, last person remaining, leaving me as the de facto owner of Modern BL Magazine.

But while I may be known to "date myself" on Friday nights, a one-man magazine is not my idea of fun. Late one drunken evening I was talking to Kermie, and said that if only I had a graphic designer I could complete the issue and MBM would reach it's 10 year anniversary. I told him that I would even be willing to pay a graphic designer, if that's what it took.

Kermie said: "Wait, no, don't do that yet." Me: "Why not?" Kermie: "I have another idea."

What other idea?

He had in mind a whole new magazine. Starting from scratch. Using his considerable resources, and with people already in key staff positions, including (most importantly at the time) a graphic designer.



I was for it. Although at the time, I highly regretted (and still do) not being able to see the great MBM reach it's 10-year anniversary issue. That would have brought it to a far more satisfying close, like a great TV show at the end of its run getting a good final episode for a proper send off. I wanted it to be "Breaking Bad" not "Happy Days." But it would be neither. Rather, more like "Married ... with Children." One day it's just gone.

But while I may not have been able to see one boylove magazine to a satisfying closure, I could at least preside over the grand and glorious opening of another. Kermie already owned Enchanted Island, the popular BL board, and WEIRD Radio, the popular BL radio station. Adding a BL magazine to the froggy empire seemed like a fantastic idea at the time.

Dragonlover was Kermie's right-hand man at Enchanted Island, so having him as Director was a no-brainer. The much-needed Art Director was Emerys, who was, in fact, a professional graphic artist. I was Chief Editor, with Scorpion, Ken and Duncan as my proofreaders. Last, but definitely not least, was my own partner-in-crime Lil Monster, as Forum Representative.

Now all the magazine needed was a name. And thanks to Bob, we soon had it: Ethos.

Do you know what that means? I didn't either. I thought it had something to do with Ancient Greece and that golden age of man/boy love -- at least, that's how it sounded to my ears. So I looked it up, and was surprised to find it had zero to do with that.

Ethos: "The disposition, character, or fundamental values peculiar to a specific people, culture or movement." And now, armed with a subtitle/slogan "Amor et intellectus" -- which means "love and understanding" -- Ethos Magazine was ready to rock.

And it needed to roll. Like a car, I suppose. But like a car needs gasoline, a magazine needs articles. And since we were brand spankin' new, we had essentially none.

Except then I remembered that I was sitting on a whole issue's worth of submissions, which was everything I had for the 16th issue of MBM which never made it. Those authors deserved to have their work published, and we could certainly use it for Ethos Issue 1. But those authors had submitted their work to be in Modern Boylover Magazine; they didn't know what the heck this "Ethos" thing was.

Simple enough: I contacted the authors and explained the situation, and was grateful to each for allowing their work to be published in Ethos instead of MBM. The way most of them saw it was, at least their work was still getting published. So now all the pieces were in place. BL history was about to be made.

And on September 15, 2016, Ethos Magazine was born.





# FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

By Dragonlover

Ah, autumn! Multi-colored leaves falling from trees, cooling down from a hot and steamy summer. And time to go back to school.

For many children, this is a time of joy and fun. But for others, it is a terrible, traumatic time, especially if a child is going through it for the first time. The most prevalent thing children experience is what has become known as separation anxiety. The child feels lost and feels that they may never see their parents again. They just don't want to be away from their parents.

Well, James experienced this same thing in the fall of 1975. May I take you back?

Yes, it was the fall of '75. The Eagles were rockin' on the radio, and Archie Bunker was making us laugh on TV. The war in Vietnam was becoming a very bad memory for those who served there.

For those of us 5- and 6-year-olds who were about to start kindergarten, it was a time of wonderment.

I can remember late that summer quite well. My mother took care of most of the preparation to get me ready for this new thing, at least for me, known as "school." It began in July. My parents and I were invited to a conference at Albert Schweitzer Elementary School. That was where I would be attending school for the next six years. We were taken to an office by a young Guidance Counselor by the name of Merrill Brutt. Mr. Brutt took me. He spoke to me on a level that was welcoming, warm and reassuring. He was just ... NICE. I liked him. And, being a "mama's boy," I didn't take to strangers very well at all. But I liked this man.





He gave me several tests that he explained were "IQ tests." Later on, my parents would find the tests revealed that I was of average intelligence for my age. That meant that I would be placed in a class with other students who were also of average intelligence. He looked at a bunch of papers and folders, withdrew a specific folder, and opened it.

"Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, James will be in Mrs. Smith's class this year. He will be in a classroom with 25 other children. Now, Mrs. Smith is a young teacher. She just graduated from college and this is her first assignment. We are confident that she will do well with James and the other children," he told my parents. He then offered a tour of the school, explaining as we walked what each thing was.

"James will be right here in this classroom. H-1 is the room name. I have the key. Would you like to go in?" he asked us. He opened the door and we all went in. He flipped the 5 light switches, and the lights buzzed to life. It revealed several round tables and small chairs parked around all the tables.

"Mrs. Smith prefers a group approach to teaching," he explained. "She will place James at one table with a few other children. That will be his group that he works with throughout the year, and that will be his assigned seat. There will also be snack time and nap time. The food, milk and, a mat with a blanket are all supplied by the school."

I could tell my parents were liking what they heard. But for me, I felt that something very bad was imminent. And it would directly involve me.

As I said, I was a "mama's boy." Having that designation meant that I was never far from my mother's side. She was a housewife. She did not work at an outside job. That was my father's domain. He worked at a steel mill, US Steel, not far from our home. He worked very hard. He would often come home sweaty, dirty and, very tired, but he got paid very well for what he did. Thus allowing us the lifestyle we had, that of the average upper-middle-class family.

But I was always with my mother. My brother and sister were already married and out of the house. So, that left me and my mother most of the time. If she was doing laundry, I was there. If she was doing the morning dishes, I was there. If she was watching "The Price is Right," and her soap operas on daytime TV, I was there. Very rarely, I would venture out to play with other kids. I did have one friend who was a year younger than me, but his mother would have to walk with him to my house and, we would play together. We also went into the nice backyard we had.

But then things changed. My mother started mentioning Mr. Brutt a lot. She started talking about me going to school every day. Then, one day in early September, it happened. My mother woke me up at 7 AM and said those awful words: "Time for school!"

I got out of bed and dressed in the clothes that she laid out for me. I slipped on my Buster Brown hard-heeled shoes and went downstairs to a bowl of oatmeal, toast and, orange juice. As I ate, my father came in.

"Is my champ ready for his first day of school?" he said, grinning and winking at my mother.

"School? That place we went?" I asked.

"Sure! That's where you'll learn how to read, and write, and do your numbers. And, you'll make plenty of new friends. Now, that sounds nice, right?" It was rhetorical. No, it did not sound nice; it sounded awful. From 9 AM to 12 noon, I would be away from home, away from my mother. I was terrified.



After breakfast, I was allowed to watch some television. If I remember correctly, we had "Captain Kangaroo" and "Sesame Street" playing on channel 12. As I watched Kermit the Frog doing his thing, my mother made sure I was clean, straight and, neat. "Now, honey, this is your first day. Make it the very best you can. Make Mommy and Dad proud, okay?" she asked. Again, rhetorical.

So we loaded into the car and drove a very short distance to the school. It was busy. Yellow school buses were pulling into the loop by the school front door and letting scores of children out. People like us were pulling into parking spots and getting out. We got out of the car and went in. It was mostly kids milling about, looking for classrooms. We immediately went to room H-1 and went in. There were a few kids there already sitting at the tables. A very pretty young woman rose from her desk and walked over.

"Hi and welcome! My name is Mrs. Smith. And what is your name?" she asked me, bending down to my eye level and extending her hand.

"James," I said very soft and shyly looking down.

"He's shy, but he'll get over it," my mother said.

"Well, James, you want to know a secret?" she winked at me and leaned in closer. I could smell her perfume. I looked at her.

She looked right then left as if to tell me the secrets of the universe. "I was shy, too in school!" she whispered. I looked at her closely. Her eyes were a deep blue. I had never seen a blue like that in a person's eyes.

"You were? 'cause I wanna go home," I said, now clinging to my mother's jacket.

My dad looked at me, dead serious. "Now, listen, Son. You have to do this. It's the law. Remember? Did we talk about the law? One of those laws is you have to go to school. You don't want to break the law, do you?" he asked in a firm tone.

"No, sir," I said.

"And what happens to people who break the law?"

"They go to jail," I said in a resigned tone.

"Right. So say goodbye to your mother and me, and go with Mrs. Smith. She's a very nice lady, and she is your teacher. You can trust her. We trust her, so can you. Now goodbye Son. I will be back here at noon to pick you up and take you home, and your mother will have your lunch ready, okay champ?" he said.

"Yes, sir. Bye, Mommy and Dad. You'll be here at noon, right?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes. I promise with a pinky cross my heart and hope to die", he said, crossing his heart with his pinky finger. I smiled. I was beginning to think things were okay.

"Well, off we go! Time to find James a chair! Goodbye Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ . Have a good day, and I'll see you at noon," Mrs. Smith said while taking my hand and gently guiding me to a table. I turned just in time to see my parents walking out of the room and gently closing the door. Through the long, narrow window in the door, I saw my father take my mother into his arms and hug her tightly while saying something.



I couldn't hear what he said. But my mother turned her head, and I could see tears on her face. She gave me a small wave, and they walked away.

I was introduced to the other kids at my table. I can still remember their faces, but I cannot remember their names, all except for one. He had the same first name as I did. We found that funny and we laughed together. He was my very first school friend.

That day was filled with introductions, talking about the rules and what was expected of us. We did the Pledge of Allegiance, sang the national anthem, followed by "God Bless America," and then gave a moment of silence. And with that, teaching began. And, more importantly, learning. Letters formed words, words made sentences, sentences made stories. We learned our letters, numbers, and proper behavior. The words "please" and "thank you" were mandatory.

I learned how to make friends. I learned how to talk to other kids. In Mrs. Smith's class, I learned how to be a regular 5-year-old boy.







By Ltdreamer

# Growing up Becoming a Boylover

**WOW! Where does one start with a statement like that? We all know it's not like a switch gets flipped, and BOOM -- you love boys. Most would say start with your childhood. Yet, how far back do you go? Starting with genetics, I am a child of two completely different and opposite cultures. One from the Southeast United States is a strict religious family, where Fire and Brimstone are taught several days a week. The other being from the Northwest United States, where the culture is more relaxed and carefree.**

**Even though I was only 4 years old when my parents divorced, I still have flashes of memories of a home with a mother and father. Again, I still have moments of memory during the time my parents are separated. Of course, then I had no idea what was happening. I do know that after some time, my baby brother and I were left with our grandparents while our mother went to pursue her dream of a carefree lifestyle.**

**With no other option available, and grandparents unable to care for two extremely active toddlers, we returned to our father's family in the Southeast. The following two years flew by, and the only thing I remember was I had a teddy bear that I insisted wear a pair of my white JC Penny's briefs, nothing more. I know that when I turned 8 and was in the third grade, I was more than happy to start a game of "I'll show you mine if you show me yours," more often than not, getting what I wanted. This continued until I was 10, and my father remarried, and we moved to a different part of the state.**



I never had an adult friend, but I met a boy of the same age in my new neighborhood at the age of 10. He taught me there was more enjoyment that could be had beyond just showing off. I never even once thought about how he knew all these great and wonderful games he taught me. Growing older, the number of participants became less and less, specifically as our minds and bodies matured. In high school, there were less than a handful of us willing to play our little games.

This entire time, I was raised with the doctrine of a strict religious home. During my teenage years, I felt torn between what was right and expected of me and the thoughts that haunted my mind. My family could not help me through this, and I had no one to talk to. I was consistently belittled growing up because I fell far short of what was expected of me. The only relief I had, was the far too few fun times I had with friends, and running. Running gave me a chance to clear my head and offered me some alone time.

Age 16 found me on the cusp of adulthood, and I also had a parent who became disabled and unable to work. Grades eleven and twelve found me working a full-time job and the art of cooking and cleaning at home because that was what was expected of me as the oldest son. With work, helping out at home, school work, and church, all at the same time, I more often than not felt overloaded. I also became aware that boys younger than me were more accepting of friendship and those of my peers. I often found myself craving the simple, carefree life of a young boy.

Straight out of high school, I joined the military, something the family thought was expected of me, but for me, it was the escape that led me to accept a position that wasn't even on the list of things I wanted to do, but one that got me away from home as soon as possible. Even though the military took a lot of time away from me, I could make time to volunteer with different youth groups, to be in that carefree state of mind, even for a few hours. After four years, my time with the military came to a hard and painful end after creating a relationship with a coworker. I began to feel that only an adult could be so hateful and heartless with this single act. To me, children were much easier to understand and to be around.

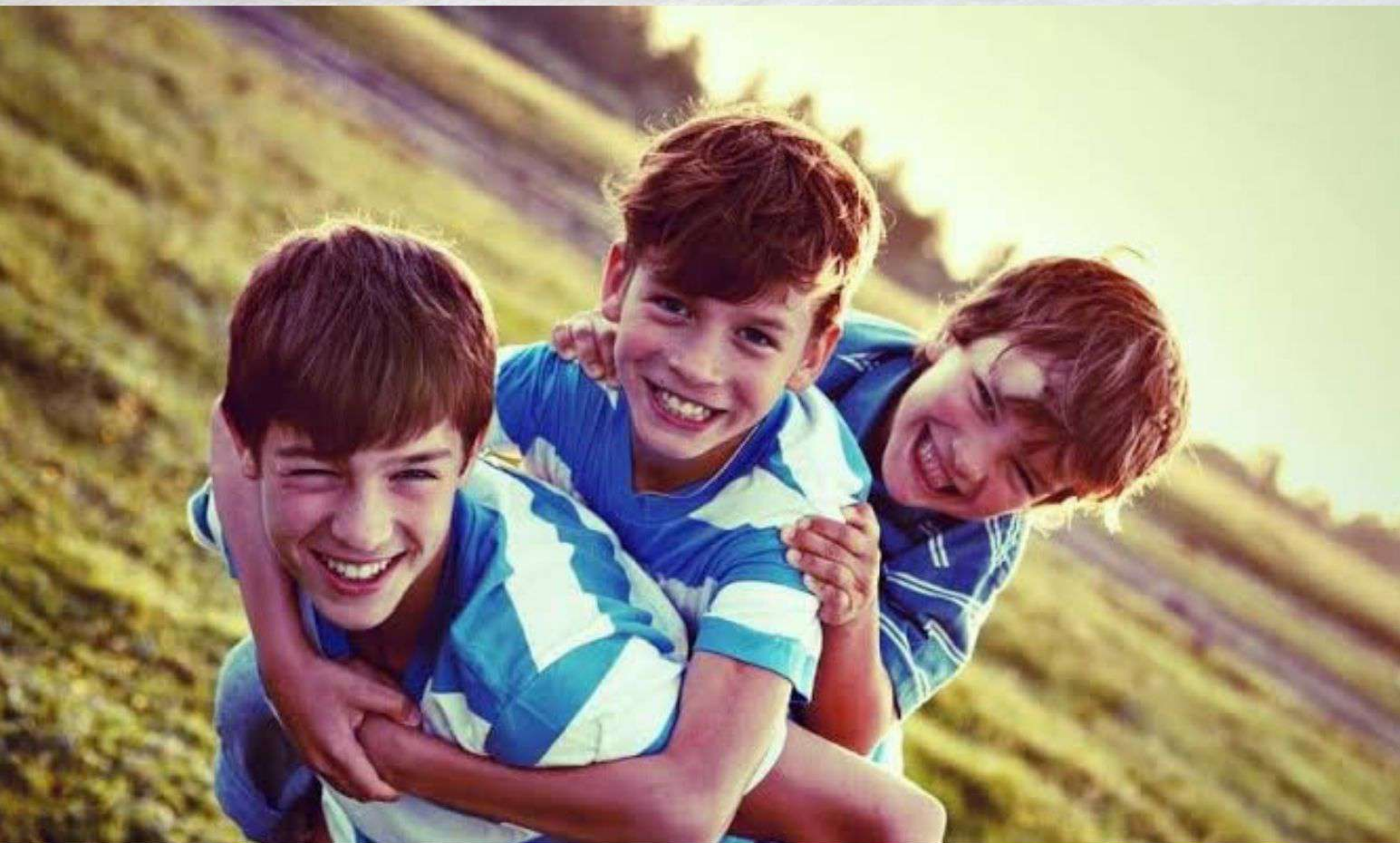
After a few years of solitude, being a professional driver, and then getting married only to end in divorce, I still found the young males easier to get along with and understand. I have had several young friends and helped them if they were struggling in their own homes. I knew I would never have a meaningful relationship again. I lived as an adult, knowing that I preferred to be around those younger than I left me in a conflict of what was right and wrong. It felt like I was the only person on the planet who felt this way, and often wondered if something was wrong with me.




With the introduction of the Internet and the World Wide Web, I had begun to stumble upon those who had the same thought and ideals that I was facing. I quickly learned I was not alone, and there was nothing wrong with me, and I was finally able to make friends again, with someone who knew how I felt and what I was going through.

When did I become a boylover? I have no idea. It could have been at a very young age with the "Show me your \_\_\_\_" game. Maybe it was at age 10 when I learned that there was more than just showing. Could it be when I was in high school, when the interaction started to fall off and left me wanting more than I could find? I would guess that I fell in love with the young males, and as I grew older, I just never grew out of that phase. So even though I was raised in a strict religious home, I still craved the pleasures of another body at a young age.

Now, I know that I am not alone. Others are going through the same affections. I think life has not been easy for any of us, but we keep on living, going from one day to the next. Living a life of what we dream we can have, one facing the reality of what the real world has set for us. At my age, I have reached a stage in my life, that I feel there is no right or wrong, only that there are those who have different beliefs, and I have come to understand and respect other beliefs. I hope that at some point, more and more people start to feel that way.







**THE  
POWER  
OF  
(BOY) LOVE**

By Zoltan

**WHAT WOULD THE OTHER ADULTS  
THINK  
OF US BEING TOGETHER SO MUCH?  
BUT I DON'T ACTUALLY CARE WHAT  
THEY THINK.  
I ONLY HAVE MY BOY TO CARE ABOUT.**

**I'M ABLE TO MOVE MOUNTAINS  
SPLIT UP THE OCEAN  
AND GO TO MARS AND BACK  
ALL BECAUSE MY WHOLE MIND AND  
BODY  
ARE TOTALLY OVER THE TOP WILD IN  
CRAZY LOVE WITH HIM.**



# LEGALLY SANCTIONED

*Bigotry*  
By Mouse

I believe I was born a pedophile, and there's nothing anyone can do about it. I am not proud of this, but I'm not ashamed either. I am more ashamed of the stubbornly closed-minded way society -- and the law -- treats people from my community. It's the same treatment that people from the LGBT community have seen in the past, and to some extent still do today.

The way society thinks of people in our community, what they believe, and the way they treat us, is very wrong. And worst of all, it does nothing to help anyone. The discrimination and persecution we face is only serving to eat itself from the inside, and making a bad situation worse. Society and the law needs to recognise us as another minority group with the very same legal and human rights as everyone else.

Consider this: it is against the law to discriminate against someone because of their sexuality, and yet the law is very hypocritical when it allows people to discriminate against pedophiles. I don't think any other group on Earth is treated as badly as we are treated. For example, no other person is put on a register or allowed to be hounded out of their own home because of who they are.



Surely, if we should have the right to know if a sex offender is living in the area, then we should also have the right to know if a burglar, bank robber, or mail fraud perpetrator is also in the area, for the very same reasons.

Regarding child pornography, I am not arguing that the images in question are morally right or wrong. I am not the person to debate this. Although I do believe it does still need very serious debating from people with a more open-minded view than those who have already debated it, and then made laws around their own personal views. It would be a healthier debate if people who



**collect these images were involved in the discussion. There is a big difference between the people who make these images and distribute them, and the people who collect them.**

**If the law does not want these images being distributed, they should be doing more to catch the people who make them, and not come after those of us who enjoy looking at them. I don't believe the argument that some people make, that if we didn't collect these pictures then they wouldn't even exist. That is a fallacy. Yes, they would still be getting made. Also, I don't accept the myth that people who look at these images will then go on to commit crimes related to the images they have seen. This is the very same rubbish people bring forward for trying to ban violent movies, TV series and video games.**

**The laws today regarding age of consent and "underage porn" have nothing to do with justice, but more to do with pleasing society's ignorance and bigotry. These ideas were made into law by politicians only looking to get votes. This is a society which has no real idea of what it's doing, and only gets ideas from the tabloid press which will print any rubbish just to sell . Social policies are made by the very same gutter press which goes out of it's way to sensationalise news stories and make a mountain out of a mole hill.**

**They claim that these restrictive laws are put into place to protect the children, yet these same people don't seem too concerned that their tax money is being used to make weapons which are then sold off to other countries -- known for their poor legislation on human rights -- which use them to hurt and kill children. And the people who are making these laws, are the very same people who are profiting from them.**

**Throughout history we have seen how "minority groups" have been treated by the mass hysteria of popular press and ignorance. The only way any group outside the norms of society get heard, is when they decide to stand up and be counted and fight back. Prime examples are women's liberation, black civil rights, LGBT groups, and so on. I know that I am only one person here, speaking out. A person who is not educated enough to say all the right words to make people sit up and listen. But if I do get your attention, and the attention of others, we can start getting the ball rolling today with our message.**

**We are saying that minor-attracted people are a legitimate minority group, and the way society treats people in this minority group is very wrong. Just as it was with other groups, such as black people and gays. Once we begin speaking out, others in my position can continue the fight onwards until we too have the same legal and human rights as everyone else.**



**Basic civil rights and liberties afforded to everyone else, except us. And which we should already have. When others join this chorus, I won't need to have an education or be good with words because those who follow behind me will be able to continue on in their own way. And it won't matter what happens to me in court, because I will be remembered as the one who started the fight back against this legally sanctioned bigotry.**

**I am told to respect a law which does not respect me. I am supposed to trust the legal system to treat me in a fair and unbiased manner, but it won't. And no matter what I say here, or what anyone else says on my behalf, it will NOT change the outcome. I will not be treated fairly. The outcome of this witch hunt has already been decided.**

**I am looking at a jail sentence because of my sexuality. And the outcome will probably be a lot worse because of what I am saying here. I will lose my home and all of my possessions. I will become publicly hated once again. And if I do get back out again, I will be homeless and destitute and in need of finding somewhere new to live, in a whole new area. And this will all be paid for by the very same bigots who put me in this position in the first place.**

**My basic human rights are being violated in the following ways:**

**My right to personal liberty.**

**My right not to be treated in an inhumane way.**

**My right to a fair trial.**

**My right to freedom of belief, freedom of expression and freedom from discrimination.**

**This has nothing to do with justice, and should literally be considered a sanctioned hate crime. The world seems to look upon pedophilia as a mental disorder, and those of us with it should be "treated" for it. This is an argument unto itself. And it should not be discussed only by closed-minded "professionals" who walk into a meeting with only one point of view and then pat themselves on their collective backs for coming out with new laws which did not get the proper vetting and counter-pointing that they should have..**

**A lot of countries that now believe themselves to be educated, well-informed and enlightened, forget that there once was a time when the gay and LGBT+ communities suffered extreme discrimination and persecution for their sexuality. Only just recently have these countries woke up to their mistakes, and realised how wrong they were. The very same process is playing out with the people in my community (MAPs) and only by organising and speaking out will we correct society's ignorance and lead to the same outcome as that which is now currently enjoyed by the gay and LGBT+ communities.**









# **TV REVIEW: SWEET TOOTH**

**By Khorny Bastard**

A deadly virus sweeps across the world, killing a vast majority of human beings, and causing births of humans to completely come to an end. Chaos, fear, and distress run rampant across the world. All of the new births across the globe are only half-human, half-animal hybrids now. A vast majority of survivors join gangs that hunt the hybrids, believing they're responsible for the virus, the mass casualties, and the end of the world.

The story revolves around a half-human half-deer hybrid boy who is the main character in this Netflix production, played by (Christian Convery). His dad took him to the forest when he was just an infant and was trying to live in peace away from all the killing and the hatred that the surviving world has to offer.

When his dad eventually dies 10 years later, he decides to search for his mother and leaves the relative safety of the forest he had lived in for the past decade. Along the way, he is also being hunted by poachers and gangs determined to kill him, because of the role they believe hybrids played in bringing the end of the world. He meets a large man along the way, that he refers to as "Big Man" who comes to his rescue and saves him from poachers when he first leaves the confines of his forest.



And while Big Man is the "action hero" of the show, it is still clearly Gus who is the main hero of the story. So Big Man and Gus search for his mother and soon develop a very strong bond. Along the way, it is discovered that Big Man has a very dark past, hunting hybrids and killing people, and this is brought to light by Bear (the leader of the Animal Army, which is sworn to protect all hybrids.)

Together, Big Man, Gus, and Bear all search for Gus's mother. All the while, a subplot is being shown about Dr. Adu Singh and his wife who have contracted "the sick" --- the virus --- and are looking for a cure while working for the main bad guy General Abbott. The General rescues Dr. Singh in order to force him into finding a cure, so he can choose who lives (or not.) And Dr. Singh is forced to experiment on three young hybrid children in pursuit of this cure or have General Abbott kill his wife.

All this meshes very well and works as a very fluid storyline. Neither takes center stage, but Gus's story is the primary storyline of the show. The script is very well done, which is something you can't assume in the fantasy genre. True to the genre it provides the audience with plenty of oohs and aahs and requisite WTF moments. I can't think of any serious dull points or boring portions of the show as it just seems to keep flowing smoothly throughout.

The screenwriters here also pay very close attention to detail, which many shows of this type would not do. This provides a very good element. Hint: always pay attention to Gus's deer ears, for they can tell when he's happy, sad, bored, glad, or damn near orgasmic.

I can say in my humble opinion that it is a great show and that Netflix is freakin' brilliant for doing it. I think it will be up there with the likes of Stranger Things in comparison. The acting is extremely great; overall I can say that I haven't seen one bad actor in it. Although General Abbott does kind of look like The Mandarin from Iron Man 3. Unless you count the very Muppet-like Bobby the Gopher (which was oddly low-budget in a very high-budget show) -- but he can be easily overlooked, as it's not a major character. Nonso Anozie, who plays Big Man, has also starred in shows and movies like Artemus Foul and Ender's Game and plays very well off his 10-year-old co-star. Christian Avery exudes the wide-eyed innocence necessary to give their pairing Odd Couple chemistry that would make you think they know each other offscreen.

The little nuances that are showcased throughout are fluid, and never



seem forced, like a short conversation between the two after escaping the execution of Big Man at the hands of the animal army. It seems like they work very well together because their natures click in reality not because the script calls for it. The other characters in their orbit, such as Dr. Singh and Bear, are solid and three-dimensional. Especially Dr. Singh, who is trying to justify the possible killing of children hybrids to save his wife, and hopefully the rest of humanity.

Notable in the list of producers is Robert Downey Jr, who played Iron Man, a major role in the Marvel Universe, and was almost the star of The Avengers. I thought it was extremely unique to find him listed as part of a DC Universe-based show. Nonetheless, it was a great choice, for him and for whoever decided to take him up.

As for Sweet Tooth being a fantasy, it is not formally listed as such, but I believe easily could've been. More accurately I'd say it's a sci-fi and fantasy in one mix, Sci-fi due to its post-apocalyptic and extremely science-based plot. But the idea of half-human / half-animal characters bring to mind fantasy-based creatures like centaurs and minotaurs.

I went into watching this show with absolutely zero information on it, as I had not seen any commercials or previews for it. I was able to watch it without any bias. I honestly had not heard of it before a friend recommended it to me, so I had no idea what genre, actors, or whatnot, were associated with the show. I was told there was a cute boy in it and so I had to watch it. And so I did. And I don't regret that decision one bit.







# BOYLOVE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH - PART 1

**By Curtis**

Boylovers still labor under this presumption that we represent a small, persecuted minority. We think of ourselves as people whose sexual tastes are so far out of the mainstream that its our bad luck to have become a lightning rod for everyone from fundamentalists to feminazis to PC gays. These groups all need a servile, cringing OTHER to dump on, to identify as absolutely evil, and we happen to fit the bill. We can be yoked to genuine sex criminals and used to define what everybody else isn't.

Our small numbers --- our very powerlessness --- makes us, politically, a very convenient target. We're too weak and too scattered to fight back but we can easily be inflated into monstrous bogeymen useful in cracking the whip over everyone who might challenge reigning orthodoxies: single mothers, un-PC gays, those who fret over the trashing of the fourth amendment.

Well of course there is truth in the above, but that isn't really it. And the Roman Catholic Church "child abuse" scandal provides a useful way to think about the broader forces at work that have resulted in our demonization.

We're not a "minority" at all, or if we are, only in the least meaningful, numerical sense (remember, men are a minority). We are a remnant of what stood --- until quite recently --- at the center of culture and civilization. The Roman Catholic priesthood is another remnant; these priests (not just the BL priests) are very close cousins of ours.



In all historic civilizations and all cultures of which we are aware, the transmission of culture happened within each of the genders. The boy left the female-dominated realm of the home and entered an all-male world where he was both taught and tested -- where he became a man. Whether the arts of war or the interpretation of sacred texts, the making of music or the stalking of game, men taught boys what they needed to know. And it was men who decided when the boys had become men.

A comparable process happened within the home as girls were taught by women those things traditionally identified as belonging to the female realm: the arts of the kitchen and the hearth, the nursery and the garden.

I said the two processes were comparable. But they were not the same. In traditional societies, girls were taught by an extended kinship-based network of older women rooted in the home. Boys left the home and were received into male dominated institutions -- armies, hunters, guilds, priesthoods - - where the relationships were often determined less by kinship than by hierarchical, meritocratic principles.

To a greater or lesser extent, these institutions of socialization and of the transmission of culture can be found operating in all societies outside the post-Enlightenment West: from Stone Age hunter-gatherers in the Upper Amazon to the glittering civilization of Sung Dynasty China.

Those institutions may continue to exist in the contemporary West, but they have been under relentless pressure as technological advances have removed much of their underlying justification. Masculine brawn is of less and less economic value. The sweeping, scrubbing and cooking necessary for a well-maintained household has been drastically reduced by washing machines, vacuum cleaners, and refrigeration. Modern finance has largely replaced kinship networks in providing for economic security; households thus now consist of the nuclear family or even smaller units.

And with them the patterns of socialization have shifted drastically. Girls now leave the home just as boys have always done. Boys and girls are now usually educated together. The institutions traditionally responsible for the socialization of boys --- schools, churches --- are now charged with the



education of girls as well and have increasingly come under the control of women. Public schools in the United States are, until the upper grades, largely staffed by women. Today, it is entirely possible, even common, for an American or European boy to reach his mid-teens never having had a relationship with a single adult male authority figure other than his father --- and in many walks of life, not even that.

But human nature does not change so quickly. Two hundred years is but the blink of an eye in the history of the human species. Our technologies and our economies may have imposed modes of life on us that would have mystified and shocked our ancestors, but within our souls, we still hear those ancient yearnings. Boys are driven to seek the approval of their peers and of adult males, to be validated as males by other males. Men respond to that; they respond to it on several levels --- and for many men that includes a sexual level.

Our feelings about other people have an inevitable sexual element. It is often not recognized; it can be repressed or disguised, but it is there --- something that Freud understood and revealed. Sexual feelings can't NOT be there; sexual appetite is woven into our very existence as living creatures and we see each other, whether we acknowledge it or not, through the prism of sexuality.

The widespread attraction of men for boys, and of boys for men --- present in every human society whether celebrated, condemned or just tolerated --- is nature's way of ensuring that boys are socialized. Boylove is an antidote to the murderous competitiveness among males obvious in all the higher mammals.

All-male institutions charged with the socialization of boys simply cannot exist without BL poking its head through whatever layers of repression might be contemplated. Historically, many such institutions, even in repressive sex-phobic societies, tacitly allowed for it (e.g. the traditional English "public" school). You can repress all BL some of the time and some BL all the time, but you cannot repress all BL all the time.

To be continued ...





**ETHOS**  
Amor et intellectus



# Interview with Chri\$

By Zoomzoom4



Zoomzoom4: Okay so tell us your name.

Chri\$: Chri\$.

ZZ4: And you're a boylover.

C\$: Most definitely.

ZZ4: What kind of boylover would you say you are?

C\$: I'd have to say that I'm a very open one, and that for me the boy means absolutely everything. That I'm outgoing and honest and willing to accept people as they are.

ZZ4: Do you remember when you first thought of yourself as a "boylover"? Do you remember when you first heard the term?

C\$: I can remember that as soon as I was no longer a boy myself I already loved boys, but had never heard the term until roughly a year ago. I was a boylover since I was a boy, and just never grew out of it.

ZZ4: You never heard the term "boylove" or "boylover" until a year ago. And how old are you?



C\$: Old. Turning 43 in August.

ZZ4: What term did you use before you heard of "boylover"?

C\$: Unfortunately I was always referred to as a pedo because of my criminal background. So the terminology was usually negative. Boylover just wasn't a term that was used ... until I got out of prison.

ZZ4: Did you like it better? Was it attractive to you when you heard it? Did it make a difference in how you saw yourself?

C\$: I grabbed a hold of the term and have fully embraced it in every aspect I can. And once I realized a term for me existed that wasn't negative and that a world existed that had people like me, I made it a goal to embrace it to its fullest. And yes I have been able to be open with quite a few people since I've embraced the name of boylover and have met some fantastic friends in this past year that also accept me as who I am, despite the legal issues in my past.

ZZ4: So growing up, you knew you were a "pedo" and that society saw you as a villain. Did that influence your perception of yourself during your formative years?

C\$: Yes. I had to hide the fact that I was into boys. I led the life people wanted to see, mostly. I was into sports, fighting, loud music, and parties.

ZZ4: So you came across as straight.

C\$: I got involved in drugs and gangs at a young age, and was in the system from age 5 to 18. And yes most people saw me as straight, and those I trusted may have thought I was bi at best. But I never opened up to anyone. And although in the group homes and such, some boy-in-boy stuff happened, we always acted like it was just some playful fun, not actual gay behavior.

ZZ4: Did you date girls, or fool around with girls, during your teens?



C\$: Yes. And I am honestly surprised that none have come looking for me as a daddy. I was always a very horny boy and teen and had a lot of sex. Even with girls. Although a lot of time I'd fantasize about my young friends when with them. I played the game all the way up until I went to prison at age 22.

ZZ4: You did sow your wild oats, then. You enjoyed the sex with girls simply because it was sex, although it wasn't your "preferred" sexual activity. And you went to prison at 22, because of a relationship that you preferred having over girls.

C\$: Yes. To both those.

ZZ4: So it's safe to say that when you were over 18, you were attracted to boys, and you acted on that attraction.

C\$: Yes. But it's not so simple as that. It was a relationship that was developed over a long time.

ZZ4: Do you see emotional love for boys and sexual activity with boys, as being mutually exclusive,

or can they go hand-in-hand?

C\$: Well I don't think you can have a true relationship without both. If you only focus on boys as sexual beings that to me is disrespectful to them. So I'd definitely say they go hand in hand. And boys need emotional attachment as much as we do.

ZZ4: So you were in love with that boy. But you did you also have sexual contact with boys you were not in love with?

C\$: Well I'd say I had sex with friends. Maybe it's a different kind of love. Because I didn't just have a bunch of random sex with random boys. I usually had some sort of developed friendship with them at the least. And friendship is just a slightly lesser love in my opinion. Maybe not quite as serious and a deep down I'll die for you type of love, but still a love.

ZZ4: I think there are different types of love, and different levels of each type.



C\$: I agree.

ZZ4: And I don't think boylovers should have to justify ... having sex with boys they didn't necessarily "love" but found hot. As long as the boy wanted it too.

C\$: Oh, I can agree with that. That's pretty much how it was with the boys in the homes I lived in. But I still considered them friends as well.

ZZ4: You were fooling around with boys in the homes, even as a boy?

C\$: Yes. But we never really considered it homosexual behavior. We never called it "gay." Now I know we were just full of shit!

ZZ4: After you grew up, how did you find opportunities to meet boys and form friendships, or even possibly fall in love?

C\$: Well it was fairly easy for me. I never had much of a "normal" childhood. And I was always meeting people from programs with kids in the system. So when we all met and the parents and or boys learned of my past, I was able to explain to them I understood how their boys

were and was usually able to help them be able to talk and listen to my experience. This also allowed the boy to not see me as an authority figure. But more as a friend that they could get along with. And the parents could have me get the boys to do chores and they'd listen to me over the parents usually. Not always.

ZZ4: You say from "programs" ... you're referring to your participation in self-improvement programs? People in these programs had kids.

C\$: More like group homes and drug rehabs and church related.

ZZ4: And they wanted you to meet their kids.

C\$: Yes.

ZZ4: To help clean up their lives.

C\$: Yes.

ZZ4: You were a positive example.

C\$: To help them be able to express themselves. And when I was around the kids, I was usually on my best behavior. Unless you're the state of California law enforcement. They think differently.



ZZ4: You said you were "usually" on your best behavior. Did something happen on one of the "unusual" times? That caused you to get in a new trouble, early in your 20s?

C\$: Well as LEO will have you believe, I was always a monster trying to groom boys and their parents.

ZZ4: Now this was fairly innocent, and with a boy you loved.

C\$: The boy I loved, I had known since he was 5 and I was 10. We had always had a great relationship. About age 12 he decided that things would progress way more than I wanted it to at the time. I was 17 then and wanted to wait til his 13th bday. But he just wasn't gonna wait. And honestly, I wasn't gonna force him to wait. We had discussed some things for about 2 years prior anyway. And progressed to some minor fun and touching before the sex actually started. And it continues for about 3 years to when he was 15 and I was 20.

ZZ4: But it was a minor incident which you were actually prosecuted for,

rather than the far more intimate activities that LEO didn't know about?

C\$: Yeah. The only allegations that were ever made against me were a simple kiss on his cheek and blowing raspberries on his stomach. He never said anything else happened, and neither have I.

ZZ4: How much worse would the punishment have been if they only knew the rest?

C\$: Well I did 10-plus years just for the allegations I did have, so I assume it would've been a lot longer, possibly 25 years or more for what would essentially amount to 3 years of what is known as molestation. Even though that means to annoy and I can guarantee he was never annoyed. I have met people doing life just for one or two counts of actual sex with minor. But usually not consensual like mine. Even though the state swears a minor can give an adult consent.

ZZ4: I know the state calls a minor an "adult" when it benefits their goals, such



as in murder prosecutions of teens. But then they turn around and say boys that same age can't possibly be informed enough to consent to a blow job.

C\$: I say that all the time.

ZZ4: Well it's true, so no wonder. Everyone should. It's a ridiculous double standard.

C\$: And the powers that be say I'm just trying to justify my actions.

ZZ4: No, you're pointing out legitimate hypocrisy.

Reworded: You're legitimately pointing out actual hypocrisy. It has nothing to do with your actions. When they say that, they're trying to deflect from the point you're making. To put the focus back on you and how 'bad' you are.

C\$: Exactly.

ZZ4: They're the ones who should be under a microscope.

C\$: Hell yes. If I locked you up because of something you might do in the future, I'd be arrested for kidnapping. Yet the state does it, and they call it "civilly detained."

ZZ4: What do you think about the state prosecuting people with heavy duty prison sentences for possessing child-like sex dolls?

C\$: To me that's a victimless crime, and sheer stupidity. Not to mention in my opinion it's a violation of free speech. As well as a waste of taxpayer money and space that should be used to confine actual murderers and criminals.

ZZ4: You pretty much covered it all right there.

C\$: Yup. Let's just say I'm not a fan of the legal system for a reason.

ZZ4: Except for one thing, which I think you may have with the "free speech" thing: It's outlawing a desire, a feeling. If you can say anything you want, legally, you can feel anything you want legally.

C\$: Criminalization of a sexual preference.

ZZ4: In other words, it's legal to "feel like" doing anything. I feel like shooting up heroin. Can you arrest me for it? The same as if I was actually





*sometimes  
life just  
needs a break*



shooting up heroin right in front of you? Just for wanting to?

C\$: That's some serious prehistoric crap. Just like the old days where being gay was a reason to beat people.

ZZ4: That's what they aim to do with pedophilia. And that's not even so much the "old days" as we think it is, sadly.

C\$: So true.

ZZ4: In Jasper, Texas, in 1997 being gay was a reason to be dragged through town tied up to a pick up truck. What you and I, and readers of this magazine, would be (not so) shocked to find out is that those same people who dragged the gay dude and got prosecuted for it ... would be cheered on if they tried to drag either of us behind their truck.

C\$: Maybe given a misdemeanor speeding ticket.

ZZ4: More likely the policeman would say "But hey, they were trying to protect our kids, go easy on them."

C\$: Yeah.

ZZ4: PERSON: "Go easy? They were dragging someone to death!" COP: "They were dragging pedophiles." PERSON: "Oh. Then give them the Gold Medal."

C\$: Make it an Olympic event.

ZZ4: The 900-yard Pedo Drag.

C\$: But we digress! Lol ... Make it a relay. Nah, now they just wait 'til you're out of prison and evaluate you with some state-employed shrink and lock you up indeterminate, just for having an attraction to boys. And that's AFTER serving your decade long prison sentence.

ZZ4: We are joking around here, making light of such a horribly negative situation, it seems. So that in mind, do you, deep down maybe, have much (if any) hope for us --- as a people --- going forward?

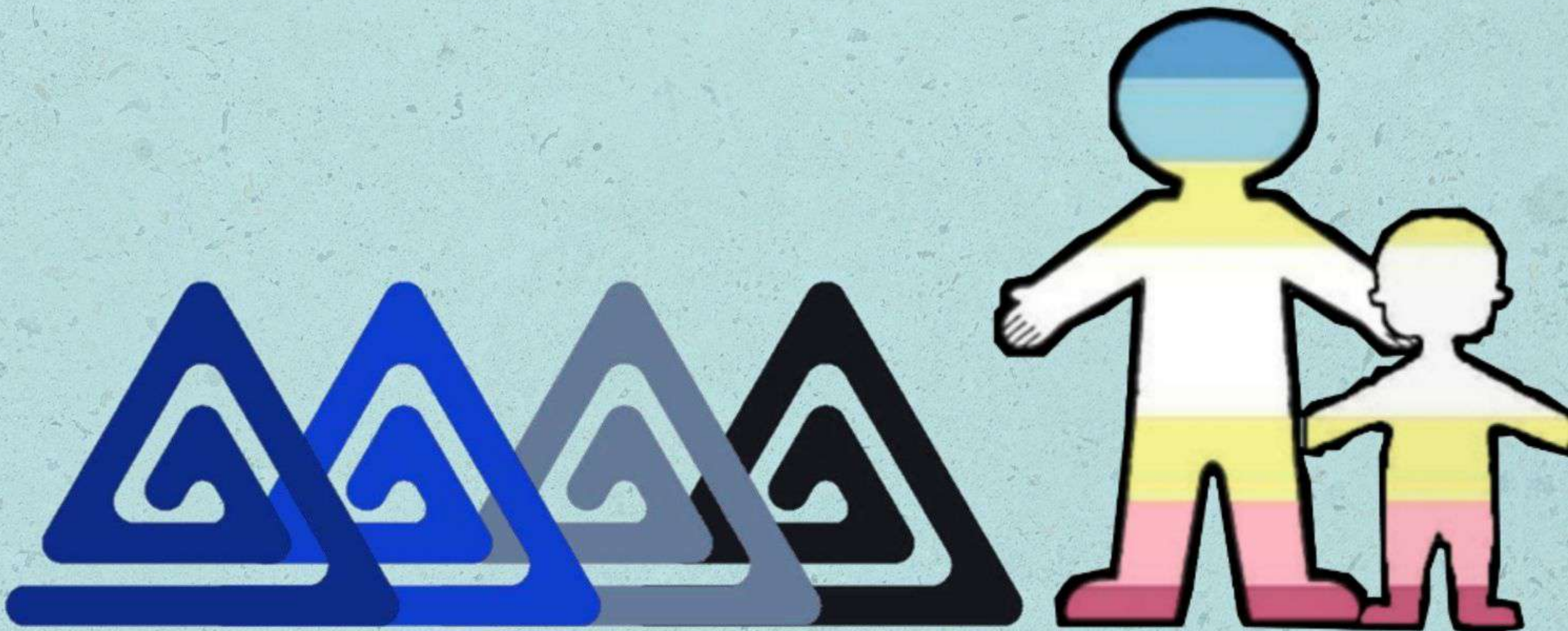
C\$: Well I'd like to have hope. And California has recently revised some laws regarding minor "victims" and consent. Like if it's a non-violent offense a judge can decide



that a perp doesn't have to register, and things like that. So yeah. I have hope. But is it gonna be in our lifetime? I don't know. I hope so.

**ZZ4:** We don't know what "it" is. Like when you say, "is it going to be in our lifetimes?" Is "what" going to be in our lifetimes? Honestly, of course we're not expecting legalization of BL sex. What we're more referring to is some immeasurable but recognizable change. A change in attitude. As our friend Floyd said, we're not asking to be loved, just asking to not be so irrationally hated.

**C\$:** Well I do think there's a change that can be made when accepting that it (boylove) exists. At some point people will come to their senses, and just learn to understand us better. They don't have to live it themselves. But maybe, for them to think of it like being gay. I do think sooner or later people will realize it's a lot more prevalent in society than they know. Like it's literally in the news somewhere every single day. The numbers don't lie. It's just a part of life and they need to realize it. And maybe before all this current talk of acceptance in the world ends in another war, maybe we can be included with the movement. BL Lives matter!







# NICE DREAMS

**BY BLUES**

*I had a nice dream.*

*In my dream, I was a boy in school and we had playing cards.*

*On the cards, the face ones were of hot boys.*

*One was even nude, the Ace of Spade card.*

*The teacher made the boys give him the cards.*

*When he told me, "Hand over the cards," I said no.*

*"It's my property and you can't ask for them." And I kept my boy cards.*

*This was a nice dream.*





# What is Being Gay to a Boy?

Sometimes it is complicated.

In my case, it was not the disaster that I expected it to be when I first knew what that glance, that feeling was. I enjoyed the kinetic, playful, and yes, sexual energy of fellow boys from the playground in school.

Boys do glance at each other in all of those myriad ways all of the time. At least that is what I remember. We, in some very subtle way, knew what that energy was.

We did not know the word for it at first, but it was there. It is there.

Some spark.

Love.

If I make it sound as if I consider myself to be a late bloomer at 10 years old it is because I do. I was. I had wanted to follow my masturbatory fantasies for a long time before I finally fulfilled them. There were countless subtle offers from boys that at first enticed me then freaked me out a bit because of the attitude my family and society constantly stated towards whatever that was.

What? Homosexuality?



I did not know. Nor did I care.

My best friends in my neighborhood all had propositioned me already by the time I was 8. I was the one holdout from the club apparently, for all of those years because my family had put an entire Pink Floyd album's worth of subliminal anti-gay messages in my head by the time I could comprehend.

When a man brought me out, the pent-up sexual energy that spilled out of me that night for those wonderful few hours was absolute heaven! I finally had a male to kiss, love, cuddle, and hold dear, something that was precious to me for that first experience. It was like finally drinking water when you are super thirsty. But also like I never had water at all until that moment. Yes, it was beautiful like that.

Now was what the man did wrong?

Generosity is not wrong.

As a man, being able to say out loud (per se) that I love little boys is the same. It is precious to me like gold because a person must have, follow, and express their own nature.

For a young gay boy it is the very same need; to play, cuddle, and love the person to whom we are attracted. If it is men, that's what it is.

For me it is all males, age 2 up to whatever. It does not matter.

I have never done anything about my younger proclivities as an adult, but being able to say that I would like to be an adult friend to a boy who may be wanting one. That is generosity.





# ***Me vs the System - Part 2***

***By Khorny Bastard***

So now it is 2021. Meaning I have been housed in a state hospital as a civil detainee --- not a "prisoner," so says the state --- for the past decade. I am only 42. I was a mere 21 years old, or pretty close to it, when I was arrested and sent to prison for my crimes. And barring some major luck or advocacy by some major civil rights people, I am likely to be here a lot longer, if not for the remainder of my life. All of this is based upon some manufactured opinion that I am a monster who poses a continued threat to society. Why? Because I openly admitted to loving boys.

Despite evidence that no such predatory acts or even allegations of actual sex were ever asserted in any way in my criminal case back then, I am stuck for who knows how long. I am labeled as one of California's worst of the worst sex offenders. A "sexually violent" predator. A child molester. Among many other hideous names. And unless I manage to somehow acquire some decent amount of money for some decent legal representation, I am literally at the mercy of a government that detests me more than it detests a serial killer, or even some Jihadi terrorist. In fact, several times over the past ten years, California has released quite a few convicted murderers. Included, a couple of years ago, was some guy that murdered two teenage boys ages 13 and 15. And yet I'm the horrible person, in their eyes.

Over the past twenty years, I've participated in so much treatment it would make your head spin. Currently, I have been enrolled in the sex offender treatment provided here for seven of the ten years I've been here. In 2006, I quit the skinhead gang lifestyle. I have been sober from drugs since 1999. In short, during my stay in the system, I have made such significant changes to my life that my mother barely recognizes me. And honestly, that's a fantastic thing.



In my position, having been locked up pretty much all of my life, and with the lack of community support and interaction that I've unfortunately amassed over my life, it's amazing that I am still here and fighting like I am. Where I am at, I am not supposed to have any internet access. However, I have honestly circumvented that issue here. Where there's a will, there is a way. Despite my complete lack of access, I managed to meet a few people on sites like Telegram and Facebook, and even Instagram. And I have managed to build up some relatively significant friendships from my brief time there. Unfortunately, that access has since taken a bad turn. I tried to fix something that was not truly broke and now it is once more unavailable to me. And it is crushing to me.

I used to think or know that I was alone in life. I never had legitimate people that I can truly talk to about these things. Then I found a hidden treasure on Telegram. A land of like-minded BL people. And I found that, in fact, I am not alone. I was able to join some groups and meet good friends. Of course, I also met my share of idiots. But damn, it felt good to know that I am not alone. I decided to start my own groups. Of course, due to my history, I do all I can to keep them legitimate. I try to keep the peace. I never opened them up to the public. I have administrated my share of groups, and know the difficulties of doing that. Too many unnecessary chances that I just cannot afford to take. And knowing the potential repercussions our lifestyles can have, the less risk the better. I wanted to ensure a tight-knit community of like-minded and trustworthy people. The last thing I would ever want is for others to suffer the hatred I have suffered.

And although I truly do understand the love and the beauty of boys, and all the feelings that a lovely boy can elicit from us, more often than not, we will not see it returned to us because of the way society views us. We will have to remain in the shadows with the occasional hint and peek into a world of hope. And our ever-dwindling safe-havens online should always be exactly that --- a safe place, a refuge for us. It's our place where we can openly discuss our passion and love. And unfortunately, more than I like to admit, it is our peers who lack any control that jeopardize these havens. And while I believe that I can safely acknowledge my love of everything boy here to you all, it's still a major risk. The hostility towards us is still great.



And it is for this reason we all need to be careful. We need to respect these sites and BL boards and safe-havens. And that starts with our own self-control. Tread with caution. Do not jeopardize it for others. There are countless others out there that need these places, including young boylovers too. Future BL generations rely upon us. And it is up to us, to give them all a fighting chance, to give us all a chance.

I truly do hope that my story somehow helps others. Our way of life is scary to others. And scared people are more likely to be dangerous to us. I do not intend to persuade anyone from our way of life. I would never do that. It is just that I have been to the extremes of both sides of the love. I have seen and been witness to the unfortunate repercussions of the dark side of it, as well as having been lucky enough to receive the love I had given to me in return. My love for a boy was great. To have it returned to me from him was even better.

And I would never take it back if given the chance. But my price was, and still is, a very hard one to have paid.

If this story can help any of you, then I have paid it forward. I have hopefully done my part. And if anyone is reading this, it means I have also managed to return to the online world, as well as having been printed in Ethos. If that is the case, all I can do is send out my deepest thanks to my friend who is on the Ethos staff and whom I also had the honor of meeting on Telegram. I truly am grateful and cannot thank you enough for giving me this opportunity.

And may all of you awesome boylovers out there be able to experience the same love I have felt in my life. LOVE for a BOY. It truly is a wondrous thing to feel.





IT'S SPRING ON SOUTHERN  
HEMISPHERE





# Who Do You Love More?

By French Frog

"Who do you love more? You or me?"

That's the question a young friend (around 8 years old) asked me a few years ago. Maybe he was just trying to get me to tell him how much I loved him. I must confess that I'm not very good at expressing feelings. I've really not been brought up this way, and my own character is not inclined towards it either. But it looked like there was some genuine curiosity behind his question, like he had pondered it in his mind for a while and couldn't decide.

"Who do you love more?" I gave an honest thought to this question, and realized I was unable to answer it to myself. I had no intent to evade the question, though, so I gave him the best answer I could find in my mind: "You know, loving someone else and loving oneself are two different things. They just can't be compared."

Somehow, he seemed to be satisfied enough by this answer. I wasn't. Yet, to this day, though I've thought about it many times, I've been unable to find a better answer. Damn it; the more I think about it, the less I'm convinced that I even understand the question. What does it mean, "love more"? And how the hell would one measure it?

Surely, the day-to-day attentions and caring thoughts one gives to a young friend are not sufficient evidence for it, right? I thought about the young and tragic hero of the Special Friendships, who said to his lover: "I love you more than life." Could I honestly say the same?





Again, I wasn't able to answer that. I tried some thought experiment, imagining myself in a position where I could save my young friend's life by giving mine. Would I do it? Maybe that's what it means, "loving more", or at least it may be the closest proxy to an answer to that question.

But, I'm afraid, here again, it was not that easy to determine my possible conduct. On one hand, I had already fantasized dying in such a way. But on the other hand, how weak was the evidence! Of the many people who dream of themselves as heroes, how many ever accomplish the least heroic act?

Certainly, it would totally make sense to give my life to save a young friend. Could you imagine a more beautiful way to die?

Love, it seems, is where selfishness and altruism embrace each other. So maybe I would prefer my friend's, or should I say my love's, life to my life. But I also know that in situations of stress, men are more than often ruled by their emotions and survival instinct.

So, would it be realistic to expect my love to be stronger than that? I guess there is only one way I could ever know, though I don't wish for that kind of resolution to come.

So, to these days, I haven't found any fully satisfactory answer. Do you have one for yourself? What would you have replied to your young friend?





# **Realtalk by Realme - Let's Talk About Alcohol and Drugs**

**By Realme**



It's tough being a childlover. We are constantly hearing hate directed against us and have to wear a false identity just to survive in this society. We even have to bear hearing our closest friends and relatives talking about how "all pedos need to be shot."

Having to deal with all this, is it any wonder that so many childlovers suffer from depression, anxiety, and a host of other psychological problems? We can't even talk to a therapist about our troubles without the risk of being turned into the police!

So some childlovers, far too many, try to self-medicate with drugs and alcohol.

I'm one of them.

I've struggled with overuse of drugs and alcohol since I was in my twenties, and it is only now, in my forties, that I've finally gotten a handle on it. I grew up in a broken home full of emotional abuse and neglect. That would be enough to make a lot of people substance abusers. It certainly did for my younger sister. Add to that the burden of not being able to express my sexuality, or even speak of it, and it's no surprise that I turned to the joint and the bottle for a bit of relief.

We all know the negative effects of substance abuse, so there's no need to go over them here. What's important is to realize that substance abuse is especially dangerous to boylovers.



In drunken conversations I've come frighteningly close to revealing my true self, and I know that walking the streets high I've stared too long at passing children. We are a sexual minority that has to hide, and that's hard to do when you're wasted.

Also, drugs and alcohol don't solve the original problem. Only self-acceptance can. That, as some of us know, can come not only from long years of self-examination but also the saving grace of a young friend. I've written before how Watersprite, my first true young love, helped me accept myself and launched me into the online childlover community.

I've always made it a rule to never drink or take drugs when I'm with one of my young friends. Partially that's to keep me from the temptation of pushing them too far, and partially it's to set a good example for them. Do we want our young friends to see us drunk or high? Of course not.

We have a responsibility to our young friends, indeed all children, to be the best we can be. Children look up to us. They look to us for cues on how to navigate the adult world. If we are sober, we can be more attentive to their needs and provide them with better examples of adult behavior. Also remember that many of the boys who find themselves drawn to adult men who aren't their relatives are lacking in father figures. Their biological father might be absent or a substance abuser himself. Giving them another such example might push them away, or even worse, reinforce the idea that substance abuse is acceptable behavior.

Not only does substance abuse set a bad example, but it might make us cross boundaries that our young friend does not want us to cross.

One adult man I met recounted a troubling incident in his youth. He was 13 and a bit lonely, with no father figure and not many close friends. A man in his neighborhood befriended him, listening to him when the boy wanted to talk, and sharing his hobbies with him. Everything went well for a time and the boy enjoyed the attention he was receiving. It made him feel better about himself and proud that an adult showed interest in him. Then one day the two met as usual, but the adult friend was drunk and made a clumsy verbal pass. The boy fled, never to speak to the man again.



The boy, now a man himself, still recalls the incident with distaste twenty years later.

What a shame. A friendship between a boy and a man ruined because the boylover got drunk, said some crude things, and scared the boy off. That boy grew up to be a man who adds his voice to the angry chorus of people who hate our kind.

Think of what might have happened if his adult friend hadn't gotten drunk. The boy would have grown up with a mentor. He would have ended up a far better adjusted adult without many of the emotional issues I've seen in him. As the two grew closer, the boy might have sensed the adult friend's true nature, as Watersprite sensed mine, and accepted it. And who knows? Perhaps intergenerational love might have bloomed. The adult friend might have initiated him into the world of intergenerational sex and the boy would have grown into a man knowing that our community isn't made up of monsters. He might have added his voice to our chorus, instead of the chorus of our haters.

So get a handle on drugs and alcohol. Talk to your loved ones or get into a group. If the stress of being a boylover is what's making you struggle with substance abuse, talk to people on the BL boards. I've found a lot of sympathetic ears there, and they all know what you're going through.





# ***The Best of***

# **ETHOS**

**Amor et intellectus**

***By Various Authors***

**To commemorate the 5th Anniversary of Ethos Magazine, the editorial staff has selected five of what we consider the best Ethos has produced. Here, in chronological order, are the "Best of Ethos" ...**

***1. Our Gift by TheJustinOne (Issue 1)***

***2. Eisa: That Boy in the Alley  
by False Alias (Issue 5)***

***3. The Counselor Who Changed My Life  
by Baby Bear (Issue 8)***

***4. Christmas Art  
by Various Authors (Issue 15)***

***5. FEAR: A Poem by The Kindred (Issue 16)***



**Eisa: That Boy in the Alley Chapter One**  
by Faine Allen

**Prologue**  
This is not a real story. This is entirely fictional, despite how real the words of this story might sound. Eisa is a boy of make-believe, as is the story itself and all events within. References to real-world events or places are coincidental, as this entire story takes place in a world that is not Earth. I call it Eisa, but you can call it what you want.

**Chapter 1 - That boy in the alley**  
I can't tell you when he arrived, because honestly I don't really remember. I saw him in passing the first two times, in a little alley between the shop and the cafe. I used to regularly visit, and never took note of the date or time. The first time I noticed him, his size caught my eye. He was wearing a dark jacket, and he was looking at himself. He was small. It was difficult, seeing him like that.

The second time was three days later. He looked the same, but his clothes were more torn. His red buttoned shirt was stained with bits of food, like last time, except the arm had holes in them now. His trousers looked less like trousers this time. They were torn at the bottom. Black frayed fibers spilling down from the tear and a diagonal rip running from the bottom of the trouser to quarter of the way up his lower leg.

The third, about a week after the last time I seen him, I couldn't do anything. You would think anyone would've forgotten this little boy on the side, hiding himself away, but I didn't. I went into the cafe, for the first time in several months, and ordered some food. Of course I did order me some, but I know I would not eat it all. He needed it for more, and it was showing. I carried the food out and stood by the alley, waiting for him. I ignored all the people buzzing past left and right.

I think he could tell that I was there. He slowly appeared out from the back, and moved very slowly towards me before stopping about 12 yards away. Each time I passed by, I had nothing for him so he needed to see the alley pretty quickly. This was my first real look at him. Every other time was a passing glance, or by the time I spotted him he was too far into the shade.

This of course brings us to now. This boy looks young, I'd say around 9. He's about 4ft 5, with thick brown hair and eyes a unique shade of blue I've never seen in someone's eyes before. I suppose this is why I decided to call him Eisa when I had nothing for him so he needed to see the alley pretty quickly. This was my first real look at him. Every other time was a passing glance, or by the time I spotted him he was too far into the shade.

While I had my moment staring at his eyes I couldn't help but notice he was staring at the food in my hands. Like my thought with his eyes, I think his nose adapted to how different things smell at different ranges. He has been living

rough for a long time before I ever noticed him. Maybe he has only just arrived here.

"Hey," I called out to him quietly. Quiet, yes, but not too quiet so that he wouldn't hear me. It took him a while to recognize that someone said something to him. His reaction was a bit delayed.

"Hi," he whispers back. His voice is weak, but not that weak that he couldn't hear it. It almost sounded like whimpering, but it wasn't that. Maybe he is in pain.

"I... uh, I have something for you," I tell him quietly. I gesture my hand towards the food I'm holding. He follows, but doesn't respond. I give him a few moments. "Do you want it?"

"Yes sir," he replies, almost instantly. "I do." Weak voice, but well-mannered. I came here knowing I'd give it to him, but I didn't think he would be like this.

"You going to put it down a few steps in front of me, and then I'm going to stand back here, okay?" I learned a long time ago that you tell them what you're going to do before you do it. The rule applies to any scared person, and this boy is very scared. He has been for days.

"Okay," he says to me. I take this as a confirmation that he's ready for me to do it too, so I slowly move forward and downwards at the same time. I keep watch of him, and in moving forward I notice he both moves backwards a little and lifts his body with his feet, presumably to try get a higher angle.

I set the one plate down gently on a bit of flat ground about half way between me and him, and move back to where I was just as slowly. We stand looking at each other for a moment. He's looking over me up and down, but I can't tell what he's looking for.

He returns his focus to the food and moves slowly towards it. As he gets closer the emotions of him become clearer. The only one I can pick up on so strongly is his fear. In his eyes, he's not just looking at the food, he's looking at the forward movements. You can see it in his movements as he moves his legs slowly forwards, and in his hands as they shake quietly within their grasp by his side.

I don't move more than a minute later when he arrives at the plates. All throughout his slow paced arrival his eyes were flicking back and forth between me and the food he was heading towards. He wastes no time taking both of the plates, and once he has them he quickly goes back into the depths of this alley. I lose sight of him as the shadows cast by the buildings on either side.

I had hoped that he would stay and eat it there, but the fear he has makes for that. I stay for another minute hoping he'll come back, but he doesn't. I leave soon after this, knowing that he is more than likely eating what I have given

**Our Gift**  
by TheJustinOne

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

**The Counselor Who Changed My Life**  
By BabyBear

Like so many others who are reading this, I have struggled with my sexuality. I thought my attraction to little boys was wrong, because that's what I was taught. I did not know that there were countless people out there who lived productive lives while maintaining a secret life in an online "community" of pedophiles.

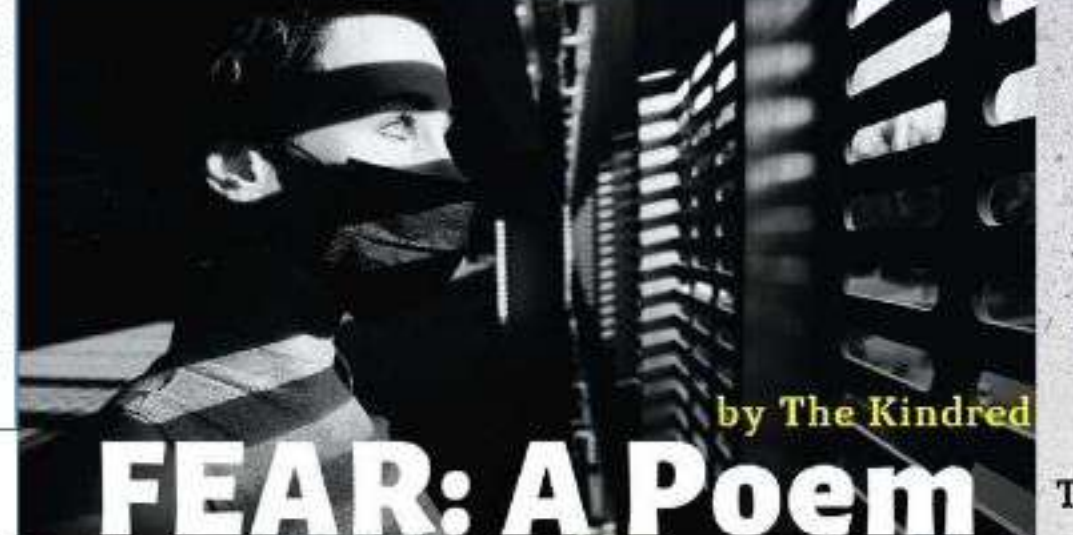
The turning point in my life was when I began seeing a personal counselor. I was quite shocked by his reaction to me saying I was a pedophile. I even had to ask him if he heard me right, that I said "pedophile."

He was a very tough, street smart Brazilian guy. He had a rough past, which I admired and respected. This was important because I was going through a difficult time, and he was helping me through it.

I had a lot of anger inside me, and after meeting him, I knew the question I had to answer was: what was the real cause of my anger? My sessions with him got me through the worst part, which was facing my issue head-on.

It was a checkmate moment when I actually said the words out loud, "I have a thing for young boys." I had finally uncovered the "wound" that needed healing. And now that I had identified it, I could work on healing it.

At first I was bewildered and astonished by his reaction, but soon came to realize it was just the beginning. Madea always said, "Nothing that's covered up gets to heal," and she was right. Because ever since I began to accept who I was, I found my purpose.



**FEAR: A Poem**  
by The Kindred

"I sure will, with you on the controls. Anyway, here it is," I take the tray of plates and drink from the chef. "Thanks muchly, ta ta!"

"Ta ta!" he chirps back as he exits the building.

It isn't much more than a minute later when he arrives at the plates. All throughout his slow paced arrival his eyes were flicking back and forth between me and the food he was heading towards. He wastes no time taking both of the plates, and once he has them he quickly goes back into the depths of this alley. I lose sight of him as the shadows cast by the buildings on either side.

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The light gets engulfed by the shadows of doubt  
And darkness prevails with a silent bitter shout  
Eternal castigation keeps fueling the drought  
A never-ending night where no sun will come out

Sadness takes over when nothing remains  
For love is still missing and all seems in vain  
Fear reawakens to restart once again  
The cycle of self-torture we signed with our names

But isn't it just easier to accept no one is right?  
And reunite the courage to let love show its spite?  
Through hope and salvation to end with this spite  
Our final redemption where we'll see our light

Just shine ...  
Free from the lies that can't touch us ...  
Are we blind?  
Free from the self-imposed prison of the mind  
Free to realize that love is what we'll find  
And fear will be erased forever from our kind

also a boylover.

I wanted to meet like-minded people with regards to my sexual orientation, as well as generally open-minded people who, like my counselor, are not boylovers but sympathetic to us.

I have realized that my purpose now is to help others accept who they are, and to be a leader in the BL community.

I'm hoping that others who are confused, like I was, can find that one special person who changes their life by helping them to realize that they are not bad or evil. It is a real turning point when a boylover understands that their feelings for boys are natural and can truly be a positive element in their lives.



him. I feel some sense of "good" in that. I have done something good for someone who needs it.

Even as I arrive home several hours later I'm still thinking about him. His size, his eyes, the way his voice whispored, the way his hair looked, his nose, his not saying anything, seeing him so frail looking. I've got involved now though. I can't just stop here. Maybe he's the first person he's ever had to rely on, or maybe he ran away a while ago from wherever he was before.

Come my bed time I was thinking still of him, of Eisa as I had now called him. I didn't know his name, but I won't just call him "that boy in the alley." That isn't a name. It could refer to any boy in any alley. Eisa, that's what I call him. I want to know what his name is, and where he came from, but those things are not likely to ever become part of my knowledge. At least I have this experience, of doing good for someone who needs it, who still needs it.

The following day I begin the same morning I did yesterday, with my walk to work taking me through the same area like they always did. This was the first time I had seen him two days sequentially. I noticed him peering around the corner, something he never did before, as I got closer to that particular alley.

As I got closer he disappeared and went back into what I assume is his home or the products set in front of him. His steps were less fearful, but I can still see fear in him.

He arrives as I find myself back where I stood a moment ago, and picks up the tray. He raises it to about his stomach, holding it as steady as he can, and looks up at me. "Thank you," he says, and then turns around and retreats back into the shadows of the alley.

I stay still when I am for a second, and then I allow myself to rest for a moment on the alley wall. How afraid is he? For a second I think to give him food, this is good I guess. He is not as afraid of me as he was yesterday, but only very slightly. There is still a lot I have to learn about this boy. I want to keep doing this. I'll be amazed if no one sees him, because I noticed him and it's hard not to see him with the eyes he has.

I decide while at work that I should contact someone about him, see what they can do. Unfortunately, work isn't the place to be on the phone so I'm left waiting until I'm at home to do it. I can't help but think of what he could be going through out there in the wilderness of society. How did he get there? Who's let him stay there for so long?

Arriving home at 9 PM was a relief I could not describe. The closing time for the hotline was 10 PM, and there was a near-miss incident at work which could've resulted in being forced to stay an extra four hours if it wasn't for my colleagues' quick thinking.

I call up the hotline a minute after I get in, and shortly later someone there picks up.

"Hello, hotline for Social Help Services, how can I help you?" a woman answers. She sounds bored, is this really what calling SPS is like these days?

"Hi, I recently found a boy near the Creec Cafe in Helsinki. Is there anything we can do to help him?"

"Is he in immediate danger?" she asks.

"Well, I'm not exactly with him right now. I think he lives in the alley between that cafe and the shop right next to it. He's really not in good shape ... It's painful seeing him like he is ..."

**CHRISTMAS**  
by Various Authors

"What can you tell me about him?" she asks, still sounding bored. Does she even care?

"I think he is nice, he has brown hair, he has blue eyes ... he wears a white shirt with red buttons down the middle."

"Do you know if he's hurt?"

"I don't know. I don't think he is."

"What do you want us to do about it?"

"Find him somewhere to stay, and get him into the home of someone safe and caring. Tell her getting a bit angry. How much disinterest can anyone show?"

"We don't offer housing services to homeless people."

"He's a nine-year-old boy! He's starving!" Did she really just say that? He's not just a homeless person! He's a boy, he needs a home.

"And he is not our problem. He has parents, he is their responsibility. I'm sorry, but there's nothing we can do." And she still sounds bored.

"I should hope you're ashamed of yourself for not trying to even offer any assistance. Bye." I hang up, showing the phone back into its place on the wall.

I've heard decisions made in anger are usually bad ones, but regardless I decide I will commit myself to helping him the best way I can, whatever that may be. I suppose I start by offering him food when I see him in that alley of his. I should call that alley Eisa Alley. Food is the best I can do to help him, for now anyway. I'll fix this. He needs this.



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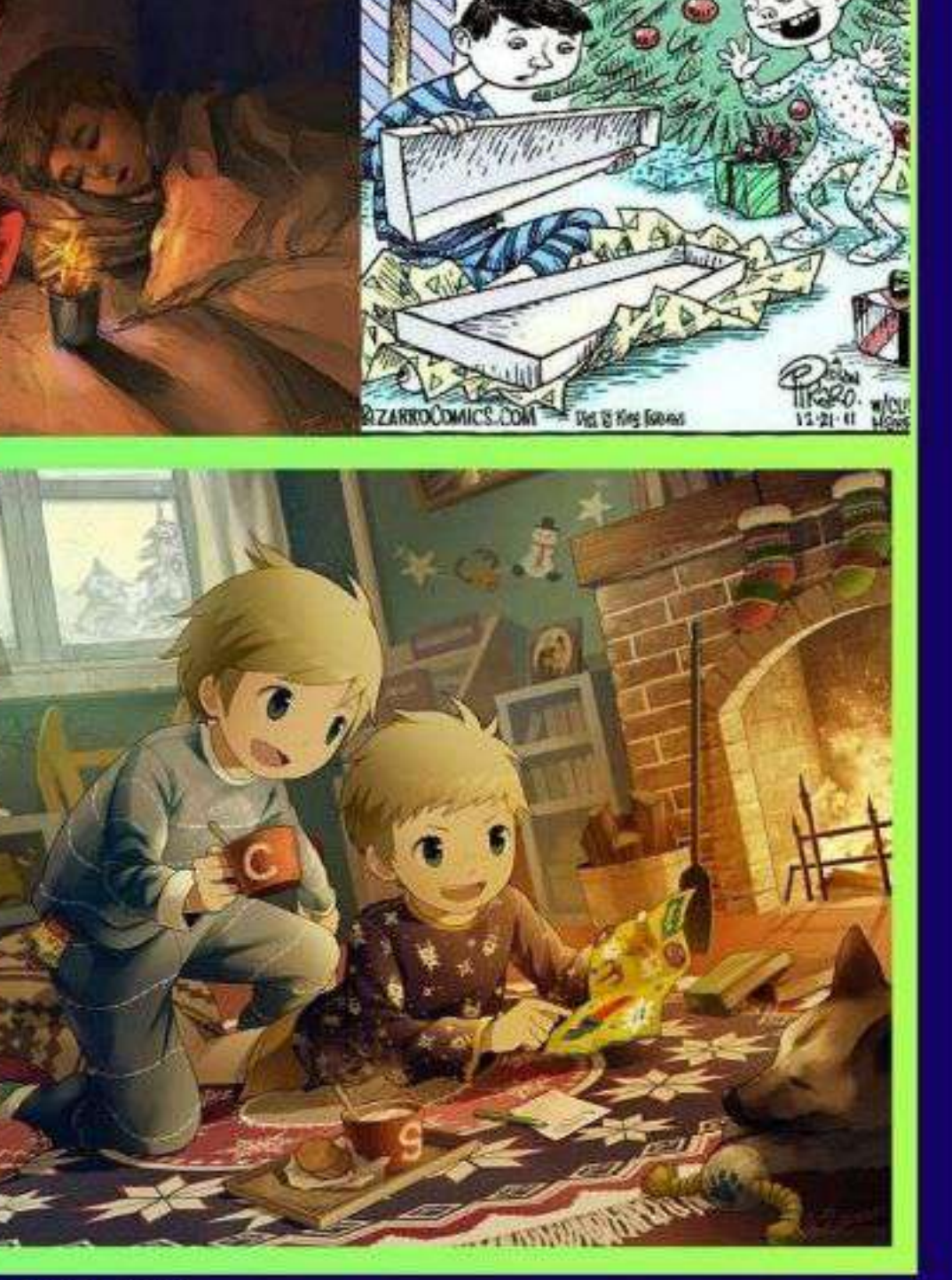
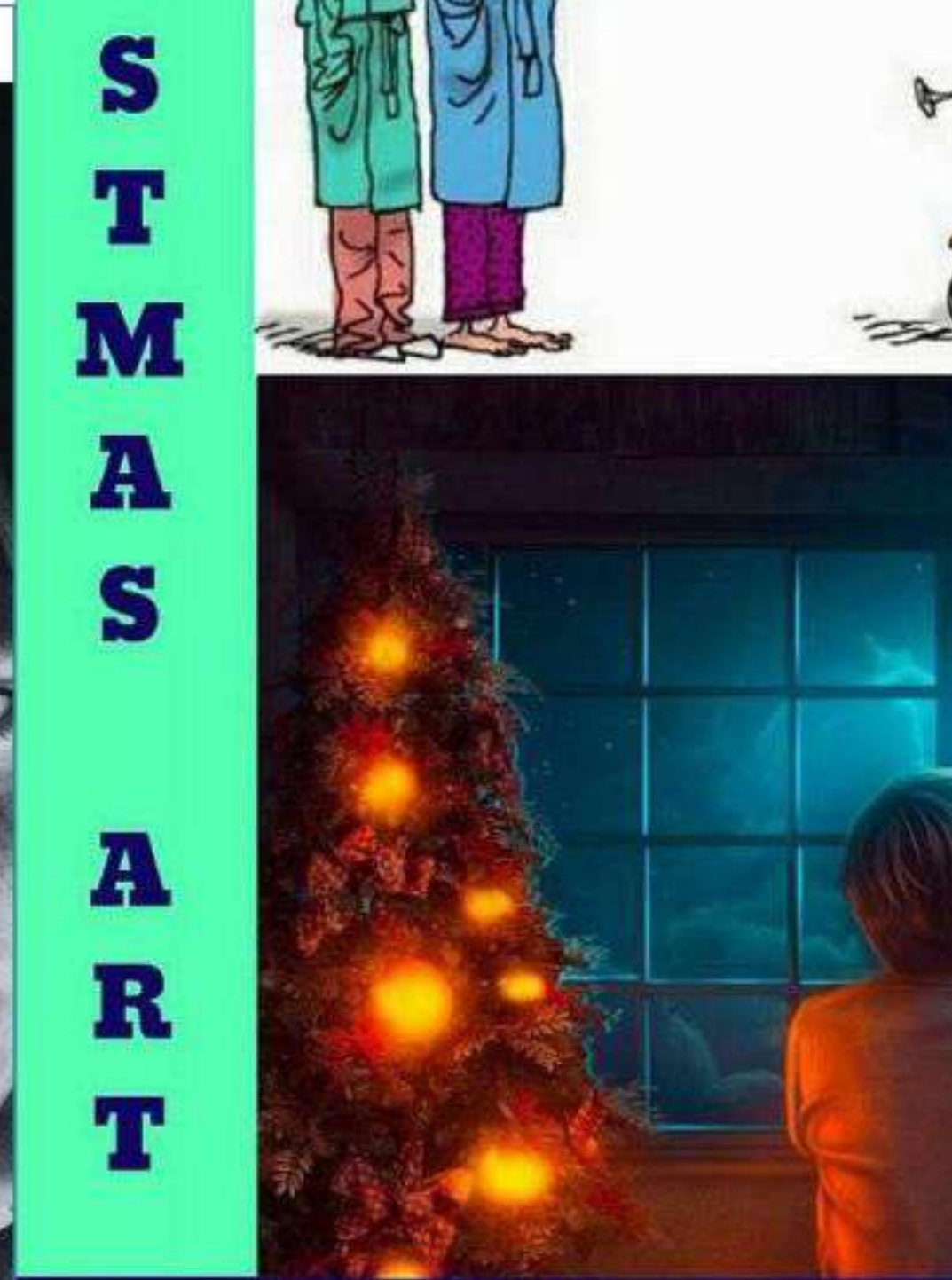
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