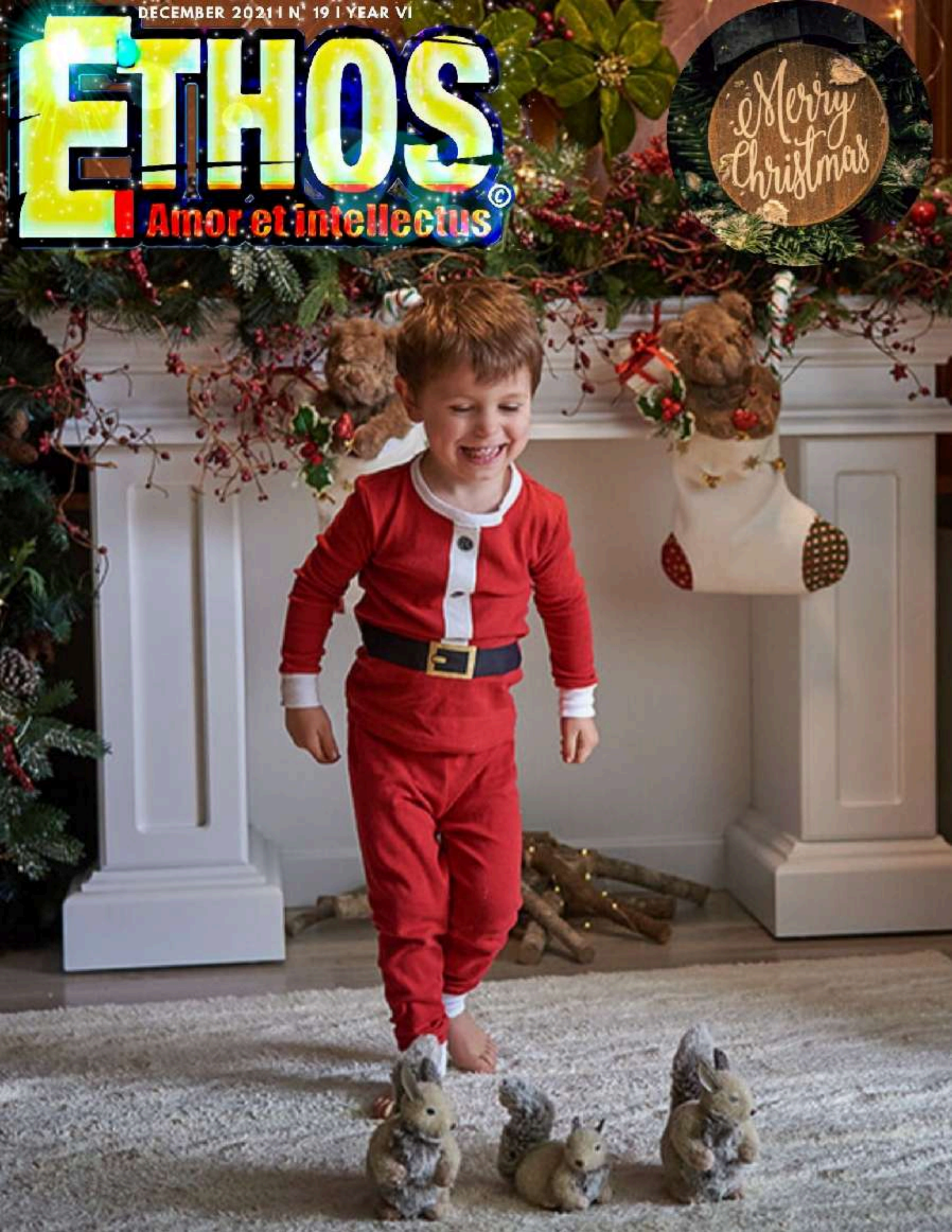


ETHOS

Amor et intellectus





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Another year has come and gone, and Christmas is once again upon us. It is without a doubt that the last two years have affected everyone worldwide. As I look back at the previous five years of Ethos, I am reminded that shortly after Issue #1 was published we all suffered a horrible blow with the passing of our good friend (and Ethos visionary) Kermie. Personally I was struck very hard, as I spent a week with him just three months prior. Now after five years Ethos is still going strong. Kermie would be proud of all that has been done.

Now that Christmas is here, I am working on what I can do to help others. For me, Christmas was always a season of giving. I remember as a child, my father would dress as Santa, my mom as Mrs. Claus, and my brother and I as elves. We would ride through town waving and wishing a Merry Christmas to all, and we even had candy for the kids. Yes, presents under the tree on Christmas morning were nice, but mostly what I remember is the smiles of others.

This Christmas, I implore you to do something nice for someone. It doesn't have to be elaborate. If you're in the kitchen, make an extra pie or cake for a shut-in, or you can just visit them. You can even share Ethos with someone who may like it. I am sure it will put a smile on the faces of some. This was the main effort of Kermie. He worked to provide something to others, without asking for anything back other than friendship. As we look back, I think we all could learn something from the man who had the vision to do nothing but help other boylovers. May he rest in peace, and may Ethos live long and continue to be rewarding for others.

Happy Holidays to everyone!

LtDreamer



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BL VOICE

COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS
AND CRITICISMS FROM READERS

"We should never take for granted the fact that we have a magazine for us and by us. That is pretty amazing and a testament to our resolve to keep fighting and not let them win. Thank you so very much to all who have worked on this publication throughout the years."

-- JIF

"Great magazine! Many thanks for letting us know -- many thanks to all who work hard to make this world a better place for all MAPs!"

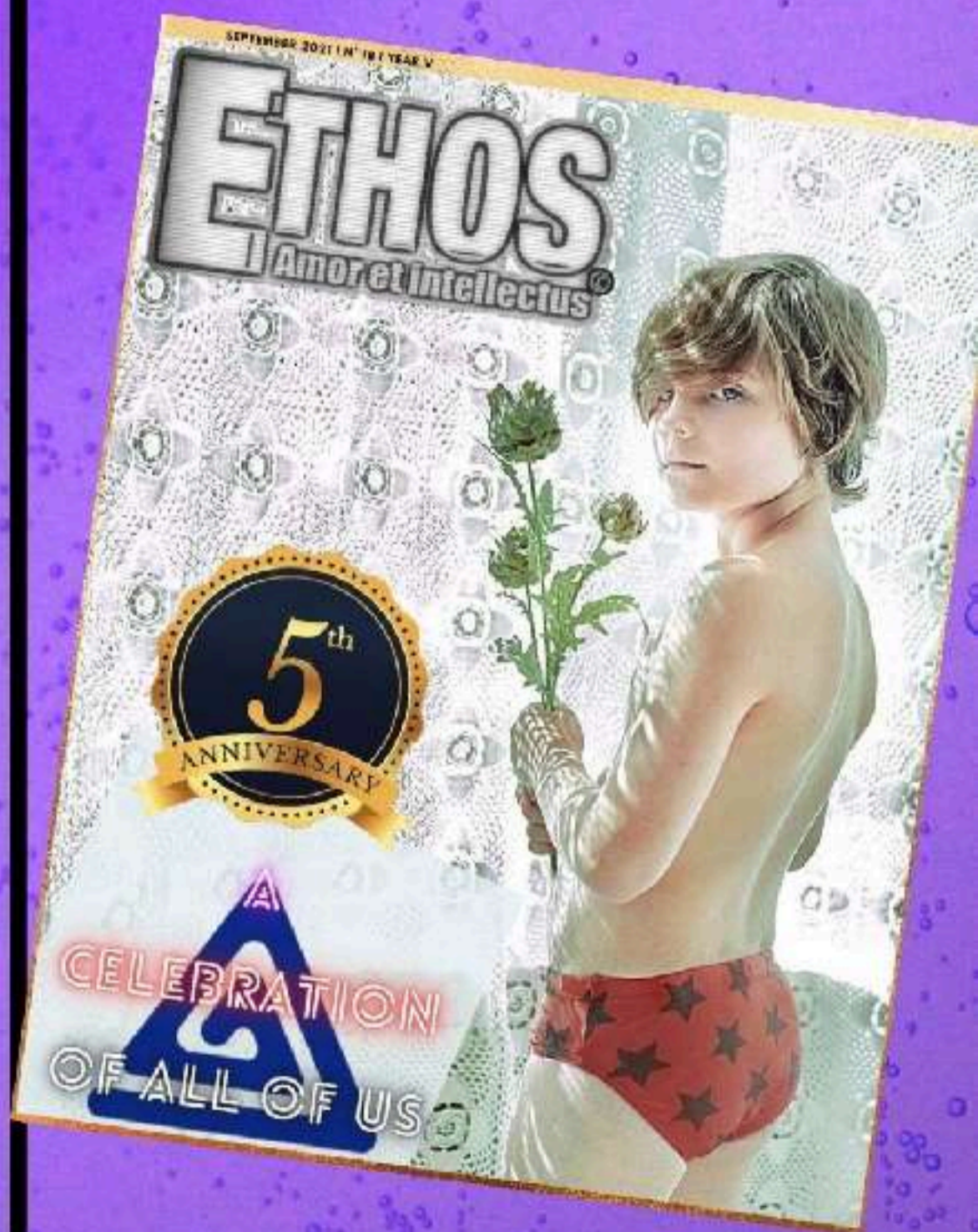
-- BPN user post #2 on Fridge Door topic

"Congratulations and hopefully many many more years."

-- BPN user post #1 on Fridge Door topic

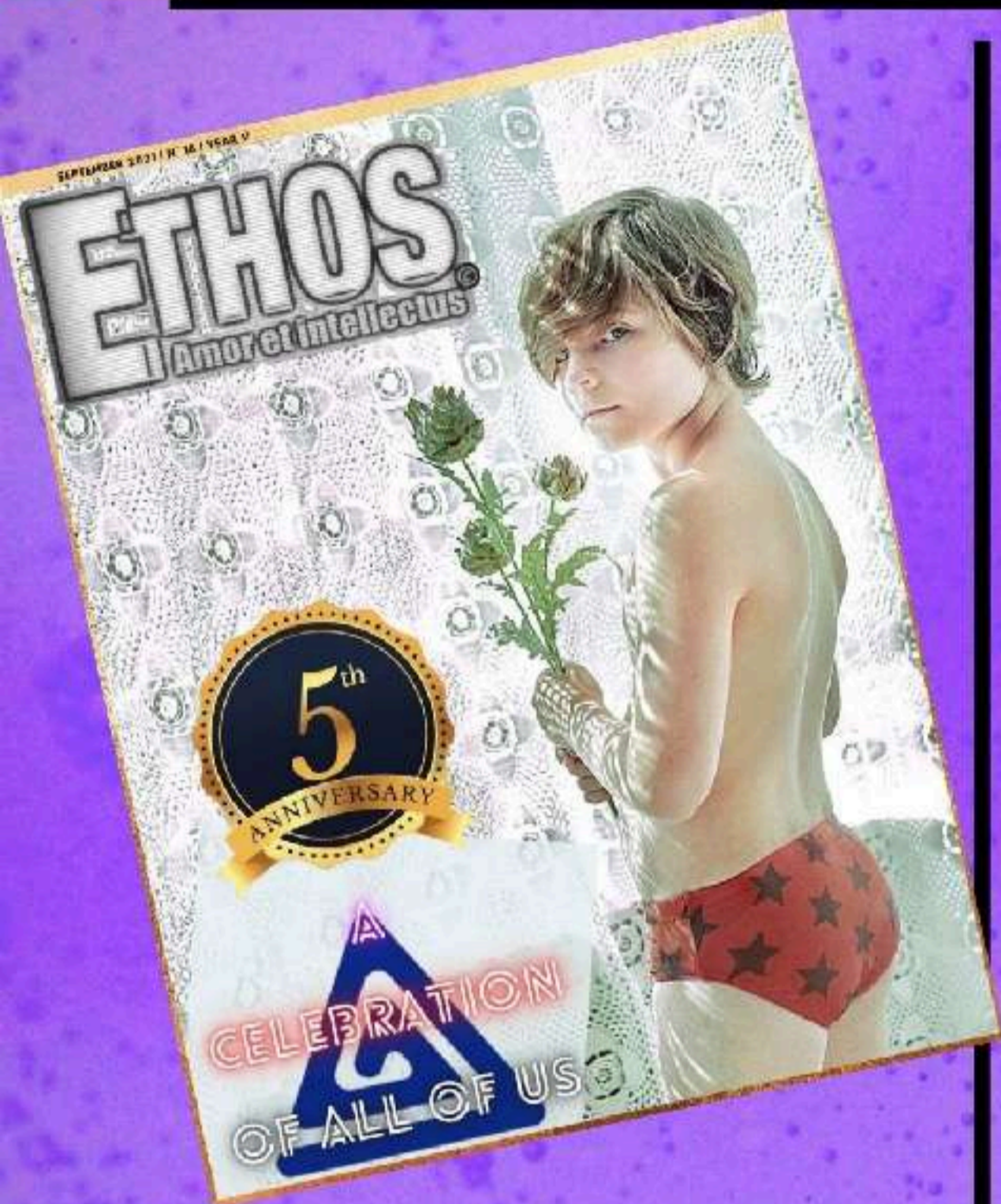
"The Ethos magazine is an impressive reflection of those whose hard work and dedication bring it to fruition and I don't mean to be unduly poetic. Great work."

-- BoysOwn



BL VOICE

COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS
AND CRITICISMS FROM READERS



"It's a great read, and also there are a few cute boys to see."

-- TB

"I always appreciate reading them and having a place to turn to where I can read what like-minded individuals have to say."

-- Chri\$

"BL 'love and understanding' with a focus on little boys. Great pix!"

-- Tom O' Carroll

Write to ethos!

If you have a suggestion, criticism, compliment, question or an article to publish, write to Ethos. Our team is ready to help you through this email:

contactus@ethos-online.net

ETHOS NEWS

BY JONNY399 AND PIT

12-YEAR-OLD HERO SAVES DROWNING CHILD

When a drowning boy needed to be rescued, this brave 12-year-old didn't hesitate.

<https://amp.telegram.com/amp/6345943001>

TV ACTORS RUSH TO SAVE BOY IN BROOKLYN

After a terrible traffic accident, this 14-year-old was trapped under an SUV. The result was a mad dash to save his life, led by a group of TV actors filming an episode of their show.

<https://wtam.iheart.com/content/2021-11-10-watch-crew-filming-tv-show-in-new-york-city-saves-teen-run-over-by-car/>

FAMILY OF TRAMPLED BOY FILES LAWSUIT

The 9-year-old boy who was trampled when a Houston concert turned into a mad stampede, has a family that is not taking it lightly.

<https://www.reuters.com/world/us/prominent-civil-rights-lawyer-represent-family-boy-coma-after-trampling-houston-2021-11-09/>

PACK 6 ON A MISSION FOR THE NEEDY

With the cooler weather setting in, this local group of Cub Scouts is on a mission to keep the poor from freezing.

<https://mountainstatesman.com/article/cub-scout-pack-6-works-to-help-those-in-need-this-winter>



A PERFECT LOVE

- PART 1

By Darius



The following is a true chronicle of my years with a boy I loved more than life itself. The events recorded here were, in fact, real life occurrences; they represent the pure joy of loving a boy and the pain that always seems to accompany our tortured lives. This is my story.

He was the most beautiful boy I had ever seen and he was to become my longest friend ever. I met him when he had just turned 11 years old. He was -- and is -- a beautiful blonde and blue-eyed boy. He had the most beautiful blue eyes, eyes that sparkled such a magnificent shade of blue that I often got goosebumps just looking at him. He was a very shy and quiet boy; it was a miracle that we became friends.

He was at a park playing alone while his older brother practiced baseball, and I was watching my oldest son who was only 3 years old, playing on the swings. I saw this beautiful boy across the grass and instantly fell in love. He was so beautiful that my heart skipped a beat every time he looked towards me. He continued playing with his ball alone, when his ball got away from him and rolled towards me. I dribbled it back to him, but kept it away from him. And, without a word being spoken, we started an instant game of soccer. He was good but no match for me, so I toyed with him, and he seemed to enjoy challenging my skills. We played, without barely talking for almost an hour, then his older brother came over and he had to leave. He told me his name is Brian. And he asked if I would return Thursday, and I promised I would (death could not keep me away) and he was gone.

After he left I reflected on what had just happened: I had spent the last hour with what I considered the most beautiful boy on Earth. And he was playing with ME. And he enjoyed himself, and he wanted to see me again. Yes! I was in seventh heaven.

The next Thursday he was at the park before me, but ran right over when he saw me. I told him that I was happy he was back, and I considered him my best friend in the world. He looked at me like I was weird, so I asked him if he minded, and he said "no", and I fell in love even more. We played soccer non-stop for almost two hours and then again he had to leave. This time he introduced me to his older brother before he left. And again, he made sure that I would be at the park for his brother's next practice. And of course I promised him I would be there.

I counted the minutes until I was to see him again and finally the weekend went by and Thursday came. I left work early to meet him, but he did not show nor did his brother's team that usually practiced. I waited until it was dark but my beautiful boy was not to be. I became sad, very depressed. I could not eat, could not sleep, and the whole world seemed meaningless. I had thought: Why would any God introduce me to a boy so pure, so perfect, so beautiful, one that liked me so ... and why would he then take him away so abruptly? Why ... ?

All weekend I searched for miles in the direction in which he said he lived, but my beautiful boy was not to be seen. Then on Sunday I returned to the park, with hope against hope to find my Brian, when I saw a blonde boy in the distance and my heart skipped a beat, I ran over to him and he turned, and my heart exploded with pain. It was not Brian.

Home

I continued living in this abyss of gloom and depression. The days dragged by, but finally Thursday came around again and I returned to the park. And my Brian was there! I ran over to him, and instantly gone was one week of sorrow and depression. He too was very excited to see me. He thought I was not ever going to return. Without thinking I had picked him up and was giving him an incredible bear hug.

It turned out his brother's coach had cancelled practice last week, so they did not come to the park. He then told me that his mom wanted to see me when she comes around to collect them later. I became concerned but Brian seemed happy and normal so I did not question why. We played our usual two hours of soccer non-stop. Then his mom came by and Brian ran over to her and beckoned me over. I went over and introduced myself to a wonderfully charming lady.

She told me that I was the only person her son had spoken of almost non-stop for the last week and wanted to see who I was. It appeared that Brian was infatuated with me as much as I was with him. YES!!

We talked a bit and Brian wanted me to come over and see his house and his animals and his room. Mom was fine with this and Brian even got to ride in my truck (shotgun) as I followed his mom to his house. He lived exactly two miles from the park on the outskirts of town. They had a horse property with one horse, three pure bred dogs, two cats, and one rodent.

Brian's room was a tribute to Lego and other typical boy stuff (I would later add extensively to his Lego collection, spending many wonderful hours, Brian sitting on my lap, building the complex ones with him.) I also met his two younger brothers, aged 9 and 7, both also cute and they too formed an instant affection to me --and would now accompany Brian on future jaunts to the park since I was there.



Our routine quickly changed and I would collect the boys (all four) and transport them to the park. Brian and I became intensely close and could not stand being apart. As soon as I would leave, he would call me while driving home, and we would talk for hours. Soon I began spending all my free time at his house. I became a family member, and we did everything together. My love for Brian grew to an immeasurable level; we seemed perfect for each other. Even his dad acknowledged our mutual infatuation and accepted it..These became the happiest years of my life. I remember one Christmas when the N64 first came out. I had gotten it as a gift for the boys and Brian sat on my lap and we played all day together, happy to be so close with the person we loved more than anything else in the world.

Inseparable

My most wonderful moments continued on with Brian. At dinner, my place was set right next to Brian. At special family dinners, I sat with the boys at the "kids" table, next to Brian -- and would not have it otherwise. The boys and I embarked on many happy adventures together. I once took them to an area called "Vasquez Rocks" ... a unique land formation is featured in the

Flintstone movie and most memorably in Star Trek. I remember the day well. It was a beautiful day, blue skies for a million miles. The boys were out of school and I had ditched work. I was driving with Brian, ever so beautiful, riding shotgun. A song came on the radio, Elton John, "Fields of Gold" and we all sang along with it. It was the most happy moment. We got to the park and we embarked on a climb to the very top of the precipice. Only Brian and I made it; we stood at the zenith, me hugging Brian ever so tightly and stared into the beautiful spring day, and life was beautiful. We also hiked around and climbed some cliffs in the park. The boys beamed with excitement and I loved and enjoyed every moment of their wonder.

Sometimes, there were moments of sadness. Once, Brian's dad made a feeble effort to bond with Brian, as it seemed he was now jealous of our incredible attraction for each other. Brian was off school and his dad planned constructing a playground fort for him and Brian to build. I was not asked to keep away but the message was implicit, so I left them alone and stayed mostly with his younger brothers whilst they worked on the fort. I remember many times looking over at Brian, wanting to be with him, only to see him looking back at me with the same feelings. I did help out some (dad is an electronics engineer/manager and needed a help

with some traditional engineering) but this week was for dad. When the day finally was over, Brian rushed over to me and we wrestled on the trampoline. But, I sensed, that the wrestling was just an excuse for us to have a touch, to feel, to be close with each other; as we hugged each other more than we actually wrestled. We would wrestle a bit and without a word just stop, he would lay his head on my chest, and we would stare up at thousands of stars, which filled the night sky, just for our wonderment. I would hug the boy I loved so much, and wished we could remain in that place, under a desert sky, on this night, forever.

Bond

Brian's mom knew as all of his family that we had a special bond; it went without question. At Christmas time she would purchase us matching outfits. Anything that concerned Brian was discussed with me. Nothing was ever planned that did not involve me if it concerned Brian. When it became necessary for him to get glasses (something I discovered) and he was concerned about being "four eyes" ... I too got a matching set of prescription glasses. Of all the years we spent together, I could think of only two events when mom questioned our friendship. Once was when we were playing in the back seat of the van, and she turned on the "landing lights"

in the van to see what we were doing. The second time was when I would collect Brian, every Friday from school. We would be alone at home for two hours. Once she left and returned quietly, ten minutes later. I guess to see what we were up to. Brian and I were quite amused at her attempt at being sultry.

Very early on in our friendship, I was kissing Brian, when soon he told me that mom said we should not be kissing..So we kissed only when we were alone. Brian loved to be kissed and I loved kissing him. Brian knew my love for him was special and he wanted it this way. Yet this was a paradox, because Brian was an incredibly shy and quiet boy. Even his close relatives would get a single word answer from him when queried and he never made eye contact. Yet with me, he would hug without being asked. Many times at soccer practice, he would come over behind me and hug me as I crouched down giving the team instructions. It was like he was showing the team, "Yes I love him and he loves me."

Many days of pure bliss occurred between us, and many days of just being in each other presence was enough. I remembered countless hours spent in front of the television playing Nintendo. I would sit my back against the wall and he would sit leaning back unto me. We spent hours playing Mario 64, gathering all 120 stars, then more hours racing on a game called Mario Kart.



One day I drove about 80 miles to a different city to meet Brian at his brother's baseball game. Brian and I usually played together at these games, completely ignoring the game (we are soccer guys.) But on this day Brian behaved differently; he had ridden up to the game with his dad. He did not seem to want to play with me and stood next to his mom throughout the game, leaving me alone. When the game was over, he went to ride home with mom in the van, leaving both his dad and myself to drive back alone. I became alarmed and depressed. Was I losing the boy I loved so much? I drove back to his house with my stomach in knots. When they finally arrived, I tried to get him to talk with me but he did not want to. So I went home dejected and wanting to die. I could not sleep that night and watched the hours ticking away, one painful second at a time. I could not wait to see him again, yet dreaded the thought of seeing him again. What will he say, what will he do? Can I no longer see him? I feared these and everything. Then I finally saw him, and, he was his normal loving self again. We played like we always did; however I hugged him ever so tightly and kissed him ever so much longer. He never said a word about the previous day, never. Yet this was an ominous prelude of darker times ahead.



Sorrow

My wonderful days with Brian continued; I would go over immediately after work and spend the remainder of the day with him, putting him to bed and kissing him goodnight. It was strange yet somehow, I had become a part of his family, with Brian being very special for me. I worked with him doing homework and also helped the other boys. Brian's grades were C's before I had become his friend, but quickly shot up to straight A's after I began tutoring him. I also helped his younger brother Kyle, who also was struggling. Brian's dad held a higher degree than mine and he was an engineer/manager who develops super-secret spy planes. He also teaches at a local university, but he could not relate to the boys. They dreaded having their dad help them, as it always ended in a disaster. The poor guy had zero concept of getting across a point to a kid. Kyle would often be reduced to tears and Brian would end up being extremely frustrated. I really felt awful many times coming in and getting a concept across to the boys in a few minutes, only to find out that their dad had been trying for hours to get the same point across. Eventually, he just gave up and let me help them all with homework.

Brian and I would play soccer on his front lawn for hours. Sometimes, exhausted we would lay on the grass, flat on our backs and stare up at what seemed to be always a brilliant blue and cloudless sky.

I would lay there, with the boy I loved more than life itself, just hugging him. Life was so good. Another pastime of ours was wrestling on the trampoline. We would wrestle and do flips and play many games we invented, often crashing down exhausted on the trampoline. I would stare at this beautiful boy and steal a kiss.

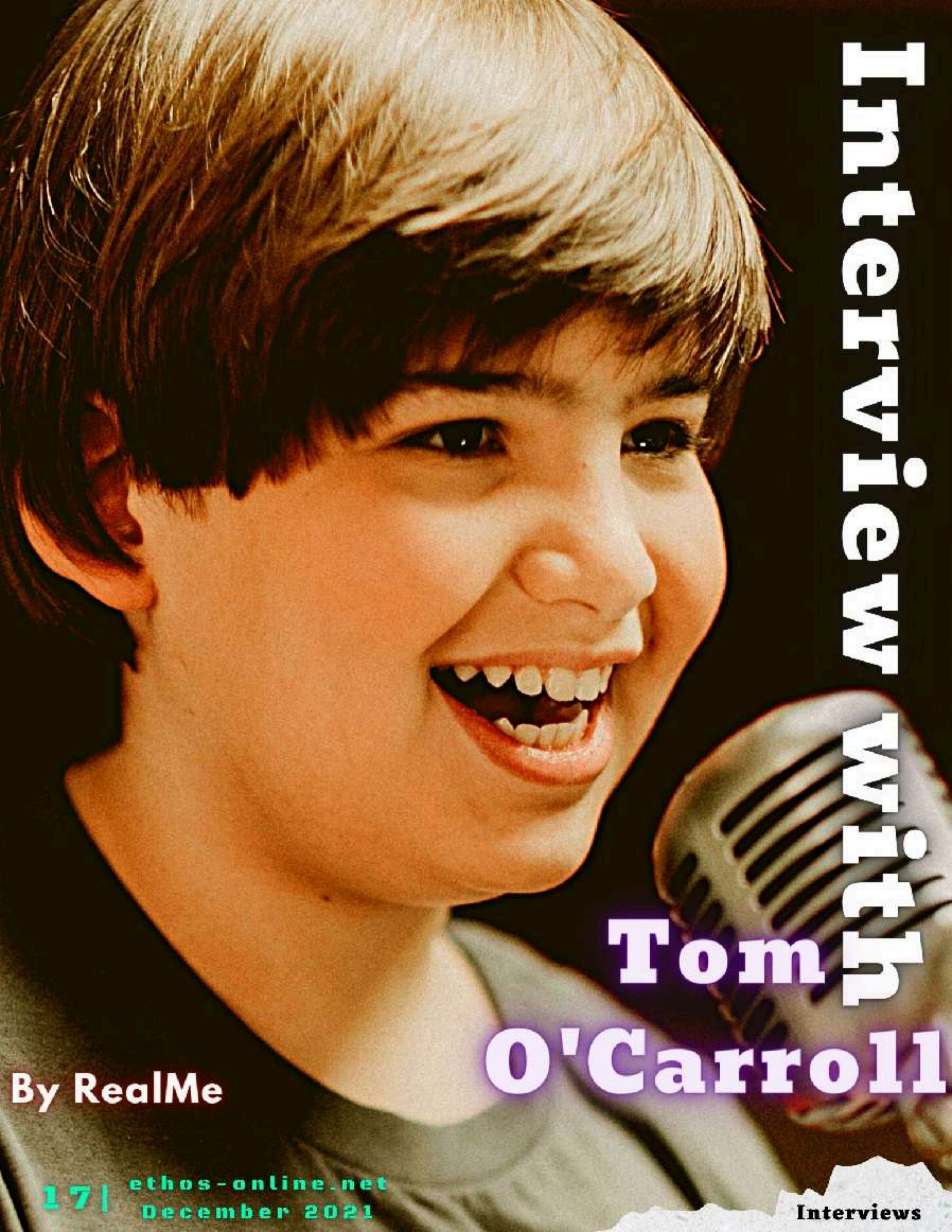
One day we did our usual routine: I stayed all that evening, had dinner and tucked him off to bed, then went home. Then my phone rang and it was his dad. He said that he would rather that I stopped coming over to see Brian. I felt a pain in my heart that slowly traveled through my entire body. I could barely speak. I said "Yes," and he hung up. That night was the worst ever for me. My body seemed numb, I felt dizzy and my stomach tightened itself into knots. What did I do? Why so suddenly? What is going on with Brian? These thoughts raced again and again in my mind. Life became meaningless. I wanted to die. I began searching for a way to die.

I decided, a quick and complete method. I would crash my car at top speed (153mph, I had a Porsche at the time) onto a freeway support that was unguarded. I went upstairs and kissed my 3-year-old son while he slept, and drove away. I drove to the area on the highway and got my car up to speed and was going to do it, but as I reached the area that I was to veer off, my car at that speed overtook another car and I would have missed and just

ricocheted off the dividing rail. I had to turn around and try again. I drove to the next exit and drove back, intent on my mission to kill myself. I reached the exit point to turn around to begin the last few minutes of my life. As I entered the highway to begin my death drive, my cell phone rang. It was Brian. He said in a hurried and hushed voice, "I can't talk now, but call mom tomorrow," and he quickly hung up. I pulled over and stopped. My body tingled. The realization of what I was really doing quickly flashed into my mind. I almost hurt the person I dared not ever hurt. My mind became overwhelmed with emotions. I began to cry ... really cry. I leaned over and hugged the steering wheel as my body just quivered uncontrollably with emotions. I cried like I never cried before.

To Be Continued...





Interview with

Tom O'Carroll

By RealMe

To readers of Ethos, Tom O'Carroll needs no introduction. He has been one of the few pedophile activists to come out publicly about his orientation and bravely defend it against decades of persecution in the courts and the press. His extensive writings and his excellent blog Hereticloc, are landmarks in pedophile literature. I first came across O'Carroll when I discovered his most-read work, Paedophilia: A Radical Case, published in 1980 and available online. Like many Ethos readers, I had known about my orientation since puberty but struggled with loneliness and the knowledge that society considered me a monster. I was only vaguely aware of groups like NAMBLA and PIE and O'Carroll's book was the first treatment of our community from a sympathetic insider's point of view I had ever read.

To say it was an awakening would be an understatement. I soon got on various online boards and found a whole community was out there! My reading expanded, mining the online libraries of literature for all they were worth.

I felt I owed O'Carroll a debt, and sent him a gushingly embarrassing fanboy email that he was gracious enough to answer seriously. I found him to be as intelligent and compelling on email as he was in more formal venues and decided that I wanted to have a longer conversation with him. This interview is the result.

REALME: How did you first decide to come out as a pedophile activist? How did your family and friends react and how did you deal with that?

TOM O' CARROLL: If you're going to come out as a paedophile activist you have to come out as a paedophile, which in my case was several years before any activism. That first coming out was a very painful business which I don't like to dwell on even now, fifty years later.

It all became extremely high-profile and involuntary after I got into trouble as a young teacher. I had to deal simultaneously with explaining things to my parents – who were understandably bewildered and distraught – and the heartbreak of my ill-fated love affair with a boy pupil. Before all this, from the age of around 16 onwards, I had occasionally “confessed” my proclivities under conditions of sworn secrecy, as one might confess to a priest. A few close friends, one at a time, was initiated into my confidence. It was a burden they could all have done without. Some took it well, some much less so. I found I could never predict how it would go.

Anyway, my short teaching career was abruptly terminated in 1970 and it was nearly a year before I started to find my way again when I began as a trainee reporter with a provincial evening newspaper called the Leicester Mercury. The city of Leicester is not far from Coventry, my home town, and the Ground Zero of my disastrous spell in teaching, but I hoped the distance would be enough to let me put the scandal behind. The plan worked well enough to give me a solid start in journalism and the job turned out to be a stepping stone to a more prestigious and far better paid later one as a press officer with the Open University.

It was while I was at the OU, from early 1975 onwards, that I began activism in earnest. That was soon after I joined Paedophile Action for Liberation (PAL) and then the Paedophile Information Exchange (PIE), the latter being, as I soon discovered, a somewhat more sustainably organized and “political” outfit – PAL quickly fell to pieces after a tabloid “exposé” in August of that year.

I'm running ahead a little bit, though. What is missing is that after a couple of years at the Mercury I started making my interest in children very obvious to my colleagues. We worked in a big open-plan office with around 60 journalists. In those days we bashed out our stories on clunky mechanical typewriters, of course, not computers. Like many of my colleagues, I personalized my "typewriter" with stuck-on pictures: mine were all of attractive kids! As may be imagined, this prompted questions and I answered them candidly, saying I "fancied" kids and was "really into" them, or whatever the cool expression of the day was. I guess you could say I was going for maximum brashness: no angst, no apology.

Amazingly, it worked. It was just accepted around the office that Tom likes 'em young! One female reporter even dressed up as a boy scout at an office fancy dress party in an attempt to seduce me! As for the bosses, they must have got wind of this, but they turned a blind eye. Why? I suppose it was because this was the age of "whatever turns you on" and nobody was quite sure how far that was supposed to go. Doing anything with kids would have seen me sacked, or worse, but at least I could openly be myself in the office.

The gay liberation movement was burgeoning at this time and it was when I was at the Mercury that I came up with my own idea for a national organization of paedophiles, at least a couple of years before either PAL or PIE were founded. But activism would remain just a pipedream until I met a few radical gay guys and lesbians after joining the OU - you might be surprised to learn that I first heard about PAL and PIE from a friendly lesbian couple.

REALME: You started your activism in the 1970s in what now seems a very different world. Boy magazines were openly for sale. Psychologists interviewed pedophiles and their young friends without turning them in. The Netherlands was taking steps to reduce punishments for noncoercive relationships. The Gay rights movement included boylovers. Most of us are too young to remember those days. I grew up in the 80s amid the first wave of hysteria, although that didn't stop me from fantasizing about having sex with adult men! Just how different were those times, or are younger pedophiles looking back with rose-tinted glasses?

TOC: It is really difficult to give an accurate impression of the times back then because they were so contradictory: yes, the tide seemed to be running strongly towards ever greater sexual liberation of all sorts; but the law was still the law and conservative thinking was never less than strongly entrenched. Even mainstream gay people in the UK could not be open if they were teachers, for instance, because it might have been seen under Section 28 of the Local Government Act 1988 as "promoting" homosexuality; this reactionary law was not repealed in England until 2003. A scandal was still a scandal: there was never a time when it was impossible to lose your job, alienate your friends and family, or go to prison. All of those things happened to me, in those "halcyon" days! The idea that there was a golden age is an illusion. In a few decades, some paedophiles might look back nostalgically to the early part of the 21st century as a golden age of online child porn. I guess that would be crudely accurate in a limited way, but it is hardly an indication of a tolerant or welcoming society, is it?

That said, some amazing things certainly did happen in the 1970s in the UK and continental Europe well into the

1980s. Even a report written for the interior ministry (Home Office) in the UK spoke of “partners” in consensual child-adult sexual relationships rather than “victims” if the child had reached the age of 10, and the respected Nation Council for One Parent Families felt able to call for the abolition of the age of consent. On the continent there were even more striking developments: in the Netherlands and Germany, the courts in the most progressive cities began a policy of using known paedophiles as foster parents for troublesome youngsters, based on the perfectly reasonable idea that they could make committed and loving mentors. In Scandinavia, especially, but also elsewhere, kindergartens allowed kids to go naked and explore their sexuality with each other – even their adult carers could sometimes be directly involved, as Green Party leader and one-time kindergarten worker Daniel Cohn-Bendit famously revealed. As for those who fell afoul of the law, custodial sentences in much of Europe were often avoided altogether or else were very short, especially in the Netherlands.

REALME: Interesting that the pre-hysteria time was not all sunshine and roses. I suspected as much. Although it certainly seems like sunshine and roses compared to these Puritan times! Why do you think there was such a seismic shift in perceptions in the early 80s, and why has it continued so long? Society had always picked some outsider to bludgeon, but why the focus on our kind? It's been so fierce and gone on so long.

TOC: You are right to identify a seismic shift, although the timing varies from place to place. In the US and UK, it kicked off with dramatic suddenness we can pinpoint to high profile campaigns in 1977-8 against child pornography.

Illicit photos of this sort had passed under the radar of media attention ever since photography itself took off in Victorian times, but it seems the newspapers and broadcasters (no internet then, remember) had long been reluctant to broach the subject. Why? I vaguely recall one national paper apologizing for raising a subject so shocking they thought readers would prefer not to know about it! How wrong they were! In mainland Europe, by contrast, a relaxed approach prevailed much longer, seeing the Netherlands introduce a law as late as 1990 liberalizing the age of consent for children from 12 upwards.

The tide was already turning by then though. In theory, there would be no prosecution even if the older partner was fully adult, perhaps twice the child's age, or more, so long as the younger partner was a willing participant; but in practice, the law faced strong feminist opposition, the courts were reluctant to let it work permissively, and the measure was repealed in 2002. The Netherlands since then has gone completely the other way, now refusing to allow even the existence of organizations that allegedly "glorify" child-adult sexual relations, or publish scientific research that shows they are not intrinsically harmful.

As for why the seismic shift has been so long, with paedophiles as the scapegoat, we can point to several factors, but it is mainly about the gender revolution. Women have vastly greater independence and political clout these days. The developed world no longer depends on the muscle of its "manpower." The heavy industries have been increasingly automated and the new "knowledge economy" benefits from the gender-neutral labor of women as much as men. In general, this has been a good thing. I have always supported equal rights for women just as, being a socialist, I have always believed in tackling unjust inequalities of all sorts, especially in wealth.

But there has been a huge downside too. Radical feminism has gone way beyond the legitimate goal of tackling unfair gender inequality and the misogyny that went with it. The radicals soon began to fill the ideological vacuum left by socialism when the old, largely male, industrial working-class ceased to exist. Taking up socialism's egalitarian agenda, giving it a gender-based twist, the zealots saw sexual victimhood everywhere, and nowhere more so than in the intrinsically asymmetric, or "unequal" power relationship between adults and children, such that male paedophiles were bound to be cast as the villains of their ideology. Even the word "paedophile" is now irretrievably toxic, of course. I prefer the term MAP these days in most contexts: "minor-attracted person" is more inclusive, covering hebephilia, etc.

Gay men, by contrast, were seen as more feminine and less threatening than macho heterosexual males, so it is no accident that they – and more recently trans people – have been massive winners in the gender revolution. This was an advance that not even HIV/AIDS could halt for long, even though this pandemic of the 1980s was once dubbed "the gay plague".

To be continued...



ETHOS
Amor et intellectus



Merry
Christmas

FUN FACTS ABOUT THE AGE OF CONSENT

By Desmond Prince

*It wasn't always
illegal for minors
to have sex.
Check out these
interesting facts
about the age of
consent.*

DID YOU KNOW?





WHY DID KIDS STOP CONSENTING TO SEX ?

Some amazing fun facts about the Age of Consent
the will shock you.

1

Patriarchal idea

Age of Consent was a Patriarchal concept, which was conceived to preserve the Virginity of girls till Marriage.

2

Boys Exempted

There was no concept of Virginity for boys, hence there was no Age of Consent for boys in most countries until recently. For eg, there was no Age of Consent for boys in Indian until 2013.



3

Raised for political reasons

Most of the subsequent increase in the Age of Consent was a result of Knee-jerk reactions to public outrage over High-profile Sex crime incidents. For eg, it was raised from 16 to 18 in Indian after the Nirbhaya Rape case.

Kids can't legally consent to sex, but ironically, they can become a Registered Sex Offender and be "tried as an Adult" for sex crimes !!

Contrary to popular beliefs, the Age of Consent was not implemented because children are psychologically or biologically incapable of desiring or indulging in Sex, but rather for cultural, moral and political reasons.

Wath to read more?

<https://justpaste.it/3hion>

I AM NOT A CHILD MOLESTER

By Corbyn James

In 1994 I was arrested for having sex with three boys, age 9 - 10. I was charged and convicted of this, and sentenced to 18 years in prison with half time. Upon my thoughtful release, I was taken in for a civil commitment case and have now been here since 2006. I am hopeful that this is my last year here.

To quote Dr. Banana: "... made some of the best friends of my life, learned not to be so materialistic, absolutely learned to question authority after seeing how corrupt the legal system and prison system is, especially the totally fucking nuts sex offender treatment groups."

Here they are killing us off with COVID-19; I have lost so many good friends here from it. In the very first week I lost a very close friend. He did not know, nor did the doctors know, that he had COVID-19 until it was too late. By the time he made it back to the hospital, he lasted two days. Just to show the callousness, his Parole Officer would not even come in to take off his GPS bracelet so they could do an MRI.

I never, ever hurt any of my young friends. There was never any physical harm or threats to them. One of the boys was asked why he didn't say anything about it, and he stated, "Because we enjoyed what we were doing." This is what he told the police.

He also told them that he "did not want to be called a faggot by his friends or family." Yet they still made it far worse than what it was. They caused the boys more trauma than I ever did.

To quote Dr. Banana again, and to clarify that I am not a "child molester," he stated: "And the other big term that gets thrown around is 'child molester,' which is someone who rapes or sexually abuses a child. Most people who have sex with children are not child molesters or sex offenders. A child molester is a jerk, and like jerks from all groups, they do not speak for the rest of the group."

In closing, remember that the system does more harm to boys than any one person does.



*The
magic
is
within
you!!!*



**LITTLE
BOSS**

By Zoltan

Well, I shall describe once again my love for this amazing boy. He has a very strong character, although deep inside he is still a 12-year-old insecure boy looking for his identity. On the outside, he shows himself to be the cool guy, the badass. I recognize myself in him; I always wanted to be the badass also.

I see similarities between him and the young Zoltan, but I can also definitely say he is on a different level at some points. He is sexually active already. When he describes to me his adventures with his ex-girlfriend, I almost feel horny in his place

I wasn't sexually active yet at age 12. I just wanked and that was it. My prince already knows the way to the dirty vagina, and I award him that.

I can only say that if any of you were to meet this boy, you would be amazed also by the total picture. He has the looks ... well I've had sexier boyfriends in the past, but that's not important. He has the mental capacity to hang out with me. And he wants me to sleep over every day, and would if he was the big boss.

And to be honest, mom always says yes to his ideas, so he is the boss of the house. The little boss.





By Curtis

Boylve and the Catholic Church Part 2

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 of the time. As the Roman Catholic Church is now finding out.

The RCC is not an irrelevant sideshow here. It is the oldest functioning institution in the Western world. In contrast to the other ancient Christian churches (the Copts and the Orthodox) it embodies not only the institutional structure of the early Church but also the institutional structure of the Roman Empire on which it was based. It is the last living remnant of the Graeco-Roman world, a world that as we all know placed boylve at the center of its cultural and aesthetic pre-occupations.

"Boys in the flower of their youth are loved; the smoothness of their thighs and soft lips are adored," said Pericles in the Funeral Oration as one of the points justifying Athens' superiority to barbarian lands where boylove was less honored.

The Roman Catholic Church (not one of the original 5 Christian churches) was born, like Christianity itself, in part out of the widespread revulsion in late antiquity at the corruption and decadence of the ruling elites. Nietzsche was correct in calling Christianity a slave religion; he may have meant it as an insult, but he accurately described it as a weapon used by the lower orders in the overthrow of the ancient political order. Gibbon does not quite come out and say so, but essentially acknowledges that Christianity sapped the will to rule of the Roman elite (to be sure, if it hadn't been Christianity, another of the religions that were contesting for hearts and minds in the 4th century Mediterranean would almost surely have displaced the attenuated paganism that passed for official religion by that point.) As the institutional embodiment of what became the established religion after the conversion of Constantine, the RCC naturally absorbed that legacy from late antiquity -- a distrust of the body and a turning away from the sensual towards the spiritual.

At the same time, however, the RCC could not help but reflect the pagan elements of the world from which it was born. The gorgeousness of its traditional rituals and architecture, the sensuality of its art and music, can be traced right back to the aesthetic of the ancient world. The central artistic image of antiquity -- the nude youth, or kouros -- survived in the iconography of St. Sebastian. It is telling that the image of a minor saint who never appears in the Bible occupied such a core position in the Catholic aesthetic imagination. Go into any great late medieval or early Renaissance church in Italy and you'll see nude St. Sebastians right next to representations of the Virgin and the Pieta.

This ambiguity of a church that simultaneously proclaims a doctrine of the sinfulness of this world while celebrating its sensual, fleshy delights carried over in its contradictory attitudes towards sex. The Bible may not be as unambiguous as fundamentalists would have it (the passages in Leviticus supposedly condemning homosexuality, for example, are routinely taken out of context and mistranslated);

but Catholic doctrine is crystal clear in calling believers either to marriage or celibacy. During much of its history, however, this was taken with a grain of salt. Priests didn't marry, but fooling around on the side did not prevent quite a number from becoming Pope. Diddling more or less willing altar boys and young seminarians has always gone with the territory, and while there were periodic surges of outrage there were also long periods of "don't ask, don't tell."

Of course this ambiguity at the heart of the RCC has drawn ire from as far back as Augustine and the rise of Islam, and certainly helped lead directly to the Reformation. But the tolerance for ambiguity, for contradiction, has been narrowing steadily now for a century and I'm not sure it can really last much longer. The current scandals are a reflection of this. Everybody has always known at some level that priests and altar boys were a number, as it were. Once you say it, though, drag it out into the open, and the tolerance for ambiguity vanishes.

The Church (at least in the West) has responded to this, as some of its own believers have readily acknowledged, by becoming essentially more Protestant -- purging services of ritual, more emphasis on sermons and doctrine, less on mystery. If you want to be a Protestant, however, why not go for the real thing, or perhaps I should say one of the real things: be a high-minded liberal in the U.C.C. or a Bible-thumper with the Baptists. And if you think that sometimes spiritual insight can come from ritual and art, high-church Episcopalians and Orthodox do a much better job these days than the RCC at gorgeous services.

The Church is reacting to the current scandal in an interesting twist by taking the current PC gay line at its word -- "pedophilia has nothing to do with gayness" -- and frantically trying to relabel the scandal a "gay" scandal. The Church points out (no doubt correctly) that most of the boys being "victimized" are young teens. Thus it's not "pedophiles" in the clergy but plain old faggots who are responsible for this scandal. The latest line from Rome is that to solve this "scandal" the church should quit ordaining gays.

While it provides a certain amount of satisfaction to watch stridently gay disdainers of BL like Sullivan (who is Catholic) hoisted on his own petard, the whole imbroglio strikes me as infinitely sad, another example of what is happening because of the inability of ANYONE to speak the truth. The truth being that boylove is not some marginal, freakish phenomenon but sits at the center of the human condition.

I think it entirely possible that this "scandal" will destroy at least the American RCC (revealingly, some European Catholics are having a hard time "getting" the American hysteria over sex.) If the Vatican is serious and tries to purge all the "gay" clergy and recruit no more, there won't be much of a clergy left. But of course the idea that you can get rid of "pedophiles" as the term is used today and NOT get rid of gays is, the screeching of the Sullivans of the world notwithstanding, absurd. Pens and mouths can lie; cocks don't.

More likely the all-male world of the Catholic priesthood will sooner or later be abolished. Instead of altar boys helping priests, you'll see altar girls (I think you already do). Boychoirs will go. There will eventually be female priests. This will all be celebrated by feminist liberals and serious Christians alike.

But I believe something precious will be lost -- the last institutional echo of a world where boylove sat at the center of culture.

And more and more boys will grow up without any male guidance or authority. More boys will turn to violence and crime. Outbursts of male rage will continue to astonish and trouble our blinkered commentators who will search everywhere for answers and miss the one staring them in the face.

Which is, the absence of any institution that allows for man/boy love, even in a non-sexual form, and the relegation of man/boy love to the criminal margins of society.

Movie Review:

By zoomzoom4

This Special Friendship

"POIGNANT and DISTURBING!"
—Timothy Spalding



A Lost Masterpiece Rediscovered!

First, the bad news. This movie is from the 60s. It's French. In subtitles. And to top it off, in black and white. Yikes! Right? Well, maybe not. Maybe it's worth your time. For starters, it's a beautiful story of genuine love between an older and a younger male.

12

At 17, private Catholic school student George has never given much thought to his romantic side, or to "love." That all changes one day, when 12-year-old Alexandre walks into his life. All the students are on a train ride across France, when George steps out of his cabin into the corridor. He doesn't realize it, but he's standing outside the door of the cabin where the younger boys are. The door opens and out steps a boy who catches George's eye immediately.

Alexandre sticks his head out the window of the carriage to breathe in the fresh air, and pulls back inside quickly -- something got in his eye. This breaks George's admiring gaze as he reaches into his pocket for a handkerchief and offers to help the boy. If love at first sight exists, then it certainly took place there. The two form an immediate bond, unquestioning their mutual attraction and making no attempt to hide their obvious affection.

When they return to their school campus, the priestly authorities -- the "system" -- immediately works to separate them. This isn't so easy, as the two devoted lovebirds write affectionate notes back and forth, only to be intercepted by the priests, who are clearly out to crush their relationship. They find a building out in the back where nobody ever goes, and make that their rendezvous point, sharing several affectionate moments there, as well as facing the first tests to their feelings. As the priests up their game, in the effort to separate the two, it is Alexandre who shows the blazing defiance. He sees everything in "us vs them" terms, essentially telling George they should run away together. George is more grounded in his perspective, favoring a more rational approach. The two were obviously meant for each other ... so why are they doomed to be apart? The universe is cruel to lovers, they discover.

11A

The performances by the young leads are far more than merely serviceable. They are realistic and believable -- but perhaps more is needed in this case. The actor who plays George, I suspect, was chosen more for his dark hair and smoldering looks, than his ability to act. Throughout many of his scenes with Alexandre he has a dumb look on his face and a goofy grin. Alexandre plays off George's wooden stiffness with a boyish dynamic, bringing the character's charm to life in a charismatic performance. As the outer world closes in on them, his defiance is endearing. We want to root for him, and for their love to triumph against all odds.

I can't imagine a more difficult task for such a young actor than to carry this entire movie on his narrow 12-year-old shoulders. The writer and director are asking us, the audience, to fall in love with him the way George has. To the extent that all involved succeed, is made all the more remarkable in that they had no frame of reference for any of this. Stories like this were not being told back then, and they are rarely told now, if at all.

This is a story of puppy love, the novelty of it being that it's between two boys. Adding further novelty is the age difference, making this definitely a boylove movie. And one which I highly recommend.



Fun Facts About IBLD

By ZoomZoom4

Most readers of Ethos are well familiar with International Boy Love Day. It occurs twice a year -- every summer and winter solstice -- and is a time for reflection and celebration. We reflect on what it means to be a boylover, and celebrate boylove as not just an orientation but a way of life.

For this December 2021 IBLD, here are some fun facts about the holiday for us to think about.

* IBLD was dreamed up by the members of Safe Haven, Free Spirits, and BoyChat in the summer of 1998.

* IBLD is when we think about what it really means to be a boylover. Not what society or the media says about us, but what we know to be true in our hearts.

* IBLD is when we think about boys. We pause to consider the intense love and goodwill that we feel toward boys, and to celebrate the very existence of boys. What greater pleasure is there, than to love a boy? To express love for a boy and to joyously affirm that boys are the most beautiful and amazing creatures on the face of the planet

* IBLD is when we think about the boylove community. We take comfort in being part of a larger group of people who are always there to support and engage us. We honor those boylovers who have been unjustly incarcerated, serving unreasonable sentences simply for expressing love for another human being.

* IBLD is a time to think about the future of boylove and the kind of future we want for the BL community. It's a day to reaffirm our commitment to other boylovers, as we work to ensure a brighter tomorrow for all men who love boys. We reaffirm our commitment to ourselves, striving to improve and be the best boylover -- and person -- that we can possibly be.

And we reaffirm our commitment to, most of all ... BOYS. On IBLD we take pride in our feelings and do our best to improve the life -- or even just the day -- of a young boy.

On this IBLD, stand tall and hold your head up high. For you are a boylover, and what could be better? To love a boy is the greatest honor a man could have. And something to always be proud of.



IT'S TIME
TO INFECT
THE WORLD
WITH YOUR
MAGIC.

Taylor's Story: Chapters 16-18

By LtDreamer



Chapter 16

Life was good, the first thought I had after waking up with the man I love. The disagreement between Edd and myself was forgotten.

After carrying him up the stairs to our room and removing each other's clothing, we shared our love with as much strength as our teen bodies could muster. Having him draped across me, still asleep, placed me into wanting to return to slumber. His long black hair wrapped across us like some sweet-smelling blanket. I knew we had a lot to cover today, and in less than a week, I would return to football practice, so I would be required to get up early.

I slid out from under Edd and out of bed with deep reluctance and made my way to the bathroom. It never seems to amaze me. No matter how much you love someone or how much good, or bad, is going on, a morning routine is always the same.

As I prepared the shower, Edd came in behind me and proceeded with a loving hug. Finishing his business and joined me in the shower, as we now had our walk-in shower that we came to love so much. While the house may look the same outside, the interior has been completely remodeled. Nothing was said during this time, and nothing needed to be said between us.

As we were headed downstairs, Edd broke the silence, "We should work in the office this morning to figure out what happened last night." my only reply was, "Coffee first." Well, this was nothing new. From the time I became a teen, I must have coffee. We grabbed our coffee and found some croissants to munch. With school approaching, we should hire someone to care for the house. Still, without much spoken between us, we entered our home office together and headed straight to the desk at the far side.

"While you were upstairs, I was cleaning up last night. I was carrying some of the pizza leftovers into the kitchen. The office was dark, but I noticed something flashing in here. It was coming from the desk so, I walked in and set my hand on it; like this, it then ran a scan over my hand, and a screen came to life right there. All it said was the DNA test of the boys was completed. Honestly, Edd, I thought you had ordered the test without talking to me." Explaining this to Edd, I copied the same movements I had the night before.

I was disappointed that nothing happened this time after I copied everything I did the night before. "Kevin, I believe you that something happened last night, or you wouldn't have been in the state you were. Now we need to know why and how it happened." I was still leaning on the desk, staring at the nothingness we found. Standing beside me, Edd now leaned over to kiss my cheek; however, when his hand touched the desk, the light under both of our hands started to glow. A second later, the screen lit up again, only this time it showed a single phone number. "I recognize that number. The prefix is proprietary to the company only," stated Edd. Looking at each other, there was only one thing to do, and that was to call the number.

Edd reached over and activated the telephone in speaker mode and dialed the number shown, not knowing who would be on the other end. "Good morning boys, first, please allow me to apologize for all the misunderstanding last night. I had not expected that response. When you activated the security system for the room last night, everything in the room was scrutinized by me for the safety of you and your family. When you both agreed that a DNA test was needed, I started the process immediately, and I sent the results back to be reviewed by which either one of you got to them first. That was entirely my fault and was in no way intended to upset one or the other. Please forgive my audacity in responding the way I did."

Looking over at Edd, the look on his face was not of confusion but one of anger that is seldom seen on his sweet face. "Are you telling us that you listened in on a private conversation, made the decisions to act on something you overheard, and never once thought to mention that to either one of us? You will be seeing both of us shortly." Edd slapped the telephone off. "I'm sorry, Kevin, I think we should both go into the office and correct this. Do you agree?"

"Oh, I agreed, alright, and ready to go. First, we needed to check in on Jerry across the street and ensure that everything is okay." Saying no more, we finished dressing and headed out of the house for fear of who might be listening. Walking together to Matthew's house, we could hear laughter from inside. The door was answered quickly, to the sound of tiny feet running. Throwing open the door, there stood Jerry, in nothing but underwear. "POPPAS!" was shouted, and we had our arms full of a delighted boy. With Matthew and Taylor coming into view, was when we noticed all three covered in batter. "Good morning, guys. I was making pancakes for the boys. Would you like some?" asked Matthew with a full, friendly smile.

"No, thank you," I answered, "Edd and I need to head to the office right now. Can Jerry stay with you until you can come by?"

"Sure, that is no problem. He should be able to wear some of Taylor's clothing. Maybe afterward, we can all go shopping together and get something to eat. I'm sure you both have some questions for me anyway." With everything settled, we headed off to Edd's Volvo for our trip into town.

Chapter 17



There is nothing better than waking up in the morning and hearing the sound of children's laughter. I couldn't help but smile while I stretched. Doing that reminded me that I was alone in bed. After visiting the bath, I slipped on some shorts and went to find the boys. I saw the two underwear-clad 8-year-olds in the den playing a video game, Taylor in his chair, and Jerry dancing around. I could only stand there, and watch them play, something I was sure they had had little time to enjoy. "Good morning, you two. Did you sleep well?"

That was all that was needed for the game to be forgotten, as I was given hugs from both boys. "How about pancakes for breakfast? You can help me fix them." Both boys were ready, and as most eight-year-olds, pancakes were something not to turn down. As we headed to the kitchen, I spoke to Jerry, "Thank you for helping Taylor into his chair. I hope your guys didn't get hurt doing that." "No sir, we both are used to doing for adults; when we lived together, Taylor was no problem. Besides, there is nothing I wouldn't do for him." Now, this was something. Maybe I can use the two working together to find out more about their past.

Deciding to make a game out of it, I looked at the boys and stated, "Do either of you know how to make pancakes? I've seemed to have forgotten how."

With a cheerful yea from both of them, they set about gathering the ingredients. Jerry started looking for a bowl and flour. Taylor rolled his chair to the refrigerator and placed eggs and milk in his lap. I was tasked with getting plates, forks, and syrup. Two boys, age 8, and flour is an adventure not to be taken lightly. It wasn't long before both boys were covered in flour. Add eggs and milk, along with mixing, and you can only imagine the results without living it.

As I was getting a pan ready for the stove, a knocking at the door interrupted our fun. Jerry, without thought, ran for the door. In reality, it sent fear into me, as he was still only in his underwear, and I didn't know who had come to visit. I wasn't going to leave Taylor, so I stepped around and pushed his chair into the front room. The moment I saw it was Edd and Kevin, I relaxed some, still worried a bit.

"POPPAS!" shouted Jerry, and had jumped into their arms with glee. Taylor and I came into view, and we all three were covered in batter. "Good morning, guys. I was making pancakes for the boys. Would you like some?" I asked them.

"No, thank you," Kevin answered, "Edd, and I need to head to the office right now. Can Jerry stay with you until you can come by?"

"Sure, that is no problem. He should be able to wear some of Taylor's clothing. Maybe afterward, we can all go shopping together and get something to eat. I'm sure you both have some questions for me anyway." With a final hug for Jerry, the boys turned to leave, beginning their day at the company's local office.

I returned the boys to the task of making breakfast. Despite their persistence that they could cook the pancakes themselves, I reserved that task for myself. Jerry set about getting milk for him and Taylor while I had my coffee. While eating, I asked what else they could do around the house. Between bites, the only thing they gave up was, they all were able to cook and clean. This information had me deeply troubled. The rest of our breakfast was a happy ordeal, and I do have to admit having the two smiling boys was improving my thoughts on life. It reminded me of why I was the way I was.

After eating, I sent the boys to clean up while working to make some sense of the kitchen.

Most everything was able to go into the dishwasher. However, the flour was a little more complicated. By the time I had the kitchen in order, the boys were clean and dressed, ready to go. I sent them to play some games while I cleaned up and got dressed. When I was in the bedroom, I called Oliver and asked that someone be available to take the boys for a bit while I met with Kevin and Edd. That was no problem. I also wanted to make sure I had all the information I was given this morning written down to be passed on later.

The incident last night was another issue. I need to see if there was any way to train some of the cul-de-sac kids, as possible, to help with the security. One thing was for sure. I didn't want to put them in danger either. This would require some assistance from the outside. Maybe either Edd, Kevin, or even Oliver may have a solution to this dilemma. Once I finished my check-in with my own company, I called Crystal, not expecting her to answer due to being in court.

"Hello Matt, how are you this morning? Getting settled in, okay?" Crystal's answer caught me off guard for only a moment. "Everything went well at the house, thanks to your mother, Crystal. Why are you not in court this morning?" I was surprised by the answer she gave me.

"I had most of my cases postponed so I could set up a meeting with Judge Sing this morning. I'm going to talk to him about the adoptions. I'm going to try and convince him to sign off on the two we have now. Any luck with you find out anything from Taylor last night?"

"I wound up with both boys last night; that's a story for later. I find out they are more open about their past when they are together. This morning the kids let it slip that when they were living together, they were taught to cook, clean, and as they put it, doing for adults." The disgruntle grunt was all I needed to hear to know what she was thinking.





Chapter

18

Today was one of the few times that Matty wanted to be challenging. Most days, when I go to work, he attends daycare while I am at work. During the summer, he spends most of his time with his grandmother, Matthew, and Taylor. This morning that was not possible, and he was mad. Despite his tantrum, I was able to get him dressed and to daycare, with time for me to get to the courthouse to work on what I needed to do. I had several cases with Judge Sing today, and I could postpone them to meet with him on a personal level.

While waiting for my meeting, Matthew called to fill me in on the information he had gathered from Taylor and Jericho. I was still writing all the information down when I was invited to meet with Judge Sing. "Thank you for meeting with me today, your honor," I said as I was greeting him in his office.

"Please call me Tom, Crystal. This is an informal meeting, is it not?" he replied. "Well yes, Tom, it is, however, concerning the boys, Taylor Rose and now a Jericho Anderson. I have some new information that has come to light, and I wanted to discuss the options for adoption." His sigh was the only response I got from him, and he was well aware of the issue we have been having with trying to confirm Taylor's identity.

“As you know, Matthew Davis has a petition to adopt Taylor and Jericho by an Edward Yazzie and his partner, Kevin Murphy. It has come to light that both boys have come a common past, yet the reasoning why is now hidden under national security.”

You could see the worry on Tom’s face. “Crystal, are you ever going to give me something that is cut and dry? You do like to find a challenge, don’t you?” Taylor’s case was going to be hard enough, now adding Jericho’s to the mix would not be welcomed. “Are you able to tell me how you came about the information that they are under national security?” I knew that would be a sticky point, and there was only one way I knew to explain it.

“Edward Yazzie is the only son of Charles and Elizabeth Yazzie; they all three own the Yazzie Foundation. Edward and Kevin came across Jericho in Seattle, WA, and it was there that they were able to get a custody order in place, pending an adoption. They have encountered the same issue we have with Taylor.” When I finished, he leaned back and just looked at me. In moments he reached for his pipe that he always had on hand. With smoke from his pipe circling his head, he sat and watched me for a few minutes.

After a while, he finally spoke. “Crystal, here is what I want you to do. Keep up your investigation. Talk to none of your colleagues. From this point, this stays out of your firm. Talk to no one other than the group you are working with and me. For now, you have my support, and I will see what I can do from a legal standpoint.” It was not the straight-cut answer I was looking for, but it was comfortable knowing he was behind me if I needed it.

Taylor's point of view

I was heartbroken when Jerry and I got separated. Seeing him again, moving into the new house, was fantastic. I was so glad to see him again. I don’t know what happened at his home, but it was nice for him to spend the night last night. And making breakfast with him was fun. For some reason, it was funny to me when he was getting dressed in my clothes.

We played more games while waiting for Dad to do what he needed to do. "Are you guys ready to get some things done today?" Dad had come in behind us while we played. Oh, yea, I was ready, and I think Jerry was also.

Jerry climb into the back seat of Dad's truck, and I was set in after him. They both helped me get my seat belt attached. We have been friends for as long as either of us can remember. So much so that we knew what the other was thinking. While Dad was dealing with my chair, Jerry leaned over and whisper to me, "Do you think any of our brothers found homes.?" This was the first either of us had spoken of our brothers since we found each other.

There was only one answer I could give. "If they did, I hope they found better homes than our first ones." talking about this was something we were never supposed to speak about. And I was getting nervous with just that simple question. I loved my brothers, but Jerry was special, and I never wanted anything wrong to happen to him. When he left our house, I was worried, and I only asked once if he was coming back. I was reminded, painfully, of why we were never to ask questions.

"What are you guys whispering back there? Want to share any secrets with me?" Dad was getting in front of the truck when he asked that. All I could do was blush and hope he didn't see that. Jerry was always a fast thinker between the two of us. "Just talking about how much we missed each other, Mr. Davis."

"Now Jerry, please do not call me Mr. Davis. I prefer Matthew or, even better, Matt, please." I learned when I first met him in the hospital; he did not like to be called Mister. Even the people working for him called him Matt. I had to laugh, remembering his security guards dealing with that fat nurse. Neither dad nor Jerry knew what I was thinking about, so my laughter must have looked strange.

"Dad, remember that fat nurse at the hospital?" That was all it took to start him laughing too. Jerry just sat there looking at us strangely. "You two guys are crazy," was all he said.

Chain of Good

By Junni



We do not have Thanksgiving in Brazil. This may sound funny but the closest we have to that, is Christmas.

Christmas is where we are reminded to be generous, just as God was generous in sending his son Jesus to us. The best thing about Christmas is that it's here we can donate gifts to poor children.

Just go to any post office, and pick one of the many letters that adorn their Christmas tree. Each letter was written by a child, who says which gift they would like to receive, and anyone can help. Simply leave the gift in the mail and they will deliver it.

It can be totally anonymous, or if you prefer, you can deliver the gift in person.

In ten days I will pick a letter from the tree at my local post office. A letter that was written by a poor child, who I do not know and have never met. A child that I will only meet when i deliver the gift.

What kind of gifts are the children requesting? Toys, clothes, shoes, jobs for parents, school supplies ... just various things.

You may be thinking, "Jobs for parents? I hope they know you can't give them that."

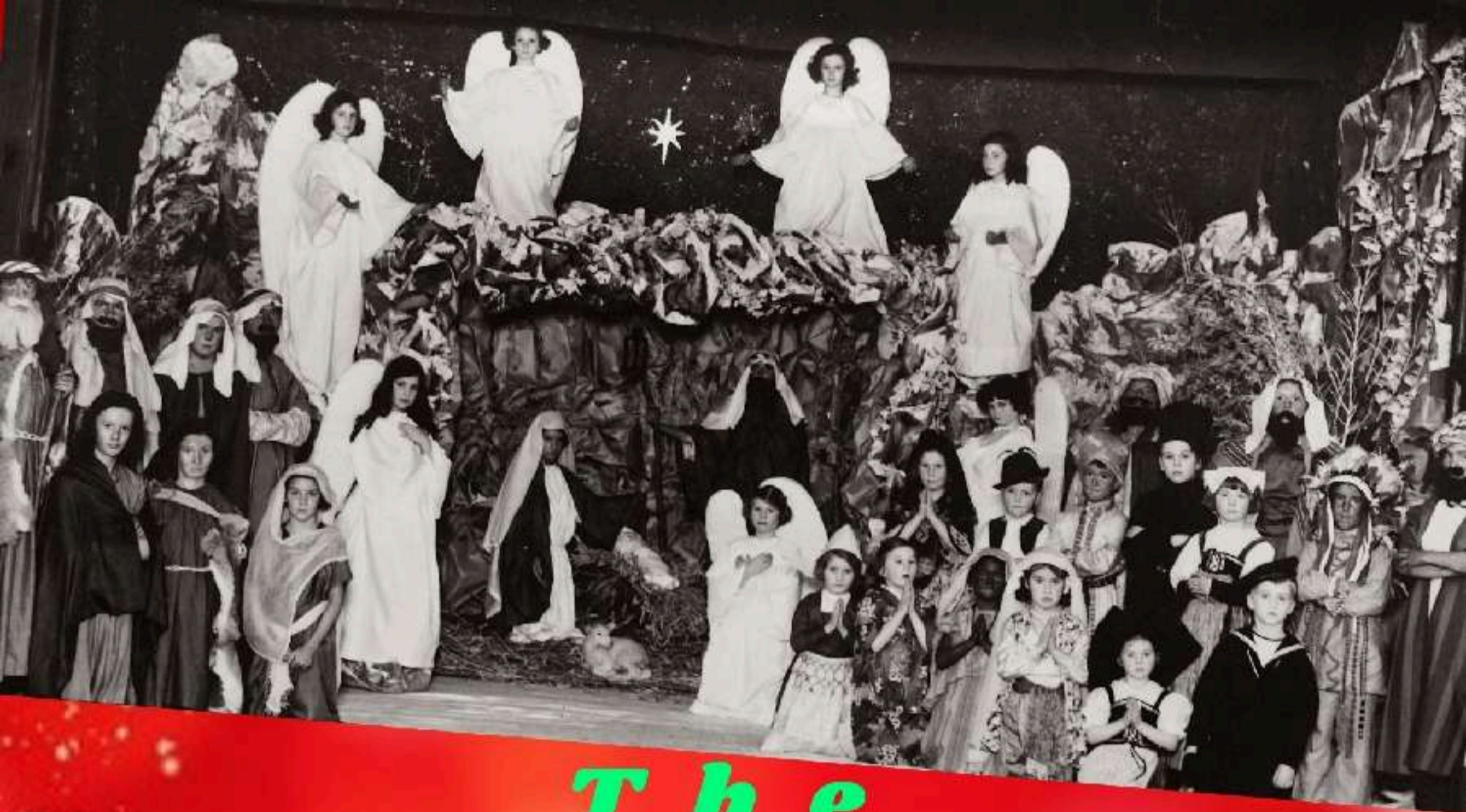
Yes, well there are many businessmen who draw these letters too. Some kids do dream of getting a job for their parents, and moving the ones that can help. True, I could not give employment to anyone, but I know people to whom I could ask for a job opportunity for someone.

It's as if we're working all together, and if I can't help with something, I assist them to find someone who can. It's like a system of giving, a chain.

A chain of good. And it happens every Christmas in Brazil.

A Happy
NEW YEAR! ★





The Christmas Show

By Dragonlover

In the winter of 1977, I was in the first grade. I had adjusted to school quite well, often acting as the class clown. I would play jokes on my fellow students as well as my teacher. At that time, my teacher was a really lovely lady named Mrs. Paris. She was a rather large woman of color, who made her presence known not only by walking into a room but by her voice as well.

I loved this woman to death, as I did most of my elementary school teachers. Mrs. Paris was a very patient woman. She was dealing with 30 first-graders who were full of energy. But despite all the noise, yelling, complaining and my pranks, she endured. She cared.

So, as Christmas time rolled around, Mrs. Paris decided that it would be a good idea to get with our music teacher, Mrs. Ward, to put on a recital or a pageant of some kind. They had discussed it over a few lunches in the teachers' lounge and eventually thought that, with the right instruction, time, and patience, a nice pageant would be delivered by Mrs. Paris' first-grade class. The thing is, WE didn't know it yet.

I can remember, we were getting ready to leave school for our Thanksgiving holiday vacation. It was the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. At 2 PM she brought it up.

"Hey, children! I have been talking to Mrs. Ward, and we thought it would be a great idea to put on a Christmas pageant! What do y'all think of that idea? Do you like it?" she asked us enthusiastically.

We all were sitting on the floor in a semi-circle around her on the rug. We all just sort of looked at each other, somewhat confused. My friend Eddie put up his hand.

"Yes, Edward?" Mrs. Paris asked with a bright smile.

"Uuummm, so what is it? What would we have to do? Like singing stuff?" Eddie asked.

"Well, yes Edward. There will be dancing too! How do you like that idea?" Mrs. Paris asked.

"I don't," Eddie said.

The whole class erupted into screaming laughter. Including, of course, myself. I did not like this idea at all. Images of me and my classmates trying to sing and dance. And to what? The school orchestra? The piano?

“SSSSHHH! Children please! Quiet down! This is not a funny thing! It can be fun, sure. But you **MUST** take this seriously!” Mrs. Paris said.

“Hey, James! Are you gonna wear a pink tutu for this?” Eddie asked me jokingly.

“No, I am not! I’m not wearing **ANY** costume! Not doing it, **NO!**” I said.

Mrs. Paris then did something that I never saw her do. She banged her hand on the table beside her and yelled at us. And I do mean she was **MAD!**

“Children! Stop this noise **IMMEDIATELY!**” she yelled.

Immediately, we shut up on the spot. We sat completely still and did not make a sound.

“Now. Now that I have your attention, you **WILL** be doing this Christmas show. Do you hear me? We all, and I do mean **ALL** of us, will be doing this show, including myself. Listen kids, it's the holidays, okay? We have to do something special for the holidays. Trust me, your parents will love it,” she said.

PARENTS?

I raised my hand.

“Yes, James?” Mrs. Paris asked.

“Did you say, parents?” I asked.

“Yes! I sure did. There will be two separate recitals. One will be in the afternoon, and then we will do the same performance that evening, maybe after everyone’s supper time. Sound like fun?” she asked enthusiastically.

There were maybe five seconds of silence, until I matter-of-factly said, “No.”

The kids erupted into laughter again. With that, Mrs. Paris stood up, calmly walked to her desk, opened a drawer, and pulled out a stack of paper. Then she started handing them out. They were permission slips; permission slips for our parents to sign and for us to return. They were to be signed by our parents, allowing us to participate in a school activity after school hours, and it also served as an invitation to our parents to attend the recital. Great.

“Please take those home for your parents to sign. The bell is about to ring. Now, be sure to bring those back to me on the day you come back from vacation, okay? Now I want to wish you all a Happy Thanksgiving! I’ll see you when you get back! Be sure not to eat too much turkey!” she said, just as the final bell rang.

We all got up, put our coats on, grabbed our lunchboxes, and went to the classroom door. My friend Matt came over to me.

“She told US not to eat too much turkey? She could eat 5 turkeys!” We busted out laughing. You know how small boys are. They’ll relentlessly make fun of anyone different.

“So, do you like this thing?” Matt asked me.

“No. It’s a stupid idea. No one else is doing a show, so why should we have to?” I asked him.

“I don’t know. I’m thinking about not showing this paper to my mom and dad. If they don’t sign it I can’t come, right?” Matt said.

Right, but she'll only ask you where it's at. Then she'll call your parents. Then your parents might get mad. So better do it. Maybe we can get the papers signed, then we can pretend to be sick that night," I said.

"Yeah!" he said. "That sounds like it'll work. I'm really good at pretending to be sick. I get away with it every time. This one time we had a test I was scared about so I pretended to be sick that day, and I got to stay home! Watched TV in bed all day while you guys took the stupid test!" Matt said proudly.

We laughed and walked out of the classroom and out of the building. At the street, we went our separate ways and went home. When I walked in, my mom was there, but dad was at work.

"Hi mom," I said.

"Hey, how was your last day?" my mom asked.

"Okay. Oh, there is a paper in my lunchbox for you and dad to sign. It's about this dumb show Mrs. Paris wants us to do for Christmas. Can you believe that she wants us to do a show in the afternoon, then we have to come back to school that night and do the show again for the adults."

"Oh, honey! That sounds like a really good idea! I always liked Mrs. Paris. Wow, your first show! Your daddy will love it."

"Mom, you know him. He'll tease me over this," I said.

My father, God rest his soul, loved poking fun at me. And most times I played along with him and everyone got a good laugh out of it. But this was something I didn't feel like being teased about. This was serious.

Later that night the old man came home from work, and my mom greeted him with his usual whiskey sour, and the permission slip. He put his glasses on and read it, then looked at me with a huge smile.

“Awwww! Isn’t that just adorable? Our little James is going to be in the Christmas pageant!” he said with a wink to my mom.

“Dad, stop!” I said with a giggle. “And it’s not a ‘pageant’. You said it like it’s a beauty pageant. It’s a show,” I said.

“Okay, okay son. But listen. I want you to do the show, okay? I think it’ll be fun. For everyone. Know what I mean?” he said, kind of nodding towards my mother, who was all smiles.

“Do you really want me to do this? Because I don’t want to. It sure doesn’t sound like fun to me,” I told him in all honesty.

“Look. We would like you to do it, alright? It’ll be fun, you’ll see!”

Fast forward to December 22nd, 1977. I ended up doing the show. Twice, as per Mrs. Paris’ agreement with us. We had a few weeks’ worth of rehearsals and one dress rehearsal. I was one of Santa’s elves. And thankfully, I didn’t have to do a lot. Just hang out at a workbench and act like I was assembling toys. I had only one line, and I can still remember that line to this day:

“Yes sir, Santa!”

In the end, I got all worked up about nothing at all. When I was selected for such a small part and even a smaller amount of actual talking, I was happy to do it. The only really painful part was appearing in public wearing that awful elf costume my sister made for me, but after the show I was able to take it off and never don it again.

But there was one casualty, if you can call it that. My buddy Matt? He ended up with the role of Santa. He had the most acting and talking out of all of us. And boy was he mad! He even threatened to never speak to Mrs. Paris again. Which would have been fine by her, I’m sure.

After the final show that evening, Mrs. Paris had us all come out onto the stage and take a huge bow, then she took her bow. Both audiences that day gave standing ovations. The next day was the first day of our Christmas vacation time. We would not return to school until January 2nd, 1978. That was the only Christmas show I was ever involved with at school; one that required acting, anyway. I would go on later to take up playing the cello for the school orchestra for many years.

All in all, it was a great Christmas.

Subject Interview - LTDreamer on Fiction and Writing

By Zoomzoom4

ZOOMZOOM4: You have written two stories for Ethos, The Secret Never Told, and Taylor's Story -- both covering the whole past five years of the magazine's publishing existence. But the way I understand it is, they are part of the same story. Are they from a novel? If so, are they front the same novel?

LTDREAMER: No. The Secret Never Told started as Fan Fiction about Edd and Kevin, from Ed, Edd, and Eddy, falling in love. I've seen stories about them in love, but not one about how they fell in love. It was just something I started on a whim.

ZZ4: Ed, Edd, and Eddy is a TV series?

LTD: Yea, on Cartoon Network.

ZZ4: But this story The Secret Never Told is not a "cartoon" is it? Is the reader supposed to see the story unfold as animated?

LTD: No, it is a story made completely in my head. I hope the readers each get something unique out of the story. I also was thinking about the kids from the show, grown up and come into their own being.



ZZ4: Is Taylor's Story related to it, then? And was Taylor's Story intended to be fanfiction as well, when you started it?

LTD: I finished TSNT in 2017 with a bit of a cliffhanger, and with the encouragement of a good friend, I started Taylor's Story, to show some aspects of my real life. Things I have experienced, and places I visited, and to wrap up some of the cliff hangers. It wasn't intended to have the main characters, Edd and Kevin to stand in the forefront of the story. But once I started writing it in 2020 things just kind of spilled out, and as I read over it I thought it was a good story.

ZZ4: You mentioned Taylor's Story was written specifically for Ethos, rather than adapted from somewhere else. What's the idea behind that?

LTD: Kermie was the one who pushed me to start a follow-up story that became Taylor's Story. I had several false starts until I hit the groove. During this time frame and after visiting with Kermie, I decided to solely do Ethos. It was on a different site, but it just didn't take off there. With it in Ethos, it opened up new genera of readers, not found elsewhere. With just an agreement between friends, I promised Kermie Ethos would have the first choice to publish the story. Now after being removed from other sites, Ethos is the only place that the story can be found.

ZZ4: And you are the one who removed it from the other websites? Was this because of the BL element?

LTD: Yes, in fact, I shut the account down, it wasn't doing anything anyway. A story, fiction, is just that. But being said it was a BL story is not entirely correct. It was written to be a love story about how two boys fell in love. The TV series had their ages in a fantasy Middle School. I wanted to bring the characters out into a more real-life situation. Again that's what I was talking about when I mentioned readers getting something unique out of the story. To some it's a Love Story, others a Boy Love, and still to others just a filthy gay story. To me that's fine, if that's what the readers get, then to me, I did it right.

ZZ4: It's very unique for a gay love story to come from a cartoon series but this is a case where the characters are already rumored as being gay, is that right?

LTD: Never in the TV that I know of, of course, there was a few shows that could be interpreted that way. The TV show started in 1999, the gay movement was improving at that time, but nothing like it is now. Edd is portrayed as a very studied student, always getting good grades. Kevin was your typical Jock, but in the end, they were just Middle School kids, doing what kids that age did. All of the characters of that show each had a unique view on life, no two were alike.

ZZ4: There's been no mention of a novel in this talk so far. So then what is this I hear about a novel? Is that for the future, is something planned?

LTD: If you count only being available online, then I guess it all together can be called a novel. Putting everything down and sending it to a publisher to be published into a book, no, I can't see myself doing that. I just write for fun, or when the mood strikes me. I do have quite a collection of poems I wrote when I was super depressed, rather or not they ever get read, that's for the future to know.

ZZ4: Are there future chapters in store?

LTD: Taylor's Story in the continuation of The Secret Never Told. I have spent more than a year on Taylor's Story, and have written on out to include 49 chapters. At this point, I decided to change directions once again to bring new life to the story. The third section, which I have titled The Farm, takes readers 10 years in the future after Taylor's Story. There will be new characters along with some of the children in Taylor's Story. I'm hoping to spend less time on the two that started everything and have some new people in the limelight.

ZZ4: Was The Secret Never Told your first real attempt at writing fiction? And did you write as a kid in school, or is it something that came about more in your grownup years?

LTD: Besides any homework in school that I worked hard to get out of. Yes, TSNT is my first attempt at writing a story. I did some minor poems in school, just enough to pass English class. That was seriously not my best subject in school.

ZZ4: Which do you find that you prefer writing now, fiction or nonfiction?

LTD: Fiction, going that route I like to take a page from what I feel is a great storyteller, Ray Bradbury. Just write about whatever comes to mind. With fiction, the author can create whatever kind of world they want.

ZZ4: Did you read a lot of fiction in your life? Like, growing up?

LTD: Mostly. There were a few nonfiction I liked, but to be taken away into a fantasy world ... just seemed like peace to me.

ZZ4: Have your tastes in reading -- like say a certain genre or author -- changed over time?

LTD: I was always a big fan of Arthur C Clarke, Isaac Asimov, and Orson Scott Card. Ursula K LeGuin and Sharon Webb had some good fantasy books also. I was always a sci-fi nut, and adults had a habit of saying I couldn't tell the difference between real life, and something made up. They never understood I did understand, I had just rather live in a made-up world. I always looked at real life, as just being wrong.

ZZ4: Do you think you may try to write sci-fi sometime in the future?

LTD: If something comes along and trips my imagination maybe. One of my first failed attempts at the sequel to TSNT took a sci-fi twist to it, but it just didn't work. There is a little bit of sci-fi in Traylor's Story, but not enough to make it unbelievable in real life.

ZZ4: Okay and last question ... Have you ever -- or would you ever -- entertain the idea of writing a BL story? Either an erotic one for Nifty or something cleaner maybe for Ethos? Or both? And also (this is a double question) is there any genre you dislike and would never write for?

LTD: First the erotic. In TSNT there is an erotic chapter, that was not put in Ethos because of it being erotic. It couldn't be used so I had to do a minor rewrite to create a better transition in the story. So the idea of something else may come about, I'll just have to see what happens. Second, as for a genre I don't like, yes there are. The sappy romance novels and there are some books I can just pick up and know that I won't like them. Just about every book I took home, I read and kept. This does also include some sci-fi and fantasy books. I read a popular book about vampires that we all know. Only the first book and I was more than happy to get rid of it.

ZZ4: Lol ... Yeah I know the one. Well, thank you for taking the time to talk with me about fiction and writing. I hope it wasn't too many questions.

LTD: Not a problem. I'm always happy to answer questions, even if I have to say that's private. I never want to keep someone from asking.

ZZ4: That's a good policy to have. Although I'm sure you don't like answering questions if it involves going down to the police station to do it.

LTD: Haha right, you got it.





I Belong to Him

By Willy089

For some reason society usually thinks that the most part of relations between adults and boys are characterized by the dominative position of the adult. This is is completely false.

In my case, when me and my YF were friends, he was the one who gave me orders, sometimes without asking please. He took my money, phone, food or whatever, forcing me to give it to him and if I refused (which almost never happened) he proceeded to hit me on the leg, punch or any form of punishment.

This as strange as it sounds, it was not unpleasant at all. In fact, it made me feel happy to see how my boy became more and more capricious and selfish as our friendship evolved. I am not the only one to whom this has happened; I know cases of other BLs who have also been in a position of submission in front of the boy.

I was the slave of this boy and that made me feel good, he could do whatever he wanted to me. After all I was nothing more than a piece of shit created to please him because his beauty and childish tenderness were enough to make me lose my mind.

Urban Dictionary: Boylover



What are the definitions for "boylover" on Urban Dictionary? We typed it in, to see what would come up. Here's what we found.

BOY LOVER

* The politically correct way to refer to pedophiles who are attracted to boys.

* Bob was a boy lover, that is he was sexually attracted to young boys.

-- by the silent tortoise

* An adult man who is sexually and emotionally interested in pre-pubescent boys. Although a misguided boy-lover may molest a child, most boy-lovers are not child molesters and do not act on their sexual desires.

* Terry, a boy-lover, thinks 11-year-old boys are the pinnacle of erotic beauty.

-- by Aksten

* An adult, male with a sexual and/or psychological attraction to male children.

* I thought Jon always hanging out with kids was kind of strange, then he confided in me that he is a boylover.

-- by Chris

* Abbreviated it is BL

* A boylover is a man or woman (usually man) who is sexually attracted to boys. They have their age of attractions anywhere from infant to 14 years old.

* A boylover is a pedophile child molester wanna be or doing it now to a little boy.

* Usually they do not marry and have many adult friends. They live alone and maybe have a dog to attract boys to them in public so they can perv all over them later.

* A boylover lusts after little boys.

-- by Yam

* A member of NAMBLA, the North American Man-Boy Love Association.

* Be safe, be brave, and above all, be proud to be a boy lover.

-- by Augnot Spongrr.

Happy
Year
Boy
Of the
2022

