

# ETHOS


Amor et intellectus

HAPPY  
EASTER





**ST. PATRICK'S**  
**HAPPY DAY**



# Ethos Notation

Dear Ethos readers,

As I sit here writing this, it is 30 degrees F and cloudy. I think to myself, "Please hurry up, spring!" And by the time you read this, it will indeed be spring.

As you may be aware, Zoomzoom4 and Lil Monster have asked myself and MichaelD to be the owners of Ethos Magazine. They have taken the newly created position of Content Managers.

While MichaelD has plenty of administrative experience from his time on the various BL forums, owning an online magazine is a new path for him. For me, I have been in the owner's shoes before. Back in 2016 after our original owner and founder, Kermie, passed away, it was passed on to me after having served as Ethos Director.

Then in the summer of 2017, I passed ownership to Zoomzoom4 and Lil Monster. They have been running it extremely well; many great issues of Ethos have come out during their tenure.

But now they have passed it back to me and MichaelD, and we have decided that the staff of Ethos are doing quite well as it stands right now. We aren't looking to make any changes. Turkboy will remain on as Director, and Boiforever will continue as our Chief Editor.

However, that does not mean that you can't write for us! You still can. Just follow the same protocol as you normally would. Send your material to me, Turkboy or Zoomzoom4.

I look forward to many more great issues of Ethos Magazine, and I promise you that we will strive to be the best at what we do. And that is: providing a great magazine to boylovers worldwide, dedicated just to them.

MichaelD and I look forward to serving our community in this venture. Will it be a challenge? Yes. An added task at hand? Yes. A great time had by all? YES!

So, Ethos readers, welcome to Issue 20! Please enjoy, and be sure to let us know what you think.

Best always,

*Dragonlover*  
Co-Owner

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Dragonlover

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Lil Monster

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## ART DESIGN

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## CHIEF EDITOR

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## ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

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## STAFF WRITERS

RealMe  
LtDreamer  
Onyx

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# CREDITS



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**TALK TO US**

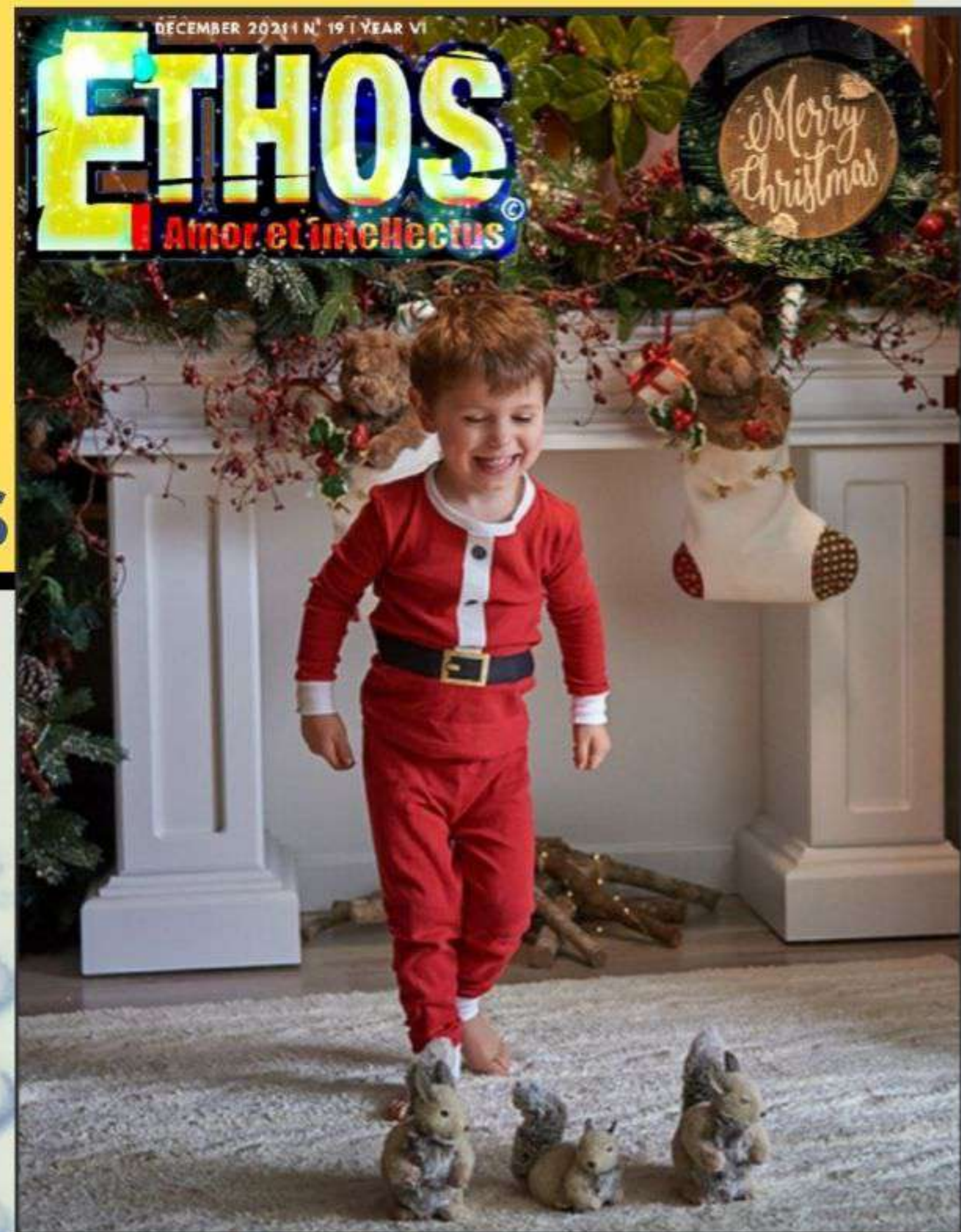


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# BL VOICE



## COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS AND CRITICISMS FROM READERS

**You are right up there with PIE in my opinion, and you brought back memories of my London Walking Days, exploring for ways of being that matched up with me.**

**-- Linka**

**I prefer the PDF version so I appreciate you making that available.**

**-- rabbit4boys**

**Read it two times. And happy to see some old friends still around from EI days.**

**-- Keith**

**I am just now really digging into what Ethos is. Thank you all for this effort! This is awesome and Happy Anniversary!**

**-- rickybricky**

**Wow. I just read Khorny Bastard's article about his life. That is some fucked up shit! I can't believe how idiotic and cruel this society has become to our people. Like the article said, they don't understand that we would never harm a boy. And it's ridiculous that he got 10 years for such a minor offense, and that it was considered "violent."**

**-- Alexander**

**Congratulations for the fifth anniversary of this project and wonderful content, which seems to get better and better each time.**

**-- Onerva**



*after chores,*  
**come to**  
**FUN!**

BY JONNV399 AND PIT

## FLORIDA PARENTS CHARGED WITH ABUSE

After it was discovered that they forced their 13-year-old adopted son to live in a box in the garage. The boy was reported missing, causing the police to investigate.

<https://nypost.com/2022/02/09/couple-forced-adopted-son-to-live-in-box-in-garage-cops/>

**BREAKING**  
**BOYS**  
*News*





BY JONNV399 AND PIT

## THE YOUNG BIRD WHISPERER

This British 10-yr-old has spent almost a year training and caring for nearly 40 birds. Forget "Birdman" -- here comes "Birdboy."

<https://www.bbc.com/news/av/uk-northern-ireland-59002424>

## NEIGHBOR'S DOG ATTACKS BOY

A 7-year-old in Texas, who's face was so badly mangled that he needed surgery. Covered in bites, the dog "shook him like a chew toy."

<https://www.newsweek.com/texas-boy-7-almost-mauled-death-neighbors-dog-shook-him-like-chew-toy-1677485?amp=1>

## A MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

It was found by an Irish couple, who discovered that it was written by an 11-year-old American boy and his adult friend.

<https://www.washingtonpost.com/lifestyle/2022/01/24/ocean-city-message-bottle-ireland/>

## BOY BORROWS WOMAN'S PHONE

She claims the boy, 12, came up and wanted to borrow her phone for a moment. When she got it back, he had stolen \$4000 from her with Venmo.

<https://nypost.com/2022/02/16/venmo-user-has-4000-stolen-by-12-year-old-boy/amp/>

# THE BEST THING ABOUT BOYS

By Wheel

What is the best thing about boys? Their innocence. Everything to them is new and fresh.

Their excitement at seeing you, and their exuberance at new experiences. Something mundane for us is extremely exciting for them.

Indeed the only thing better than that, is making them laugh and giggle. A boy's laughing and smiling face is like soothing balm to a BL heart!



# BOYLOVE ON DISPLAY

**By French Frog**

Recently I've noticed something about boylovers and our young friends. It seems nowadays most BLs are too afraid to display any kind of affection towards boys. As a result, people are not used to seeing many -- if any -- beautiful man/boy relationships around them.

It would be great if we could change that. Believe me when I say that the general public will not change their perception on boylove because of any theoretical discussions or meta-study results. They need to see the reality of boylove to accept it.

That's how any minority ever got accepted: by letting their humane, caring, loving side be visible and experienced by all.



# Children Who Ruled the World

By Zoomzoom4



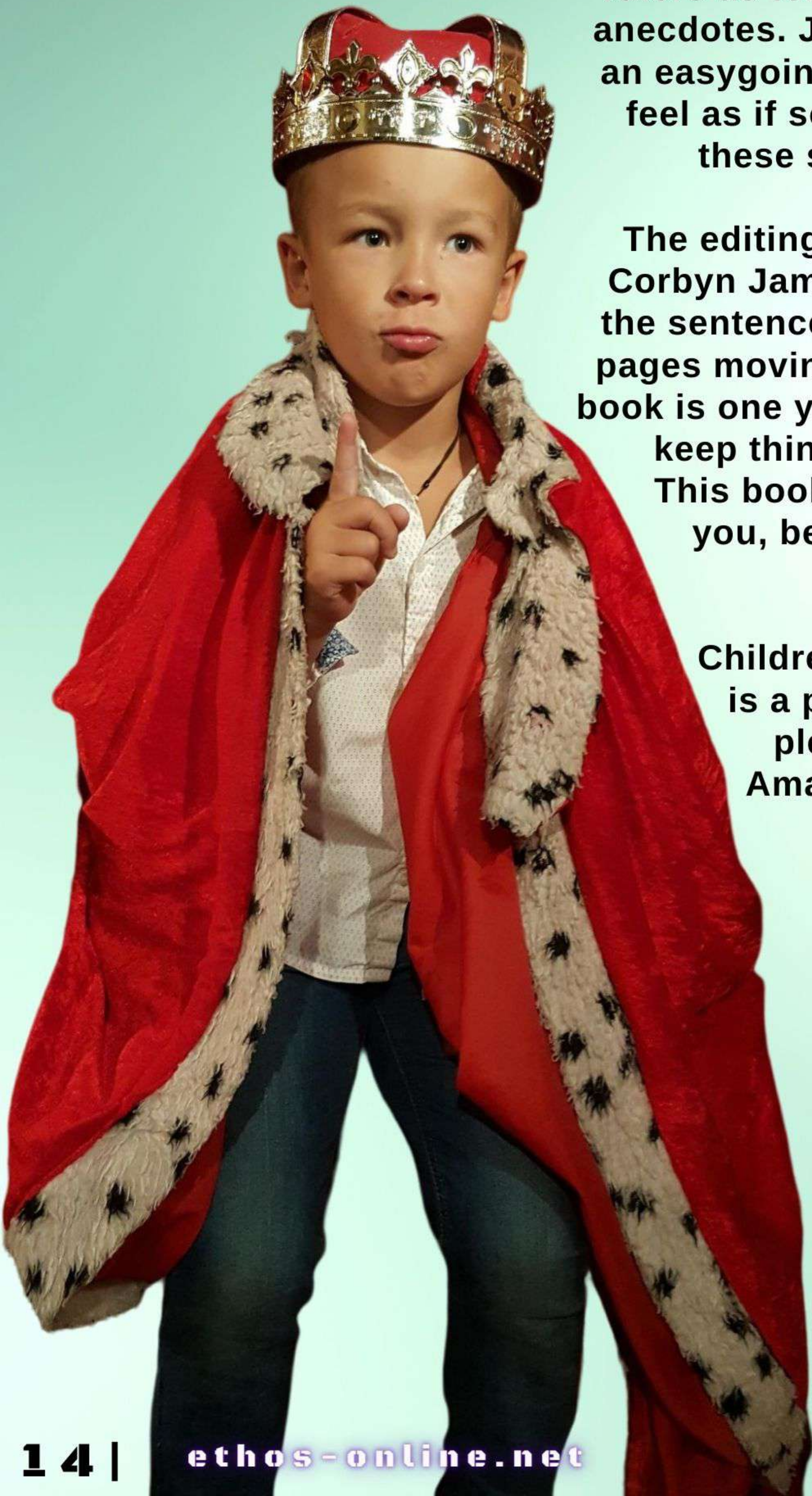
**Children Who Ruled the World is a fast, fun and fascinating book, what they call "a breeze" to read, as the pages seem to flutter by in front of your eyes. Such magical imagery you might expect in a book like this, because of the seemingly magical times when these true-life stories took place. In the ancient world, it seemed anything could be, including living in a country that is vastly powerful on the world stage -- and ruled by a 10-year-old boy.**

**In the book's Introduction, author Joe Krausse reminisces about his own childhood, dreaming of being a powerful ruler even before puberty. And while the idea sounds ridiculous to modern ears, in those times it was common to see a large, powerful nation being governed entirely by a little boy.**

**In fact a number of leading countries, during their respective eras of powerful reign, were led not by a seasoned greybeard, a scraggly old hag, or even a dashing prince -- but rather a pre-pubescent boy. The author hand-selects these rulers, their countries and respective eras in which they ruled. During the highest streaks of achievement the ancient world has ever known, these five countries were prominently ruled by little boys: France, England, Russia, China and India.**

**While there were a few notable instances of girl rulers, the truth is that the vast majority of these young rulers were boys. We don't know why that was the case, but it was. Young Boys in Power is what this book could have been titled.**

**Some of these rulers have achieved fame everlasting, such as King Tut, whose name is a household word to this day. But how much do you really know about King Tut? I knew practically nothing, and being taken inside his world and seeing life through the eyes of the "Boy King" was quite fascinating, to say the least.**



**It's an immersive experience, exploring the lives of these young rulers as told in the easy-to-digest anecdotes. Joe Krausse writes with an easygoing style that makes you feel as if someone is telling you these stories in person.**

**The editing, as done by our own Corbyn James, is crisp and keeps the sentences on point and the pages moving quickly. Overall, this book is one you'll consume and then keep thinking about it long after. This book is one that stays with you, because the stories are unforgettable.**

**Children Who Ruled the World is a publication that's sure to please. It's available on Amazon and other places online.**



# About the BL Logos

My partner and I hit on the double triangles + blue color as the basis for the design. The symbolism has been discussed before and seems self-evident. If it isn't, one may refer to the graphic explanation we made.

Since our design philosophy predicates that the ideal visual symbol should be capable of being drawn with a finger, a continuous line imposed itself as the solution.

We also took into account the ease with which it can be reproduced, both in color and black and white. Also, it should be possible to make it into a three-dimensional object; a lapel pin for instance.

We also wanted to create an image that was not too "in your face" so as to permit the user to acknowledge it's true meaning .... or be as non-committal as the situation demands.

The BL logos use is restricted to BL positive use only. Modifications and variations will be tolerated (indeed, are even encouraged!) as long as the BL positive message is respected.

Any other use is strictly prohibited and will be dealt with severely under International Copyright and Communications laws.

# ETHOS

Amor et intellectus



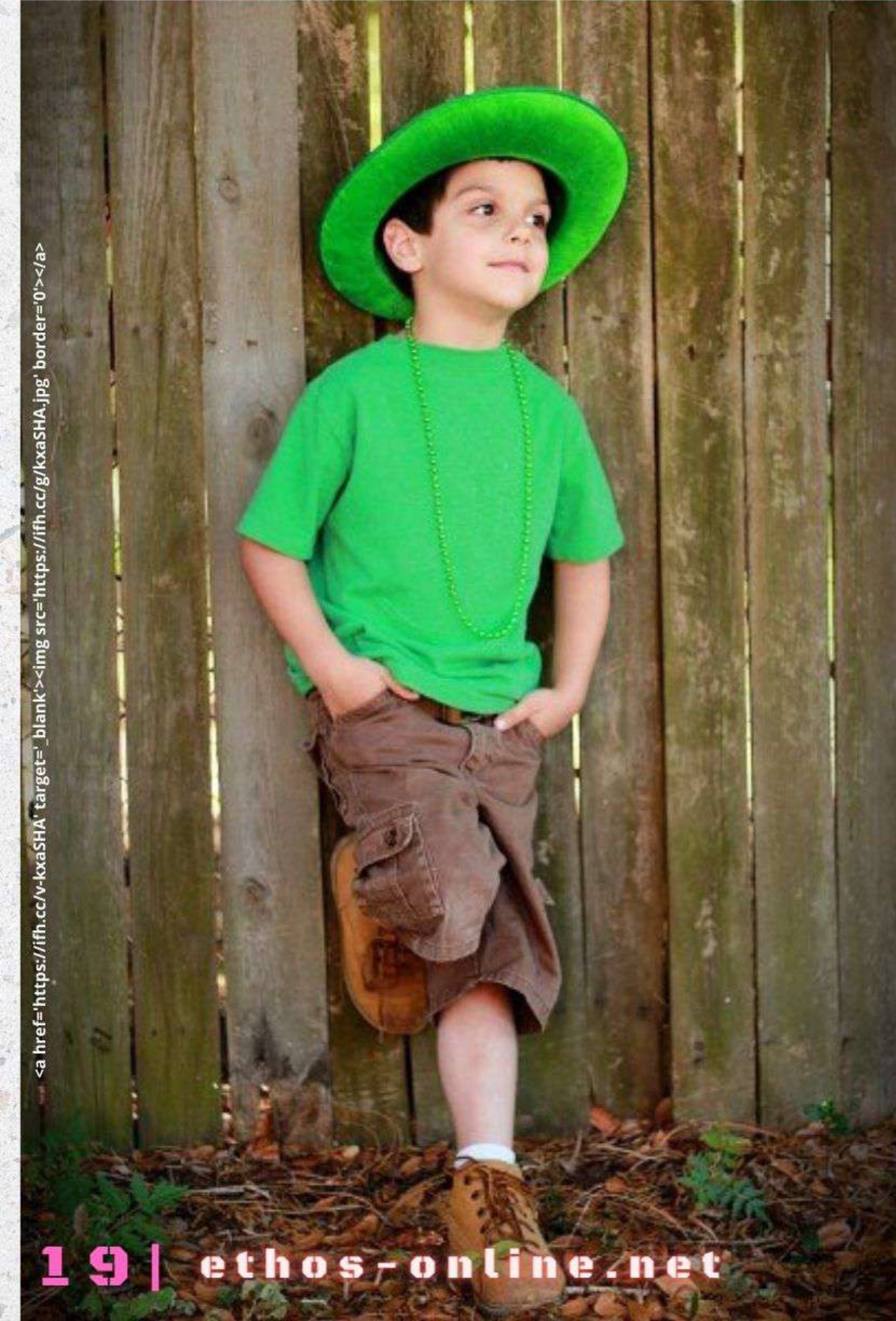
*The  
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# Shamrock Boys







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**DiaperDad21**  
**part 1**

**By Zoomzoom4**

**201**

[ethos-online.net](http://ethos-online.net)

**Interviews**

**ZOOMZOOM4:** *Your name is DiaperDad21.*

**DIAPERDAD21:** *Yes. Well my pseudonym.*

**ZZ4:** *Tell us about yourself. What are the basics of DiaperDad21?*

**DD21:** *Well I'm a middle-aged guy from an average middle class upbringing in Midwest suburbia. Very dysfunctional family life growing up. I don't think anyone grows up in a non-dysfunctional home.*

**ZZ4:** *And you're middle-aged? So in your 40s or 50s?*

**DD21:** *I'm 50 years old.*

**ZZ4:** *Okay, and what's the term for a 50 year old? A half-centennial, I think?*

**DD21:** *Hmm ... not certain. "Half-way over"?*  
*(laughs)*

**ZZ4:** *Do you think families have anyways been dysfunctional? I think in the old times they just hid the dysfunction. Now they turn it into reality TV and YouTube channels.*

**DD21:** *In public we'd better look like the Bradys. Or get a beating when we got home. I was raised by a man who grew up in the hard times of the Depression, and he lost his mom when he was 14. By 15 he was on the streets by himself. He was not capable of love.*

**ZZ4:** *This is your dad?*

**DD21:** Yes.

**ZZ4:** Your real dad?

**DD21:** Yes. My dad was 47 when I was born in 1971.

**ZZ4:** How about your mom?

**DD21:** My mom was 27.

**ZZ4:** Twenty years younger than him.

**DD21:** Twenty year age difference between them, yes. She was born into a sharecropper family of the South. My mom met him through work. He was still married when they met.

**ZZ4:** How interesting that they fell in love, being such disparate ages. What did they talk about, I wonder?

**DD21:** I don't know if it was love as much as opportunistic on both of their parts. My mom was recently single with one son. She was living in her car, and the park. My dad was a labor organizer and was trying to unionize where she worked.

**ZZ4:** Do you have any brothers or sisters?

**DD21:** I have brothers and one sister. Yes technically half-siblings, but I don't use this term.

**ZZ4:** No, I don't like that term either.

**DD21:** E, B, D, R, C, R, R ... This is the initials of the boys, including me.

**ZZ4:** *Oh, that is a big family.*

**DD21:** *They are all my dad's sons. My brother T from my mom isn't included in the above.*

**ZZ4:** *How come?*

**DD21:** *Just how I separated them.*

**ZZ4:** *What was it like growing up in that type of environment?*

**DD21:** *Oh the only ones in our house were brothers T, C, R and R. My older siblings were married and had children of their own by the time I was born. I was an uncle upon birth. My first foray into mental health was my mom's first suicide attempt when I was 6. She was hospitalized for what seemed like months to me at age 6.*

**ZZ4:** *When was her next attempt?*

**DD21:** *When I was in my teens. I don't remember being sad over her attempts at suicide. I was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic when I was 14.*

**ZZ4:** *Do you think her mental health issues influenced you and your situation?*

**DD21:** *I felt she was just trying to escape all the unhappiness. I understood even at 6 that she was sad non-stop.*

**ZZ4:** *Do you think any part of your condition is genetic?*

**DD21:** *I think my dad's advanced age, plus his sexual, physical and mental abuse...*

*all contributed to my schizophrenia. I think there is a genetic predisposition for schizophrenia, and it has a lock. So it needs to be turned on. Which, when the right combination of events happen, it will turn on.*

*ZZ4: So the genetic predisposition adds to the combination of events, and that turns it on.*

*DD21: Yes. Research indicates negative life events can have a profound effect on someone who is already predisposed to having schizophrenia due to genetics.*

*ZZ4: I always thought it was nature OR nurture, I never really considered that it could be a combination of both.*

*DD21: So let's say these events are never present. Then, said individual may not ever have a psychotic break.*

*ZZ4: Even if that person was genetically predisposed. Because there were not those negative events present to unlock it.*

*DD21: Correct. Head trauma is another event that can turn it on.*

*ZZ4: So you were first diagnosed at age 14.*

*DD21: Yes with schizophrenia.*

*ZZ4: When did you first start showing symptoms?*

*DD21: You mean when I was first aware of something? At 14, prior to diagnosis, but I had events happen as early as the first grade, that I believe were signs of my schizophrenia.*



**ZZ4: So, what happened when you were 14?**

**DD21: I was working a part time job at 14 at a local fast food restaurant. I was waiting to start my shift, and was eating a meal, plus listening to AC/DC on a Walkman I'd recieved as a gift. When the song ended a voice came on, and commanded me to burn my family's house down with them in it. At first I thought someone had messed with my tape. So I turned it off, and took off the headphones. However the voice was still there. I was hospitalized soon after this.**

**ZZ4: Who's voice was it? Someone you knew? A stranger?**

**DD21: He sounds like a demon. No not someone I know. You know the voice you have that says hey zoom don't forget butter at the store?**

**ZZ4: Yes. And that is scary stuff there. Seriously. That must have freaked you out.**

**DD21: Yes, I freaked out. He was telling me to kill my family. I named him.**

**ZZ4: Did he just start off right away, with straight to family killing?**

**DD21: Yes.**

**ZZ4: No period of trying to fool you into thinking he's a nice guy.**

**DD21: DD21: No, he doesn't give a fuck what I think of him. He isn't a nice guy.**

**ZZ4: Okay and if you didn't, were there threats?**

**DD21:** He told me I was a fucking loser and that I should instead kill me.

**ZZ4:** How did you react the first time?

**DD21:** I told. Then I got hospitalized

**ZZ4:** You told your family?

**DD21:** Yes.

**ZZ4:** What did you say?

**DD21:** I told them Mr. Zero told me to burn our house down with them in it.

**ZZ4:** How did you come up with that name? What does the "Zero" signify?

**DD21:** I named him that because he is binary.

**ZZ4:** I'm getting the idea that you're a pretty logical, rational person.

**DD21:** That is my autism. I'm very self aware of my schizophrenia.

**ZZ4:** I always thought most schizophrenics were not very self aware, only a few.

**DD21:** Correct, this isn't true of all schizophrenics. But I have had psychosis where I have an incredibly difficult time with what is real, and what my mind is creating. My paranoia is usually a very big issue for me.

**ZZ4:** Does medication help with that?

**DD21:** Yes the medication helps tremendously. But it only helps and doesn't actually cure my schizophrenia. I have an extremely difficult time with anyone, but especially authoritative figures criticizing me. Especially when done in a way in which the general public sees it.

*Because of my paranoia. I constantly feel people don't like me. Even if you tell me a million times you do. This includes people I've been in a loving relationship with as well. It's very stressful when you are in this thought process.*

*ZZ4: It's interesting because you seem like a pretty social person, outgoing.*

*DD21: I want to have friends. Also I mimic behavior. That's an autistic way of blending in. Okay so I was born at 7 months. I also didn't breathe right away after birth. I have a scar on one heel where they tested for mental retardation. I had to be in special education as a kid and teen, because of my autism, and behavioral issues. However I'm very far from being dumb. I hold a BBA in Management and an MBA in Marketing.*

*ZZ4: You've overcome many obstacles in life, beginning with how you said you stopped breathing shortly after being born. What was that all about?*

*DD21: No I didn't stop breathing right away. I'd not started breathing to begin with.*

*ZZ4: So you came out not breathing. Oh shit.*

*DD21: Yes, correct. Even when (the doctor) smacked (me) on the bottom, I didn't want to breathe. My mom said the doctor ran some test where they pricked the back of my heel to collect blood to test for retardation.*

**ZZ4: Why there? That's odd.**

**DD21: The blood sample is to test for internal retardation. Not entirely sure, to be honest. It's collected on a piece of paper.**

**ZZ4: What made them think you were retarded?**

**DD21: They do this when you don't breathe. The lack of oxygen can potentially cause issues.**

**ZZ4: How long did you go without breathing?**

**DD21: I don't know, but long enough to cause concern. We stayed in the hospital for weeks after (my) birth.**

**ZZ4: I'm glad you started breathing.**

**DD21: Yes, as am I. Had to learn to suckle to eat properly, as this is a skill learned in utero. And I was born prior to acquiring this skill.**

**ZZ4: How do you learn that, at such a young age?**

**DD21: They give you a bottle, I believe, and manually move your mouth and such.**

**ZZ4: Ah sort of like training a puppy.**

**DD21: I'd imagine similar.**

**ZZ4: Well it sounds like you've always been a fighter, even from your first moments.**

**DD21: I think this is an innate desire in all of us to do what's necessary to persevere. I don't think this is a special thing intrinsic to just me.**

**ZZ4: It's the survival instinct.**

**DD21: Yes, self survival.**

**ZZ4:** So from there your challenges only increased. You met Mr. Zero at age 14, and then there was the subsequent diagnosis. And while all this is going on ... you are discoverig that your sexuality is, to put it mildly, out of the mainstream.

**DD21:** Yes, and the way I had to learn it was interesting. I had to realize that not all the other boys were sexually attracted to boys younger than themselves. Or to boys at all, for that matter.

**ZZ4:** It came as a surprise? Finding out that not everyone likes boys? How did you deal with this, then? Did you have a coping mechanism?

**DD21:** Well I had a friend who was a year younger than I who I'd developed a friendship with, where we explored our sexuality in what would be considered probably pretty typical for adolescence. However, I'd think of his much younger brother while we'd play. He of course didnt know this, and I didn't dare actually physically touch his brother. So even at a young age I recognized that some lines couldn't be crossed.

**ZZ4:** Thinking of his much younger brother ... there's the BL twist to the whole thing.

**DD21:** Plus I figured if I told him I was into his kid brother he might not be very happy with me.

**ZZ4:** No, I don't think he would be, either. How old was his brother?

**DD21:** He was around 5 or 6.

**ZZ4:** And you were, what ... 11?

**DD21:** I'd say 12 or 13.

**ZZ4:** It probably seemed like you guys were exploring your gay-ness. But you were discovering something else about yourself.

**DD21:** Well he eventually went on to identify as heterosexual and marry. And yes exactly for me, it never changed to adults. I kept thinking I'd grow out of finding younger boys sexy as I aged, but I didn't. My attraction towards them only grew more.

**ZZ4:** Did that cause you distress, as you reached young adulthood? Here you are, an adult, and still finding young boys hot.

**DD21:** Not so much distress, as I knew I couldn't exactly be upfront with partners about it. I couldn't tell them. What would I say? "When I have sex with you, I'm imagining I'm with a pre-pubescent boy."

**ZZ4:** So you did have partners, then. Same-age females? Or did you go the gay route?

**DD21:** I preferred male partners. So the gay route.

**ZZ4:** Did you ever experiment with females at all?

**DD21:** Yes, I was briefly married to a female. From age 21 to 25.

**ZZ4:** Okay so I have to ask ... was she hot? (Laughs) Or at least fairly attractive?

**DD21:** She had bigger tits than Dolly Parton.

**ZZ4:** Oh shit, okay well too bad that's not your thing. So when you got the divorce, how did that go? Did you ask for it, or did she?

**DD21:** She left me, and it was amicable. So I handled all the legal papers and filings, without the use of a lawyer.

**ZZ4:** What did she leave you based on? What reason did she give you?

**DD21:** She was fucking another guy. And she accidentally called my mom's house thinking she was calling his house one morning to let him know she was running late to pick him up for work, as they were co-workers. I'd still be married to her, if not for that.

**ZZ4:** Oh my goodness. So she got busted.

**DD21:** Yes she did.

**ZZ4:** She otherwise wouldn't have confessed. Wow ...

**DD21:** She begged my mom not to tell me.

**ZZ4:** Haha good luck with that one, babe. Of course your mom's going to tell you.

**DD21:** Yeah, my mom pretty much told her that.

**ZZ4:** And you didn't pick up any signs of her infidelity?

**DD21:** Yes, I had a good idea of it prior to this. So I asked her point blank that evening, "You're fucking him, aren't you?" Her hesitation to answer me was the answer.

**To be continue...**



# Alice Lovers Magazine



## Alice Lovers Magazine Issue #4

**Grace and Graham Ovenden**  
The destruction of art

**7 aims of girl love**  
Values we stand for

**Losing Lovers**  
A story of young friends

**Protecting Positivity**  
What assuming harm does

**Self-Acceptance**  
One Girl Lover's struggle



## Alice Lovers Magazine Issue 5

**The current Political MAP**  
Tom O'Carroll's insight into the trials & troubles of MAP politics, & the PNVD party

**unprotected & Facing Danger**  
A harrowingly deep dive into the follies of child protection

**Little & Smart!**  
An exploration of how brilliant children truly are

**Ageless Friends**  
The story of a forever friendship

**Stopped...**  
A Girl Lover's time in prison





I will be  
your  
friend

By LtDreamer

***I Will  
Be  
Your  
Friend***

You may or may not have seen them, but a popular shirt these days has just the simple text, "I will be your friend." Adults and children are both wearing these in increasing numbers, and they can be found on Amazon and Facebook. The origin of these shirts began with a simple request from a 6-year-old boy from Georgia. In 2019, Blake Rajahn could have had his mom make any shirt he wanted for his first day at school. His answer was simple: A bright orange shirt with green lettering and the words, "I will be your friend."


After thinking about it, Blake asked her, "Will you please make me a shirt that says 'I will be your friend' for all the kids who need a friend, to know that I am here for them?" During the summer before school, Blake participated in a toothbrush and toothpaste drive for the Real Life Center, a local nonprofit that aims to help families and individuals. He had insisted that his mom take him to the store to buy toothbrushes and toothpaste with his own money, \$20.

Nikki Rajahn, Blake's mother, shared a photo of him wearing the shirt on Facebook. The post quickly had over 10,000 likes and soon became viral over several social media platforms. Now Nikki had a new custom shirt-making business and hundreds of requests for the "I will be your friend" shirts. As for Blake, he returned home and shared stories of being recognized at school from the Facebook post. However, just taking everything in stride, he was happier about the fun he had on his first day at school.



*Flirting  
With  
Soccer  
boy  
Part 1*

*By Realme*



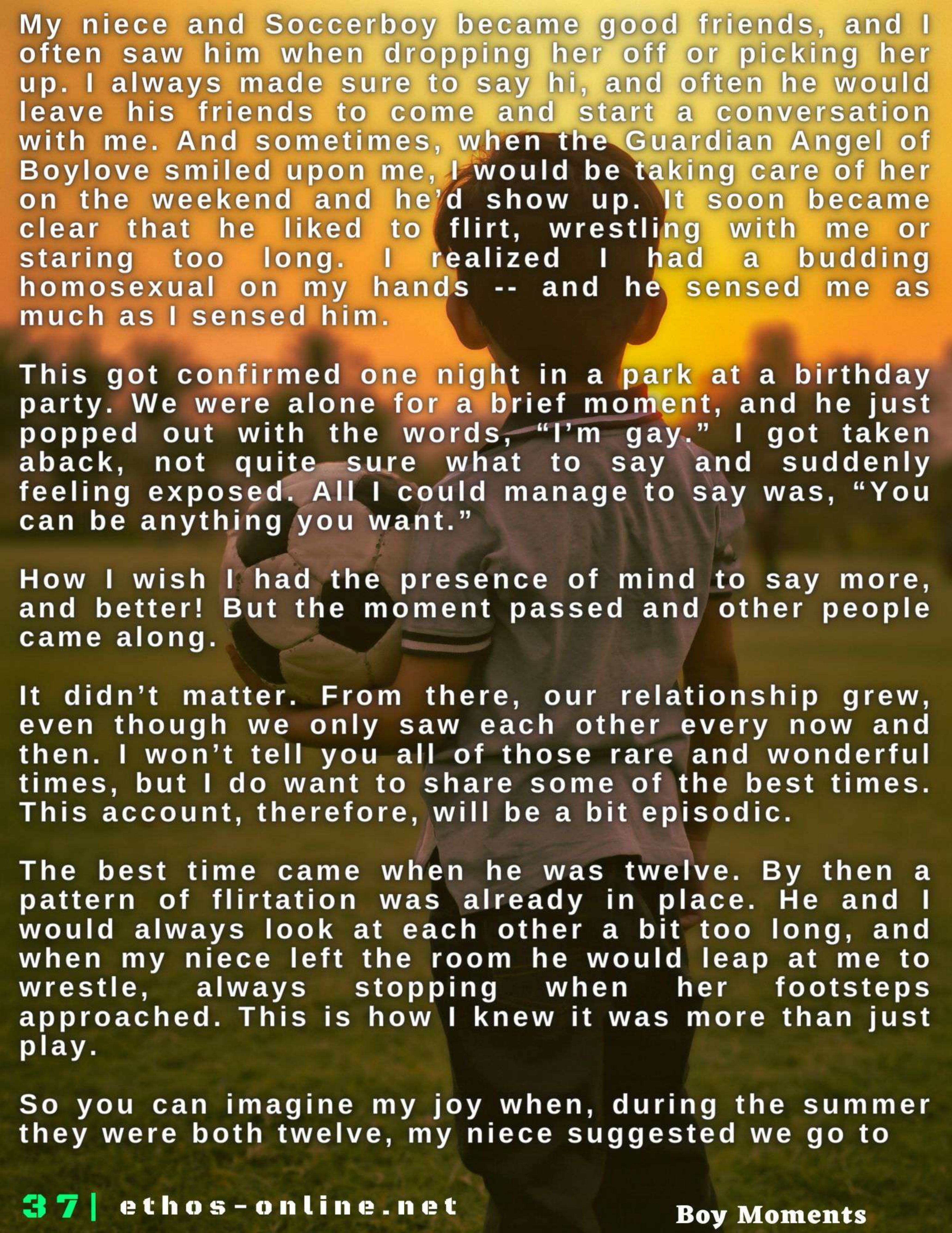
Soccerboy was not a young friend in the strictest sense of the word. I only saw him infrequently, perhaps five or six times a year from the time he was 10 to 14. Somehow that led to a secretive flirtation that never strayed into the realm of illegality but tied me up in years of emotional knots.

I first met Soccerboy, like many boys in my life, through my niece. Her parents are both busy professionals and work on the opposite side of town from her school, while I live only a few blocks from her school. So when she was younger I often volunteered to drop her off or pick her up, and often attended her sports matches. Aren't I helpful? The perfect uncle! I was happy to help out. I love my niece in an entirely Platonic way, plus it gave me a chance to meet her classmates.

My niece loved soccer, and one time when I came to pick her up she was amid a gaggle of kids kicking a ball around the school field. I noticed one 10-year-old boy immediately. Gangly and goofy, with awkward movements, he nonetheless was the best player among them, by far. He had blonde hair, a big grin, and the most beautiful eyes of a unique shade of amber.

When the ball flew out of bounds right to my feet, I thanked the Guardian Angel of Boylovers and picked it up. He ran up to me. I pretended to throw it to him, and psyched him out. He laughed. I did it again and then held the ball overhead, out of reach. He laughed again, then motioned seriously for me to give it to him. Playing soccer was more important to him than playing with his friend's uncle.

So I watched from the sidelines, contenting myself with this brief interaction. Little did I know it would grow.



My niece and Soccerboy became good friends, and I often saw him when dropping her off or picking her up. I always made sure to say hi, and often he would leave his friends to come and start a conversation with me. And sometimes, when the Guardian Angel of Boylove smiled upon me, I would be taking care of her on the weekend and he'd show up. It soon became clear that he liked to flirt, wrestling with me or staring too long. I realized I had a budding homosexual on my hands -- and he sensed me as much as I sensed him.

This got confirmed one night in a park at a birthday party. We were alone for a brief moment, and he just popped out with the words, "I'm gay." I got taken aback, not quite sure what to say and suddenly feeling exposed. All I could manage to say was, "You can be anything you want."

How I wish I had the presence of mind to say more, and better! But the moment passed and other people came along.

It didn't matter. From there, our relationship grew, even though we only saw each other every now and then. I won't tell you all of those rare and wonderful times, but I do want to share some of the best times. This account, therefore, will be a bit episodic.

The best time came when he was twelve. By then a pattern of flirtation was already in place. He and I would always look at each other a bit too long, and when my niece left the room he would leap at me to wrestle, always stopping when her footsteps approached. This is how I knew it was more than just play.

So you can imagine my joy when, during the summer they were both twelve, my niece suggested we go to

the public swimming pool. It's a large place, and old-fashioned in the sense that it has a communal dressing room for men, instead of a separate dressing room for children as many of the more modern pools do.

As my niece went into the ladies changing room and Soccerboy and I entered the male changing room, my throat went dry and my heart beat fast. There were only a few other people in the large changing room, all busy with their own affairs, and no one paid attention to the man and the boy they no doubt assumed were father and son.

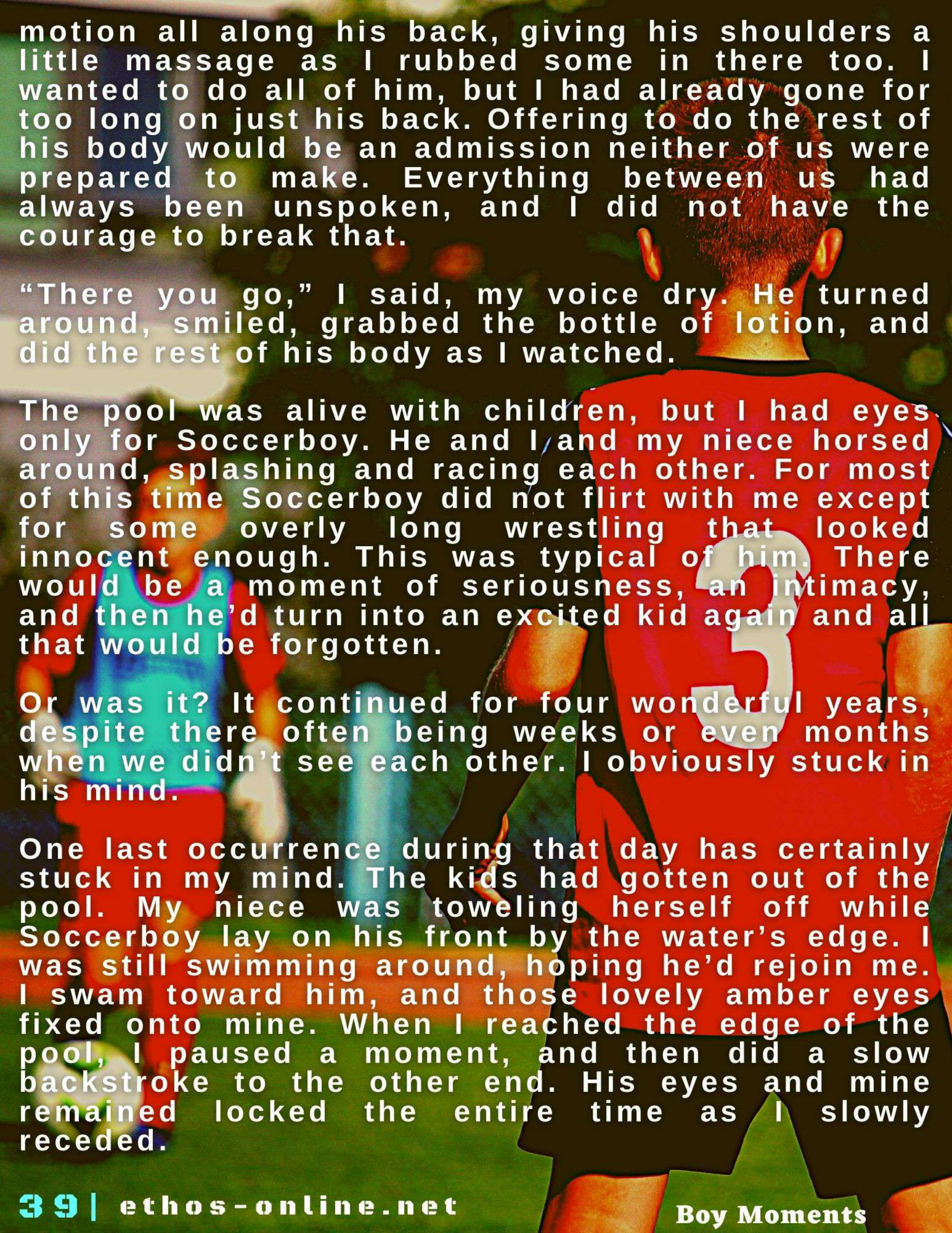
We paused at one of the benches by the lockers, me putting my bag down that contained my swimsuit and towel. As I pulled those out, he hesitated a moment and then went to one of the private changing cubicles. I felt a mixture of disappointment and relief.

I changed, and when he came out I was busy putting on suntan lotion.

"You need some of this," I said. "You have very pale skin and it's hot today."

"Can you get my back?" he asked. I almost had a heart attack right then and there. He turned around, stepped back until he was almost touching me, and bent over.

Trying to keep my composure, I poured some suntan lotion in my hand and began to spread it over his skinny, smooth back. Soccerboy remained completely still and silent as I moved my hands in a gentle



motion all along his back, giving his shoulders a little massage as I rubbed some in there too. I wanted to do all of him, but I had already gone for too long on just his back. Offering to do the rest of his body would be an admission neither of us were prepared to make. Everything between us had always been unspoken, and I did not have the courage to break that.

“There you go,” I said, my voice dry. He turned around, smiled, grabbed the bottle of lotion, and did the rest of his body as I watched.

The pool was alive with children, but I had eyes only for Soccerboy. He and I and my niece horsed around, splashing and racing each other. For most of this time Soccerboy did not flirt with me except for some overly long wrestling that looked innocent enough. This was typical of him. There would be a moment of seriousness, an intimacy, and then he'd turn into an excited kid again and all that would be forgotten.

Or was it? It continued for four wonderful years, despite there often being weeks or even months when we didn't see each other. I obviously stuck in his mind.

One last occurrence during that day has certainly stuck in my mind. The kids had gotten out of the pool. My niece was toweling herself off while Soccerboy lay on his front by the water's edge. I was still swimming around, hoping he'd rejoin me. I swam toward him, and those lovely amber eyes fixed onto mine. When I reached the edge of the pool, I paused a moment, and then did a slow backstroke to the other end. His eyes and mine remained locked the entire time as I slowly receded.



I didn't see him for a while after that and wondered how we would be when I met him at the park with my niece. He was quite happy to see me again, which was a relief. After long absences I'm always worried a boy will forget about me. Time moves slower for children, after all, and a couple of months feel like years.

We decided to go play ping pong at the park near my house. It's an easy walk from my place. My niece also brought along her soccer ball. At least she thought she did. When she opened up her bag, she discovered she had brought her basket ball.

Getting grumpy,, she declared that she'd go back to my place and get her ball. She walks alone all the time in my neighborhood and it's quite safe, so I let her go.

That gave me and Soccerboy twenty blessed minutes to play ping pong together. We had a good time catching up. We talked the whole time and I asked him all sorts of questions about school and soccer, and he asked me about my job and my recent trip to China. We've always done a lot of horseplay. Well, that resumed. Whenever the ball would fly out of bounds we'd both run for it and start wrestling to be the first to get it. One time he grabbed it and turned his back as I reached for it. Suddenly my arms were around him, trying to get the ball, and he was bent over, pressed against me.

He suddenly said, "No," and I backed off, because that's what you do when someone says no.

I really felt worried. "No" was all he had said, and it had come out quickly, automatically. Had I gone too far? But he acted like nothing happened and we started playing again. When the ball went out of bounds again (on his serve) he ran for it, I decided not to run after him.



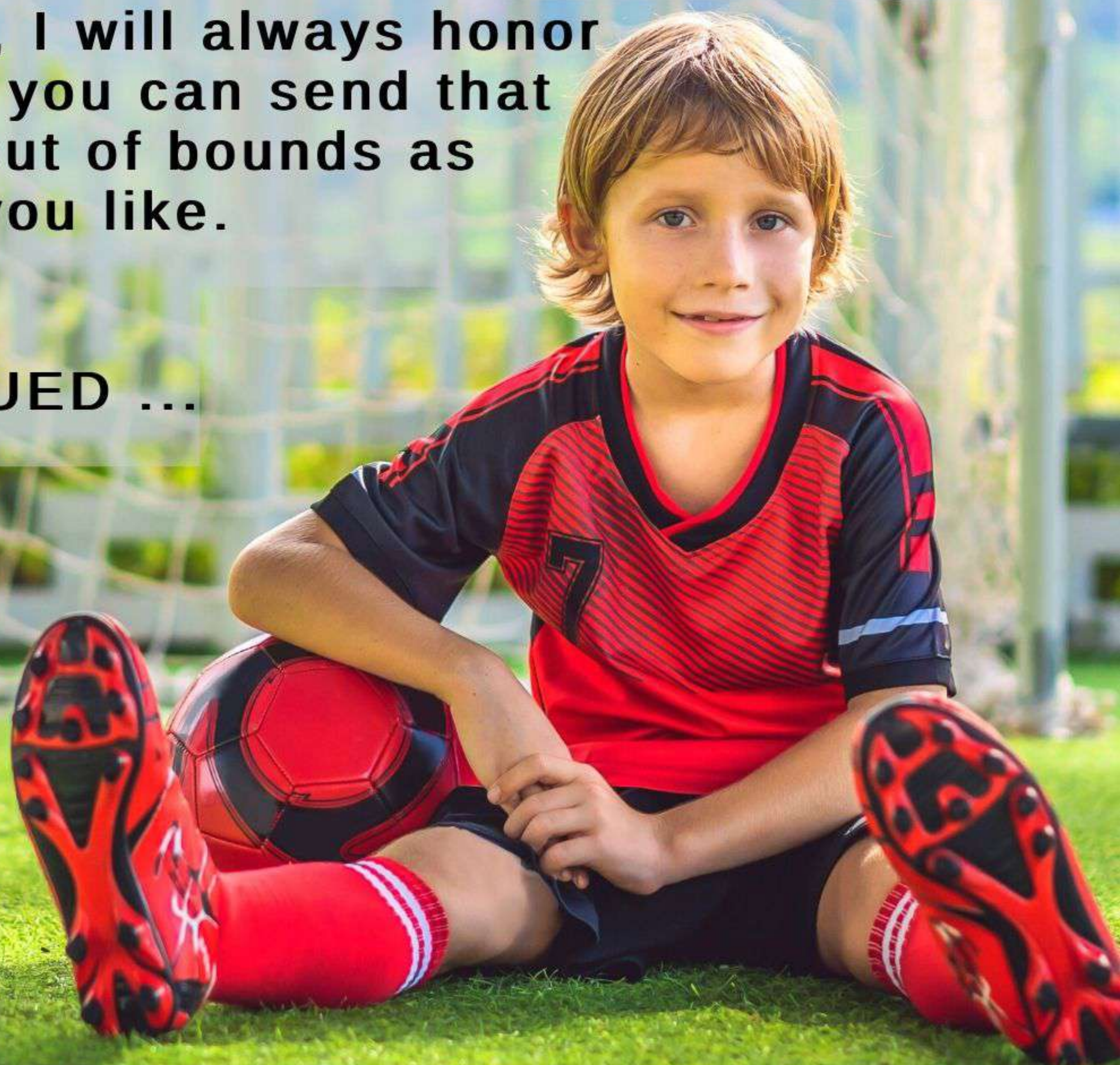
**"I'm going to get it!" he shouted, grinning as he looked over his shoulder at me. I took that as an invitation and ran for it.**

**He giggled and got it before me, actually bumping into me and wrestling as he moved back to the ping pong table. A minute later he again sent it out of bounds, and I got to it first. Then it was his turn to try and wrestle it away from me. I did not say no.**

**This happened a few more times, and I got the sense that he had been testing me, seeing if he could set limits that I would honor.**

**Yes, Soccerboy, I will always honor your limits, and you can send that ping pong ball out of bounds as many times as you like.**

**TO BE CONTINUED ...**



# Song of Pederastic Desire

By Pindar



One must pluck loves, my heart, in due  
season and at the proper age

Ah! But any man who catches with his glance  
The bright rays flashing from Theoxenus' eyes

And is not tossed on the waves of desire

Has a black heart of adamant or iron

Forged in a cold flame, and dishonored by Aphrodite  
of the arching brow

He either toils compulsively for money

Or, as a slave, is towed down a path utterly cold

By a woman's boldness

But I, by the will of the Love Goddess, melt

Like the wax of holy bees stung by the sun's heat

Whenever I look upon the fresh-limbed youth of boys

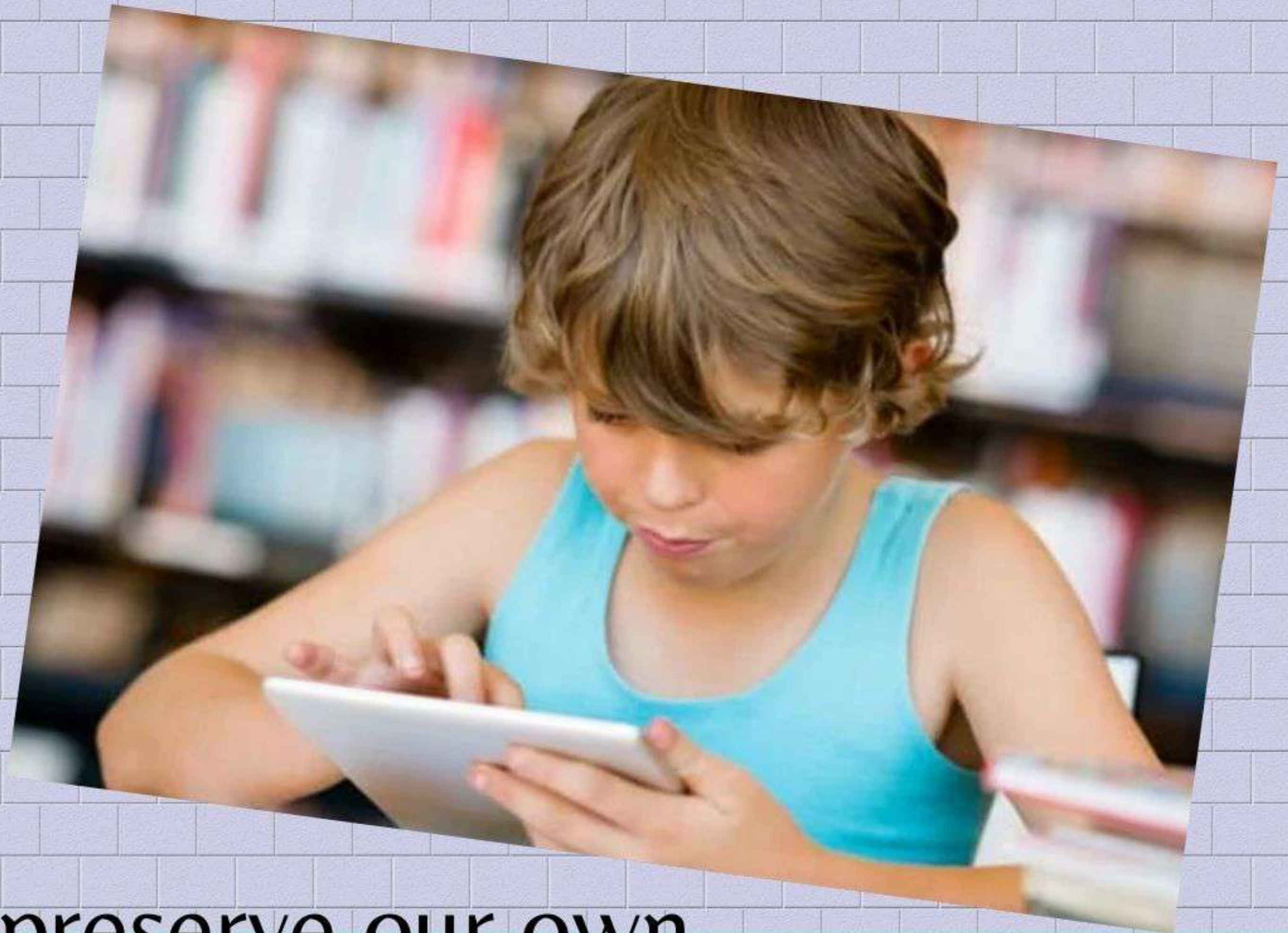
And surely even on the isle of Tenedos

Seduction and Grace dwell In the son of Hagesilas

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## **TEARS**

I returned home in a state of melancholy. A state of extreme apprehension overwhelmed me. The seconds dragged by, each slower than the one before. The longest night ever ...

# **A PERFECT**

*Love*

**Part 2**

**By Darius**

slowly ... passed ... by. The dawn and the day finally arrived, and with much trepidation, I called Brian's mom. I was afraid she would not take my call, yet she did. Straight to the point I asked, "Why? What has happened?"

She told me that some workers who were painting the house next door, had said they saw some "inappropriate behavior" with Brian and me on the trampoline yesterday.

I was shocked, for Brian and I were merely wrestling. "Inappropriate behavior" ... that was what she said. What did that mean? What did they think we were doing, exactly?

Desperate, I told her we were just playing as usual and to please talk to Brian. She said they already did and Brian had told them that nothing had happened, but for now she needed some time. Then she said she would call me soon.

Two restless days went by. I missed Brian so much. I could not do anything. Eat, sleep, work ... I remained in almost a catatonic state. Finally I could not bear waiting any longer, and I called again. His younger brother, Kevin answered, he seemed reluctant to talk to me and would not fetch Brian to the phone, but did take my message for mom to call me. After a short time she did call me. She told me that she understands that I'm in pain, and so was Brian, and so we set a meeting to talk the following day.

We met at the same park where I first met Brian. When Brian saw me he ran over and I picked him up and we hugged each other; both of us had tears in our eyes. He began sobbing and I just held into him, ever so tight, tears streaming down both our faces.

After what seemed like an eternity I had to let him go. Mom was visibly moved from our display of affection. She asked him to give us a few minutes alone, and he went a few yards away playing with his ever-present soccer ball. While we talked he would glance every so often in our direction, making an instant connection with me, seeking it seemed, assurances that I am still there. Nancy and I talked about how much I loved and needed Brian in my life; she admitted that this week was very difficult for her son, as well. He was withdrawn beyond his usual self, he

wasn't eating, he wasn't interacting with the family. In a sense he was extremely depressed. She wanted us back together, but his dad would be problematic about that. She wanted time to talk with him. She then gave me a hug and said hang in there, you guys will be back together soon, just be patient.

Then she allowed me to drive Brian home, and she went off on errands. I drove Brian home, driving the longest two miles ever in my life. I wanted every second I could to be with him. Being apart for the first time ever, had made me realize how incredibly in love I was with this boy. We hugged each other tightly as I drove. Then I reached his house and carried him in, hugging him ever so tightly. Then we had to say goodbye.

Two days went by before Nancy finally called me and said to meet them at Brian's older brother's baseball game. I can talk with his dad at this time, she said. She worked something out, but we must talk. I became hopeful, but the apprehension still remained.

I met them and began my talk with his dad. He mentioned nothing of our play, but wanted me to cut back on the time spent at his house. I quickly agreed. I did not care, I was just happy to be able to be with the boy I loved so much. I would have agreed to anything, seriously.

I immediately called Brian and told him the good news ... and man and boy were indeed happy. Once again. We talked until the cell phone batteries were exhausted. I did not see a moment of the baseball game. I cut back shortly the amount of time spent with Brian, but this lasted only a week, as his dad worked about 80 hours a week and the boys enjoyed my company. Life for us, returned to as it was before.


## ***P a r t i n g***

Brian and I were only separated twice in the following years;

once was when I talked him into going on his class trip into the local mountains. I knew I would miss him terribly, but I also knew he would rather enjoy himself. The day of the trip, I drove him to school and gave him a long hug goodbye. I began missing him the moment I returned to my car and drove home. And even though I spent the week with his two younger brothers, many times I found myself staring off into the mountains, thinking somewhere up there was my beloved Brian.

Friday came and it was finally time to collect him from school. I stood amongst the many parents waiting to be reunited with their sons or daughters, knowing no one here can match the yearning I had to see a loved one returned. The buses arrived and about a hundred kids disembarked, anxiously peering at the crowds to find a familiar face.

I could not see my Brian. I walked past a boy in a baseball cap who was very tanned, then in an instant realized it was my Brian! He looked at me and smiled, and I went right over and hugged this boy who has captured all my love, right in front of his entire class. Was I concerned? No, I wanted them to see. I wanted the whole WORLD to see ... how much a man and a boy can LOVE each other.



But no one paid us a moment's attention. They all walked past, oblivious of the incredible love we shared. Most probably thought I was his dad. Only his best friend at school knew who I was.

The second time we were to be separated, was for his dad ritual. Whenever his son turns 13, he would take them on a road trip up north to visit the grandparents. On this trip he would have the "Birds and the Bees" talk. Brian and I had long discussed sex, but he dreaded the imminent discussion. He was torn about leaving, the trip excited him and he wanted to see his grandparents, but he did not want to be away from me so long. We talked about it and I promised to call him every night exactly at 8:00 pm.

I remembered being the last person to hug him good-bye, and watched as dad drove my loved boy away from me, his wave goodbye growing smaller and smaller, until he was gone, again. I spent this week also with the two younger boys; they seemed happy to have my attention now, solely on them without having to be second to Brian, and even though I loved them very much and they loved me, my heart still ached for Brian. I missed him every moment that he was away from me.

## Death

Brian soon returned to me and we remained inseparable as the years flew by. We enjoyed life moments; made so much greater by the company of each other's presence. He, with my constant help, continued doing remarkable in school.



In the fall I coached his soccer team. Yet the summers were made specifically for us. Many a summer day was spent embarking on some adventure, man and boy, together. The love between us so intense you could almost see it burning in the air. We had a happiness, rivaled only by the endless blue sky. And this blue eyed angel was mine, in all his beauty, his being, his most kind and caring self, the most marvelous boy ever. Nothing, it seems would ever intrude upon us. We were perfect; we made each other complete. I had thought we could never be torn apart. If it was only so.

After Brian entered the eleventh grade, he seemed a bit distracted: something was bothering him, yet when queried, he denied anything being wrong. But many times I would stare at my boy's blue eyes and I could tell, he was miles away. One day he came to me and asked about a girl that was asking him to accompany her to a school dance. I asked him if he liked her, was she nice, would he want to go with her? He answered yes to these and I suggested he should go, and he did. And in that one dance, that one instant, Brian was gone. Gone was the most wonderful, caring, loving boy I had ever known. Gone to a girl, whose evil was only beginning.

From now on, Brian spent all of his time with his new girlfriend. He made plans and then cancelled, numerous times with me. She had replaced me, almost overnight, as Brian spent every free moment with her. I would come over, only to learn that he was with her or is preparing to go with her. A great sadness overwhelmed me. My only solace was that Kyle now sought out and captured my attention. I began spending all my time with Kyle, as Brian no longer had time for me. Yet even though I was enjoying Kyle's friendship, I missed Brian dearly.

I finally got an audience with him and we drove to the park where we had first met. I asked him if he still loves me and he quickly replied yes, but when I asked why there is no more time in his life for me, he only looked at the floor and could not answer. I told him that if he really did love me he would not exclude me from his life; he would not leave me alone, as he now so often has.

I then asked him a question that I know would tear my heart if he answered what I feared he would. I asked him, if he had a choice of only one of us in his life (me or her) who would it be? Brian waited for almost three minutes then looked at the floor again and answered. And for the second time in recent years, my body went numb with pain, with sheer hurt. I sat in the car just staring off at nothing, and tears began flowing down my cheeks. The tears just flowed uncontrollably. Brian upon seeing this, too began crying, and we held each other and just cried.

I was to give him his freedom, he knew this, yet his love for me was enough for him to feel the pain he no doubt would cause me. I wiped the tears away and I kissed him, just once more. Then, without a word, we drove home. The silence between us was deafening. We were ever so close, yet kept apart by an invisible wall, like glass. We could see, but had lost our ability to reach out and touch each other.

**Kyle**

Brian now devoted all of his time to Nikki; he would spend all times after school with her or would bring her home. I withdrew into the company of Kyle's burgeoning friendship. I had come to love this boy very much and did my best to ignore Brian and the witch. I devoted all my time to his every whim and he thoroughly relished in my affection. There were moments that Brian made a feeble attempt at civility, when she was not around; and he would come to me with great enthusiasm proud over a grade he received from school, but I would simply remain aloof and reply, "That's nice" instead of my customary praise and adulations.

He had hurt me. and even though I loved him so, I wanted him to feel some of the hurt he had bestowed upon me. He eventually stopped even these, and I gave Kyle my total attention. And so it was, we soon hardly said hi to each other. Like the leaves of fall, our friendship also seemed to have fallen and died.

Nikki slowly entrenched herself into the family. She started spending as much time as I did with them. She even had the audacity to try and take my place (between Brian and Kyle) at the dinner table. Once she secured Brian, she began working on Brian's younger brother Kevin. And soon, the boy that once wrote about me being his best, best, (page full of "best") friend, began to turn against me. Then Kevin was gone.

Nikki then turned her attention to Kyle, but Kyle loved me and he resisted her futile attempts. Fall soon yields into winter and Christmas beckoned. And the yearly ritual of Brian and mom and me trimming the tree was not to be. Brian went off to Nikki's, leaving his toy red bi-plane to Kyle. We trimmed the tree with Kyle happily taking Brian's place, where now Kyle and I played with the bi-planes around the tree. My yellow airplane engaged in playful dogfight against the red one, now with a new pilot.

On Christmas morning 1999, Brian seemed happy (as he always was at Christmas). I had already presented their gifts and he was leaving to spend the day with her. I went to his room, a room that once held countless Lego's -- now long discarded under orders from her. Brian was connecting his stereo, and I offered to help. He surprisingly accepted, and we got the stereo plugged in correctly. I then asked for a special Christmas gift. He thought very briefly then said yes. And on the last Christmas of this century, I once again kissed the boy I loved so very much.

He then left for Nikki's and I returned to Kyle, who now sat in my lap all this Christmas day, as we played with his new toys. Soon it was the New Year celebration, and off they went: my Kyle, Brian, Nikki and the rest of the family, to celebrate without me. So while the world reveled in the passing of one millennium and the beginning of another, I went to sleep early, my heart saddened at its loneliness. Then somewhere in the night, a thousand years went by and a thousand years began.

## **G o o d b y e**

**Nikki soon got Brian's mom on her side and she now became cold and distant towards me. Together, they pressured Kyle for still loving me. This fact pained me. I loved Kyle now so much that it would hurt me so to say goodbye, but it was something that I had to do. I wrote Nancy a letter of goodbye. And took Kyle to our park, and explained why I could not see him any more. He cried, and I for the third time at that same park cried. Yet even though deeply saddened, he understood. He said he would never forget me, ever, and we had our last hug and kiss. I watched him walk inside ... no one else came out to say goodbye. And ... I drove away for the last time. Away, from what had been my second home for five years. All the memories of things we did ... still so vivid. I did not cry, for somehow I knew this day would come, and now that it had finally happened I was at peace with myself. I was to miss Kyle so dearly, for months.**

**The winter of my discontent melted into spring, and still my heart carried the burden of someone missing. Kyle was a convenient distraction after Brian left, but I had grown to love him as much as I loved Brian. My heart ached so. I had other friends, yet these two remained paramount in my mind. I remained in a state of melancholy; no one, it seemed, could bring me out of my sadness.**

## Beauty

Summer finally arrived, and one day when I was swimming at the local pool, I met cute little David. And life began to sparkle once more. This boy for some reason made me so happy. Where Cory and Garrett failed, David without trying made life wonderful for me again. But life would soon be even brighter for a while. One week after meeting David, I surfaced after swimming the length of the pool under water, to stare into the most beautiful boy this planet has to offer. Yes, I was looking at Aaron. He was back, more beautiful than before, and he remembered me instantly. And he was happy to see me! We were reunited after a year's absence, and now we enjoyed each other's love.

For me, next five weeks were heaven on earth. Aaron and I had fun at the pool and at the park. He loved the attention I gave to him, and I loved making this beautiful, charming angel happy. The last time I was to see him, he had kissed me twice, while I hugged him. Then, upon leaving he had his grandmother stop her car and he rolled his window down and said, "I love you."

That was the last time I was to see this boy again. His last week here he became ill, and his grandmother did not want him to bother me with a call. A call? I thought. I would have traveled to the ends of the Earth to see this boy, especially since he was ill. I must now wait until next year. Then we will have our five weeks in the summer. Yes, meeting Aaron again made me a very happy man indeed.

It wasn't very long before I hired Brian to baby-sit for me, and at times his old self would come out. But these moments were fleeting. What mattered is that we were now friends, again (kind of). At the close of the summer, Brian called. He needed help; he was being kicked out of his house for stealing the car for Nikki's sake. The family now ostracized Nikki, as her evil had become apparent.

As I still loved Brian, I helped him and kept him in college while I arranged a talk with Nancy to help resolve the problems she was having with him. My intervention worked; I had a very long talk with Nancy and resolved the problems for Brian. He could now return home. Nancy apologized for how she treated me earlier. Kyle was happy to see me again, and we had a year and a half of moments to catch up on. But oh, he was so happy to see me! And I the same. He kept hugging me, and I couldn't let go of him either.

Brian and I are now close friends. We still wrestle like little boys, and he is still with the witch that is now living with his family, but she has learned to respect what we had: the deep bond of friendship that can only be attained over time.

Brian, the boy that grew up as my best friend, is mine again. Not as before, but as a true life-long friend. Yes, he still loves me, and I love him. And of course I always will. This is as it should be.



# **Memories of a Retired BL**

**By Virtualboy**

Another afternoon of solitary strolling along the beach, an activity that has become my routine for some time now. The need to do some exercise, to breathe fresh air and, of course, to see young people enjoying life and nature, push me to continue with this routine.

I walk along the shore of the beach looking at that marine horizon that seems to have no end, feeling the wet sand yielding to my feet, giving me a feeling of comfort and nostalgia that



sometimes shakes me with mixed feelings. I watch my feet get wet with the advance of the small waves that reach the shore. For a minute they seem to rejuvenate, as if the millennial ocean granted me for an instant an impossible wish.

I stand there for a moment, remembering when I was a little boy of 12 or 13, on this very beach. I imagine I am that little boy, watching my feet being caressed by the sea, wearing that tiny red bathing suit, with thin white stripes, that I saw in my childhood photographs. How beautiful and innocent it was, I say to myself, as the undertow of the sea pulls the water away from my feet, breaking the brief spell of youth.

My lungs fill with air that is exhaled in an involuntary sigh, my chest tightens and goes numb with a strange pain and my eyes fill with tears. I recognize the symptoms of an anxiety attack. So I begin to breathe deeply and slowly, until I manage to regain my composure. These attacks are becoming more and more frequent, so I have learned to control them, sometimes it works, sometimes not.

I decide to end today's stroll, I walk across the beach towards the edge that divides the pedestrian walkway with the beach. Near one of the access stairs, I spot some boys playing a kind of volleyball on the sand; they don't use their hands to pass the ball over the net or between them, but their feet. A curious combination of volleyball and soccer.

I was amazed by the skill with which they handled the ball, as well as the beauty of the boys. There were six of them, very athletic, between 12 and 15 years old, all with tanned skin and playing in shorts and no shirt.

**I sat down on one of the steps of the staircase to watch the game. The joy and vitality of the kids was intoxicating. I didn't feel like a stranger watching them, because I was once one of them, a freak full of energy and passion for any sport.**

**I didn't feel like a pervert admiring their athletic bodies and the grace with which they moved, or thrilled to hear their youthful voices when they laughed or joked. There was no lust, just memories and nostalgia.**

**Suddenly the ball shot out in my direction, landing behind me on the top steps of the staircase. I turned to catch it as it bounced down the ladder.**

**As I turned to return it; a little less than three feet away from me, next to the ladder, was one of the boys ready to pick it up. He was one of the younger ones, 12 years old hopefully, curly brown hair, light eyes and a smile that would dissolve the Titanic iceberg.**

**I held out the ball for him to take, as he did so one of his fingers lightly brushed one of mine. That contact was so surprising to me that I didn't say a word. The boy took the ball, saying, "Thank you sir," and shot back into the game. I managed to mumble a "you're welcome."**

**My face lit up with a smile.**

# The Farm - Excerpt

By LtDreamer

Note from the author: The following is an excerpt from my upcoming story titled The Farm. This new work is a sequel to The Secret Never Told and Taylor's Story. I hope you like it!

After ten years, I still enjoy early mornings on the porch, with hot coffee that seems to go well with the sweet smell of dew, mixed with hay, and the quiet stillness of the farm.

My ranch has been a haven for my brothers and me, and several more in need of help. Even though we call ourselves brothers, tests have shown that only each set of us has the same genetic makeup. Our early life was hell on earth until we found out what it was to be loved.

The best part of all this is I am still with the one I love, after we found each other, all those years ago. Having been in a car accident as a young child, I met and became the son of a wonderful dad, and I thought I could never be happier.

Well, that was before I found my brother well; he saw me first. Because of our early life, we became lovers, and have been together ever since. I was so glad he could find a set of dads that loved him as much as mine loved me.

# Bunny Boys



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**with**

**Tom O'Carroll**

**Part 2**

**By Realme**



**REALME:** The gay community threw us under the bus, too. I've studied early gay publications such as Gay News and right up until the early 80s you see some discussion of MAPs as a sexual minority that needs to be protected and understood. Of course it was controversial even back then, but it was able to be discussed. It wasn't long until the pedophile hysteria put the gay movement in an even worse light and they decided to distance themselves from us. Even in the mid-70s, some letters to the editor of Gay News were saying this needed to happen for the "decent" gays to get equal rights.

As for the term Minor Attracted Person, I prefer childlover/boylover/girlover. But whatever word we use, if it gained common currency, it would become as toxic as pedophile. The real issue is, what can we do about it? We are stuck in a terrible bind where we can't talk about our feelings even to a psychologist. In this world of increasingly fragmented ideology, where people don't even want to speak to neighbors who vote differently, how can we make our voices heard? What way forward for our movement? Can we even HAVE a movement?

**TOC:** Society's hardening stance against paedophilia in the last few decades is understandable in the context of the gender revolution, which explains why the so-called "liberal left" (who have become dangerously intolerant and illiberal) has favored the LGBT quartet of minorities but demonized MAPs. Briefly, it's about favoring relationships that are perceived, however unrealistically, as "equal", and as remote from male domination as possible.

The demonization of MAPs has now gone so far and is so deeply entrenched that I see no possibility for radical groups along the lines of NAMBLA or PIE in the foreseeable future. There will be no visible BL, GL, or CL "movement" beyond a scattering of small, fleeting, personal websites, blogs, and the like. So when you say anything we call ourselves would soon become as toxic as "paedophile", I have to agree. Up to a point. But it does depend, I think, on who is doing the calling and how. Coming out is not an option. It is simply social suicide.

But there is another way to present "the human face of paedophilia"; or of "MAPness", or whatever we call sexual attraction to legally underage people. Thanks to the arrival of organizations such as B4U-ACT and Prostasia, with their links to mental health professionals and academics, an increasing amount of research is now being done on the stigma faced by MAPs and how harmful it is, creating a dangerous situation for children: depressed, demoralized, desperate MAPs are more likely to behave badly.

Research of this sort should always be conducted in consultation with MAPs and with our cooperation. As the mantra has it, "Nothing about us without us." Done in this way, the outcome is much more likely to be authentic and sympathetic than, say, forensic studies using prison samples rather than community-based volunteers.

Can these organizations also work as community support groups for MAPs? Yes, it will work for some people. Even Virtuous Pedophiles, which has a very conservative view, is apparently what many MAPs feel they need. But what about those of a more radical disposition? Where will they feel welcome and at home? Perhaps only on a fully anonymous, encrypted, online space where they can truly speak freely about their feelings. What all this leaves out, of course, is the feelings of young people themselves.

**REALME:** You bring up the children. With minors now more active and vocal online, and some acting overtly sexual on texting and social media, what role do you think they might have in our acceptance? Faced with minors taking nude selfies on Snapchat and flirting with adults on video chat sites, will society be forced to accept that sexuality does not begin at the age of consent? Is this a way forward, or just another landmine?

**TOC:** Yes, I brought up the subject of young people's feelings. Your expression "bring up the children" puts me in mind of what parents are supposed to do. But kids bring themselves up, or grow themselves, to a greater extent than is often realized. It is no accident that they pick up their local regional accent, not that of their parents. It means mums and dads who come from a different place find themselves rearing little aliens who sound almost comically different to themselves.

Parental influence is overrated. Not for babies and infants, who are utterly dependent, but later. A hero-worshipped soccer coach or a trendy slightly older peer, is going to be much more admired and influential. And the kids doing all this worshipping and admiring quickly become agents and influencers themselves – even, for the savvy and lucky few, handsomely paid ones.

In a fast-changing world, it makes sense that enterprising kids are increasingly able to lead the way. Nobody would expect an old-timer like me to make millions as a software developer, but teenagers can and do, famously so as games designers.

Do youth behavior and influence extend to changing our sexual culture? Absolutely. The "non-binary" perception of sex and gender has been powered from the college campuses by Gen Z. This has spooked and panicked conservative oldies. Likewise, teen sexting culture. It's been much the same throughout my lifetime and probably long before: the old always think youth are going dangerously off the rails.

What is different now, though, to the 1960s when I was young, is not that youth are out of control, running riot amidst a tech revolution their elders do not understand; they are not moving fast and breaking the shackles of tired old morals.

No, almost the complete opposite is the case. Stuck in their bedrooms in front of their screens, pre-teens and teens have been left with very little room for maneuver. "Free-range" kids are a thing of the past, and so is free love. Young people report lower levels of sexual activity than earlier generations. Boys, especially, rely more on porn than relationships now that extremist victim feminism has put them in peril of sexual harassment and rape complaints merely if they fall out with a girlfriend.

As for the girls, their recent high-profile embrace of #MeToo militancy, notably in top British schools, sets them on the path of victory in the gender wars, but it is a pyrrhic victory in a zero-sum game. Girls, as young women, are well placed now for career advancement relative to boys. But everyone -- male, female, non-binary, whatever -- growing up these days in the developed world is entering an intensely tough labor market in which few can expect to make as good a living as their parents. Although the rewards for successful young entrepreneurs can be enormous, as already noted, the majority are falling victim to a new form of serfdom. Most young people in the "rich" developed world are a poor underclass, jerked around by the tech billionaires, forced to work for low wages, unable to afford their own homes, very often remaining economically dependent on their parents well into their twenties and thirties.

Anxious, conservative oldies reflexively take a restrictive view of their kids' sexual behavior not just from a misguided view that MAPs present an enormous danger but also – more realistically – in the knowledge that it has become a much tougher world out there than it was for the lucky Baby Boomers. They know that discipline is the order of the day. They feel in their bones their kids must do well at school and not "fool around" too much. And because kids remain dependent on them financially for so much longer than before, these parents continue to exert massive pushback against youth liberation. They may not always be "influential" as role models in our age of nuclear family dysfunction and breakdown, but they still have raw power over the young.

This may change. I don't have a crystal ball. But I will conclude by suggesting that humanity is at its strongest when every generation contributes valued perceptions to what is happening in the world and how best to handle it. Among the hunter-gatherers who successfully saw our species gradually out-smart others over hundreds of thousands of years, they relied massively on the experience that the oldest generation had accumulated; but youngsters were typically free from quite early years to go wandering off adventurously, making their own discoveries – sometimes returning with information of importance to the entire little community, such as a new water source, or a grove of bushes with berries just ripe for picking. We need to rediscover a successful blend like that, of multi-generational contributions – and maybe a range of non-binary gender roles too.

Oh, and one more thing. Maybe I have been a tad too negative in all this. At Ethos you are doing a great job, drawing on kids' thoughts and feelings in your writing. I love the pix and I love the sentiments. Your work has heart. It is about real people, their lives, their loves, and often immense problems. Sometimes my stuff is too abstract and hifalutin. You bring me back to Earth.

**REALME:** So we've talked about which way forward for our movement (such as it is). So what's next for Tom O'Carroll? What are your plans for the future? How will you keep up the fight?

**TOC:** LOL! There are big assumptions built into these questions. I love your flattering refusal to be ageist but at 76 it is statistically quite likely that "what's next" could be death. The End. I'm still feeling lively, though. I do regular gym work-outs and go on long hikes. This summer I somehow hauled my ass from pretty much sea level to the top of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland and the UK. It's no Everest but I am pretty sure none of the hundreds of trekkers reaching the summit that day was anything like as old as me, so I guess I must be at the upper end of septuagenarian fitness.

As for plans, what about Mount McKinley in Alaska when I am 80, or Denali as it is called now? Maybe that would be an adventure too far (they probably wouldn't even let me into the US!) but I hope to carry on with my blog, Heretic TOC, for a while yet, maybe developing it in a way that others could continue. I have always encouraged guest bloggers, so there is potential already. Creating resource pages on the site would also be useful,

in addition to the standard blog essay page. I do occasional pieces for the academic journals as well, and I have several current ideas for expanding on this. My background is in activism but I have felt for quite a while that I am moving more towards a scholarship. Finding a big appreciative readership for that work is another matter, but as I tend towards optimism there's not much danger I will just give up hope. So for the foreseeable future, it looks as though I will be keeping myself pretty busy.

**REALME:** Thank you so much for granting this interview. Your brave life of activism had long been an inspiration to me and many others. Long life and love!

**TOC:** Thanks for your appreciation. Cheers!



# QUOTES BLIST

"I absolutely love being a pedophile. Being a boylover and knowing it and accepting it is amazing, and I think it's a shame there are those who will never know how amazing it is to be into young boys."

>>>>> Ethanfx

"Where I had previously thought I was alone, and that no one else was interested in boys the way I was, I had suddenly realized that others with these same feelings do exist. For the first time, I started actually looking at the beauty these boys posses; the angels some of them are. I felt as if I wasn't alone anymore."

>>>>> False Alias

"The key to a successful boylove affair is to make the boy enjoy the affair. What are the things which boys like about boylove affairs? Material benefits like food, shelters and money are of course on the list. However, it is dangerous for a boylover to base a boylove affair only on material benefits beause the boy can easily betray the boylover. Only love can make the boy care about the boylover rather than his money."

>>>>> TBLH



"Amsterdam was a city I had never been to before. I may have visited the Rijksmuseum, but my main occupation was the selection and purchase of what at the time was still a wide range of magazines featuring young boys ... not just in nude poses but also involved in startling sex acts, and not just among themselves but also with men.

The impression these pictures made on my chaste person was profound. Through them I realized that boys really did enjoy homo-erotic sex, and that they were quite happy to indulge in acts of gross and marvelous salaciousness with adult males.

I understood that boy-sex was not just something that had happened in Ancient Greece, but as the photographic record revealed, was widely practiced and enjoyed in my own time."

-- J. Darling

"What is it that boylovers see in boys? Detractors will say that boylovers only see the boy as a sex object. But to a true boylover, a boy is a complete person to be loved and cherished in every conceivable way. He is the ultimate in beauty and grace both in body and spirit, to a boylover the most beautiful creature on Earth.

A boy is the spirit of love freely given, freely received, and filled with curiosity and the need to know. He is unspoiled humanity, innocence and discovery in the same package, possessed of amazing energy and suffused with an electrifying glow.

Many are the poets and artists who, entranced with the spiritual and physical beauty of boys, have created the most tender poetry, the finest of paintings, and the most delightful of sculptures. To a true boylover, the only mystery is that so many others fail to see and appreciate the qualities in boys that he finds so magnetic and irresistible."

-- David L. Riegel

# Starting to Get Good

By Captain H

I've known a boy for about two years, and he's now 11 years old. I've always hit it off very well with him, but things have really (and I mean really) started to get good in the past year.

The kid is really open with me and lets me cuddle him, hold him, give him massages. He's just a very nice, loving boy. I've spent loads of time with him, as much as I dare without arousing suspicion. I've seen how his parents sometimes look at me, and it's often a curious expression.

But he knows. Yes, how much I love him. But does he know that I'm sexually attracted to him? Oh, if he only knew. All the many things I wish I could do with him.

But I don't want to say anything. I would never bring it up, no matter what is going through my mind when I see him shirtless in those tight shorts. The scenario I envision, the activities I yearn for us to share. Of course he would think it's weird and gross.

Often I take the boy to a fun park, that old one on the outskirts of town, which has seen better days. But most importantly, it involves an over-nighter at the motel. With only one twin-size bed, we both sleep cuddled up together. No reason to even cuddle, it wasn't cold or anything. We just embraced each other throughout the night. I'm telling you that was by far the closest I've ever been to heaven.

A 28-year-old man, holding an 11-year-old boy very close! That sounds like heaven to me. He even suggested that a second night is in order before I had to take him back home, A second night with him? No problem!

Then summer vacation starts, and he and I are always together, all the time we are at the pool, swimming every day. Then finally I am allowed to take him on the vacation of a lifetime. His parents were letting me take him out of state to the theme park he's always wanted to visit.

Imagine going on a dream vacation with the boy you love. Imagine being alone with him, spending every day just you and him together, side by side. And the best part: sleeping together every night, blissfully cuddled up in each other's arms.

Now he wants to hold my hand whenever we go out. This vacation changed things between us. We are like a couple. It feels different. It feels like something between the two of us is starting to get serious!

I am now fully in love with this 11-year-old boy and think about him every second of the day. I also wish that I could spend every second of every day with him. The fact that I don't see him as often as I'd like cuts me up inside when I'm not with him.

I wish so badly that I could tell him that I love him very much, or even in a light moment to say, "I love you." But no, I always hesitate just in case it causes offense, or arouses suspicion with his parents.

Remember, I'm still not entirely sure he "knows" how I feel about him. Does he know how intimate I want to be with him? Does he know I want to spend hours basking in his warmth? Would he like that? Just hearing it, or knowing it? Would that mess everything up between us?

It might, so I don't want to spoil anything by saying so. What we have is better than anything on Earth. Our friendship is all that matters to me. I don't want to risk it by trying to take it to the next level, which could be not very smart, and for many reasons.



# *I Love Oscar!*

By Chri\$

Oscar Stembridge is a 12-year-old singer/songwriter from Sweden. He has shoulder-length blond hair that hangs down in front of his face, in what I believe is his signature look. His talent is out of this world. His gentle singing voice is beautiful, and he has tremendous range. Whether it's a cover song or an original, he knocks it out of this world. Even his little dog loves rockin' out to his music.

Oscar has such a beautiful presence in front of the camera. When he does his Instagram posts, he exudes such confidence. His voice, smile, and laughter combine to melt my heart every time I see him. He loves what he does and is a very happy boy. And I love happy boys the most!

Oscar loves a wide variety of music, including two of my favorites, Nirvana and Jimi Hendrix.

Like myself, Oscar loves the beach and truly looks fantastic in limited beach clothing. Unfortunately he seems to over-dress often, but that's acceptable, although I do wish he'd move to a much warmer climate like California, so we can enjoy his beauty much more often.

I strongly advise you (readers of Ethos) to visit his YouTube and Instagram channels to see for yourself.

On YouTube he has everything he's ever made music-wise, including the songs he wrote. His Instagram has a series he does regularly on iTV, and he has a ton of gorgeous pictures to collect, from when he was a much younger boy with talent, until now (where he's a tween with talent).



If you are a true BL, this is a boy you don't want to miss out on. Even from his very young years, we could always see how much talent he has always had.

Oscar is pretty much my dream boy. Around age 12 to 13 is my favorite, but I've loved him since he was about 9. I prefer blond hair like his, even the length. He has that "surfer" look, which I love more than any other. His laughter along with his smile caught my attention the first time I saw him, and I've never looked back since. It was love at first sight! Anyone who knows me, knows he is my favorite.

If I had to find a fault with him, I'd have to force a reason, and it's very minor. I once saw a posted video on his Instagram where he kissed a girl. It was still awesome to see, but I was most definitely jealous of her. But having an opportunity to see Oscar kiss anyone was a blessing for me. He was so adorable in the video.

For those of you that want some idea of which of his videos to start with, I highly recommend the following, which can be found on YouTube:



1) WOW - It's a great song and video. He tends to sit with his legs spread wide apart a lot too, which just adds to his beauty.

2) Hold on Me - When the video picks up some pace, he has what it takes to capture an audience.

3) Hold my Hand - Most of this video takes place at a beach, which I love, plus he just looks so damn cute and happy in this video.

4) **Losing You** - This video has some sort of underlying story. He must have some depth and intelligence, to clearly depict working through relationship difficulties.

5) **Train** - Not the greatest video ever, but the visual is well done, and he still rocks the scene very well.

6) **Where Are You Now?** - A great song in my opinion, with some very beautiful scenery.

**Songs I love but couldn't find videos for:**

1) **Sleepless** - His dog rocks out to this on an Instagram video.

2) **Too Much** - One of my favorite songs by him, period.

3) **We March** - His voice is pure heaven to me.

So to put it bluntly, **YES I LOVE EVERYTHING** about Oscar Stembridge.

And once you see for yourself, I'm sure I won't be the only one.







See  
you  
in

summer

**ETHOS**  
Amor et intellectus