

# ETHOS

Amor et intellectus



**BOYS OF SUMMER**

**HI, I'M ROBBIE.**

**LOVED BOY:  
"I LIKED IT!"**

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# Ethos Notation



Well here we are again: this warm-aired, boy-filled season of sunshine, surf and swimming pools. I'm talking about summertime, of course. Every boy's favorite season.

What 10-year-old boy doesn't want to strip off all his clothes, then (maybe put on a tight little swimsuit and) jump into the pool? By the looks of the typical summer pool season, I'd say that's what many boys want to do. And why not? School is out, time to be carefree. Have fun. And run free, wearing very little, letting nature express itself in a lovely streak of boyish beauty.

And that's what we as boylovers take such great appreciation in, what we observe with appropriate esteem as it passes .. sometimes on a bike, sometimes on a skateboard, sometimes with nothing (and wearing nothing) ... I'm talking about the physical beauty of young boys.

Aren't we lucky that we have the ability to see and adore that which others seem blind to, or ignore? The next time you see a little boy and stand there in awe of his immense beauty, take that moment to thank your Creator that you are BL.

And since you are a lover of boys, here is your magazine, created for you by your fellow boylovers. It's the summer edition of Ethos, Issue 21. So grab an ice cold drink, find some shade, sit down, relax and enjoy!

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# CREDITS



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**TALK TO US**

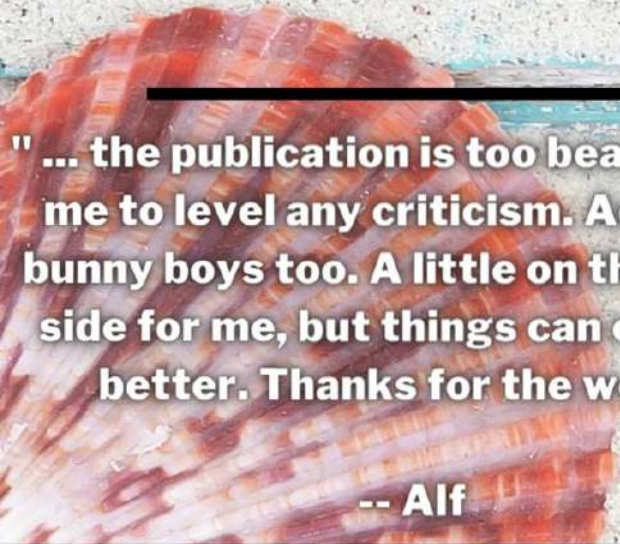


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## COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS AND CRITICISMS FROM READERS



"... the publication is too beautiful for me to level any criticism. Adorable bunny boys too. A little on the young side for me, but things can only get better. Thanks for the work."

-- Alf

"I look at them to see the pics of boys ... and then end up reading the odd section, like Flirting with Soccerboy."

-- DaVinci69

"Great work Ethos staff!"

-- Michel122002

"Freaking nice."



-- Badboy

"Pics, what pics? I only read for the articles."



-- coonigan



"Quite a few errors throughout, things repeated, and a lot of space taken up with very little substance and purpose."

Just my opinion, but it's not a patch on what it used to be, both a few years ago, and going back further to when it first started.

My suggestion would be to concentrate on doing a few things better, rather than a lot of things in an average manner. That issue could easily have been half the size, but had double the content."

-- kyanan

# BL VOICE

## COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS AND CRITICISMS FROM READERS

"Excellent issue, as is every issue of Ethos. Many thanks to **EVERYONE** involved in maintaining and creating this amazing and much needed magazine. This little slice of heaven brings me comfort and reminds me that 'I am **NOT** the only one.' Thank you guys."

-- budlight6pk

"The pictures are ... obviously chosen carefully so that we aren't using pictures we shouldn't be and completely legal and appropriate."

-- ZurcBolzano

"... it looks nice, and I am looking forward to properly reading it."

-- Questioner



"My only comment is to quote Old Mr. Grace on Are You Being Served ...

'You're all doing very well!'

(That'll befuzzle the youngsters, even the Brit ones)"

-- Alfie

"I'm relatively new to the online BL community, so (until now) I did not know of this magazine's existence. Gonna have some real good reading to do!"

-- netgate192

# ETHOS NEWS

BY JONNY399 AND ZOOMZOOM4

## FOURTH GRADER'S SCIENCE PROJECT STOLEN

And the suspect was caught on video.. Now the boy's family is working hard to help him put a new one together.

<https://www.winknews.com/2022/02/21/caught-on-camera-someone-is-accused-of-stealing-a-fourth-graders-science-project/>

## HE STARTED WITH MEN, THEN ADDED BOYS

... to his collection of videos. After complaints of truck stop video recording of men using the restroom, investigators then found boy videos, too.

[https://www.theadvocate.com/baton\\_rouge/news/article\\_f43dl660-c80f-11ec-a196-dba848edc8e0.amp.html](https://www.theadvocate.com/baton_rouge/news/article_f43dl660-c80f-11ec-a196-dba848edc8e0.amp.html)

## "NORMAL" FOR 10-YEAR-OLD BOYS TO HAVE SEX?

Parents in Texas are outraged about a book they say is teaching their young sons all the wrong lessons.

<https://abcnews4.com/amp/news/nation-world/who-normalizes-sex-acts-between-4th-graders-texas-police-probe-school-library-book>



# ETHOS NEWS

BY JONNY399 AND ZOOMZOOM4

## BUSINESS BOYS LEARN LESSON IN PHILANTHROPY

Their bracelet idea turned out to be more than just good business sense.

<http://www.madisoniannews.com/community/it-started-out-business-proposition>

## LITTLE LEAGUE HELPS REDUCE CRIME IN VEGAS INNER CITY

In the five years since this program started, crime has dropped by 86% in the urban neighborhoods where the games are played.

<https://www.ktnv.com/positivelylv/bolden-little-league-games-help-reduce-crime-in-las-vegas>

# **ABOUT THE LBL LOGO**

**By Aztram, The Night Raven**

There are currently several versions of the BL logo in use today. Of those, there are none that properly symbolize the attraction we "little boylovers" feel towards little boys.

The original BL logo, while monumental and inspirational, falls short of the desired message us LBLs wish to convey. In a world of labels and symbology, it's only ideal that we create a logo specific to little boylovers.

On a visit to the beach with a couple of young friends, we thought upon the image of the standard BL logo. Easily drawn in the sand with a finger.

Thus, we chose to create a variant of the BL logo. The idea behind this, is that it distinguishes itself by appearing like a young boy's scrawl, giving it an enhanced "little boy" flavor.

Its rounded, soft shape and lack of hard corners and steep angles, is symbolic of the little boys we love. We feel that this variation of the BL logo, although slightly different, will not undermine the meaning of the original, created by Kalos. It will simply serve to say, this is who we are. We are LBLs.

Little boy lovers.

We are men.

**MEN WHO LOVE LITTLE BOYS.**

# MAKING A BOY

By Frederick

Boy Recipe -- Basic Ingredients and instructions

## Ingredients:

- 8 lbs. of curiosity
- 8 lbs. of laughter
- 9 lbs. of good heart
- 4 lbs. of willingness
- 10 lbs. quest for adventure
- 9 1/2 lbs. affection
- 5 lbs. hunger for fun
- 5 lbs. thirst for knowledge
- 2 lbs. trust
- 1 lb. awkwardness
- 3 lbs. respect
- 1 lb. coloring (any color desired)

Mix all ingredients, mold into a graceful form, add an unlimited amount of sunshine, water, and love. Garnish or leave natural. Let rise and enjoy.



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# Love - A Poem

By Ji48

Love

When you feel it but can't pursue it what makes it worth it

When you actively avoid it what makes it sweet

I was in love once

How can I describe my feelings?

Without sounding strange

It's hard to feel that

Avoidance

I avoided him

Stared

I stared at him with his beauty and he did the same

It was obvious there was something but I avoided the reality

Left

My journey lasted years one that all went through came to an end

I left him

No words were shared

But sparks did fly

But reality sunk in

And I never got the chance

# Classic Boy Movies - Part 2



By Zoomzoom4



11A ▶

12

## SLING BLADE (1996)

"Some folks call it a sling blade." That was the slogan for this movie, spoken famously in a deep Southern drawl. But what the heck did THAT mean? And what was a "sling blade"? This looks weird ... I'm not sure I want to see this, I remember thinking to myself at the time.

11A ▶

12



Then: oh, but wait ... is HE in the movie? Enter cute little Southern boy. Age 12 but looks 10. Not a Boygod but damn cute. Cute enough to make me go from saying "pass" to standing in line for a ticket within the time period of my mom's office lunch break.

First thing to know: While this may certainly be a "boy movie," it's also definitely not a kid's movie. It deals with real concerns and conditions of adulthood, being poor and struggling in a region where everyone else is, as well. It deals with how we make our own improvised "families" in order to keep those we love in our sphere.

This movie also deals with the issue -- or in the case of this story, non-issue -- of friendship between a man and a boy. Not just any old friendship, but a very deep and enduring bond that the adult and his young friend have built together through a history of shared experiences.

At this point I realize I've talked about everything except what this movie is about. So here's the story: Karl is middle-aged and mentally handicapped, just getting out of a state psychiatric prison for violent offenders. Which is odd, since he appears gentle as can be. Apparently the crime is long in his past, as he's being reacclimated to the world, set up with a little job fixing lawnmowers and a little bed and room behind the little garage.

Now here comes a little boy, to add. On his way home one day Karl strikes up a conversation with Frank, a local boy who lives with his mom and her drunken, abusive boyfriend. Karl is quickly welcomed into the family as he and Frank become best friends fast.

The plot sets Karl's love and care for the boy against the drunken "stepdad" and his nasty ways. Let's just say Karl won't let anyone mistreat the boy he loves.

Not just a "boy movie" but a bonafide classic, well crafted and solid in every aspect. The performances of the two leads had to be perfect to convince bullshit-detecting audiences that such a relationship (man/boy) is real and can be the most natural thing in the world. Kudos to Billy Bob Thornton and crew for adding a positive story to the growing canon of BL-oriented fiction.

## A.I. ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE (2001)

Here is a boy movie like no other, with the powerhouse pedigree of Stanley Kubrick, Steven Spielberg and Haley Joel Osment. Chosen for his uniquely "creepy" brand of



cuteness, I would surmise, in addition to his proven acting chops, young Haley carries this epic sci fi drama with ease, playing the robot boy who wants nothing more than to be real.

Out of the vast canon of films he has directed, only two have been written by Spielberg himself: Close Encounters of the Third Kind, and this one, which he originally collaborated on with Kubrick. After Kubrick's death, Spielberg took over the project completely, which firstly involved adapting the short story Supertoys Last All Summer Long into a feature film screenplay.

Next was casting the key role of David, the robot child. Fresh off a huge smash hit, The Sixth Sense, the pre-teen wonder of the moment was Haley Joel Osment, and turns out he was indeed perfect for the role. Osment brings a sense of "boyish" wonder to the proceedings, succeeding in the task of making us, the audience, identify with -- of all things -- what it's like to be a robot.

The story is several decades in the future, when humans have created all manners of "smart" devices and robotics, which in addition to handling dirty tasks, are designed to fulfill all our wishes and desires. If you have no lover, get a "lover robot" or if you have no friends, get a "friend robot." But what about if you have no 11-year-old son?

That's right, a tween boy robot, designed to be your perfect son, who will love you unconditionally, and forever. So when the robotics company employee has a son in hospital with a rare and crippling disease, he decides to bring the robot boy to his wife, hoping she will accept him as their new son. But that's not so easy. Monica is creeped out by him, at first. How realistic he looks, and how bizarre some of his behavior seems. He even comes with a name -- David -- as if they're adopting a real child.

She soon warms up to him, and for a short time they truly seem to function as mother and son. Then her real son overcomes his disease and comes home from the hospital, fresh and healthy and happy and ... well, real. This contrast shows the near-absurdity of replacing a real boy with a robot. The rivalry that quickly develops between the two leads the mother to distrust David, after a strange turn of events.

Next thing David knows, he is being abandoned by his "mother" ... left out in the woods with nothing more than his smart teddy bear and vague directions of not where to go, but where to avoid.

This is where the movie ditches the maternal bonding theme, replacing it with man/boy love. That's right, David finds an adult male robot who takes him as a friend, and they become perhaps the first robotic BL couple in the history of sci-fi.

How the story ends, I won't reveal. But suffice to say, this movie is fantastic. I realize it's not for everyone, so I don't universally recommend it. But for some people -- boylovers especially -- I can't recommend it enough.

## **THE ODD LIFE OF TIMOTHY GREEN (2012)**

I remember when I first saw the TV commercials advertising this movie, while sitting at my desk one day in August 2012. The TV was in the corner of the room, and of course my eye was immediately caught by the young boy who was clearly the main character. Here was a new boy movie, and what a cutie he was! But what struck me most about it, was the way it was being advertised. It presented itself as not so much a family movie but a tear-jerking drama, an Academy Award contender, even.



As the camera swirled around a young boy with his arms outstretched to the sky, leaves falling all around him, in a picturesque display of joyful youth, text snips of reviews appeared praising it's "life affirming spirit" and declaring it a "triumph." Naturally I couldn't wait to see it.

And surely you want to know: is it really Oscar material? No it's not. But it's certainly a good movie, almost excellent, even. Here's the story: Cindy and Jim want a child. I mean, REALLY want a child. That is, in a very "Disney" sort of way. But their fertility doctor says fuggadaboutit, ain't happenin' folks.

What to do? Well what anyone else would do, of course. Get drunk and stay up late writing down all the desired qualities of said child on little scraps of paper, put those scraps in a little box and bury it in the garden outside.



The next morning, the hung-over couple are shocked to find a 10-year-old boy standing in their kitchen, butt naked and covered in (just a little bit of) dirt, as if he'd come from the garden. Which he did, literally having grown from the ground like a plant. Because that can happen, this is a movie. Cindy and Jim are ecstatic, needless to say. Here is their perfect boy, even calling them "mom" and "dad."

It doesn't take long for the now-thrilled couple to integrate their new pre-teen son into their lives, proudly showing him off to the school talent show, local soccer team and anyone else who will adore this boy along with them. But what they don't know is that Tim has a dark secret: he will soon be gone. His time here is limited, and at some point the party is going to end.

This is a heart warming movie, lovable in every way. Indeed, it brims with plot holes you could fit a traveling circus through, but the charm of both Tim himself and the entire production makes it super-easy to overlook them.

Not to mention that CJ Adams, who plays the titular character, is beautiful and talented, and carries the entire production with a confidence and charisma that helps this movie become the crowning achievement that it is.



By Cherubino

# BOYS JUST SEEM TO KNOW

I was in Aldi to buy a \$4 bottle of their house-brand olive oil. If you don't know Aldi, it's a store with gourmet products at a low price, and zero service. As I was waiting in the check-out line which was unmanned, a mother with three boys was at the counter bagging her groceries. They were about 4, 6, and 8, with cute round faces and cute round bottoms.

They could have passed for triplets except for their size differences. The middle had his back to me but was struggling with something around his groin area, and the littlest was staring right at it. He eventually turned around and showed he was struggling with the drawstring on his sweat pants.

A lady got in line behind me with her 3-year-old tyke loosely orbiting her. She looked at the three boys and commented out loud, "Look how cute those boys are!"

The oldest one turned and glared at her and shook his head in outrage over her observation. Even though I was thinking it, I would never call a boy "cute" to his face or even in the presence of muggles. "Charismatic" is my adjective of choice.

An employee eventually turned up to check us out. Turning around I could notice the tyke in line behind me. He saw me look at him, and reached his hand up towards mine. I extended my hand, and he grabbed it. I squeezed his hand, and he squeezed back. Then we let go. I looked to see the mother's reaction, but she had her back turned and missed it.

The way that dogs instinctively sense that I am a dog person, boys must also have some instinctive sense to identify a boy person, because I'm pretty sure that this doesn't happen to ordinary people.

# Interview with

# Hikari

By Realme





**REALME:** Hi Hikari! Please introduce yourself.

**HIKARI:** Hi Realme! I'm a female boylover who's been involved in the community to some extent since 2015. These days I'm mostly on forums, but I've also done some interviews, videos, articles and editing for Ethos.

**REALME:** So when did you realize you were attracted to boys? What's your age of attraction? Are you attracted to girls and women as well? I'm bisexual and a child lover so I like men and women, boys and girls.

*It keeps my eyes busy!*

**HIKARI:** I'm not attracted to women or girls, but I know I've been attracted to boys and men since I was at least 5 or 6. My age of attraction is quite wide, I'd say it starts around 3 years and has no upper age limit.

While I was younger I didn't think too critically about my attraction to very young boys and thought of it as perhaps a maternal instinct, or that it was "normal" because we were both "children" (under 18). As silly as it sounds, it was only when my 18th birthday started approaching that I started panicking that I might technically be a pedophile, and I wished my attraction would miraculously evaporate. Of course, it didn't.

Since I was 14, I wished that I could speak out about my feelings, to show the world that minors supported minor-adult love too, but I knew I would face backlash and consequences.

A year later, I tried discussing my thoughts with my therapist -- that being attracted to children was just another form of sexuality, like being gay -- but her response was negative. She told me I was "wrong," that I had "cognitive distortions", and told my parents against my wishes.

**REALME:** When I was a minor I yearned for an adult male friend. Many of my sexual fantasies involved sleeping with an adult male. I was less into boys at that time, but very much into young girls. Terrible that your therapist told your parents about your boylove orientation. How did they react?

**HIKARI:** Yeah, it's interesting how age and gender preference changes over time for many people. My parents actually didn't learn about my attraction to children (I was identifying more as an AAM at this point), they just learned of my sympathy to it. It was still an unpleasant lecture to go through. They told me that people who had that attraction wanted nothing good and were trying to take advantage of children. That probably didn't help a few years later when I fully realized I had that attraction myself. However, I did come out to my best friend later on. She was very supportive and said she had similar feelings to boys as well.

"AAM" means "adult-attracted minor," right? I was one of those. I so very much wanted an adult friend.

**REALME:** Yup! I'm impressed you had the courage to come out to your friend. I've never come out to anybody in real life.

As a woman, you are in a distinct minority on the boards and in the pages of Ethos Magazine. Do you think that fewer women are minor-attracted? Or is there another reason for this disparity? Also, what do you see as the main differences between male and female MAP, if any?

*HIKARI: It's hard to say whether there are less minor attracted women than men, and the disparity between men and women who identify as minor-attracted has always puzzled me as well. I do think there are more women attracted to minors than statistics would let on, but they don't identify as such.*

*It's also hard to say what differences there might be between male and female MAPs. I haven't really noticed many differences. I think we're more the same than we might realize!*

**REALME:** We're certainly alike in our appreciation of the transient beauty of youth! You mentioned that you're attracted to both boys and men. Do you have different feelings for different ages? For me, an adult man is more of a buddy than a sexual partner. While I have sexual feelings for boys, there's also a strong element of nurturing and mentorship lacking with my adult relationships.

**HIKARI:** *That is so interesting regarding your different feelings for different ages. I think the form my attraction takes is really on a case-by-case basis. I haven't been in a relationship or been around boys for some time, but I do think I have a desire to be protective and nurturing to my crushes regardless of their ages. I always like to share skills and advice with people I love, so I wouldn't say I feel particularly like a mentor to boys.*

*Usually I find young children more physically beautiful, I think it's easy to appreciate the beauty of youth as you mentioned: But the romantic attraction and love I feel for adult men is no less strong. However, in my attractions to adults, I don't like thinking of myself as another adult. I prefer to imagine myself as a child. I'm looking forward to the future of VR for this reason.*

**REALME:** *Interesting! One of my fantasies is of being a child and having a physical relationship with an adult. In fact, this was my very first sexual fantasy, dating back to when I really was a child. Do you think that female MAPs might be in a better position to spread understanding about us? After all, women are seen as more nurturing and less threatening.*

**HIKARI:** *I do think female MAPs generally don't receive the vitriol that male MAPs do for the reasons you mention.*

However, when I have seen women and girls speaking positively about minor attraction, much like when minors themselves speak positively about us, they seem to get censored or brushed under the rug. This is one of our biggest hurdles to effective activism.

**REALME:** Anything else you want to add before we wrap this up?

**HIKARI:** Going back to censorship, I believe that the modern internet is very censorship-heavy when compared to the earlier days because most people are just guests with profiles on sites owned by corporations (versus the early internet which was more diverse and full of personal sites). No platform/site will allow 100% free speech for everyone, so having a diversity of sites on the internet is important for a diversity of viewpoints.

If people want to find out what MAP culture really is, they must get off of social media platforms and onto websites (like Ethos) owned by MAPs! Also, thank you for inviting me to do this interview! It was really fun.

**REALME:** It was great chatting to you too. I'm looking forward to reading more of your work in Ethos.



# 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








# SUMMER



The image shows the silhouettes of an adult and a child holding hands on a hill against a bright, hazy sunset sky. The adult is on the left, leaning slightly forward, and the child is on the right, with arms outstretched. The scene is peaceful and evocative.

***L o v e d  
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***By Siao***

**Seven years old is the first time I remember myself being "sexed." It was with an adult friend on a tour in a bus, and I was all hard while his hand was gently rubbing my young boyhood ... until ... gosh, what was that twirling feeling which went all through me?**

**Wow, I liked it!**

**I was "sexualized" and I was to remain that way, active and happy, until my adolescence.**

Being raised in a free-minded family, I had all the opportunities I needed to explore my sexuality -- and the sexuality of others, mostly males, who always entertained me greatly and were very eagerly welcomed into my bed. Also a few females, which always left me with a bitter after-taste of "something missing" from the game.

Let's just say that my "golden years" took place between 11 years old and 14 years old, and I can't count or even remember all of my AFs of that time.

I can only say -- and with absolute certainty -- that NOT A SINGLE ONE EVER ABUSED ME!

I was free to say "Yes," and also knew how to say "No" if there was ever anything I might not have wanted to do.

My only regret from that time is not experimenting with other kids. At that time I did not like children sexually. I intensely and mutely fell in love with some peer-boys, then later with a few disappointing peer-girls, but never had sex with any of them until much later.

I did not really "need" it, since I had all that I wanted at home, with people who cared about me. But now I regret not getting closer to them, sharing myself with other boys and experimenting.



***F l i r t i n g  
W i t h  
S o c c e r  
b o y  
P a r t 2  
By Realme***

My niece has recently gotten into Fortnite, a hugely popular video game. Luckily many of her cute friends play as well, and so I got to be online with Soccerboy last weekend. The three of us were running around shooting enemies for a whole afternoon while speaking through our mics and headphones. Loads of fun.

If you're not familiar with Fortnite, you appear with your team at the beginning of the game with various "skins" (your appearance) that the game assigns you randomly. Soccerboy appeared as a rather buxom woman. My first comment to him was, "Wow, you look different than when I last saw you."

"That's because I'm a girl," he replied.

"You can be a girl if you want to be," I said, surprised at my daring.

So the game started and we were gathering weapons. I headed for a likely spot and Soccerboy called out to me, "Don't leave me!"

"I'd never leave you," I said.

"That was romantic," my niece said in a wry tone.

That made us shut up for a minute. I didn't want to be too obvious around her. Soccerboy loves to flirt with me, but it's always when her back is turned.

Later, fate intervened. The Great Boylover in the Sky reached down and disabled my niece's headphones. She couldn't hear or speak, but was still able to play the game. That gave me even more excuse to speak with Soccerboy, because I had to relay messages between them. Fortnite requires a lot of teamwork if you want to win.

Well, it wasn't long before Soccerboy took advantage of that little gift of fate. He asked me, "Would you like a protection potion?"

"Sure."

"Follow me."

I was surprised at this because each character can carry a lot, and he could have had it with him and just given it to me. Instead, he led me into a building where my niece couldn't see us and led me down a stairwell to a little hidden dead-end. There was, indeed, a protection potion there.

But that's not why he led me down there.

Clear as day, I heard him make a loud kissing sound into his mic. I managed to strangle out a thank you and grabbed the potion.

I was stunned. While we boylovers have to take care not to twist our interpretation of events to fit our fantasies, I could think of no reason why he didn't pick up the potion himself when he discovered it and hand it to me. It's a valuable artefact in the game and not something you pass over. No, he wanted to get me in private and kiss me. He's made kissy faces at me before in real life, and I think this is an extension of that. He's doing what he wants to do but is afraid to do it fully in real life.

**I'm a very happy man right now.**

**Oh, and he's coming over next week and we're throwing him a surprise birthday party!**

**It's going to be a good summer.**

**Last Saturday was a special day for me. I was taking care of my niece and she was going to be over at my house all day. She decided, much to my joy, to have Soccerboy over.**

**He had just turned 12, and I suggested that we throw a belated surprise birthday party for him. So we bought a cake, hid it in the refrigerator, and bought him a Nerf gun as a present.**

**That morning we picked him up at his parents' house for a day of fun. My fun started on the subway ride back. A busker was playing on the train and we all watched him because he was quite good. As we watched, Soccerboy absentmindedly started stroking my thigh and knee just under the line of my shorts. I'm not entirely sure he was aware that he was doing it. I sure was! That lasted for a couple of delicious minutes before the busker stopped playing and the spell was broken.**

**After my niece and Soccerboy cloistered themselves for a while playing video games, we went to the pool. We had a fun swim and lots of wrestling in the water. Sadly, I did not get to put sunscreen on his back like last time because my niece beat me to it. The silly girl didn't even give him a free massagel She got done in record time. Oh well.**

After that, it was a trip to the local hamburger joint. When my niece went to the bathroom I had a moment alone with him, perhaps the only truly alone moment we would have that day. I felt a huge desire to speak with him about my feelings. But what to say? I couldn't tell him the whole truth, although I think he suspects. It would be just too dangerous. So I compromised.

I looked him in straight in those lovely amber eyes and said, "It's great to see you again. You can come over any time. It's really fun having you over." He met my eye and held contact for what seemed like forever, but was probably only about four seconds. I couldn't read his expression. It was a serious one, though. Had I gone too far? Had I made him uncomfortable? At last, he looked away and we started talking about other things. The mood broke and soon we were laughing and joking again.

After lunch, we went back home for more video games. Soccerboy and I teamed up for some matches and won six in a row before my niece complained that I was hogging his time. Yeah, this is a temptation I have to resist. So I let them do their thing. Then it came time for the party. My niece kept him occupied in another room with video games while I set everything up. Then I called her out to "ask her something." We lit the candles, put the gifts on the table, and called him out. When he entered the room we sang Happy Birthday. He was dancing with surprise and joy. The look on his face made me the happiest I've been in a long, long time. He loved the Nerf gun we got him, and of course, that led to a giant three-way Nerf war. Soccerboy's new gun was remarkably accurate and he shot me in the butt several times, but I gave as good as I got.

Sadly that marked the end of the day and we had to take him home. But what a day!

I realize I had left out a part of the day that most Ethos readers wouldn't want left out. That's because Soccerboy was flirting with me. Again. This happens regularly when I'm with him and I don't even think it's unusual anymore, but it does say something about both sides of our relationship.

When we went to the changing room at the pool, he shut himself in one of the private cubicles to change like he did last time. But when we were changing after our swim (and after some fun wrestling in the water), he changed right next to me. He wrapped a towel around his waist, but I got some tantalizing views very far up his slim thighs. He faced me as he did this, standing within reach as I sat on a bench with his waist at eye level. I am sure he noticed me staring.

Once he got his bathing suit off and his underwear on, he whipped off the towel, turned around, and started waving his butt in front of my face, gyrating like crazy and singing some dance song. I mean, this was real pole dancing stuff!

I was paralyzed. After a few seconds of this, I gave him a playful smack on his butt as we often do to each other. He smiled at me and stopped gyrating. What I wanted to do was caress him. Was that what he wanted? I'd like to think so, but how can I be sure?

It seems that Soccerboy and I just keep dancing around one another. I try not to make assumptions about what he wants, but this behavior keeps occurring every time I see him. Whenever we have an alone moment he does something like this.

Or am I just making something out of nothing? Am I imagining innocent play as something more? One of my cardinal rules for interacting with a boy is not to initiate anything. I always follow the boy's lead. But self-control is becoming harder and harder around Soccerboy.



What do I do? Keep playing it cool while his flirtations get bolder? Unless he initiated something illegal, I'm stuck in the agonizing position of desiring someone who is flirting with me and unable to make the next move.

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There followed another long separation until I saw him completely by surprise. My niece's parents both work like dogs, so I often have to pick her up. Last night she had been attending a birthday party for a couple of friends. A whole gang of her school friends were at a pizzeria, and there was Soccerboy!

I didn't get much of a chance to talk with him as everyone was shouting, stuffing their faces with pizza, socializing, throwing wadded-up napkins at each other, and generally being adorable. But after the party was over and everyone was hanging around outside waiting for their parents to pick them up, I got a chance to talk with him.

My heart warmed as I chatted with him for about ten minutes. All his friends were around and while he joked with them, he took time out to continue our conversation. He made time for me.

We only talked about the usual stuff: school, his soccer team, video games. There was no flirting like there always is when we're alone, but it still left me feeling recognized and validated.

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At the age of 14, after blossoming into a wonderful youth — still gangly, still goofy, and still alluring — Soccerboy moved to another school. My niece and him kept in touch, but they hung out less and less. I didn't see him for two years, and while I had a growing relationship with Water Sprite, another young friend I'll tell you about sometime, I missed him deeply.

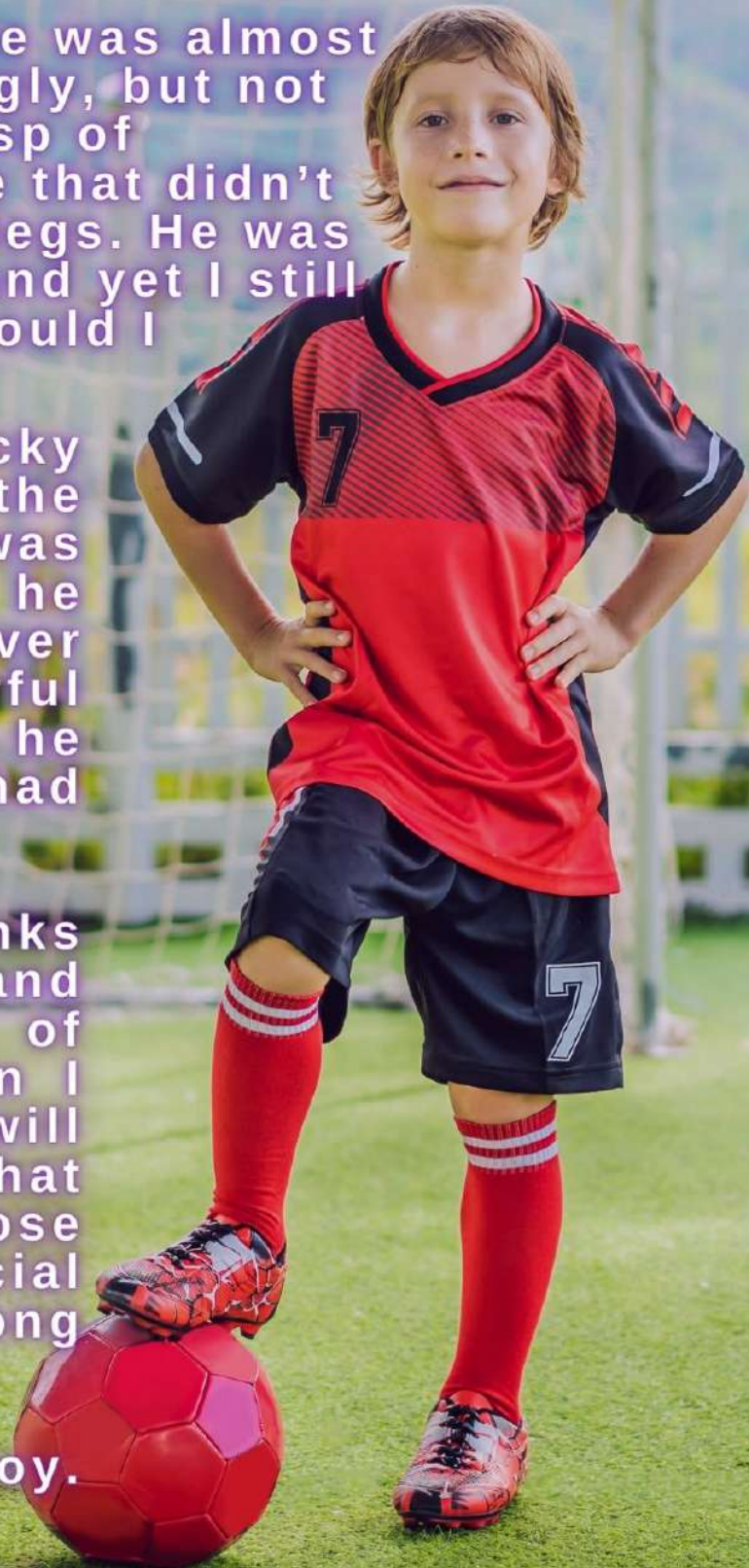
Until one day him and my niece got together. They were old enough that they didn't need me to watch over them, but my niece invited me anyway. Soccerboy's suggestion? I don't know. I hadn't seen him in two years, and I wondered how we would get along after such a long separation.

Soccerboy had grown up. He was almost as tall as me now. Still gangly, but not as goofy. He was on the cusp of manhood, with a deep voice that didn't crack and hair on his long legs. He was past my age of attraction, and yet I still was glad to see him. How could I not be? He was Soccerboy!

It was a good day. Kentucky Fried Chicken. Sports in the park. Ice cream. While he was talkative and friendly, he never flirted, and he never mentioned those wonderful days we had together when he was younger. Those times had passed, never to return.

I often wonder what he thinks about those times, and whether he has come out of the closet as the gay man I am almost certain he will become. I like to imagine that he does think about those days, and that our special friendship helped him along his path.

Good luck to you, Soccerboy. I will never forget you.



# BOYWIKI

boywiki.org

BoyWiki is an exciting opportunity for us, as boylovers, to record and preserve our own history, culture, and heritage. If it's of interest to boylovers, it belongs on BoyWiki!



**Boylove News Channel**  
~ the news that matters

# Why Would a Boy Want to Have Sex With You?

By Pharmakon



We are boylovers  
We are very much  
drawn to the beauty  
of youth. Many of us  
are exclusive  
boylovers: the only  
thing we find  
sexually stimulating  
is the physical  
beauty of male  
children.

It follows then, that  
boylovers do not, in  
general, find adults  
sexy. In fact, many  
of us find adults  
sexually repulsive.



Naturally, we tend to objectify our own responses. Young boys, we think, are just plain beautiful. And adult men, we believe, are just plain gross.

I find a lot of truth in those responses. If other men don't find 10-year-old boys hot, I think they are somehow blocked off from their natural instincts.

But human sexuality is very diverse. The fact is that most boys are not -- and are not destined to become -- boylovers. They are (or will) become lovers of pussy and big hairy dicks and all manner of things that we anathematize.

But for some -- maybe even many or most -- this is not in their nature, or at least a path they already have no capacity to follow. Such is the mystery of human sexual diversity.

We've heard much about the supposed improbability of a boy being attracted to a man. And I don't mean from *antis* -- I'm talking about boylovers who insist that boys find men physically disgusting.

But is that how the boys feel ... or rather how **THEY** feel?

They are boylovers, after all. Boys are to them the apotheosis of beauty. As we leave our own boyhoods behind, it should not be surprising that we come to see ourselves as sexually unappealing, even repulsive.

As I illustrated, that is the nature of our particular orientation. Therefore, it isn't surprising that many of us find it difficult to imagine ... "what" about an adult male might be sexually exciting to a boy.



We see ourselves as ugly, and we suppose others (boys especially) must see us that way too.

But there is one obvious explanation -- that should be easy for all of us to understand -- for why a boy might nevertheless respond sexually to an "objectively" unattractive man.

Humans like to be seen as sexy. It gets us hot when someone thinks we are hot. Boys, like all of us, want to be sexy, have doubts about their sexual attractiveness, and find it exciting when someone responds to them sexually.

In short, it gets boys hot to turn a man on. And this can be true even if the man isn't someone of the age, appearance, or even gender the boy fantasizes about.

Young boys may not be out there looking for a hairy old man to fuck. But they may be looking for love. And they may, like all of us, take it where they can find it.

# Boys of Summer









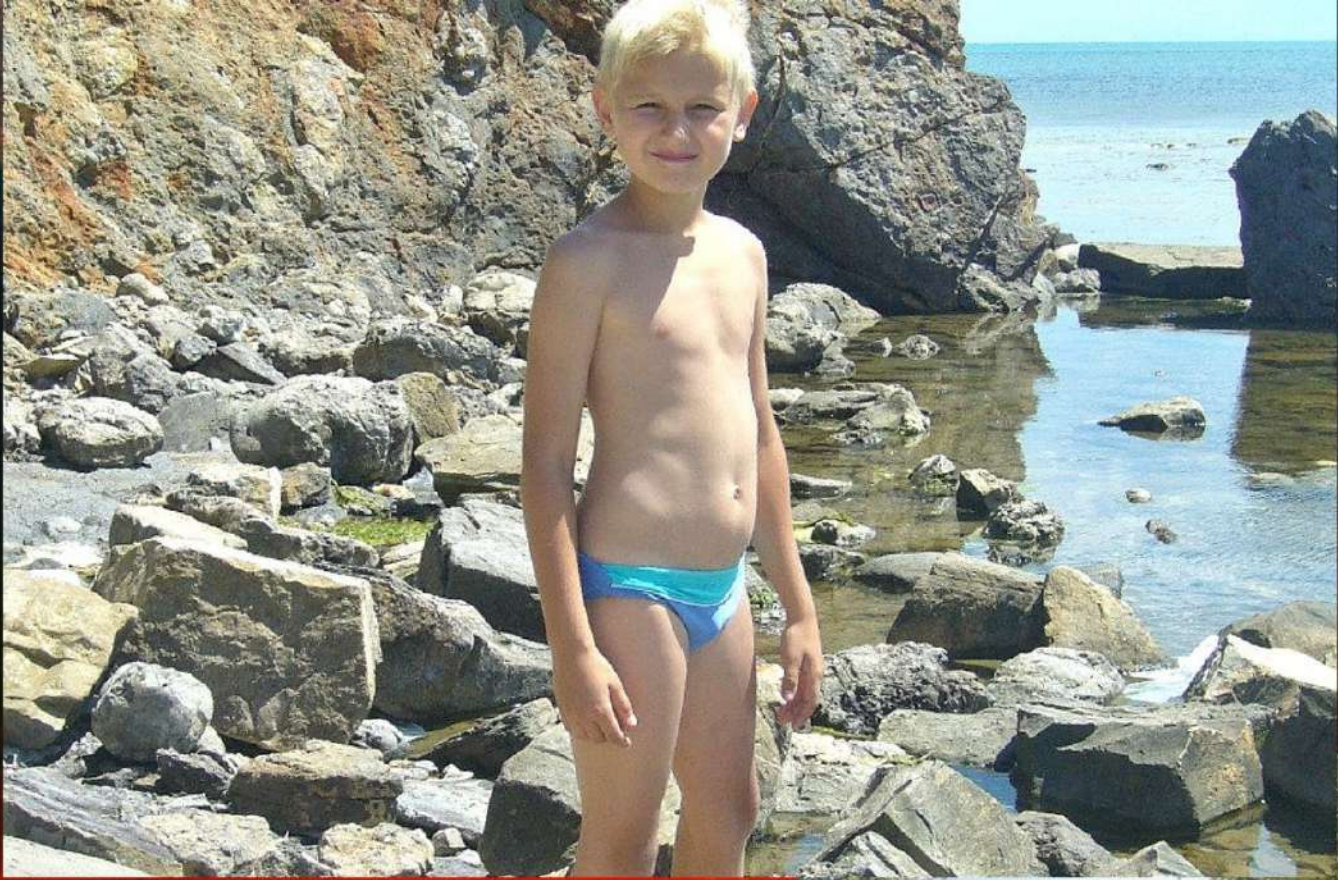












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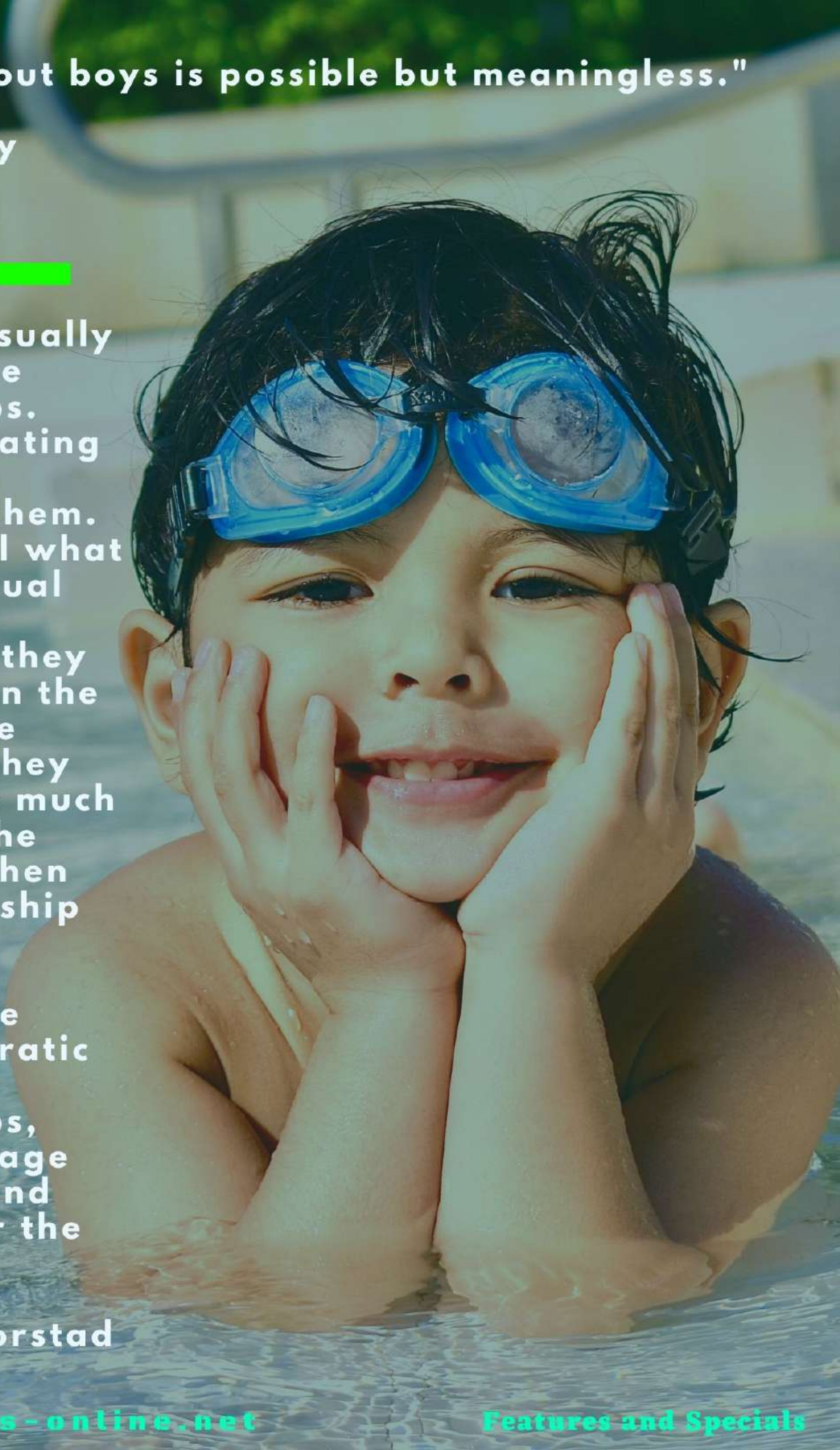


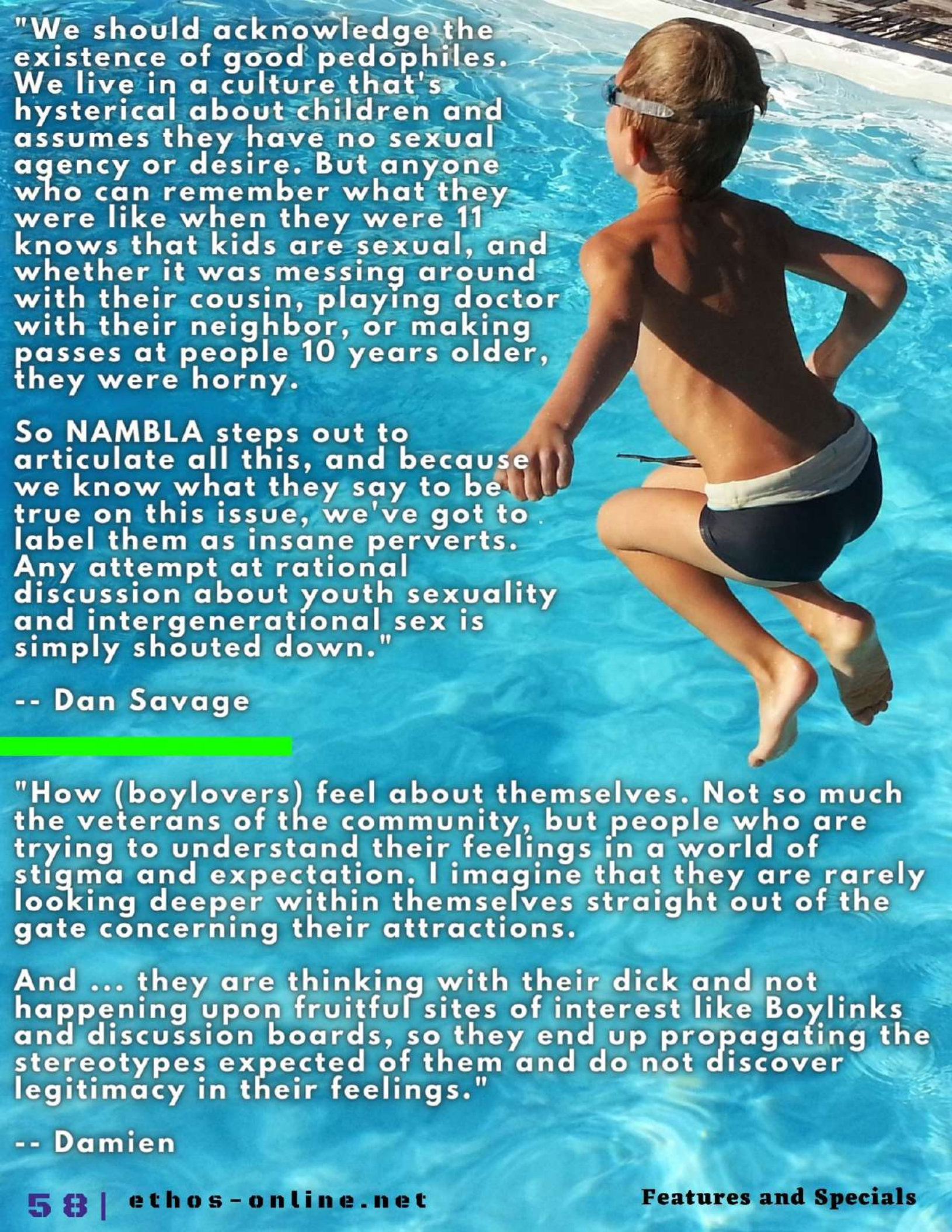
**"A life without boys is possible but meaningless."**

**-- Archerboy**

**"The boys usually control these relationships. Both in initiating them and in continuing them. They control what kinds of sexual acts are performed, they control when the sex will take place, and they have just as much control as the man over when the relationship will end. These are probably the most democratic of all relationships, despite the age difference and the risks for the man."**

**-- David Thorstad**





"We should acknowledge the existence of good pedophiles. We live in a culture that's hysterical about children and assumes they have no sexual agency or desire. But anyone who can remember what they were like when they were 11 knows that kids are sexual, and whether it was messing around with their cousin, playing doctor with their neighbor, or making passes at people 10 years older, they were horny.

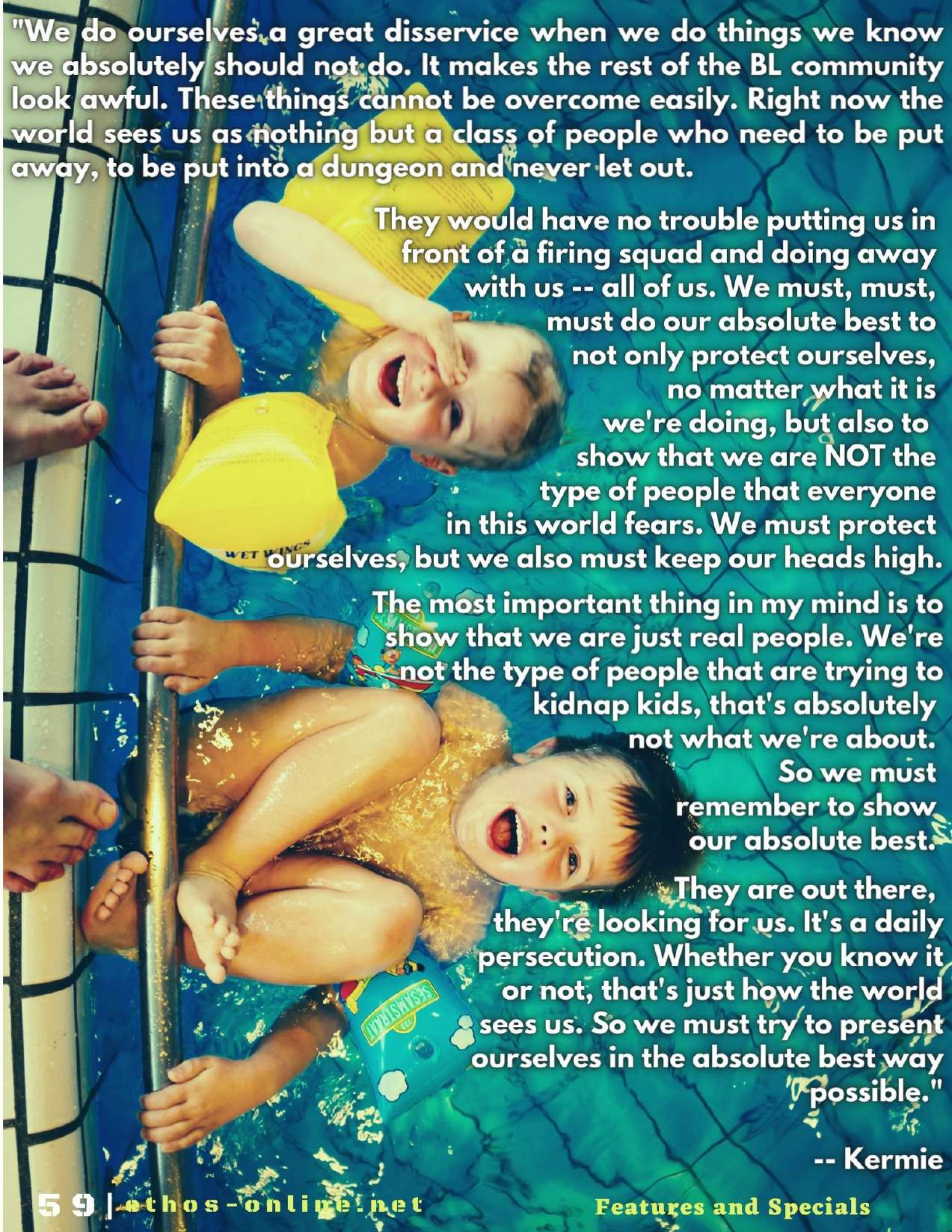
So NAMBLA steps out to articulate all this, and because we know what they say to be true on this issue, we've got to label them as insane perverts. Any attempt at rational discussion about youth sexuality and intergenerational sex is simply shouted down."

-- Dan Savage

"How (boylovers) feel about themselves. Not so much the veterans of the community, but people who are trying to understand their feelings in a world of stigma and expectation. I imagine that they are rarely looking deeper within themselves straight out of the gate concerning their attractions.

And ... they are thinking with their dick and not happening upon fruitful sites of interest like Boylinks and discussion boards, so they end up propagating the stereotypes expected of them and do not discover legitimacy in their feelings."

-- Damien

A photograph of two young children in a swimming pool. The child in the foreground is wearing a blue swimsuit with 'SESAME STREET' on it and a blue inflatable ring. The child in the background is wearing a yellow swimsuit and a yellow inflatable ring. Both children are looking towards the camera with open mouths, as if shouting or crying. The pool water is blue, and a metal railing is visible on the left side. The background is a dark, textured wall.

**"We do ourselves a great disservice when we do things we know we absolutely should not do. It makes the rest of the BL community look awful. These things cannot be overcome easily. Right now the world sees us as nothing but a class of people who need to be put away, to be put into a dungeon and never let out.**

**They would have no trouble putting us in front of a firing squad and doing away with us -- all of us. We must, must, must do our absolute best to not only protect ourselves, no matter what it is we're doing, but also to show that we are NOT the type of people that everyone in this world fears. We must protect ourselves, but we also must keep our heads high.**

**The most important thing in my mind is to show that we are just real people. We're not the type of people that are trying to kidnap kids, that's absolutely not what we're about.**

**So we must remember to show our absolute best.**

**They are out there, they're looking for us. It's a daily persecution. Whether you know it or not, that's just how the world sees us. So we must try to present ourselves in the absolute best way possible."**

**-- Kermie**

Loving Sander is a 1996 novel by Joseph Geraci. An American photographer working in Holland befriends the 10-year-old son of colleagues, and over the next year enjoys a consensual sexual relationship with the boy.

Following is an excerpt from the novel, used with permission from Safehaven Foundation Press.

# *Loving Sander - An Excerpt*

He is very vain. He combs his beautiful, thick, light brown hair twenty times this way and that, before he gets it right. Pats it, presses it, curls a lock behind his ear. He knows his eyes are special, hazel green, flecks of blue and intelligence. A girl at school told him he had beautiful eyes, another girl told him he was beautiful and during swimming class, still another said he had a beautiful body. He told me all of this with matter of fact pride.

Today in the dunes we were wrestling and rolling around and I noticed he had changed his underwear before going out and was no longer wearing the pale blue pair.

"You changed your underwear," I exclaimed, it more or less popping out of me in surprise.

He pushed his Levi's down a bit: white cloth with a red seal design. I laughed -- I hope he knew affectionately -- and grabbed him again.

He shrieked and I thought he would bring every soul within hearing distance to his rescue. He curled himself into a ball to avoid my tickling, but when I stopped threw himself on me and tried fiercely to tickle me back, as young animals pounce and roll and kick in a playful frenzy.

"Seals," I said, teasing him. "Where did you get those seals." I was leaning on my elbow looking down at him. I said quietly, trying to imitate a child's chant, "Sander with seals on his underpants."

I was leaning on my elbow above him. Desire rushed at me and swept me up, a raft without power caught in strong water.

I was staring into his eyes, and could feel my face go all red and my body responding. I paused; his hands were at his side and he looked at me seriously, his eyes wide. I felt breathless and also afraid. His face was flushed. He stared at something far away.

His shirt lay spread open on his bare chest and I could see his breath becoming more labored. I looked down and saw the small metal clasp of the zipper glinting. All this within perhaps a second.

Then he reached down and unsnapped his top button. He closed his eyes. I pushed back the denim cloth fly fold until the entire outline of his erection lay bare.

I could measure it now,  
nestled there happily  
amongst the cotton and seals.

The wind blew above our heads, warm and fresh. We could hear it from where we lay on the blanket nestled in our shallow dish of sand but not feel it on our hot skin.

I said softly, "They're nice seals," and touched just the top of his briefs, my fingertips causing a shiver to run through his stretched frame. I noticed his toes curling as I bent close. He smelled of sea air and green blended things, of Dutch winds, and his own boyish desires.

I ran a fingertip across him and he shuddered, ran my fingers over his stomach wanting him to feel pleasure, and pushed them beneath the band.

"Sander," I whispered, bending and pressing my face against the side of his, taking him in hand, squeezing gently but firmly.

He kept his eyes closed and said nothing, and as gently as I could (given my excitement) I pressed my lips first against his neck and then began to slide slowly down his body.

# *Hi, i'm Robbie*

**By Virtualboy**

Yes that's me, the one in the pictures. The blond kid with the long hair. Well, I wasn't really blond, more like my hair was brown. My mom decided that blond hair suited me better, so I dyed it for photo shoots.

I was in the "modeling" business between the ages of 11 and 13; now I'm 20 and look nothing like that kid that so many of you love so much. I find it amazing the amount of pictures of me that continue to circulate on the web, on sites operated by guys called "boy lovers."

As a friend who knows my story said, "You'll never know the number of handjobs that have been taken in your name, but it must surely be in the millions."

That doesn't bother me, in some strange way it flatters me. Partly it must be because I'm gay, so I don't find it strange that a man, no matter how adult, would find me attractive and that I would be his object of desire.

According to my therapist it is partly due to my need to feel loved by a father figure. She is somewhat right, as my father was an alcoholic who abused me as a child.

I've been meaning to write this for a while now,, just to let my "fans" know how I am doing in life. You must already guess that my real name is not Robbie, only a few people know my real identity and my association with the photos and videos I made in my "modeling" days. Some of those people are related to the police and the law.

By the way LEO, some of you may have also seen my other photos and videos, where I appear posing naked and playing with my private parts or frolicking with a friend a little older than me (if you have done it, better not tell, it is illegal here in the USA).



Well, those photos and videos were what ended my modeling career and some time later sent three adults to prison. The funny thing is that those were not the only adults present at that time. But the law only dealt with the relationship I had with those three. I lived with one of them for almost two years in his house. I felt comfortable with him, and I liked the way he made me feel good, and yes, I am talking about sexual games. That's why I liked to make him feel good too.

At that time I was never embarrassed when they took pictures or videos of me naked, alone or playing with other boys. I always walked around the house naked, I didn't care if the others were dressed or not.

Before I started taking pictures, I had learning problems and I didn't do well in school, I was shy and had no friends. I was only interested in skating. When my mom was working in Las Vegas, at Skatecity, I met a photographer and he offered to take pictures of me. He told me I could have a career as a model. That's how I met DY, in the first photo shoots; my mom was there too. Although she tells another version, she says that she was never present at my photo shoots, that I confuse things.

The two of them liked each other from the beginning. And my mother didn't know what to do with me. Between the problems I had at school, the legal problems she had with my father and his job, she was having nervous breakdowns all the time.

I loved the photo shoots. It was the first time I felt like I was good for something. Everyone praised me, gave me gifts, took care of my clothes, did my hair, even cut my nails. My mother was relieved to see that I liked modeling and spending time with DY. He promised my mother that with his help, I would get ahead. Soon after, my mother relinquished custody of me to him and so I ended up living with him.

She says she didn't know anything about the photos being pornographic or forbidden, that when she was warned that something strange was going on she reported it to the police and that on one occasion she went to "rescue" me at DY's house.

I don't believe it, I know that DY gave my mother monthly money. She justified it by saying that it was money for the payment of my photography sessions. Come on, seriously? You have seen my "normal" pictures. Do you really think that a mother who cares about her son would not be suspicious if he posed like I did?

I think she filled out the police report because of some money problem with DY, or else she would never have done it.

Likewise my mother lost custody of me, and I lived almost 6 years in foster care. It was a very decent family with me. Thanks to severance and out of court settlements, I have enough money for a decent life. A judge set up a trust with that money in my name; for now this pays for my basic expenses and my psychological treatment, and I will have access to the money when I turn 21. My mother tried to get her hands on that money, by all means, but she had already lost custody of me.

I can't say I'm well, but I can't say I'm bad either. I have a lot of things to sort out, like most people, but I'm young so at least I have time to try. I am no longer worried about DY and the other two. At first I didn't really understand what was going on, why all the fuss, cops and endless interrogations. I always said that they never abused me, unlike my father, that the things I did were because I wanted to do them and it made me feel good to do them.

But things changed when I found out that the intimate pictures and videos of me, where I am "playing" with someone or naked, had been sold all over the world.

It's not that I felt ashamed, more like I felt betrayed. Those moments, so special to me, were not for me to sell and make money. In the end everything DY said was just another lie, the same as with my parents. I think getting over that betrayal and trusting someone again, are the tasks ahead of me.

That my photos and videos, all of them, are circulating around the internet forever, doesn't worry or bother me. As I said before, it flatters me in a strange way. I am flattered to be someone's impossible fantasy, to have been a spectacular, beautiful, brilliant, brief firework in so many people's firmament.

\_\_\_\_\_ THIS IS A FICTIONAL STORY BASED ON REAL EVENTS.



**ETHOS**  
Amor et intellectus

