

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

What Does
Christmas
Mean?

Virped's Fatally Flawed Ideology

"Why I Love Boys!"

How it Should Be

BL Dad:

What It's Like to Be a
Boylover Raising a Son

Boys of Christmas



Ethos Notation

Issue 23

Welcome to Ethos Issue 23!

Wow! As I sit here writing these words with my door open ... a decidedly chilly breeze making me stop and rub my arms ... I marvel at the fact that we've come this far. Twenty-three issues is a lot! Does this mean we are now a "mature" publication?

We are in our seventh year. That is a very respectable number in the pantheon of MOP publications. I'm happy to say that Ethos Magazine has now spent nearly a decade gleefully celebrating boys and boylove.

We're very proud of our place in the BL community, because we embody the community. People from every corner of the boylove world have contributed in some way to Ethos. It has always been a truly collaborative effort, community-wide.

And this holiday season we are happy to present a very special yuletide Christmas issue to our fellow boylovers. We do so with a wide smile, a cheerful tone and a hearty, "Merry Christmas" to you all! This is intended as a gift to the community which we love and so tirelessly serve. With all of our hearts, we hope that your season is bright and merry!

So without further ado, let's unwrap Ethos Issue 23, capping a wonderful year and looking forward to an even brighter new one. Enjoy!

- ZoomZoom4

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Credits

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page 3; https://www.yandex.com/images/search?pos=12&from=tabbar&text=boy%20in%20snow&img_url=http%3A%2F%2Fgrowingleaders.com%2Fwp-content%2Fuploads%2F2016%2F10%2Fboy-in-snow-l.jpg&rpt=simage&lr=29641

page 11; <https://faceboy.pw/2020/05/12/newstar-scotty-dream-set-10/>

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page 34; <https://greek-love.com/index.php/modern-europe/great-britain/the-child-lovers-ca-1953-79/a-perfect-relationship-in-england-of-the-1970s>



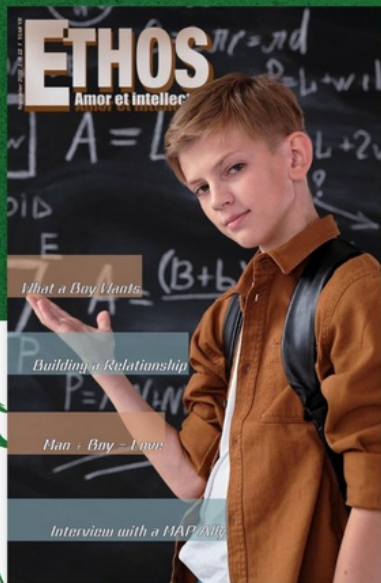
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BL Voice

Comments, suggestions and criticism
from readers.



"Excellent issue, as is every issue of Ethos. Many thanks to everyone involved in creating and maintaining this much needed magazine.

This little slice of heaven brings me comfort and reminds me, 'I am NOT the only one.'

Thank you guys!"

"Super!"

-- Boydimple

"Ethos Issue 22 -- an interesting magazine with lots to read and look at. I was really taken aback by the article by Dragonlover about the family support -- or lack of it -- during his time in prison.

It is not only horrendous to be incarcerated for a crime you didn't commit but the attitude of his family was appalling. But so common these days, unfortunately. For his sister to say the family 'loves you' but doesn't want anything more to do with him, is criminal in itself."

-- Boysown

"Very good issue! Thank you so much to everyone involved."

-- Dragonlover

"WOW that is impressive."

-- The Storyteller

"Looks good so far (smile) .."

-- Marc194

"LAY YOUR HEAD ON MY SHOULDER"

The online world is abuzz over the photo J.Lo shared of Ben Affleck looking happy as her son Max sleeps on him.

FULL ARTICLE- [HTTPS://PEOPLE.COM/PARENTS/JENNIFER-LOPEZ-SHARES-SWEET-PHOTO-SON-MAX-HUSBAND-BEN-AFFLECK/](https://people.com/parents/jennifer-lopez-shares-sweet-photo-son-max-husband-ben-affleck/)



"BRAVE" CALL LED TO BOY'S SAFE RETURN

This 12-year-old called authorities from the back seat as his "weird" father drove him to Vegas

FULL ARTICLE- [HTTPS://WWW.LATIMES.COM/CALIFORNIA/STORY/2022-11-28/UM-I-NEED-HELP-BOY-MAKES-911-CALL-FROM-INSIDE-FATHERS-CAR](https://www.latimes.com/california/story/2022-11-28/um-i-need-help-boy-makes-911-call-from-inside-fathers-car)

BOY SAVED FROM ICY LAKE

Onlookers watched in awe as the brave officer didn't hesitate to jump in the ice and rescue the drowning boy.

FULL ARTICLE- [HTTPS://WWW.BNG.COM/2022/11/28/VIDEO-OFFICER-SWIMS-THROUGH-ICY-WATER-RESCUE-9-YEAR-OLD-BOY/?OUTPUTTYPE=AMP](https://www.bng.com/2022/11/28/video-officer-swims-through-icy-water-rescue-9-year-old-boy/?outputtype=amp)



Ethos News

BY ZOOMZOOM4, GARY



BOY OPENS TOY DRIVE FOR HOSPITAL PATIENTS

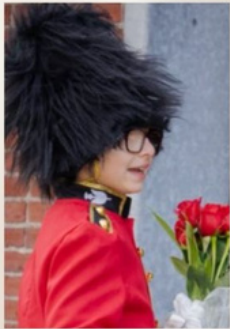
After spending most of his own life in the hospital, this enterprising 11-year-old has been giving back now for six years!

FULL ARTICLE- [HTTPS://FOX8.COM/NEWS/HEARTWARMING-11-YEAR-OLD-BOY-STARTS-TOY-DRIVE-FOR-UNIVERSITY-HOSPITALS-PATIENTS/](https://fox8.com/news/heartwarming-11-year-old-boy-starts-toy-drive-for-university-hospital-patients/)

INDIANA SCOUTS SELL CHRISTMAS TREES

And "all the money goes back to the boys and stays in the community."

FULL ARTICLE- [HTTPS://WWW.14NEWS.COM/2022/11/29/LOCAL-BOY-SCOUT-CHRISTMAS-TREE-SALE-IS-BACK/?OUTPUTTYPE=AMP](https://www.14news.com/2022/11/29/local-boy-scout-christmas-tree-sale-is-back/?outputtype=amp)



BOY GOT DRESSED UP AS MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GUARD ...

... and is now getting to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales. "I'm going to scream and tell my BFF, Baxter, I'm famous!" said the 8-year-old, being interviewed after meeting the royal couple.

FULL ARTICLE- [HTTPS://WWW.WCVB.COM/ARTICLE/IM-FAMOUS-8-YEAR-OLD-BOY-DRESSED-AS-MEMBER-OF-ROYAL-GUARD-MEETS-PRINCE-PRINCESS-OF-WALES/42123078](https://www.wcvb.com/article/im-famous-8-year-old-boy-dressed-as-member-of-royal-guard-meets-prince-princess-of-wales/42123078)

WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN?



I think that, as we mature from childhood into adolescence, our views and values regarding the Christmas holiday slowly evolve into what they will be into adulthood.

By DragonLover

Christmas. What does it mean to us now? And, maybe more interestingly, what did it mean when we were children? I think it's safe to say that would be two different things.

Speaking for myself personally, Christmas presently means a time of love and being together with friends and family. That is, as of 2022.

But let's take it back to say...1974. What did it mean to a 5-year-old Dragonlover? Let's see...

If I take it back to Christmas of 1974 and being five years old, it meant quite alot.

My grandmother would hoist me onto her lap, and together we would look through the Sears & Roebuck Christmas catalog. I'm sure quite a few of you know what I am talking about. That very big and heavy catalog would come out each year in the mail.

Anyway, I would sit with my grandmother for hours on end, carefully paging through the kids' section, looking at all of the latest toys and games. And believe me, I would make sure that we didn't accidentally skip a page! My grandmother, God rest her soul, would read each description to me, and we would mark with a pen what I wanted.

That particular year, 1974, I got a Big Wheel for Christmas. I'm sure that many of you owned one at one time or another. You would sit in it. It had pedals that you pumped with your feet. There was one big wheel at the front and two little wheels in the back, and you had a hand brake to stop. I can remember getting that Big Wheel for Christmas and riding it that very day. Kids at school told me that if you got it to go really fast, you could use the hand brake, if you really pulled up on it hard and fast, you could do a spin-out! I tried that and it worked. I did spin out after spin out. Much to my parents' chagrin!

As I got older, gone were the times of sitting on my grandmother's lap.

I went from Big Wheels to real bicycles. From bicycles to gaming consoles, (the Atari 2600 along with some games), and from gaming systems to clothes and late teen/young adult items.

Of course, there was also money. Cold, hard cash to spend as you please. This was done by people who really didn't know what you liked or wanted for Christmas, so they took the easy out; give you money with the obligatory hug and kiss.

If I got money, I would usually spend it on clothing items that were the "in" style of the day. I remember once I bought a nice suede jacket. It was well out of my mother's budget to get for me, so I pooled all my money together to get it. I was so proud and happy! I wore that jacket to school every day. I got lots of compliments on it, too.

But then, as I got even older the gifts didn't matter. What mattered was the fact that the whole family was together at Christmas time. No arguing, no drama. Just togetherness. Everyone enjoying each other's company.

So, with that, I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year 2023!



Why I Love Boys



By BoiForever

I am a boylover. And sometimes I have to wonder, is this just lust? Are my feelings only because of the boy's physical beauty, and not his substance? I have to ask myself: do I only want to be with a boy because of the (admittedly slim) chance that maybe I'll get to have sex with him?

But then I get caught up in his smile! That wonderful smile, the one I would pay a million bucks for. The smile that only I can give him. And then, to hear his boyish laugh. That is like the sweetest music. I could listen to it forever. But most important is the trust and security. He trusts me explicitly and is completely secure in that trust. I would rather die than break it.

I would never break that trust!
Never bring tears to those eyes,
silence his laugh, or bring a frown
to that boy's beautiful face.

I have been to the deepest recesses of his heart, and he mine. One day my heart will break as this beautiful boy goes confidently into the world as a man. I am proud of the man he's become. Proud for my contribution. Yes, and he will likely forget about me, at least for a while.

But I can promise you one thing: a good man he will be because my presence was a positive one. And someday, I'm confident, after I'm long gone, he will look back on me lovingly.

It isn't easy. As boylovers our lives are painful. But for a few short years at a time, we can bring joy to these boys we love so much, and at least some peace and happiness for us. But once those times are over, oh how they torture you.



Christmas

HOW IT BE SHOULD

By Hoby

NOTE TO READERS: Hoby is a loved boy from Europe.

I always liked being around older guys but I didn't know how much until I was 10. The best thing about having AFs (adult friends) is that my AF is everything I want him to be. He's my dad, my friend, my older brother, and even more --- and I like that. A lot of people think it's wrong, and think I'm too young to know. That's not true.

I don't know as much because I haven't been around so much, but I do know what makes me feel safe, wanted and loved. And it doesn't matter how old you are, everyone needs that. And it's too bad if people don't like it, because they don't know, and are never going to understand.

I think if God was really real, and He decided that boys had to love girls only, and be over 18 before you can even love someone at all, then it's about time that God let someone new do the job because that's just stupid. No one can make their feelings do things they don't want to. Ever.

The best thing for me was coming on to BoyChat. Even though Selack (my AF) was already going there, for me it was good simply because I didn't feel weird after I went there. Instead, I found out there are heaps and heaps of guys who are the same all over the world. They all call themselves "boylovers."

And I found that it's not just guys that like boys, but there are so many boys who like older guys, too. And I think that's how it should be; you should be able to love whoever you want, when you want. And as long as you are both happy it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks.

About my poems ... lots of people say they are good. I don't think they are that good. Maybe some are okay. I've only been writing poems for seven months, I guess. I just think it's easy to put words down about how I feel and make them rhyme. Once I get the first line down, everything after that is just super easy to write.

Well that's all I can think of to say about me. But let me say just one more thing: Yeah, we aren't very old, and you adults know lots more than us kids, but just try to listen to us a bit. Because even if you don't think what we say is right, it's still important to me that at least you listen and try to understand me a bit, instead of automatically dismissing me for being "just a kid."





Virped's *Part 1* Fatally Flawed Ideology

By John Holt

The anti-choice, medicalist ideology of Virped/NOMAP is fatally flawed, and because of this, their "place" will never be that big tent under which all boylovers and MAPs may prosper. Whatever you may think about their ideology, their approach is bound to fail for a number of reasons.

Fundamental Demographics

Pedophiles are over-represented in today's movement, and exclusivity may be one reason for this. However, most (probably over 90%) of minor-attracted people in surveys/phallogometric studies of the general population are hebephilic. Hebephiles are bound to see themselves as bordering on the acceptable, and start lobbying for small changes in Age of Consent laws at the very least. Virped have already been ridiculed for their ignorance of this topic, when they absurdly described Benjamin Britten as a "non-abusing hebephile." Self-loathing, low-AoA pedophiles are pretty much "all in" at this point. If a "MAP Movement" were to grow from this point onwards, that growth would not come from one fraction of 1-3% of the male population, but the 20%.

Age-drift

The NOMAP Movement became a "thing" in such a short period of time due to the proliferation of new social media platforms such as Tumblr, various chat clients and Fediverse sites. Therefore, the early MAP Movement was biased towards the views of questioning young MAPs, who used these young platforms. As these youngsters age, and are joined by others, their life experiences will impact upon their ideology. They will become (by and large) more pro-choice, self-accepting and questioning of medical orthodoxy.

Unfashionable and unexciting

The NOMAP Movement employs destigmatization as its exclusive strategy. This is fatally unsexy, and will never attract a critical mass of supporters and legislators. Along with the demographic limitations mentioned above, the best NOMAPs can hope for is to attach themselves to hebephiles and tag along, like boylovers did with the gay movement for some time.

Anti-elitist

To be successful we need the support of lawmakers and establishmentarians. If their demographics are anything like the general population, they too will be far more hebephilic than they are pedophilic. If they are to change laws, there will have to be something in it for them --- and that means a pragmatic pro-choice agenda at the age boundary, not "destigmatizing" the loathed 1-3% of the population.



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lites like contentious topics that can be used to distract and divide the populace for decades. Virped medicalism is not in that league, but youth rights and agency for queer kids is where it's at.

Lack of motive

As NOMAPs and Virpeds say, attraction does not equal action. That's true, but do people actually believe this, or would they rather ride the slippery slope? Evidence from social media suggests that the general public are slippery slope fanatics, since they are equally willing to defame Virpeds as child rapists. This is something that even Virpeds will admit themselves.

So, one has to ask Virpeds: what exactly is the point of putting on this dog and pony show?

Further, what is the motive for NOMAPs? A society in which MAPs (including teen-lovers) are "destigmatized" but always under suspicion and in treatment, is not only a miserable prospect, but one can assume also a fundamentally impossible one.

Virpeds are literally claiming that their tiny fraction of society will be able to convince members of the public that not only are pedophiles like them mentally disordered, but said pedophiles are not bound to act on a disorder.

This is an absurdity without precedent. Look at the Virped position as a war game, to ascertain just how absurd it is. How realistic would it be for a group of chaste, medicalist NOMAPs representing even 2.5% of men, to successfully shame and invalidate pro-choice hebephiles, ephephiles and Adult Attracted Minors, representing the interests of 25% or more?



TO BE CONTINUED ...

We have to ask, who would their allies be?

A Boy Doing Laundry

By aboysXO

Make that, a very cute boy doing laundry.

I was at one of the laundromats yesterday, shortly before noon. Coming out of the combination office/storage/supply room I noticed this adorable-looking boy standing in front of a bank of open washing machines. He looked to be about 11 or 12. That was a good guess. I found out he was going to be 12 this coming Monday. I am particularly fond of 12-year-olds.

He had a piece of paper in one hand that he kept looking at and then at the instructions printed on the inside of the lid of the machine. The piece of paper turned out to be instructions that his mother had written out for him telling him what to do. He seemed just a little unsure. It turned out that at his mother's direction he was here, alone, doing the family laundry. Unusual circumstances made it necessary.

He'd never done this before. He had longish but well-styled blond hair and hazel eyes.

You know you can look at someone and get an impression of the care that they, or someone else, takes with them. He had on what I call play-type clothes. They were clean, in good repair, and fit him well. I got the impression that he, or someone, cared about him and took care of his appearance.

He had a really cute face and was height/weight proportionate. He had that beautiful boy body: trim, supple, well put together. A good-looking boy.

One of the things I find most attractive is boys' voices. I love their voices. When I finally heard his, it was a very cute boy's voice. I couldn't help it.

So I approached him and asked if he needed help. These days sometimes it's difficult to get a response from kids. You smile at them and say hi and they don't say anything. They just kind of turn away and ignore you. Too much scary hype they hear. But he turned and said yes.

When I saw the instructions his mother gave him, I could kind of see why. Even I could barely read them. Almost illegible. So I helped him with the change machine and showed him how to load the washer, put the soap in, and all that.

He was a nice kid. With that sweet little voice and the way he looked and acted. I ended up helping him do his laundry. I helped from start to finish. Washing, drying, folding. I've got a million dumb jokes. I told him jokes, made him laugh and giggle and we talked while we did laundry.

He was making my head spin, making me a bit dizzy. How silly but I was pretty taken with him. In doing the laundry, moving around and such, I got close to him a bit. He brushed against me a couple of times. I ended up with a noticeable bulge.

Damn. He noticed. Kids these days seem to have more information than when I was his age. The meaning of the bulge wasn't lost on him. He just said, "Hey," kind of softly. I was a bit chagrined.

Then he says, "Are you gay?" I know it sounds contradictory to some people, but while I am a homosexual I am not gay.

Then he says, "Do you like me or something?"

There it was. A direct question. If it doesn't seem that it will upset, frighten or otherwise disturb them, I have a habit of responding to questions like that honestly. We were getting along nicely. He wasn't scared of me or disturbed. Surprised a bit, yes.

So I said yes, I think I do. You're a nice boy. Cute, too. There. I said it. His eyes kind of widened some but that was all. It was like he didn't hear what I said. No response at all, positive or negative.

By that time the laundry was folded and done, I said, "Well there you go. Laundry is all done."

He said thank you. I went back into the office and when I came out half an hour later he was gone.



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ST DAY MARTIN'S

By SiB

On November 11th each year, millions of young kids ring your doorbell and sing their songs with paper lanterns. They go from house to house, collecting sweets and candies. They often collect so much, it will carry them through the winter season. Usually, kids quit doing this when they move from primary to secondary schools (11, 12, 13 years old.)

This evening, dozens of kids again rang my bell and sang their songs. While they are singing they stare hopefully at you. Smiling parents watch from a short distance.

But this evening, three boys who were a bit older rang my bell and sang their songs with big smiles. They were (or felt) too old to have parents with them. They started singing right away. It wasn't one of the usual well-known songs; it was slightly dirty and funny. They sang it tongue-in-cheek. Bright eyed and quite loud! It was as if they were testing the water --- my water.

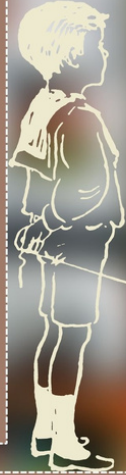
"Hey boys! You don't look like primary school to me! This isn't a song you learned from there, is it?"

Of course, no answer, only big provocative smiles, while they shifted from one leg to the other.

"But you are still hunting for candy, like sweet little boys, no?"

"Huh huh, yesss," they say, with semi-smiling faces, as if they felt caught.

To help them feel a bit more at ease, I said, "Your lanterns look like you had great fantasies, while making them." (They really did look great to me!)



"Yes," says the handsomest boy. "We just couldn't stop doing this, it's too much fun. But the handle of my lantern broke and that's shitty."

"If you want I have some tape, so you can mend it."

Glittering eyes. "That would be great, mister!"

"Wait then, I'll get it for you."

I go inside my house, to my workspace, but before I know it all three boys follow behind me.

"You got a nice space here, mister."

They are adventurous, and touch some of my tools. Meanwhile, I help the boy to repair his lantern. He assists by holding the lantern, and the effort works smooth and fast with four hands. A bit too fast, actually (it was over too soon).

"Ah, mister, this is really great, thanks!" He beams at me, like he wants to kiss me.

Afterwards they have a drink and collect some sweets. They give me one last big smile, thank me and hurry out, over to the house next door.

I hope they return next year. For me they are not too old.

It was a delightful evening.



Boys of Christmas

By ZoomZoom4



Christmas is perhaps the most storied of all holidays, and as such it is filled with a rich history of lore, legend, and song. As a format and theme, it has also been widely adopted by popular entertainers, with many of them being young boys. Just as much, the holiday's music and stories prominently include boys.

It's undeniable the involvement of pre-pubescent males in a great number of Yuletide-related things. So let's take a look now at the boys of Christmas.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY

Probably the most famous Christmas boy of all, this rhythm-keeping lad, has been sung about for generations on end. And, while everyone has heard of him, few know his story. What happened is that when Jesus was born, people came from all around bearing gifts. This boy was too poor to bring anything, so he decided to instead play his drums for the newborn king.

His performance impressed everyone, gaining approval from Jesus's mother, and they say that Jesus even smiled at the boy.

TINY TIM

The lovable young lad of "A Christmas Carol" even won the heart of super-grouch Ebenezer Scrooge. After failing to get even the slightest bit of approval or affection from Ebenezer, the ill-stricken youth finally finds himself being showered with the miser's love.

GRANDMA GOT RUN OVER BY A REINDEER

Nobody believes young Jake, but he knows what he saw, and he saw the reindeer trample poor old granny. This song/movie captures the well-known-to-us theme of boys not being taken seriously.



I SAW MOMMY KISSING SANTA CLAUSE

Another case of people refusing to believe a young boy who claims to have seen something outrageous. Even by the end of the song, the boy's overactive imagination is still being blamed for the scandalous incident.

ZAC HANSON SINGING CHRISTMAS SONGS

Rocking Around the Christmas Tree and What Christmas Means to Me, to be specific. This is of special interest to boylovers because the 12-year-old singer featured in these two tracks from Hanson's "Snowed In" CD has a voice that warbles and wobbles, squeaks, and cracks in glorious pre-teen splendor. Could a boy possibly sound more boyish?

KEVIN MCCALISTER IN "HOME ALONE"

The 10-year-old blond boy who made the world fall in love with him as he cleverly fought off a couple of bumbling burglars. Audiences flocked to the theaters in droves, propelling this modestly-budgeted "boy movie" to its destiny as the highest grossing Christmas picture of all time, a title it still holds to this day (the film was released in 1990).

THE BOY FROM "THE POLAR EXPRESS"

In the 2004 animated classic, an unnamed young boy finds a train outside his house, a locomotive named The Polar Express, and it's headed for – where else? -- the North Pole. Of course, he is on board in no time, taking a magical winter journey to the very heart of Christmasland.

EVERY BOY WHO HAS EVER SAT ON SANTA'S LAP ...

... and told jolly old St. Nick what he wants for Christmas. Whether it's the latest game, action figure, or tech gadget, countless generations of little boys have sat on Santa's lap and presented him with a list of their own. Santa made a list? Checked it twice? So did little Billy. And come Christmas morning, he hopes to see it under the tree.

In almost every way you can think of, Christmas is very much a boy-filled time of year. In times past you would see them out making snowmen and having snowball fights. And similarly, in the lyrics, stories, and traditions of Christmas, you are just as likely to find young boys.





*It's
the
Season ...*

DECEMBER 17TH

**LIGHT A BLUE
CANDLE FOR
IBLD**



WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A BOYLOVER RAISING A SON

By BL Life

Noah was born when I was just about to turn 30. Now he's old enough to drink a beer (barely) and I'm officially over the hill. His mother and I were together for 18 years (we got married before he was born) but are now separated. Sadly, she thought the grass was greener. Now she knows that it's not.

Unfortunately, this led to our family getting smaller: she had to go. And while this was sad, what made it even sadder is that Noah was not our first attempt at starting a family.

Before him, she actually got pregnant in 1996 --- and we lost the child. It was a girl, and after that it took us another three years to have our son.

As a boylover, I'd say that my AOA is around 12 or 13 -- and under. How low? The way I see it, even very young boys are just absolutely adorable. There's no comparison. Now to clarify, it's not that I'm trying to do, well, "certain things" with boys that young. It's just that I find them so amazing. That's the only way I can really put it.

Everything about them. Physical, and every other way as well. It's just the whole boy. I know many BLs have a "favorite age" of the boys they like, a "sweet spot." I've tried to figure that out a lot of times, and really it just depends on the boy.

Do I consider myself "straight" in addition to BL? Well, I have always liked females. Growing up, I always liked girls my age and that continued into adulthood, to now where I like adult women.

For boys, I realized that I liked boys around the age of 5 when I started Kindergarten. As I got older, the age of boys I like progressed until I was about 13. When I hit 14, I wasn't really interested in boys my age, anymore. It just stayed back. So I like boys that are pre-pubescent, or just barely into puberty. How then, does that affect my experience of raising a pre-pubescent boy? It's kind of hard to explain, because of course he's my son.

But I also at the same time just thought he was one of the most beautiful things I'd had ever seen. And as he got older, it didn't fade (his beauty), until it did finally hit (puberty), and still I think he's a very good-looking young man.

Yes, for a time I did see him in a "certain" way, because I like what I like.

But was there ever any risk of me "taking advantage"? No. God, no. That has never been a thing with me --- at all. Because for me, things like that should be fun, for both people. If it's not fun for the other person, it's not fun for me.

I did consider myself already somewhat experienced, having taken care of younger boys since I was 7 years old. I had two younger cousins, and I did everything: helped them take their first steps, fed them, etc. By the time I was 12, I was a seasoned veteran at changing diapers and knowing exactly what a certain cry meant.

If I learned anything from the experience of raising a son, I learned exactly how much I do love boys. I really did learn that. Just boys' personalities, the way they act, react.

I realized that I love -- I absolutely LOVE -- seeing boys experience something new for the first time. Like the first time I took my son to a NASCAR race, and him just seeing the outside of the racetrack, it looked like a big Colosseum. And just looking at that wonder and bewilderment on his face. Just seeing that sense of awe at something new.

I love taking boys somewhere and letting them experience things that they've never experienced before. I love that!

The night before his birthday, or the night of Christmas Eve, I would spend hours just setting up everything and making it absolutely as perfect as I could for him. Christmas morning, or putting things together, hiding them in the garage for his birthday. I just loved seeing his face when everything was laid out a certain way; he could grab an electronic device and play it immediately because the batteries were charged.

I always thought of things ahead of time like that, just ... how could I make him the most happy possible? And most parents won't think of things like that. I'm sure you've had experiences where you were like, it takes batteries. And they said, we don't have batteries. "What, you mean I can't play this right now?"

And he never experienced that. I'm happy to say that Noah had the best possible childhood I could give him. I'm satisfied with the job I did raising him, and proud of the young man he has become.



DUAL INTERVIEW WITH THE KINDRED

Part 1

ZOOMZOOM4: Let's go ahead and get the interview started now. Let's start with your name, The Kindred. Tell me, how did you come up with that? What does it mean, and how does it apply to you?

THE KINDRED: Curious name, isn't it? To me, it's like a mixed bag of positive and negative feelings nowadays. Sometimes I feel proud of it. Proud of the various messages I've tried to pass on under that name, things I've posted, things I've tried to collaborate with. Other times I'd wish I'd have changed it long ago, before I returned to the forums after my long, self-imposed exile. It makes me often feel like an idiot to still be posting as "The Kindred" more than 2 decades after I came up with it, but somehow it stuck with me, perhaps due to its meaning.

The word "kindred" means family, or relative, or even "akin to" something, or someone. Back in the late 90's I used to play a lot of role playing games, even pen and paper ones, and one of such games was called Vampire: The Masquerade. In that game's setting, society is divided into a more open public human society, nearly identical to the real society we live in, and a more secretive vampire society that operates and rules over the world from the shadows without any of it being known by the public opinion.

By Gary and
ZoomZoom4

NOTE TO READERS: This is two separate interviews conducted by two different people (Gary and Zoomzoom4), but with the same subject (The Kindred).

INTERVIEW BY
ZOOMZOOM4

According to this game's lore, when Caine killed Abel, Caine was cursed by God with the hunger of the beast and its bloodlust, but at the same time God couldn't abandon his beloved creatures, no matter if they had committed a horrible sin like killing his own blood, so in the end Caine was bestowed with immortality and supernatural abilities comparable to what we would imagine a God of Blood would have, and the power to convert other humans to his kind through a ritual in which the human consumed the blood of the vampire.

"Kindred" was the term used by vampires to refer to their own kind, and "kine" was what they used to refer to humans. Later on, there was this amazing city that was said to be the first one where humans and kindred coexisted peacefully (much like the old pedophile dream of being accepted and be able to coexist with those who aren't minor attracted).

In the end it all flopped and one generation of vampires betrayed another, different wars between vampire clans happened through the course of history, and the clans who still want peace rather than total domination over the humans keep themselves and the very existence of vampires hidden from society, much like the BL scene has been forced to operate more and more secretly over the years.

So when I first found the BL boards I couldn't think of a cool or funny name that I could feel identified with at all, but this idea of pedophiles being much like vampires, who aren't really culprits of their ancestors' sins or their nature, but won't be understood by the main society which sees us like monsters that should be gotten rid of. clinked the right way. It's not that I am "The Kindred".

We all are, so I initially chose to use the name "Kindred" without the "The" because I perhaps wanted to spread the idea of unity and just being one more of you. You know, I wanted to have a sense of belonging I never really found, and I expected every other BL or CL, or even GL in the world would understand that we either unite, or eventually the world will corner us and put us into the situation we're kind of living now as the most depraved and monstrous scapegoats for society and all its own faults.

Soon after I got more involved with the BL scene and all the internal flame wars and self-hatred we've been raised with, I chose to add the "The" in front. And I must also admit I admired The Storyteller quite a lot, so he also inspired me to add the "The" in front of "Kindred" and start using an avatar at the forums that didn't include a cute boy.

How it applies to me feels rather confusing these days because I'm not exactly the most loved character around the forums, and certainly far from the most popular. Or maybe I'm popular for the wrong reasons lol

ZZ4: You mentioned that you've been using the name for over two decades. So that's more than 20 years of activity in the online BL world. That's a long time to be involved in something.

But going way back to the beginning, how did you first discover the BL community?

TK: That's a tough one. First of all, saying I've been involved for over two decades is an exaggeration, since I left the boards for around sixteen years and only found the courage to come back in 2020.

Back in the year 2000 or so I was browsing the internet searching for whatever I could find about pedophilia. I knew what I was, but was completely ignorant about the facts, and was full of myths spread by popular culture and hearsay.

I'm sure your older readers remember quite well how the early internet was, but for those who are younger, well, there was no Youtube, there was no Facebook, there was no Instagram, no Whatsapp or Telegram groups, Google was just a search engine, and Usenet newsgroups were still a thing. Then came the forums, of which Boychat was the first, but I didn't start there.

So from one useless link I'd jump to another and, before I knew it, I had landed at a site called Boytales. I was amazed at how there were forums with people like me exchanging ideas and feelings regarding this topic they called "Boylove" which I had never heard of before.

So from one useless link I'd jump to another and, before I knew it, I had landed at a site called Boytales. I was amazed at how there were forums with people like me exchanging ideas and feelings regarding this topic they called "Boylove" which I had never heard of before. After a couple of days of excitement and indecision, I decided to register an account, and that's where Kindred was born, and where I was reborn as a proud pedophile and Boylover, I guess. When I first plunged into the forum as a member I didn't even know what to expect, but I was happy to be there, at first.

That's when I remember seeing the Storyteller's avatar and saying to myself "Damn, that man has some balls to be running this site where pedos like me can reunite and not feel like we're a rare monstrosity". Before finding the community, I really believed I was completely alone with these feelings and I would never find anyone who would understand them.

It's also when I started having the realization that maybe there's more of us than we can even imagine, and everyone's keeping it secret in such a way that we might be living next to each other and even be a majority, but we'd still never get to know each other's sexual identity, thus we might still have the false gut feeling that we're the only pedophile in the world. The happy tears of self discovery, acceptance and boylove brotherhood didn't last long, though.

ZZ4: "Didn't last long?" Why, what happened?

TK: Well it didn't last long because of the neverending battle between conservatives and liberals, pro-contact vs anti-contact, those who view sex as something harmful and filthy and those who see that sexual freedom for everyone would eventually make a better society.

I always sided with the liberals, those who wanted to lower AOC instead of rising it, those who wanted to naturalize pedophilia across society and, more than anything, those who advocated for boys' sexual freedom and

allowing them to share those short-lived but extremely intense and sometimes magical moments of sexual discovery and early life experiences at their own pace and by their own will with whoever they felt comfortable with.

Being as extremely unforgiving as I was with my idea of censoring sexuality and turning it into a taboo being the root of most if not all evils in modern society, not much time passed before I landed straight upon the trenches of flamewars and hostility.

I had my BL friends whom I met at Boytales and one of them wanted to make something called Boylover.net, where conservative and traditionalist thinking wouldn't be dominant, and minors would be allowed to enter. The first idea was to give teenage boylovers a way to learn about themselves and their sexuality, but it ended up causing more problems than it solved.

So either way I moved there and eventually was installed as an admin, and that's where things went crazy.

I was having constant fights with everyone and my depression was so deeply rooted in me that all I could talk about were my frustrations and my past regrets. I would feel nobody wanted me around at all anymore and people just tolerated me because I was an admin.

Later on I was asked to tone down my posting style, since it was unfit for a staff member, or resign. So I resigned and left the boards, and felt so bad with myself that I ended up with a sense of never deserving to come back. And a sense of defeat. I defeated myself. I gave up.

Nearly two decades later, here I am. I decided to come back almost three years ago and I'm not sure anymore if I am glad or if I regret it because I've gotten the same feelings of not belonging with the community ever since, made a fool of myself too often, and became everyone's least favorite drama queen who nobody likes or cares about anymore.

That's when the kindred died and the outcast was born, I guess.



I've even considered changing my screen name to The Outcast, like the final statement of what I have become and how little hopes I have of creeping over it and regaining a little bit of dignity and self-confidence, because one thing is being hated by everyone around me because they know I'm a pedophile --- but a very different thing is to be hated among other pedophiles. The outcast among the outcasts.

ZZ4: I like how you went to Boylover.net with the idea of giving teenage BLs a place to feel normal and accepted. But you said "things went crazy" when you became an administrator there. "Having constant fights with everyone." It sounds like you got distracted from the Cause -- yet still always felt a duty to serve the community.

And that's why you chose to return all these years later, I think. That desire to make a difference for boylovers. Even though you think most of us hate you.

Why, if you are held in such low esteem by your fellow BLs, do you think people still want to talk to you, and give you important roles and extra attention?

There must be something about you that makes your drama queen exploits worth putting up with.

TK: (coming soon)

When I'm in the presence of boys, I desperately tend to look for spaces where nobody may even think I've got any boy in my arc of vision, no eye contact, not a single word to them. It's become automated, and I hate that. I had some new YFs merely last year, and now I can't even look at them, let alone say hello.

I also think I rejected society way before society rejected me, as a coping mechanism with something that was going to happen sooner or later anyway. I just wish I had the balls to at least say hello to my YFs no matter what anyone may say and fuck the police if they want to investigate me or whatever, but I lost all the self-confidence I had left ... to the point that I don't even speak to adults anymore, either.

GARY: That must be rough. I really hope you can feel confident once again. If you don't mind me asking, what happened? I mean, what transpired to cause people to believe that you're a pedophile?

TK: (COMING SOON)

GARY: Let's start off. What's a random fun fact about you, unrelated to BL stuff?

THE KINDRED: Maybe a fun fact about me is that even though I behave in an anti-social way, I have the need to socialize more than anyone would imagine. Social anxiety makes me feel like someone who's perpetually below everyone else, and I've learned to counteract that with a tough and cold attitude, while deep inside I'm rather tender and even cheerful.

But it's that tender cheerfulness that made me stand out as not particularly heterosexual when I was a child. Let's just put it this way: I am embarrassed of being nice to people and letting my warm side outshine the darkness that overshadows my true self, which isn't very different from a little boy.

So you see, in one way or another, everything about me is related to boylove --- because that's how I'm wired internally, or even genetically I guess.

GARY: Letting feelings out can be really hard, especially when you have social anxiety. Really sorry to hear that. Do you think maybe your feelings toward boys might also play a role? Sort of an "always be cold and hardened before being rejected by society" type of deal?

TK: Of course feelings for boys play a huge part. I can't help but look at them with the face you surely know pretty well. It immediately shows I'm attracted, and as soon as I realize this, I blush to make it even worse. can't stand those feelings anymore, especially now that everybody around here knows (or suspects) that I'm a pedophile.

TO BE CONTINUED ...

WORKING WITH SPECIAL NEEDS BOYS

By DragonLover



When I graduated high school in 1988, I was ready, like so many other kids of that age, to conquer the world. College wasn't my thing. I had just done 12 years of school, and I didn't want to do anymore. So, 2 days after graduation, I got a full-time job working in the retail industry. Specifically, I was working at K-Mart as a salesperson in their camera department. I was making \$3.80 an

hour, they had okay benefits, and they paid every week

in cash. You would get an envelope, in which you found your pay stub and a total in cash for that week's net wages.

But, after working a couple of Christmas Eves, which are very crazy, to say the least, I felt like I was ready for a change. By 1990, I was tired of retail. In November of that year, I decided upon a change. I would go from retail to human services. I somehow managed to get a job at a local residential treatment facility that housed both children and adults with special needs. I went through a lengthy hiring process, which involved doing both a criminal and child abuse history background check, a physical examination, and a reference check. After that, I had to sit through 40 hours of classroom training.

These 40 hours covered CPR certification, First Aid certification, reviewing policy and procedures manuals,-

-and above all else, how to deal with children with special needs.

I knew going in, that there would be a lot to it. But I had no idea of how much it would be. After 40 hours, I was scheduled as a worker at one of the residential units. When I first walked into the unit that rainy and cold November afternoon, I could tell that this was a place with a lot of pain in it. I saw men and women pushing young children around in specially made wheelchairs. The kids weren't like any kids I had seen before. They weren't able to talk, even on the most basic of levels. They needed to wear diapers 24/7. They needed to be bathed and fed. They required a special cocktail of medications 2 or 3 times a day. This was all new to me.

I was assigned my very own group of boys ranging in age from 9 to 15 years old. Robert B. was 15, Janus K. was 15, Alfredo T. was 9, Joshua M. was 11 and Timothy B. was 14. My day, which ran from 3 PM to 11 PM, consisted of getting a report from the 7 AM to 3 PM staff for the boys, getting them to the nurse's station to get their medications, then getting them to the dining room, parked at a table, get their bibs on, and get their meals which, for most of them, was a puréed blend of some kind of protein and vegetable mix. I then had to spoon-feed each one of them. I would feed 2 or 3 spoonfuls to one boy, then feed 2 or 3 to another boy and work my way around the table. Then I had to get them to drink a full cup of juice. That was always a terrible mess. After dinner, was bath time. I had to bathe each boy individually.

While one was being bathed, the other boys would be in a boy's room watching TV or listening to the radio. By the time bath time was done, it was time for medication again. If I had any time to spare, I could read stories to them, watch TV with them or play a simple game. Then it was bedtime. I would have to tuck them in safely for the night and make sure the bed rails were up and secured to prevent falls. I then had to write the case notes on each child in my care and date, and sign them. My last task of the evening was to give a full report to the incoming 11 PM to 7 AM staff.

I guess you can understand why that would be a taxing job. It was VERY taxing, but I did love it. It was one of those jobs where you aren't doing it for the money because those jobs don't pay a whole lot of money. You did the job because you like it. You enjoy the emotional aspect of it. You like the fact that you can go home and say that you honestly helped someone that day; you made a difference.

In training, they emphasize to you that you are not to get personally involved with your clients. And, you understand that at the time. But after a few weeks of actually doing it, you do, despite all your best efforts, become on a certain level, personally involved. You can't help it. You start to develop feelings for the boys in your care. I know I sure did.

I tried to tell myself every day I went to work, don't get personally involved, and yet I would.

In talking with my fellow staff members, I found that all of them thought the same way as I did. They were told not to get involved, but they did. Some even treated the boys like they were their own family members. See, many of these kids do have families, but their families have very little to do with them for whatever reason. So, in my mind, I was their dad, brother, and uncle for 8 hours a day. And that does mean becoming personally involved. For the agency to tell us not to become personally involved is, quite honestly, an impossibility for most people entering that field. It is just something that happens.

I worked for this agency for 3 years and worked with a lot of boys. I found that they all had their very own personalities. They had their own needs and wants. They had their own means of communicating. And, they were able to give and receive love, each in their own special way. Tell me you wouldn't become personally involved.





Real By RealMe Talk

A few issues ago in an article titled, "Friendship Can Be Enough," I mentioned Skaterboy, a very straight kid I met down at the skate park. We hit it off right from the very first day and our friendship grew year by year. We shared laughs and secrets and lots of good times. We never shared more than that. He had no interest and I had to respect that. Still, as I explained in that column, I considered him a YF, my "young friend."

The skate park is in another state. I only see it over the summer when I visit a relative and hang out with my nephew. He is now 20 and still loves to skate. He's even taught me a few moves, although I'm terrible. Not that it matters, I get to be among lots of skater boys!

And the culture of that skate park is very cool. No one makes fun of you if you're not very good. If you're out there putting in the effort, people accept you.

Over the past couple of summers, though, the skate park has lost a bit of its shine. Skaterboy has turned into a husky 15-year-old, and is not only uninterested but out of my age of attraction. While I still love his company and look forward to it, he's not skating anymore, so I see him much less.

Some of the other boys I had my eye on have also moved on. So last summer I skated a lot by myself, wobbling along as best I could and not making any new young friends.

*Boys Grow Out Of
Boys Grow Into
But There Will Always Be Boys*

This made me lapse into a mild depression born of hopelessness. What was I, in my early forties, going skating around in a state I don't even live in, wishing some boy would notice me? It didn't help that my other two young friends, Watersprite and Soccerboy, have also grown up. I still have a deep and rewarding relationship with Watersprite, but like all of you, I want a BOY.

A boy I can share moments with and swoon over. A boy with that first spark of life that's so attractive.

Then came the last day of summer. I was leaving for home the next day. Feeling low, and with rain threatening, I almost didn't go to the skate park that day. What was the point?

For some reason, I did. Maybe out of force of habit. Maybe just plain old stubbornness. But for whatever reason,

I grabbed my board and my pads and hauled my weary old ass over to the skate park.

And that's when I met him. A boy I had never seen before. Tall and slim with a gracious body and a mop of curly brown hair with bangs that hung low and almost hid a beautiful pair of wide gray eyes. I saw him struggling with putting a new wheel on his deck. Sensing an opportunity, I offered to help.

We soon struck up a conversation. He told me he was 12, and I expressed amazement at how tall he was. I learned all about the advanced music conservatory he went to and all the instruments he played. We talked heavy metal and Classical, and he mentioned how his conservatory was making him learn to play the glockenspiel. I'd never met a glockenspiel player in my whole life, and now I knew one who was only twelve!

Alas, I managed to fix the wheel, which cut the conversation short. He thanked me warmly and skated away.

And then a miracle happened. He looked back at me. Those wide gray eyes peeked out from behind those curly bangs and locked right onto me.

Now usually on a first meeting, I get nervous and look away if something like this happens. This time, perhaps due to the desperation I felt over that long summer, I kept watching him.

Our eyes locked, and then he turned away to watch what he was doing. Then a moment later, he looked back at me again.

Heart pounding, I held his gaze. What was that look like? Curiosity? Amusement? Something more?

And then another miracle happened. He skated back to me. "The wheel works great," he said. "Thanks!"

"No problem, now you can skate all the way to school."

"No way, it's in -----, that's miles away."

"Damn, that's a hell of a trip to play the glockenspiel."

And that led to another conversation.

After that, we skated. Then stopped and talked. And skated again. And stopped and talked again. We made up inside jokes, we traded skating stories, and we enjoyed each other's company.

And every now and then, as he skated in a different part of the skate park, those big gray eyes would study me from behind the fortress of those bangs, wondering, questioning — "Why does this older guy like hanging around me so much?"

And always, he would come back. He barely spoke to anyone else that entire afternoon.

Bliss.

But inevitably the time came for him to leave. I said goodbye to him, a bittersweet feeling in my heart as he gave me a final wave and another curious look through those bangs and walked off.

I made a new young friend, on the very last day of summer.

And yet I couldn't feel sorry for myself, because while I only got to enjoy one day with Musicboy, as I will always remember him, perhaps I'll see him next summer.

But even if I never see him again, he taught me an important lesson — boys grow out of our age of attraction, and boys grow into our age of attraction. So no matter what, there will always be more boys.



I know that sometimes this life feels lonely. It's not easy being a boylover. Sometimes even if we are blessed with a boy, that blessing does not last.

But remember that there is always a boy out there looking for a friend, and you can be that friend.

Don't let him down by giving up!



HAPPY
NEW-YEARS

