

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

**Baseball
Practice**

**Remembering
Johnny Lonewolf**

**Interviews with
Wolfrunner and
False Alias**

**Society's False
Views**

**Life After
Incarceration**



ETHOS

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Director's notations



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So here it is, the fourth quarterly issue of Ethos Magazine!

This completes the premiere annual cycle, and we have made tremendous strides in the past few months alone: we improved the website, added the weekly Blue Boy News, began a series of regular interviews with boylovers, and have reached out to the greater BL world in so many ways.

In this time, Ethos has matured and grown, and is truly a magazine that we feel our community can be proud of. Thank you so much for reading!

- Zoomzoom4

Director, Ethos Magazine



Baseball Practice

by *Drako*

It is a really wonderful feeling when you realize that there is a boy that wants you and loves you so much, like a boylover would love his boy. For me, that boy is Santiago, who will turn 10 this Friday. He's one of my baseball students, but what amazes me is that he totally loves me! He loves me so much that it makes me blush all the time. He even says to all the other boys in the team that, "he likes the younger coach so much." He does it to the point of embarrassing me but hell I really enjoy it!

This afternoon I was ready and, after seeing all his interest and caring towards me, I just wanted some time alone with Santiago. What he told me definitely made my night ... my week, even my month!

I was in the field and, when he saw me, he approached to me and said, "Hello Coach, what we are going to do tonight?"

He went on, almost randomly. "I like your phone." He told me that he likes the green cover on my cell phone because his favorite color is green.

Finally he asked me, "Are you going to coach us alone this time? Because I don't like the other coach and you like me a lot, that's why I always obey what you tell me to do."

I was stunned just listening to what he was telling me. I thought, "Thank you Santiago, truly thank you for what you just told me." Of course, I only thought it and never said anything but, I smiled and winked at him.

I divided the boys at the field into groups and started to train them. Of all the fine boys there, I was only interested in Santiago and Julian. I enjoyed personally teaching Santiago the exercises. In a tender and loving way, I told him what to do and how to do it. I have a lot of patience with my boy; after all I know that, like me, he enjoys all my attention and the love I have to give him.

Today, I taught him how to do squats properly (he really was terrible at doing them before my help). After that, the two of us went for a run together, just he and I.

I wanted to get to know him better and, during a break, he asked me things about me too. He told me that his dad abandoned him when he was 'little' and he now lived with just his mom and little sister. I felt pretty impotent when he told me that. I thought, "God dammit! I wish I lived with you." After that, we trained more and more together.

I was really living a boylover's dream. Just imagine ... the boy of your dreams is telling you, every moment, "Drako, I like you a lot," or, "Drako, you're awesome." Have you any idea of how much I was enjoying it? Naturally, I also told him a few times that he was very special to me. On one occasion, the other coach, an ugly old guy that really has no place in my boy moment, told Santiago that he should do more running and less talking to me. That bothered me but suddenly Santiago turned on him and said right in his face, "I will only do what Drako tells me to do!"

Oh! My! God! You should have seen the face of the old man. I was laughing so hard inside. He didn't say anything at all but he looked very cross. Oh yeah, man! That was

perfect.

Santiago told me, "I'm not going to do what that old embittered man tells me to do." (I'm not changing anything he said. I swear that is what he said, word for word.) "I'll do only what you tell me, Drako, you are my coach. I like how you treat me and the other boys too."

I replied, "Alright Santiago, only obey what I say and not what he says."

"Okay", he said triumphantly.

"That old man sucks", I said to Santiago

"Yeah, I will only be with you", he rejoiced.

The boy I like at my side, and he was even making fun of the other coach behind his back! Could it get any better?

Away from training, we started to talk again about professional wrestling, school and the fun stuff. You know, all about life itself. I was hungry to know all about this sweet and wonderful 9-year-old boy's world.

While talking, he told me that there was a boy at his school who always farted in class very loudly. He said that once, the teacher confused the boy's fart with the squeak of a chair. Santiago also said that the same boy once even placed his butt in the face of other kid and farted on him. At that point Santiago was crying with laughter, and I was just blown away at what I was hearing! I thought, "WTF? Really!"

I was truly enjoying all he was saying and especially when he was talking dirty, about asses and boy farts. Then he told me that the same boy once tried to fart on him but he had punched him in the face. Santiago was showing off, telling me how good he was at fights and also very strong. So, I threw him a challenge, to show me his muscles, and would you believe it, he did! I really was in a boy-loving dream now. Santiago raised his shirt up and showed me his sweet boyish chest and abs. His childish tummy was a beautiful sight.

Things were going so well between us, I also asked him to show me his arms, which he did, along with his bare back. I was really enjoying that, to say the least. The best part, for me, was when I touched his tummy with my hand. God it was so warm and smooth. I remember telling him, "Oh Santiago you really are a strong boy!" and told him that I loved his little abs, even though he had no abs at all to speak of.

At the end, he invited me to his 10th birthday party. He said "Drako, would you to go to my party?" He told me that there was going to be lots of games and pizza. I told him, "Oh sweetie thanks but I can't go because I have things to do that day."

This true boy moment is dedicated to Santiago, and the only thing can keep us apart is distance.



Interview with: False Alias

by Lil Monster

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LIL MONSTER: So as you know, I make this up as I go. So False Alias, is that your real name?

FALSE ALIAS: Well. It would be highly unlikely that I'd get a bank account in this name, but if I do I'll let you know. If it passes as real by the bank then I'll take it.

LM: Mr. F Alias. How long have you been in the BL world?

FA: Since November 14th, 2015.

LM: Wow so you literally have the exact date you became a BL?

FA: Not quite "became a BL," but the date I became aware of boylove as being an actual thing, yes. I'd seen Boylinks a few times before, but I'd never really investigated anything on it.

LM: How did it happen?

FA: I found the name of BLOL funny because of the "LOL" part of it. The banner advertised friendship and support, and in November of 2015, I did need both of those. 2015 was a difficult year for me. November was a nice month by comparison to the months prior.

LM: Oh why?

FA: Made nicer by my newfound happiness in joining a place where my attraction to boys was more widely accepted. 2015 is the year I discovered I liked boys. No doubt we all know the hysteria the media puts out about paedophiles and how "vicious" we are. I believed them, and I hated myself because I was terrified of becoming one of those you hear about on TV. The media is wrong about us, or most of us, but I didn't know any better back in the early months of 2015. I clawed myself in 2015.

LM: So it upset you being BL?

FA: I was afraid of becoming one of those guys who rapes boys. I told myself, a lot, that "I shouldn't be interested in children, its wrong." To me, merely being interested was a sign that I'd turn into something really bad. I think upset is a huge understatement. I didn't know better though. For months the thought of being "bad" tortured me. I suffered everywhere because of it. I was afraid to even look at a boy. It was difficult for me. 2015 was a difficult year overall.

LM: *Hug* I can relate to that, and so can a lot of others.

FA: I know I'm not alone now, but I never really knew that before.

LM: How old were you when you first looked at a boy?

FA: Sexually, or just looked at all? The first time I looked at a boy sexually, I'd say I was 16 or 17. I've fantasised younger than that though.

LM: Yes admired, sexually or otherwise. First crush.

FA: First crush? 14. I was 14, and he was 12 or 13. For reasons I could never understand, looking at him made me feel all weird. There wasn't, and still isn't, words for it. I really liked him and I knew nothing about him. I tried to talk to him, and failed. I wasn't broken by that. He had a lack of interest in me anyway. I'd contemplated the thought that he might think I'm gay, but 14-year-old me didn't even know I liked boys. I must've looked strange to him.

LM: How come?

FA: Imagine you're 13, and straight. Now imagine a random 14-year-old boy you've never met, messaging you, with messages which might as well look flustered and are pretty much the image of blushing but in text. I think it's safe to say he thought I was strange.

LM: Brb.

FA: Alright.

LM: Back. Sorry. Do you think it's cute when teens get crushes?

FA: It definitely can be. I know that some teens are really cute when they like someone, and others try to show off.

LM: What is your AoA?

FA: AoA? I've never managed to "solidify" it. I'm not sure where it sits entirely, but I'd say around 5 to 12/13. At a push, 14.

LM: AoA can be fluid. It is for me. What's your favourite superhero?

FA: I've absolutely no idea. I'm inclined to say Iron Man but is he too modern? It's the tech and science bits that draw me in more I guess.

LM: No, there are a lot of modern superheroes they all count. Did you ever have Iron Man underwear growing up?

FA: Nope. As a boy I wasn't into superhero stuff. As a boy I wasn't really into anything stereotypical boys are into. I have Asperger's so I was a bit different growing up. I remember playing Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas when I was 9. Toy cars and Lego were my childhood up until I got a computer of my own.

LM: I loved that game. Mount Chiliad. What do you think of the age of the Snoopers Charter?

FA: I don't want people knowing that I have sexual

thoughts about young boys. At least, not the police and the government.

LM: Do you think it will be scrapped or become the start of something worse for us child lovers?

FA: I think that it's going to stay around. The British government has a thing for prosecuting "child molesters," so anything that can help catch them will inevitably stay. The charter is complex. It grants a lot of powers to police forces. Removing it would be a loss to their abilities and they wouldn't tolerate that.

LM: If you could have breakfast with any boy on the planet, what would you have?

FA: The boy or the breakfast? I know who I'd have it with, easy. I'm not sure what I'd have though. I'm what my mother calls a "fussy eater," and even I agree that's a understatement.

LM: Oh, what's your favourite food?

FA: Right now, not 100 percent sure. I eat a lot of crumpets, or I have been as of recently. The most stereotypically British thing to do.

LM: Crumpets are cool.

FA: Crumpets. I agree very much, they're nice.

LM: Not sure what our foreign readers would think of that LOL.

FA: I'll be having two after I get up tomorrow morning.

LM: Mmm lots of melted butter?

FA: Enough to cause a little bit of transparent butter on the breadboard afterwards, yes. Four minutes in the toaster, one minute buttering. Five minutes to eat them both, if not less. Should we race and see who's faster?

LM: Mmmmmmm, so go on then tell me ... who you'd like to have crumpets with?

FA: Probably the 4-year-old boy I'm in love with. Name withheld for obvious reasons. I'd do everything with him if I could just be with him more. A single Saturday or two every month isn't nearly enough. He doesn't want to go and I never want him to go either. I would certainly wake up with him and have breakfast with him too.

LM: Aww that's very cute.

FA: Is 4 too young? Right now I have minimal sexual interest, but I know when he's 7 or 8 I'll definitely be much more attracted to him. I suppose what I ask is ... is 4 too young of an age to be in love with?

LM: As long as you look but don't touch it's fine. Love is never wrong.

FA: I live by look no touch.

LM: Of course.

FA: I have two 12-year-old nephews and I've had some real nice fantasies about them two. I remember, vividly, a morning while I was staying at my sister's place for a bit. My nephew walked into the kitchen and it was clear-as-day he had a little stiff rod in there. I was strong though, and I didn't do anything different to my normal morning routine. I did see him bumping it into the cupboard a few times. I imagine he enjoyed that.

LM: Probably.

FA: Regardless though, I never asked him anything about it. He never mentioned it either.

LM: No, best not.

FA: I admit, I kept looking, because I didn't know if

what I was seeing was real.

LM: So have you ever played with a duck in the bath?

FA: Despite presence of opportunity and availability, I chose consciously to not do anything with my nephew. Actually, I haven't played with rubber ducks in the bathtub.

LM: Just as well, you didn't as those tiny holes in the back are a death trap.

FA: Definitely won't get much in those.

LM: You won't get much back out.

FA: I'll avoid putting anything into them.

LM: I would avoid it, yes.

LM: So have you ever had a pet?

FA: Various pets, yes. Two fish (not at the same time) and a cat. The fish died and I had to give the cat away because she misbehaved. Amazing cat, but she didn't quite understand how to use the litter box. Had her for four years.

LM: Oh wow, that's a long time. Did you miss her?

FA: Yes.

LM: *Hug*

FA: She's a strange cat, but that suits me, too. She's not a people cat. She doesn't like being held unless you're me. She hates sitting on people, and never does it. Except in the day before ... I had to let her go to her new place, she decided to sleep on me.

LM: If you could be any animal in the world, what would you be?

FA: Do people count as animals?

LM: Yes.

FA: I'd probably be another person. Ideally another BL but in a society where we're more accepted.

LM: Do you have a BL in mind?

FA: I don't get to take existing people's spots, so I'd be a new person.

LM: What's wrong with being you?

FA: I thought this was if I had to be something different. I like me, so I'd stay as me. If I had to change though, I'd turn into a different new BL.

LM: I like you, too.

“I believed them, and I hated myself because I was terrified of becoming one of those you hear about on TV. The media is wrong about us, or most of us ...”

FA: I never wanted to like boys, but I do. At first, I hated it, but I enjoy it now. The flawless nature of some boys is beyond words.

LM: What's the most mischievous thing you ever did?

FA: I accidentally deleted a logfile from my old college. A whole year worth of user log-in data (including computer names, account names, and exact times) got deleted.

LM: Accidentally?

FA: I shouldn't have known where that log was to begin with, but since I did, I wrote a script to embed a little secret message into the log. The first time, the script worked fine. The second time though, I missed a single character and it overwrote the whole log with the secret message, so I just deleted the whole file. Whoops...

LM: LOL.

FA: Thankfully I've never heard anything of it from anyone so I guess it didn't mean anything anyway.

LM: That's great. It's been a great pleasure quizzing you. One more thing...

FA: Quiz me more if you feel. I enjoy this.

LM: Cool.

FA: Proceed.

LM: Could you give a motivational speech to encourage other child lovers?

FA: I could probably write one, if I was given enough time. Could I deliver it? I highly doubt that. I'm not good at public speaking, but I can plan and write very well. My first Ethos article was like that, in a way. "You Are Not Alone," it's called, in issue 2 of Ethos.

LM: No, I mean can you make one up now on the spot lol.

FA: Motivation is difficult in a world where we're hated, so the motivation I'm thinking of is that to keep going. Me? I keep going because there is a boy I love. I would die for him. He is everything, and without him I might as well be a shell. Not everyone has someone like that, and for some they probably won't. There's different ways to be happy. I love this boy, but I enjoy helping people too. Am I good at it? That's each to their own. Little steps. You start with little steps. Don't limit yourself to a box. Don't ever limit your potential. I was afraid to even put the word boy and sex in one sentence before. A year has made me confident enough to admit that I am sexually interested in boys who are under the age of consent. I'm not sure how much motivation you're going to get from this.

FA: I would tell you to keep going because there is always more. There are always going to be more

boylovers out there, and girl lovers, too. Your experiences can help the next. Even if you feel useless, you're not. I would want you to keep going, because I think staying alive is the strongest thing you can do in a world where they would sooner kill us than share basic necessities. I'm rambling.

FA: I hope this can be motivation for at least someone. A year ago ... I was a mess.

LM: That's okay, it's awesome.

FA: I'm not a mess anymore. I have little moments, sure, but I'm not a mess. You, every one of you, helped me. I am definitely not the last. Keep going for them.

LM: One final final question ...

FA: Okay.

LM: Boxers or briefs?

FA: I've never been sure of the difference between them, if I'm honest. Call me weird. Entirely random shout-out to Weird radio too.

LM: Ah ... boxers are the ones that have mini trouser legs. Briefs are the ball huggers.

FA: In which case, briefs look better on a boy.

LM: And off.

FA: No doubt there. It's just a shame we don't get to see that unless we're a parent.

LM: Thank you so much, my friend, you are awesome.

FA: We'd be called pervs if we weren't the parent.

LM: I know.

FA: Don't forget, you are too.

LM: I am?

FA: You are. You're a good person. And an awesome friend to have.

LM: You are, too.

FA: Thanks.

LM: Hope you enjoyed being quizzed.

FA: I did. I hope you enjoyed strange answers.

LM: I will need a wank after that.



The BL Elephant in the Gay Closet

by Baby Bear

I want to share some ideas to support why I believe that boylovers and LGBT are basically two sides of the same coin. The general public is totally unaware that gay activists have conveniently swept homosexual pedophilia under the rug.

To be clear, I personally believe that the great majority of boylovers also deplore Sandusky's acts. At the same time, there is a very large boylove elephant that is hiding in the gay activist closet and if we are to make any progress we need to expose the hypocrisy of the LGBT community.

I'd like to begin with the schools because since Academia is one of the main fronts of our battle. Organizations such as GLSEN (the Gay, Lesbian, and Straight, Education Network) has long advocated for the celebration of homosexual history, using tools like "North American History Game Cards," where elementary school children learn that famous Americans like Allen Ginsberg and Walt Whitman were gay. However they don't teach them that.

Whitman was a not only homosexual but was also a BL, that Ginsberg who is a longtime a member of NAMBLA, the North American Man Boy Love Association, said & I quote: "Attacks on NAMBLA stink of politics, witch-hunting for profit, humorlessness, vanity, anger and ignorance ... I'm a member of NAMBLA because I love boys too — everybody does, who has a little humanity."

During a radio interview earlier this year on the Rick Amato show, Jimmy LaSalvia of GOProud stated, "I happen to think that a good school teacher, when they're teaching literature, would mention that Oscar Wilde, when they're teaching his work, would mention that Oscar Wilde was locked in an asylum because he was gay." They also forgot to mention that he was a boy lover and that he wrote about his passionate sexual encounters with young teens no older than some of the boys involved with Sandusky.

As noted by Jim Kepner, formerly curator of the International Gay and Lesbian Archives in Los Angeles, "If we reject the boylovers in our midst today we'd better stop waving the banner of the Ancient Greeks, of Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Oscar Wilde, Walt Whitman, [and others]. We'd better stop claiming them as part of our heritage unless we are broadening our concept of what it means to be gay today." (There is, of course, dispute about the sexuality of some of these men on the list, but if, in fact, they were homosexual, they were also boylovers.)

And remember that SB 48, mandating the celebration of LGBT history in all California schools for all children in all grades, is now law

There is even a Harvey Milk Day in California, commemorating the life and death of this gay pioneer politician who has also been celebrated in an Academy Award winning film, but there's more to the Harvey Milk story.

According to the acclaimed gay journalist Randy Shilts, at age eleven, Milk began attending performances of the New York Metropolitan Opera where he met with "wandering

hands," and soon was engaged in "brief trysts [with grown men] after the performances." While still in junior high, he "dove headfirst into the newly discovered subculture," and by the age of fourteen, Milk was "leading an active homosexual life." As he grew older, the pattern reversed itself to the point that, at age thirty-three, Milk hooked up with a sixteen-year-old named Jack McKinley, one of a number of younger men with whom he was intimate.

Kids already celebrate Harvey Milk Day in their schools and they also celebrate the memory of Harry Hay, widely considered to be the founder of America's gay liberation movement and another well-known friend of NAMBLA. When a gay pride parade in Los Angeles banned NAMBLA from participating, Hay decided to march in the parade carrying a sign that said, "NAMBLA walks with me."

From 2001-2006, Yale University's LGBT program was greatly helped by the Larry Kramer Initiative for Lesbian and Gay Studies, named after the famous gay activist and author. Kramer too was a NAMBLA supporter, and in a 2004 speech in New York City, he spoke of a "sweet young boy who didn't know anything and was in awe of me. I was the first man who [had sex with] him." These are the statements by Kramer. Proudly demonstrating that he was a BL, he goes on to say that, "In those cases where children do have sex with their homosexual elders ... I submit that often, very often, the child desires the activity, and perhaps even solicits it, either because of a natural curiosity ... or because he or she is homosexual and innately knows it." He even claimed that, "And unlike girls or women forced into rape or traumatized, most gay men have warm memories of their earliest and early sexual encounters; when we share these stories with each other, they are invariably positive ones."

Some gay activists have even attempted to reduce the age of consent in different countries, including America (see, for example, the 1972 Gay Rights Platform), but the inescapable truth is clear: The gay activist closet has been opened, and the boylove elephant is beginning to come out.

Many activists demonstrate their hypocritical rejection of boylove by denying its very obvious presence in gay history (from the Greeks to Harvey Milk) in order to improve their own image.

Classic Boymovies

by Zoomzoom4

TREASURE OF MATECUMBE (1976)

A good old fashioned adventure movie, filled with pitfalls and narrow escapes. Set during the Civil War, it tells the story of 12-year-old Davie and his quest to find a hidden treasure in the Florida Everglades.

Davie lives with two aunts, but the house their family has lived in for generations is at risk of being lost unless they can come up with the money to save it. Davie is distraught, but there is nothing he can do. That is, until his dad's old friend, Ben, shows up. Ben tells Davie about a map to buried treasure hidden in a book in the house. Soon after they find the map, Davie's friend Thad, an orphan boy, appears outside Davie's window and tells him some strange men are coming.

It is the evil Spangler, his dad's longtime enemy, and he wants the map. When Ben refuses, Spangler kills him, but Davie and Thad escape with the map.

The two boys get on a luxury riverboat, and meet a woman who wants to leave her drinking, gambling, cheating husband. When the boat docks she goes with Davie and Thad. They soon meet a jovial snake oil salesman who claims to sell a potion for every conceivable ailment.

Spangler shows up and the four of them escape on a small boat. They plan to find Davie's uncle who can help them get to Florida and find the treasure.

This is one of the little-seen gems from the Golden Age of Disney live action boys' adventure movies, and well worth a look.

PETE'S DRAGON (1977)

Another gem from Disney's 1970s classic boy-movie period, and one of the best known and widely seen of them all. It even got a remake in the 2010s, as the story was so beloved to generations of movie-goers. In true Disney fashion, Pete's Dragon was unique and even bold in the chances it took. It had two distinctive qualities: the fact that it was a musical at a time when musicals were no longer being made, and it had an animated cartoon character, the dragon, starring in a live-action movie. So it was a step back and a step forward at the same time, mixing the old with the new. While it did not bring musicals back in style, it did influence movies for decades to come, by mixing live action with animation.

It tells the story of an orphan boy named Pete, who has run away from the abusive family that did not adopt him, but actually paid for him

(including legal fees) and put him to work as a slave. When the boy runs away, they go after him with violent intentions. He meets Elliot, a dragon with magical powers, including the ability to be invisible. Pete and Elliot become instant best friends, and soon after, Pete is taken in by Nora, the kind custodian of a Maine lighthouse.

Things come to a head when his family shows up and clashes with a shady charlatan who also wants Pete, and his dragon. Eventually the charlatan strikes a deal with his family to use Pete as bait to trap Elliot and capture him.

In hindsight, it can be said that despite the cheery exterior glow, the subtext running beneath the surface of Pete's Dragon is in fact one of the darkest and most sinister of almost any live action Disney movie.

E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL (1982)

Perhaps the most famous and successful boy movie of all, E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial is still, to this day, a household name. It charmed audiences young and old alike, bringing people back to the theater for endless repeat viewings, wanting to feel the magic again and again. Nearly everyone who has seen it remembers the emotional highs and lows that this amazing movie brought to them.

10-year-old Elliot is a lonely boy with no friends, tormented by his teen-age brother and his rowdy cohorts. One night while standing in the driveway, waiting for the pizza delivery man, Elliot notices something in the shed. A dog? A cat? A leprechaun? No. A little squat-bodied alien from another planet, left behind by his fellow space travelers when he couldn't get back to their ship in time to flee the approaching government agents intent on capturing and studying them.

Elliot is curious, and makes attempts to gain the trust of this strange, kind, and friendly creature. Soon enough they connect and form a bond, and are best friends. Elliot has many challenges to keep his new best friend in his life, including hiding it from his brother and little sister, who soon enough are friends with the alien too. The trouble begins when E.T. is discovered by the scientists, who have deduced that the alien is living in his house, and come after it for their research.

Elliot names the alien E.T., and becomes determined to help E.T. get back to his home planet, after E.T. makes it clear that is what he wants most of all when he sees a telephone and says the famous line "E.T. phone home ..."

Everything seems to be going wrong, though. E.T. gets sick with germs from the unfamiliar Earth

environment, and in spite of setting up a communications system with home consumer gadgets of the 80s, doesn't seem to be reaching the ear of his fellow space travelers. All this while the government agents are closing in.

This movie is legendary, and has made audiences worldwide, for generations now, fall in love with Elliot and his best friend from outer space. Not to be missed.

D.A.R.Y.L. (1985)

When anyone who has lived the 80s will tell you, if there is one single boy movie that defined the 80s, it is most certainly this one. Daryl is an 11-year-old boy who is absolutely extraordinary in every way. He memorizes charts and graphs at a glance, he hits home runs on the baseball field with barely any effort, and masters every video game within mere minutes. Everyone is astounded at this boy's incredible abilities. How can a boy be so perfect?

Daryl's best friend advises him that no boy is perfect, and sometimes he should mess up, just to be human. But is Daryl really human? Or is he as perfect as a robot?

The original robot-boy movie, D.A.R.Y.L. lives on forever in the canon of legendary boy movies, and will never be forgotten.



1984 for Boylovers

by BL in Black

The famous book 1984 by George Orwell was published in 1949 and featured a dystopian vision of the future. In many cases, much of what the book has said has become a reality in the modern world for boylovers. I will now give some examples of how I believe this to be the case.

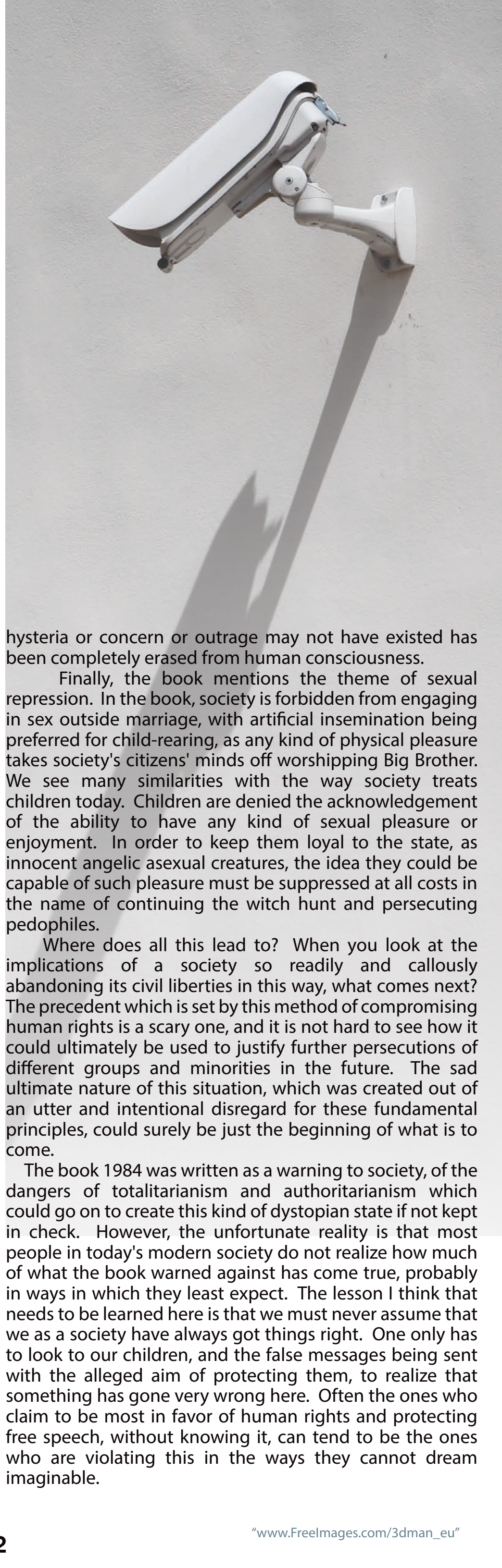
First, the book features a totalitarian state. In many ways, the anti-pedo hysteria of the last 30 years has been very totalitarian, and all-encompassing. Just like in the book 1984, where the society makes the best efforts to monitor every move a citizen makes and even every thought they have, society has done this in the last 30 years. Anyone who has been suspected to be acting in favor of pedophilia, even if they have not done anything illegal, has been condemned and vilified by society, and often had their life and career ruined.

Second, the book highlights the fact that in this dystopian future, mere obedience of the state is not enough. People must get to know and love Big Brother, the one who is controlling them. In much the same way, this has been true with the modern anti-pedo hysteria. People cannot get by simply by obeying the laws -- they have had to jump on the bandwagon and participate in the anti-pedo hysteria, and condemn adult-child sexual relations, if they are to have any chance of being accepted. The idea that anyone, even if they do obey these laws, could not also do these things is outrageous and to be condemned.

Third, one common theme in the book is the erasing of true events which have occurred in the past and writing over them with the purpose of suiting the party's goals and ideals. In much the same way, this has happened with the modern-day anti-pedo hysteria. Society and the media has made every effort to erase any form of different past that may have occurred before the onset of the hysteria in the late 1980s, and insist that all sexual acts that could have occurred even before this time were always abuse, according to today's modern universal standards. The idea that before the late 80s society had a more rational and laid back approach must be completely erased from the consciousness of all human beings who want to gain acceptance in this society.

Fourth, there is the idea of Doublethink. In the book, this was the ability to hold two opposing views simultaneously when it suited the party (key word blackwhite). We can see this happening with the anti-pedo hysteria today. As an example, we see that society simultaneously denies that children are sexual, claiming they are innocent asexual angelic creatures, while at the same time acknowledges that they are sexual, with the placing of children as young as 10 on public sex offender registries and charging them as adults with sex crimes.

Fifth, in the book, there is the idea of war. Although in the book the powers which are fighting change frequently, society is always quickly brainwashed and programmed into thinking that the war has always existed between the same superpowers forever. In the same way, society makes sure all of its citizens believe this with the anti-pedo hysteria. Everyone in society is made to believe that pedophiles are evil beings who abuse children, and that no society has ever seen it differently. The idea that there could have been a different kind of society where such



hysteria or concern or outrage may not have existed has been completely erased from human consciousness.

Finally, the book mentions the theme of sexual repression. In the book, society is forbidden from engaging in sex outside marriage, with artificial insemination being preferred for child-rearing, as any kind of physical pleasure takes society's citizens' minds off worshipping Big Brother. We see many similarities with the way society treats children today. Children are denied the acknowledgement of the ability to have any kind of sexual pleasure or enjoyment. In order to keep them loyal to the state, as innocent angelic asexual creatures, the idea they could be capable of such pleasure must be suppressed at all costs in the name of continuing the witch hunt and persecuting pedophiles.

Where does all this lead to? When you look at the implications of a society so readily and callously abandoning its civil liberties in this way, what comes next? The precedent which is set by this method of compromising human rights is a scary one, and it is not hard to see how it could ultimately be used to justify further persecutions of different groups and minorities in the future. The sad ultimate nature of this situation, which was created out of an utter and intentional disregard for these fundamental principles, could surely be just the beginning of what is to come.

The book 1984 was written as a warning to society, of the dangers of totalitarianism and authoritarianism which could go on to create this kind of dystopian state if not kept in check. However, the unfortunate reality is that most people in today's modern society do not realize how much of what the book warned against has come true, probably in ways in which they least expect. The lesson I think that needs to be learned here is that we must never assume that we as a society have always got things right. One only has to look to our children, and the false messages being sent with the alleged aim of protecting them, to realize that something has gone very wrong here. Often the ones who claim to be most in favor of human rights and protecting free speech, without knowing it, can tend to be the ones who are violating this in the ways they cannot dream imaginable.

The Darkness: Part 2

"www.FreelImages.com/Oliver Gruener"

by Ghostboy16

Nathan looks around the cell. He closes his eyes for a short time. When he opens them again, he sees the door to his cell is open. The guard tells him it's time for lunch. He gets to his feet and joins the line, then the inmates are then taken to lunch.

The sound of conversation fills the hall as the inmates talk amongst themselves. As Nathan walks over to a table and sits down to eat his lunch, he hears a voice inside his mind. "We will wait for you," it says, and then it is gone. He knows, without a doubt, one of his fellow Guardians has just made contact with him.

Ari opens his eyes. He looks around his room. He just made contact with another Guardian. He knows all Guardians can do that. Relaxed a bit, he looks out the window, and thinks, "It's a nice day for a surf."

Ari gets to his feet, grabs his board and wetsuit and tells his parents he is going for a surf. His mother says, "Have a good surf," and he tells her that he will.

Soon the Guardians will discover their hidden powers, and the dreams will start coming to all of them.

Ryan has returned home. He lies on his bed, and his dog, his loyal Husky, lies at the foot of his bed. Soon both are asleep, and as Ryan begins to dream, he finds himself looking over a vast desert. Next to him stands another boy. Both youths are dressed in light armor. Ryan knows he is looking through the eyes of one of the Guardians.

"Nervous?" he asks.

"Does it show?"

"Yes, just a bit. I know what you are, Rakesh." Rakesh looks at his friend, but remains quiet.

The battle is short and violent. Bodies litter the ground, and blood soaks the sand. Rakesh cleans his armor and weapons, then looks at his wolf before he gets some sleep.

Ari has returned from his surf, and he is walking along the path that leads from his house to the beach when he starts to smell smoke. Ari looks around, then looks at his hand and he sees that it is on fire. Ari has just been given his power, the power of fire. The fire soon dies, then he continues on his way. His mother asks him how it was, and Ari tells her it was pretty flat with a few small breaks. Ari then goes upstairs to have a shower before his meal.

While Ari is showering, he thinks about what just happened. He gets out, gets dressed, and ties his hair back in a rat's tail. Then he goes downstairs and pours himself a glass of juice, and goes into the lounge room to see what's on TV. Ari watches for a while, then picks up his book and reads for a while, until he drifts off to sleep.

As he starts to dream, he finds himself standing on a rock in a forest looking around and scanning the area around him. He spots some tracks on the ground. He jumps off the rock, kneels down and has a look at the tracks. As he makes his way back along the path to where the small group of men are, he hears, "We are headed in the right direction."

Another man says, "By the gods, don't do that ... are you sure?"

"I am," says Agem. "They went this way less than half an hour ago." Agem, the young Ranger, leads the party along the path, his eyes scanning the trail and trees ahead. His way of going forward is noticeable, and one of the others asks why he does that. One of the others says, "He is a Ranger, they scan everywhere and everything."

Agem stops, and holds a hand up in the signal for others to stop. He begins to sniff the air.



"www.FreelImages.com/Radu Lazarica"



"I can smell smoke, Captain, wait here." Agem darts off on silent feet, and comes across a small clearing. He lets his eyes wander around the camp, scanning the trees. After this, he returns to the others. "It will be dark soon, we can camp here for the night."

"Ari! Dinner is ready!" Ari opens his eyes in a startle, his mom's voice ringing down the hall. Shaking the dream out of his head, he jumps to his feet and goes to have dinner. As he walks slowly up the stairs, thinking about his dream, he knows that he was just looking through the eyes of a Guardian.

Nathan is out in the yard, talking to some boys from his cell block. The sun is shining, it's a warm day. One of the guards approaches the group. "Nathan, the warden wants to see you. Come with me, please."

"Yes, sir." Nathan follows the guard inside, and is escorted to the warden's office. The guard tells him to wait, indicating a chair. Nathan sits down and the guard goes inside. It seems like hours but a few minutes later the guard comes out and tells Nathan that the warden will see him.

Nathan walks in and finds himself right in front of the warden's desk. He stands there for a minute with his hands behind his back. The Warden looks him up and down for a time, not saying anything. Finally he says, "Have a seat, Nathan."

"Thank you, sir." Nathan sits down and looks at the warden, and notices the file on the warden's desk.

"You have been well behaved since you have been here, Nathan. You have done everything that has been asked of you." Nathan feels a stir inside him, and listens more intently. "Not a single complaint has been filed against you in the three weeks you have been here," says the warden.

Nathan doesn't say a word, he just maintains eye contact the whole time. After a minute the warden continues, "So due to good behavior, you will be getting a release."

"Day release, sir? I ... I ..." Nathan stammers off, and stops talking.

"Everything all right?" asks the warden.

"Yes, sir, I ... just wasn't expecting that," says Nathan.

"You've earned it," says the warden. Then in what seems like a blur, the warden tells him in one breath that he's earned it, he should be proud, and that he'll be joining some other boys who have been given day release too, and to go and get changed into normal clothes.

Nathan notices the guard at the door now, to escort him to his cell. He goes in his cell and starts to change. The guard leaves to let him get changed, and after Nathan is ready the guard comes back to escort him to the holding area. Nathan stands there with all the other boys, waiting. Just a minute later, the warden is there, and he tells all the boys they will have to wear ankle monitors.

The boys get in line to be fitted for the electronic devices to be wrapped around their ankles, leading up to the door of the bus, which will take them away from the city, away from the prison, for at least one day.

The bus pulls away from the building and onto the highway, heading to the city, filled with the chatter of excited boys.

Fateful Days

by Willie

The day that we touched,
my innocence lost.
Protecting our secret,
whatever the cost.

The day that I slipped,
to my second best friend.
I had no idea
just how it would end.

The day that they came,
I cried and I cried.
I prayed that my heart
stop beating inside.

The day at the court,
I spoke from the heart.
I told how I loved you,
right from the start.

The day at the jail
they grew ever worse.
Beatings and bruises,
the life of the cursed.

The day that they killed you,
a piece of me died.
Please know that I love you
forever inside.

Remembering Johnny Lonewolf

June 26, 1954 – May 13, 2017

by Dragonlover

As I sit here writing this, I think back on all the wonderful conversations I had with my friend, Johnny. Many a night we would chat on Skype about this or that. He would tell me about his dog Fluffy, what was going on at the trailer park in which he worked, or who or what was annoying him. He had a very contagious laugh, one that would ring in my ears as I would go to sleep at night after a long chat. He was also a source of comfort in tough times. Always ready to offer the best advice he could give. And you always knew it came from the heart.

I first became acquainted with Johnny several years ago, soon after joining my first boylove board, Boyland Online (BLOL). He was an Administrator there, and was very helpful to me in helping me find my way around. After some time, he asked me if I wanted to join a board that he owned, World of Boys. I joined, and have been there ever since. After some time, my friend Kermie and I decided to create a new BL board, and Johnny was very instrumental in helping us with all of the technical aspects of getting Enchanted Island up and running. He was a true mastermind with coding and other issues that Kermie and I didn't know anything about. He also helped Kermie set up WEIRD Radio. And, for a time, people could tune in and hear DJ Johnny Lonewolf play his favorite golden oldies.

But that was just his online life. He also lived a life outside of the Internet which many of us knew nothing about. I already mentioned his dog, Fluffy, who is getting on in years and isn't in the best of health. There was also his cat, Michelle. He also worked in a trailer park helping the tenants there with various issues that would come up. In years previous, he was a truck driver. Johnny was also a very spiritual man. He belonged to a local church where he attended weekly worship services. He was also very prayerful, believing that prayer was a way of contacting God, the Creator, and that those prayers were answered. Johnny was also a very generous person, willing to give you the shirt off his back if it meant it would help anyone. He was also very courageous. After he was diagnosed with cancer, he fought to hold on as long as possible despite the pain he was surely feeling. I'm sure there were days when he wanted to give up and throw in the towel. But he didn't. He fought on until there was no fight left in him. That sums up the man we knew simply as Johnny.

But now a void is left in many of our lives. We will miss his laugh, his stories and his wisdom. But he wouldn't want us to mourn for too long. He would want us to continue to fight the good fight, to not give up in times of turmoil and trouble. Johnny set the bar for the rest of us. He set an example of how we should conduct ourselves, both online and in real life. I can only hope to achieve the things he has.

Rest in peace, Johnny. I am sure that you are up there looking down on us, and that you are with us in our hearts. You'll always have a special place in our hearts. God bless you, my friend. And see you on the other side.

Wolf and Boy: A Folktale

Unknown author/submitted by Elvin

Once upon a time, there was a wolf, and this wolf was all alone. All of the other wolves had been caught or killed or driven off. But this last wolf, he stayed. And he did all of the usual wolfish things. He lived in a cave high up in the hills. He raided the occasional flock for a stray sheep.

He also would appear from time to time late in the evening on a trail from the fields running down to the village to frighten some milk maid or herds boy coming home a little too late from the watch. And this gave rise to the stories of great, gnarled, bloody teeth and wet, long, lolling tongue and fiery, red, hungry eyes ... the wolf had quite a reputation in the village.

But that was not the worst of it. The most horrible thing of all, the thing that froze the souls of the old men, and caused the red faces of the young people to blanch, and the heads of the children to go deep under bed covers at night was what the wolf would do from time to time, in the cold crackling air of the frosty silver moon, high on the stark peak of the stony mountain near the village. He would sit up there and howl, howl with the sound of a thousand midnights down in a murky bog. Those who heard it swore it was a sound that only a beast could make, whose soul was tortured and lost forever. And it chilled to the marrow everyone who heard it ... everyone, that is, except one person.

For living in the village was a boy who had lived there all of his life. And yet no one really knew this boy. He spoke to

sometimes he would be angry. But when he heard the call of the wolf on the mountain, right away he knew that here was a voice the like of which he'd not heard before. Here was a voice that spoke to him of feelings no one else knew that he had. And lying there and listening with every fiber of his body, he knew he had to seek out this wolf and know from it why it cried in the night. Oh, he'd heard the stories of the teeth, the tongue, the eyes so red and burning, but nothing would do except that he had to know that wolf for himself.

And so one day, before the sun rose, he set out on the road to the mountain where it was said the wolf made his den. It was a long road and a steep one, but the boy took no stick, nor wore no hat to guard him from the sun. And it was a dangerous journey to be sure, but the boy took no weapon to defend himself. And though the country was barren and rocky and not fruitful where he was going, the boy took no food nor drink to sustain him. And though he'd never been on this way before, he followed no map, but went the way of his heart, come what may.

It was sometime at the end of a day's travel that he began to grow thirsty and the emptiness inside him began to make itself known in his stomach. He walked, becoming even more thirsty until darkness overcame him and he was forced to stop for the night in some trees near the road. And as he sat hungry and thirsty in the growing darkness, he thought for a moment about turning back and rushing blindly down the path and back to the village. But he knew that was not the way for him. So he sat for a long while shivering in the night and then lay down finally to sleep.

In his dreams, the moon shone silver on the frosty stones, the air was clear and crisp, and the voice of the wolf rang out from the top of one of the peaks, calling out the way ahead, perhaps his way. He awoke in the dawn with a start, wondering if the dream had been real, and the wolf had actually called in the night.

He rose, still hungry, and continued on his way. Soon the path grew steeper and rockier. As the sun was moving high and the day was warming, the boy noticed ahead of him a flock of birds swooping and playing in a small pool beside the road.

The boy rushed to the water, fell on his belly and drank his fill. When he rose, the birds were watching him silently from a nearby tree limb. Realizing he had interrupted their play, he smiled and thanked them for letting him drink and continued on the path. Though his thirst was slaked, still an emptiness was burning deep in his belly. And as he walked, once again thoughts came to him of quitting, of just sitting down under a tree to wait for whatever might happen. And what if he never got up again? Would anyone miss him or come to find him? But something told him this was not the end of his journey. If he did not continue he would never know what was at the end of the path or why the wolf cried

folks, and they spoke to him. But no one really understood him or cared to. Even his parents were at a loss to understand his ways and his thoughts. So they mostly humored him. And the boy would lie awake in his bed at night wondering about his life and why he felt so lost among the villagers. And sometimes he would cry or



You can imagine how relieved he was after several minutes to see, beside the path, a clump of bushes that were heavy and inviting with red, juicy berries. He rushed to them and began to pick and eat the sweet, ripe berries. But then he heard a noise. And looking up, he came face to face with a very large and hairy bear. The bear was only a few feet away in the bushes, himself eating the tasty berries, the boy realized that those large arms were entirely capable of reaching out to catch at him and crush the life out of him. And so he did not move, but stood with the berries still sweet on his tongue, his lips red with juice, his cheeks now white with fright.

But the bear only stared and waited too ... for a moment. And then the long white teeth showed in his fuzzy face, and one massive set of claws moved ... and he began to pick and munch more of the ripe berries. The boy, realizing that the bear was hungry only for berries, smiled and began to breathe again, and went back to eating as well. After several minutes of filling himself, the boy was ready to move along, and, smiling and waving to his friend, he left the bushes and continued on the path.

A way up the path the boy noticed it was becoming steeper and so much harder to travel. And he was beginning to wonder when or how or if he would ever see his wolf and meet his wolf and know his wolf and be able to answer the strange desire he held within him to feel what the wolf felt deep in the night. Suddenly he heard a noise.

A stone tumbled, and the clatter echoed as the boy froze on the trail. His eyes darted left and right, looking for the source of the movement when something large moved and leaped into the path. His heart stopped, then began to beat again as he saw the visitor clearly. It wasn't the wolf at all, but a small deer, a yearling, a young male whose nubbish horns were just beginning to show on the top of his head. The two of them stared at one another for a moment, curious, fearless, silent.

The deer gazed at the boy wide-eyed. The boy gazed back, and suddenly he was concerned that the young fellow might be in danger. And he spoke quietly to the young deer.

"Oh, do be careful here. There's a bear down the path a way. And a wolf about, I think. I'm searching for that wolf myself, but you? I don't think you are ready to meet him."

The deer stared back in wonder, and listening. "Be careful, little man. Up here all alone and so friendly. Be wary of those who would hurt you."

And with that the boy walked on slowly toward the deer, who started and scampered away into the rocks. The boy walked smiling to himself, as he thought of the deer now safely hidden in the rocks. Hiding until he grew strong and large enough to defend himself against a bear or a wolf.

As he was thinking of this, he noticed the darkening sky and the cold chill of the deepening night air as it gathered about him. He continued along the bare path, trying not to look too far to left or right, trying to keep his footing, wondering if he had been wise in coming here, if he had been right in seeking the wolf in such a lonely and desolate place. He was growing more unsure of each step as he moved carefully and slowly up the path. When suddenly ... he saw something ... no, felt something, ahead. It might have been nothing. It might have been a shadow crossing the moon. It might have been everything he sought.

His heart beat faster. His head grew light, but his eyes stayed sharp as he stared ahead of him up the trail. He waited quietly for another sign, and then soon came his reward as the shadows moved up ahead and became living and breathing flesh. There on four paws, eyes reflecting his own bright gaze, head still as stone and pointing down the trail toward him, was the wolf.

The boy could not move. The red eyes, the great tongue,

so in the night. And so he decided to continued on the path. Though his thirst was slaked, still an emptiness was burning deep in his belly. And as he walked, once again thoughts came to him of quitting, of just sitting down under a tree to wait for whatever might happen. And what if he never got up again? Would anyone miss him or come to find him? But something told him this was not the end of his journey. If he did not continue he would never know what was at the end of the path or why the wolf cried so in the night. And so he decided to continue walking knowing not what lay ahead of him.



the huge claws flashed in his memory. But as he stared, he saw none of them. He could also recall the song that had drawn him here, the singer from the distant night, now only yards from him, breathing in the cold night, and exhaling hot steam.

And as he stood, peering into the wild eyes before him, remembering that sad, sweet song, he felt his heart soften and his fear evaporate. His eyes filled and, without warning, he knew why he had come here. He knew in that instant what he had traveled to find, what he had heard in that song, what he had embraced in his lonely bed as he had lain awake, listening and wanting. He knew that the song had been a cry for an end to solitude. The cry was to banish aloneness. It had reached out across the miles and the years and touched him. And it had guided him. He knew this now.

And so with his heart full and his eyes afire with understanding, the boy faced the wolf and he spoke back .. with his smile. And in that instant, the two -- boy and wolf -- were one heart.

It is said the boy never returned to the life he had known in the village. No one there could really be sure of his fate. No one would ever go looking. But there is one tale, told by a brave hunter who became lost after chasing a large deer up the mountain one day. When he returned, he told a wild and unbelievable story of seeing a boy and a wolf through the trees, lying asleep together under a tree some distance away. But as he made his way thrashing and crashing through the forest to where he thought he would rescue the lad, he became lost, and could no longer see nor find them. And so he returned to his safe villager's life, speaking in hushed tones of his brief glimpse of another life he could never understand.

And as the people listened to his story, told over and over again until the words were worn, and as the long years passed, some who listened would laugh, some would weep quietly, a few would cross themselves in disgust. And, once and again, some few would take heart and lie awake at night listening with hope to the strange and wolfish duet, sung high upon a distant peak in the silver moonlight.



**Splash... swim... beach...
pool... sun... swallow a
mouth full of chlorine
water.... fun. Summer.
'Nuff said.
-Emerys**



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Society's False Views

by BL in Black

When you look at society's attitude towards boylove, and look below the surface, I believe it's easy to detect that a lot of their views are based on irrational, faulty assumptions. Here are, in my opinion, some of the false views society holds towards boylovers (and pedophiles in general) which allows them to continue believing we are all evil monsters who need to be exterminated.

They assume there is "help" for our "condition." I can't count on two hands the number of times I've heard anti-pedos make the comment that we "need help." In some ways, I think their belief that there is actually "help" available allows them to continue believing that we are evil and need to be punished, because according to their views all we have to do is get help and we can be cured of our desires. In reality, we know there is no help available for minor-attracted persons in this society, as shrinks are not trained to deal with them and many MAPs may fear that a mental health professional would feel obliged to report them.

It is widely assumed that society's attitude towards us is all about protecting children. In fact, when you look below the surface, I believe that this is not the case. If this whole thing was about protecting children, why would 10-year-olds end up on public sex offender registries? And why does society seem to care so much about protecting children from sex, when it doesn't care about other issues such as protecting them from poverty or starvation?

Another assumption is that the justice system treats us fairly. When you look below the surface, once again, I believe this is highly untrue. Often, for example, people can get tougher sentences for looking at pictures than for raping children. Also, it is generally true that female pedophiles, for no apparent reason, seem to get off much more lightly than male ones. In addition to the fact that in most cases as soon as you are accused of a sexual crime against a child, you are automatically deemed to be guilty before it is even proven.

They assume that every convicted sex offender is a brutal predator. In fact, the sex offender registry has a very diverse range of so-called offenders listed on it: from those who were convicted of sexual crimes as young as 10, to those convicted of only looking at a few pictures, to minor touching offenses, to those convicted of smaller crimes such as exhibitionism and voyeurism. And yet, society tends to paint all sex offenders with the same brush, and assume they are all equally "bad."

They assume that the media reports on us accurately. It unfortunately seems to be human nature that people, when surrounded by the

news constantly shouting a message to them, will swallow it without question. For many decades now, the media has reported that pedophiles are evil and must be punished, and unfortunately it has been rare for anyone to question it. People have a natural tendency to trust the media about what is happening in the world, without realizing they might have their own agenda, and that sensationalism and sex both sell.

If people took the time to look below the surface and discover the true nature of this anti-pedo hysteria for what it really is, they would be shocked. Most people just don't question things. If we boylovers are to make progress as a community in the future, I believe an important part of it will be getting to the heart of these faulty assumptions and challenging them.



Interview with: Wolf runner

by Lil Monster

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WOLFRUNNER: Hey.

LIL MONSTER: Hey. How are you?

WR: Hey, I'm good. Give me two minutes and I will be ready, okay?

LM: Okay, cool. No need to put a thong on for me.

WR: Lol ... Okay, I'm ready. I'm good now.

LM: So I make this up as I go.

WR: Okay, cool.

LM: Spend about an hour or so quizzing you.

WR: Okay.

LM: Where did you get the inspiration from for your story?

WR: It is something that I would like to happen for real. So you could say it comes from the heart.

LM: You would like to adopt a kid?

WR: Yes, I have two of my own but if I could give a boy that was neglected a good home, yes I would like to do it.

LM: What do you think motivates you to want to give a child a home?

WR: I was adopted when I was 6 months old. I was lucky, there are kids that are in the system most or all of their lives because of their age. I think about them and would like to give one hope.

LM: That's admirable. Do you feel you have a lot to teach a kid?

WR: Yes, I do. I have two trades that I could teach, and I also know how to build things and have knowledge in landscaping and people skills that will come in handy dealing with people in any situation they will be in.

LM: That's cool. So do you have any kids in your life right now you can teach these things to?

WR: Yes, I have two.

LM: That's cool. So, a serious question coming up.

WR: Okay.

LM: It's one that child lovers have been wrestling with for many years.

WR: Okay, shoot.

LM: What is your opinion of circumcision?

WR: Well personally I'm for it. I don't think it causes any detrimental effects on a boy, and I think it is more hygienic for an adolescent boy to be cut.

LM: What about the people who have had cut jobs?

WR: I have never met one. I'm not saying there are none, but I don't think there are a lot.

LM: I guess I'm on the fence.

WR: That must hurt. Lol.

LM: Lol. Do you like cheese on your hot dog? Grated cheese?

WR: Hell no.

LM: Lol. Do you have any fetishes?

WR: Yes.

LM: Cool. What ones?

WR: I'm a DL.

LM: Dragonlover?

WR: Diaper lover.

LM: Ah, cool what is it you like about them?

WR: The feel. I can't explain it, but I don't mess them, I only wet mine.

LM: Ah, so you wear them. Day and night?

WR: No, I wear them when I'm alone, and it is not a lot. I'm not in them 24/7.

LM: Cool. It's not something I know much about. Do you like to see boys wearing them?

WR: Yes.

LM: Is there an aspect of you wanting to be a child taken care of, wearing a diaper?

WR: No, I'm not into the ABDL, I'm just a DL. I like to see boys wearing, and I'm not into the babying thing. A perfect example is Robbie. He looks great in a diaper, and if you look at the star or Racecar diaper sites, Scotty and Cole are adorable in them.

LM: Oh, are there sites? I guess there must be.

WR: Yes, Tiger underwear is one star, diapers is another, and then Racecar diapers is one. Scotty and Cole are on all of them.

LM: Cool. Have you ever talked to a plant?

WR: Yes.

LM: Cool. I guess it didn't answer. What did you say to it?

WR: Hurry and grow, I need a smoke.

LM: Lol. That answers my next question. What sort of plant?

WR: Lol.

LM: How old were you when you first had a crush?

WR: Eight.

LM: Cool. Who was it?

WR: A girl named Mary Ann.

LM: Awww, cute. Did you ask her out?

WR: No, I hid in the coat rack and when she came by I popped out and kissed her on the cheek.

LM: Aww, that's so cute. How did she react?

WR: Cried ... and I got into trouble.

LM: Aww.

WR: After that we were boyfriend and girlfriend for about three months. Hell, we were 8.

LM: **Wow, that's a good run for 8. Did you know you liked boys at that age?**

WR: No, I didn't know until I was 12 to 13.

LM: You liked girls first. That's cool, I was the other way.

WR: Well, I still liked girls even after I realised I was a BL.

LM: I like everything, even sheep.

WR: Oh, okay, you live where men are men and sheep are scared.

LM: Oh, the sheep aren't scared. But they test more lipstick than American animals.

WR: Oh, okay. Lol. Do they have a favourite color?

“I was adopted when I was 6 months old. I was lucky, there are kids that are in the system most or all of their lives because of their age. I think about them and would like to give one hope.”

LM: **Blowjob red. What is the best day of your life? Or "was" the best day of your life?**

WR: I have a lot of good things that have happened in my life. I don't know if I can pick just one that was the best. I hope I have not had the best day yet.

LM: **I certainly hope you have plenty of great ones to come. What is your AoA?**

WR: Nine to sixteen.

LM: **Does it ever change slightly?**

WR: Some, yes, but not a lot.

LM: **When did you find your first online board?**

WR: About 3 - 4 years ago.

LM: **Cool. Have you been on many?**

WR: Just three.

LM: **Do you miss EI?**

WR: Yes, I do. Not that any other board is bad, but I knew everyone there, and I was on staff there.

LM: And Kermie. He really made it, didn't he?

WR: Yes. And he was the one that got me to write. I co-wrote a story with him, and he told me how good I was, and I didn't believe him. I still don't know if I'm that good.

LM: **He was good at motivating people. Yes, your stories are great. Do you still have the Halloween one I starred in?**

WR: Lol, I forgot about that one. I think it is on my other laptop.

LM: **I was so honored. So have you ever owned a kite?**

WR: Yes.

LM: **Did you ever lose a kite?**

WR: Yes.

LM: The wind is a fickle mistress.

WR: I think most kids have lost a kite.

LM: **I did, and I was very unhappy lol. One final question. Is red wine okay to drink out of a pint glass?**

WR: No, I don't like red wines to begin with, and if I did, I would drink them from a red wine glass.

LM: **Would the glass be red?**

WR: No. It would be the shape of a red wine glass

LM: **Do you have any final words to share with the dressers? Shit, readers not dressers. lol.**

WR: Yes. I would like to say, I have made friends in the BL community, and I value the support they have given me, and at times I have given them. We need each other in order to progress.



Michael and Carson's New Family

by Wolfrunner

Michael answers the phone. "Hi Linda. What's up?"
"Well, the sellers agreed on your offer. They are going to sign the contract tomorrow."
"Wow," says Michael. "That was quick and it is great news. Carson might sleep tonight now that we know."

Carson is in the room and can tell by the way Michael is talking that they got the ranch. He starts to jump up and down with his fist in the air, yelling, "YES! YES! YES!"

Michael motions to him to quiet down so he can hear Linda.

Michael and Linda chat for a little bit and Michael hangs up. Carson starts to ask questions like "when are we moving?", "is it ours?" and "can I get a new bedroom set?"

Michael has to grab Carson by the shoulders to calm him down. "We have some time before the deal is done. I am happy too but we are not moving tomorrow. The process to buy a house takes time."

Michael explains how the system works when it comes to buying a house. When he's done he tells Carson he can look at some furniture for his room.

Carson eventually calms down and goes to his bedroom. He goes on his computer to look for a new bedroom set.

A few hours later he came back into the living room and told Michael he thinks he found the set he wants, and that he has other ideas for his room too. Michael tells him to show him what he wants. He pats the seat on the couch next to him. Carson sits down and Michael wraps his arm around Carson's shoulder, pulling him close for a nice cuddle.

As Michael and Carson cuddle on the couch they also go over the plans for Carson's room. Michael tells him he likes all his ideas and also tells him he thinks he could help plan some of the rest of the house.

Carson yawns and stretches. Michael tells him it is time for bed so he should go to brush his teeth and put his night diaper on. Before Carson gets up though, Michael wraps his arms around him and gives him a big hug, and he kisses him on the top of his head and tells him he loves him so much. Carson turns his head and quickly kisses Michael on the forehead, tells him he loves him more, then heads off to get ready for bed.

The next morning Michael wakes up takes a quick shower. After he gets dressed he heads to the kitchen to grab some coffee and try to find something to fix for breakfast. As he walks by Carson's room he stops and looks at his little boy sleeping so peacefully.

Michael stands there for a minute and tries to think of the way his life was before Carson came into it, but he can't seem to think of a time where he was as happy as he is now.

All of a sudden Carson begins to stir. He stretches and lets out a moan then turns and sees Michael standing in his doorway.

"Good morning sleepyhead," Michael says.

"Morning daddy."

"Would you like some French toast for breakfast?"

"Yes please." Carson answers.

After they finished breakfast Michael tells Carson to start packing the things in the garage that they won't be needing until they move, and that he had some calls to make but he would come help when he was finished.

Michael makes some calls to the people he knows at the county to talk about his plans for the ranch, and also to set up the things he needs in order to get some boys. It takes about an hour, but at the end it was all set.

It took about a month to get a closing date on the house. In that time, Carson and Michael pack up almost all of the things they wouldn't need. They ordered a few things for Carson's new bedroom and set up a homeschool program for Carson and the other boys that they might get at the ranch. Michael also took care of any certifications or licenses he might need.

The most important thing of all is Michael got his first boy. His name is Matthew, and he is 11-years-old with brown hair and brown eyes. He's about 4 feet 2 inches tall. He was left



at a truck-stop when he was three and he has been in the system ever since, so he has a few trust issues. Michael has had him for 3 weeks now and next week is the big moving day.

Michael and Carson have told Matthew all about the move and they drove out to the ranch one time so Matthew could see it.

Carson can tell there's something bothering Matthew so after they get ready for bed Carson goes to Michael and tells him he knows something is bothering Matthew. He asks if he can go talk to him. Michael says its okay, and to let him know if anything is serious.

Carson goes to Matthew's room and knocks on the door. He opens it just a crack sticks his head in the room. Matthew gets up quick and looks at Carson. "Hi, what's wrong? Did I do something?"

Carson enters the room and close the door. "No. You didn't do anything wrong. Why do you ask that?" Carson sit on the edge of Matthew's bed. Matthew starts to tell Carson about his foster homes and how mean most of

room together, and Matthew excited to go pick out his room too.

Carson tells Matthew to take the bedroom on the other side of Michael's room because it has a bathroom in it, and if he claims it now than when the other boys come they can't take it from him. Matthew takes that bedroom eventually.

Matthew walks up to Carson and hugs him. He says, "Thank you for being nice to me and being my friend."

Carson looks at him and tells him, "I am not just your friend, I'm going to be your big brother."

Matthew just looks at Carson for a minute and thinks to himself how great that would be. The sound of Carson's voice snaps him back in. "Okay let's go ask dad when the truck is coming with the furniture."

Carson and Matthew run to Michael and Carson says "Dad when are the movers getting here?"

Michael tells him they will be here soon and so should his furniture for his bedroom. Just then, Matthew tells them he's going to the bathroom and leaves quickly.

Carson sees this as an opportunity so he tells Michael



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them were. Carson tells Matthew his story, and eventually Matthew explains what is bothering him

More than once the family Matthew was staying with moved out before he got home from school. He never seen them again and was put back into the system. He started to cry and asked Carson to promise they wouldn't leave him behind, because they have been the nicest to him. He likes the ranch and wants to live there.

Carson sits close to Matthew and puts his arm around him. He promises him that things are going to be different this time, and if he ever needs anything or needs to talk to someone that he will be there for him. Matthew gets up and gives Carson a big hug. "Thank you." He says.

The boys didn't know it but Michael was standing at the door listening. He felt proud of Carson. He was being so good with Matthew.

Matthew asks Carson if he can sleep in his bed tonight. Carson says sure, and then had to tell Matthew about his diapers and why he wears them. Matthew tells him it's ok, he understands and won't tease him. They hug one more time and head off to Carson's room. On the way there Carson quickly goes to Michael and tells him what is going on and that it is ok.

Finally! It's moving day. Despite Carson telling Matthew earlier that they would not leave him behind, Matthew would move more than 2 inches away from Carson all day. Carson had to push him out of the bedroom once.

They all got to the ranch and then Carson and Matthew jump out of the truck. Carson is excited to start to put his

they need to talk.

Michael asks Carson, "What's wrong?"

Carson says, "Nothing is wrong. We need to talk about Matthew. I think he is cool. He is very nice but he had it worse than I ever did." Carson pauses for a second.

Before Carson has a chance to speak again Michael interrupts him and says, "And you love him, and you want him to be your brother right?"

Carson looks up at Michael with damp eyes and says, "Yes."

Michael walks up to Carson and grabs him with a big hug. "I love him too buddy, and I have filed the paperwork to adopt him already, but don't tell Matthew in-case it won't go through."

Carson says, "Okay, I won't say anything." It takes a minute for Carson to compose himself so he can go back to his room and not make Matthew suspicious.

Just then Matthew comes back into the room. As soon as he does, the moving truck pulls into the driveway. The boys both become excited. Carson asks Michael when his bedroom set will be delivered. Michael tells him that he doesn't know an exact time but he needs to know where he wants his bed and the other furniture because the men would be setting it all up. Carson tells Matthew to follow him to his room and help him try to see where everything is going to go and then he would help him with his room.

The boys run off and the moving men start to bring in the furniture and then boxes.

It took a few hours but the movers finally got done and they even put Matthew's room together for him just the way

he wanted it. Carson's furniture was also delivered and was set up where he wanted it too.

Michael and the boys were tired by the time they stopped unpacking so Carson asks Michael, "Daddy. I'm hungry. What are we having for dinner?"

Michael gives the boys a choice of going out for burgers or having pizza delivered. The boys both shout "pizza!" before Michael can finish his sentence. Michael tells the boys to go shower and put on comfortable clothes, and then to rest until the pizza gets there.



Michael is sitting in the living room going through some boxes when Matthew walks into the room. Michael looks up and sees him so he asks, "What's up pal?"

Matthew sits on the floor next to the box Michael is going through. He looks up at Michael and says, "Thank you."

"For what?"

Matthew answers, "For being so nice to me you're the best foster dads I ever had, and Carson is really cool, so thanks."

Michael motions for Matthew to come to him, and Matthew does so. Michael wraps his arms around Matthew's small frame and gives him a big hug, then tells him he is very welcome.

Carson walks into the room just then and as he does the doorbell rings. Both boys yelp real loud, "Pizza's here!"

They all go to the kitchen to eat. They grab some paper plates because not all of the kitchen supplies have been unpacked yet.

After they ate and cleaned up they sat and watch TV for a little bit. Matthew was sleeping in no time and Carson had trouble keeping his eyes open. Michael was just about to tell the boys to go to bed when his cell phone rang. He looked at the number. It was the social worker from foster care.

Michael answers. "Hello Mrs. Moore. How are you?"

"I'm fine Mr. Riggs, but we have a problem."

Michael replies, "Well what can I do to help?"

"I hope you can help. You see... we just took in two brothers. They're 13 and 11, and we can't get one to behave or the other one to stop crying. We need a place for them to stay."

"Well Mrs. Moore, we just moved into our new Ranch, but we will make it work. You can bring them over in the morning if you'd like."

"Oh my, yes! That is great! I will email you the history of them so you won't be blindsided with their problems."

Michael ends the call, and then tells both boys to brush their teeth and get ready for bed.

About 45 minutes later Michael receives an email from Mrs. Moore. It explains everything about the boys. First, she talks about Simon. He's 11, and has jet black hair with brown eyes. As Michael was reading his profile, he was very surprised to find out he was the one Mrs. Moore was talking about when she told Michael she couldn't get one to behave. He kind of took it for granted that the younger one was the one that wouldn't stop crying and the older one wouldn't behave. It seems that Simon is a little troublemaker and is the dominant one over his older brother.

Their parents left them alone a lot. Trent was upset about his parents leaving him to take care of Simon, and is a very sensitive boy. Simon, on the other hand, was angry about the neglect and acts it out often. He likes to break windows. He has shot a cat with a pellet gun and does poorly in school, as does Trent.

Michael looks over the profiles for the boys and then goes to bed. He will have a talk with Carson about the boys in the morning.

Life After Incarceration

by Dragonlover

"Jones! #069849! Roll out! Pack your stuff!"

It's 8:15 AM on Sunday, April 18th, 2004. Inmate Elliott Jones has been serving a 5-year sentence for the sexual assault of a minor. Hearing the block officer at the prison shout those words were what he's been waiting a very long time to hear. He quickly grabbed the plastic bag of personal belongings he had packed the night before, left his cell for the last time, and headed down the block stairs. Freedom was only about an hour away, and he was anxious. The block officer handed Elliott his inmate photo ID card and told him that an escort would soon arrive to take him to the Reception Unit for discharge. A few minutes later, another officer arrived at the unit.

"Jones, Elliott. Inmate ID #069849. Is that you?" the escorting officer asks.

"Hell, yes!" Elliott says. The officer then takes Elliott to the Reception Unit of the prison. Elliott reflects on the first time he had taken that walk 5 years earlier, only in the opposite direction, to be taken to his new home in the prison. Gate after gate slammed behind him as he worked his way towards freedom. They soon arrived at the Reception Unit. There, behind a counter was another officer.

"Let me have your card, sir." Elliott hands the officer his card, and watched as the officer typed something into his computer and stamp the word, "RELEASED" across the front of the card. It was then that it hit home; he was free.

Many men across the United States have been through that procedure, being released from prison after a long stint of time for a crime they either committed or not. But in the case of a convicted sex offender, things are vastly different than from those convicted of drug offenses, assault, or even murder. Here in the USA, a sex offense against anyone is considered particularly brutal and heinous. Especially a sex offense involving a minor. As far as the law is concerned, a sex offender is the bottom of the barrel. The worst of the worst. And while the offender may have served his time while in prison, the sentence really never ends for most of them.

The first thing to happen after release from incarceration is registration as a sex offender in the state in which he lives. In most cases, this is a life-long requirement. And, if needed, a visit to the probation/parole department. Both of those visits are designed to be degrading and humiliating. The people who process you as a Registered Sex Offender (RSO) and the parole or probation officer treat you like trash.

After this, the RSO will need to attempt to find a job. If this is his first offense and prison term, he will naively try to apply for jobs that he is qualified for, thinking that after submitting a resume he'll

be called for an interview and get the job. Very much like it used to work prior to his conviction.

But, after being away from society for a long time, he finds that things have changed. Employers are now asking about criminal history, as well as describing the circumstances surrounding the crime. The RSO soon discovers that if he is honest regarding his crime, he is denied employment. On the other hand, he finds that if he lies, and says that he has no record, he MIGHT get the job.

But, while working, he'll be constantly looking over his shoulder wondering if anyone knows who he really is. He stiffens up in fear when a supervisor calls him to their office wondering if this is it; is the cat is out of the bag? Will I lose my job? And unfortunately this is the case many times. The RSO will get a job, get settled in, make some okay money, and then BAM! Somehow, some way the employer finds out the truth, and he is let go. Why?

Not for being an ex-con. But for lying on the application; providing false information. In most companies if not all, that is grounds for termination. Companies like Wendy's, McDonald's and Burger King were always the fallbacks for employment opportunities. They didn't pay the greatest money, but at least it was something. But nowadays, even they ask about a criminal history, do background checks and will not hire and RSO.

Now, let's say for argument's sake that the RSO finds a job. Great! Now it's time to find a place to live. Staying at a friend's apartment on the sofa is getting tiresome for both guys, so now it's time to move out on his own. So, the RSO has his friend drive him to various apartment complexes to talk to leasing agents and fill out applications. Well, it is soon apparent to him that apartment complexes frown upon ex-cons residing on their premises. Virtually all of the applications ask about felony convictions. And of course, they want the dirty little details. So, apartment complexes are a no go.

The RSO then decides to look into privately owned apartments; like top floors in large houses, etc. Only some of them openly ask about criminal history. The ones that don't, when he files the application, he has to sign a statement saying that he is not a convicted felon. He knows they will check him out if he signs that, so that's a no go. So now it's on to renting rooms. That offers a lot more promise. People renting out rooms on properties that they own are less likely to be concerned about criminal history. The only exception is if they are renting rooms in their own homes, where the owner resides, especially if children live there. That can limit the possibilities.

The RSO then has to look perhaps in an inner-city neighborhood which may or may not be the safest of places to walk in, either by day or by night. So now, he has a very small room, reminiscent of his prison cell. He has to share a bathroom with 5 other men who, may or may not be dangerous people. He also has to share a kitchen and laundry room. He now has a home.

So now the RSO has a place to live and a job. But is he REALLY free? He has a job that, if his luck turns bad, he could lose at any time. He has a place to live that he could lose if he loses his job. If that happens, it's either the streets or a shelter. Shelter? He has seen the insides of places like that; they are conceivably more dangerous than prison. The streets? Yeah, that might be a possibility. IF the weather isn't too cold. Or rainy. Or icy. Food and drink? Sure. Just find a way to get to the welfare office and apply. IF you have the proper ID and all of the documentation they require, you'll get your food stamp card. And if you DON'T have the documentation? Guess what? No food.

And the welfare office doesn't care. All they care about is documentation. This isn't the 60s anymore, when the welfare department went out of their way to help someone. Now, the worker assigned to your case will advise you to find a food bank. What is a food bank? It is a charity, usually funded and operated by a church, where people donate canned goods and other non-perishables for the bank to distribute to the needy.

The welfare department MIGHT even be gracious enough to tell you where to find a food bank. All you can do is hope that the bank is still up and running, and that the phone number supplied still works.

So now, what if, as we said in the beginning, the RSO is on probation or parole? If he is facing the above circumstances, he will more than likely be returned to jail. Having no steady address can land you there, especially if you are an RSO. And the registration thing? If you fail to verify or notify the state police or sheriff's department of any changes, they WILL find you. You may think you can get away with not doing that, but you won't. It may work for a while, but after a warrant for your arrest is issued, you'll be more wanted than the guy who just killed his wife. They will catch you, without a doubt. And that will lead to more prison time.

So, as you can see, this is really not freedom. Guys who commit sex offenses are vilified and demonized. As they say, "once in the system, always in the system." The RSO is set up to fail. Set up to go back to prison, which is where society thinks you belong. So, even if you are not behind the walls and razor wire of a prison, you are still a prisoner of society.





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Chapter 10

Rolf and Lee met us at the bottom of the stage and escorted Kevin and myself to the dance floor, which was empty at this time. Of course we both knew what was expected to happen. I could already see a pained look on those from the Cul-de-Sac, and curiosity from those in the student body. Well maybe we can still pull off a surprise or two ourselves.

Learning to dance was something I thought I would never do. I had always viewed it as a strange jerking behavior between two people or animals. Actually, I saw no difference in the two at the time. Me dancing happened purely by accident at first. I wasn't even aware of it until Kevin mentioned it to me.

It was about 3 or 4 months after his dad's funeral. We were up in his room finishing up with our homework. It had become our habit to hug after these session, if no one was around, and not too deep but a little more than a "bro" hug.

With the radio quietly playing in the background, a concession I made for him as long as it wasn't too loud, the song "Always" by Atlantic Starr started in the otherwise quiet room. Kevin had started swaying, and with me in my relaxed state being with him, I just moved also following his movements. Never opening my eyes. If he leaned one way I followed, never looking up, never letting go.

When the song ended, he looked into my eyes, without letting go and smiled. "I thought you didn't dance," he said. It was then that I realized we were actually on the other side of his room from where our books were. I had no memory of moving, only being with Kevin. I must have had a startled look on my face because he just got that big "Kevin" grin of his.

Still holding onto each other, he leans in and lightly kisses my nose, after which he tries to get away, but I just tighten my grip around him. He could have broken free if he wanted, but he stayed put, with his cheeks fire engine red. It started with our foreheads touching as we leaned toward each other for our first real kiss. When our lips met I felt like I had been struck by lightning. There was a little tongue play going on, but not the deep fierce war that we do now.

"W-W-Well now Kevin... I-I-I must be going. Eddy will be I-I-looking for me soon for some scheme of his again." I stutted.

"Uhm yea... I guess you better Edd" he replies, scratching

The Secret Never Told Chapters 10-11

by LtDreamer

the back of his head, again. Our future sessions seemed to always end with a deep hug and a little dancing to whatever was playing on the radio at the time.

Kevin spent time explaining to me about the beat and the different melodies, along with the repetitive nature of some. By the time we finished our freshmen year in high school, I felt I was doing fairly well. Still not wanting others to see me, we always danced in private, whenever we were alone and had music. This would become the first time I dance in the open.

When we reached the center of the dance floor still holding hands, the DJ starting playing "Always" as the song we were to dance to. It appears someone had figured out it was "Our Song" and had this also prearranged for our benefit.

We just took this one in stride and started our dance with the slow swaying to the music that had started it all. When the song ended we kissed and the music went back to its standard selection for everyone else to join in.

Kevin and I elected to stay on the dance floor for a few more song to show everyone my dancing was not just some fluke. With Kevin and myself twirling around and gyrating with each other as was the craze these days. It was during the third song of the set, we caught our first trouble of the evening.

"I don't care who he is or what his title is, I am not playing sports with or going to let a fucking faggot into our team. No, way can he be allowed." Steven Bowman, a brute of a teen, and Peach Creek's varsity center on the football team. "If you think for one minute I'm going to let him reach between my legs for any reason, you are wrong. I'll punch

his lights out for even trying.”

Sadly it looks like he is starting to get some backers from is announcement, and it appears that the crowd is starting to split into two groups. He has a large group of juniors on his side with a lot of them being from the sports teams. In our defense there are a lot of seniors, and of course all of the staff, with the loudest of them being the coach. I've noticed that all of our friends from the Cul-de-Sac are completely gathered around us, like they are acting as a barrier.

The coach's voice can finally be heard over the crowd and people start to quiet down as the coach speaks. “Listen up, all of you!” boy, does his voice carry.

“First and foremost, this school has an Anti-Bullying policy that all of you should be aware of. That includes school functions, such the Prom or Football games.

“Second of all, after school sports is voluntary, you do not have to get involved if you don't want to. I, and the staff, do not want to know why you do or do not want to play. Keep that to yourselves. If you do not want Peach Creek to have a sporting team next year because there is someone playing you don't like, think about that. I can see the school's trophy case now with its new plaque. ‘No sports for 2015-16 because Steven Bowman couldn't get along with a team mate.’ Do you really want your children to see that one?

“Not another word out of you or your supporter or you will be escorted out of the school.” After the coach stormed off, the party resumed, but without its previous fanfare. No one seems to want to argue with Coach Williams.

Chapter 11

After that commotion settled down, we all return to our table for snacks and refreshments. This time it was Ed that asked the first question, kind of the obvious one at the. “Hey Double D, where's your hat at?” I grinned remembering the first time I saw him without his hat, it was an epic surprise for me, that's for sure.

The night of our first public date, we were able to get away from the Cul-de-Sac by taking the buses downtown, and spent the afternoon and evening together. We were out of our school district so we decided to chance some time at an arcade and play some video games together.

Well, I played more than Edd, but I think he still had fun. After a quick dinner at a local burger joint, we went to see the new action film “Battleship”. What a waste! We spent a lot of the time with our lips locked in the dark while no one could see us. We actually had to sit a few minutes after the movie, while everyone left, to allow our bodies to return to normal.

I set listening to Edd explain to everyone that he had never had a haircut in his life. No one knew that he had a Native American heritage, why should they? He never told anyone, other than me. It was that night we were able to spend together, the first one.

We were getting ready for bed, well, actually undressing. He had taken his shoes and socks off, something I worked hard to get him to do. He was standing in the middle of the room without his shirt and footwear, but still had his pants on. He was staring at the floor, looking furlong, and starting to get red in his cheeks. Walking up, I put my arms around him, and laid my forehead on his. “It is only the two of us, no one knows you are here, and” I gulped “I love you very much.” I said it I really did, Kevin Murphy said he loved someone.

He stepped back and said “please don't tell anyone”. He reaches up and pulls his beanie off, beautiful long black hair fell out. I reached up, just had to touch it, so soft and silky. I couldn't say anything at first but eventually I finally said, “How?”

He explained about his Native American background from his father and they decided to honor their heritage

with his name and not cutting his hair. “What's your name got to do with your heritage” I asked. It was then he told me his full name, “Edward Walkingstick Yazzie”. “Wow” was all I could say at the time.

With my arms still around him I leaned in kissed him, and told him his secret was safe. Staring into his eyes, I reached and undid his belt, and pants, letting them fall to the floor. With both of us standing there in boxer-briefs, and a gentle smile, we started our tongue battle, like we've never done before.

Our actions had the expected results from two teenage boys. As our breathing got heavier, I could feel him growing against my leg. I knew I sure was. We fall on my bed and continue our battle of the tongues. Sometime during our make out session, we lost our briefs, and while I would have never admitted it to anyone else, he was my first. We spent the night in each other's arms not having sex, but making love on a level I never knew could exist.

I was broken out of my reprieve when Steven Bowman walked by and “bumped” into me, just glad I wasn't holding anything. He stopped and said to me, “Your faggot ass better not me on the field next year or you just might get hurt.”

This had every one of us on our feet ready to face off. Before I could say a thing, Steven was on the floor. I never even knew that Mae and Marie Kanker were at the prom, yet they were standing close by. I can only imagine what had happened to him after seeing them, I even would not want to fight any of the Kankers. When a teacher and security guard came over, it was clear they were not happy. With no mark on him, and no one admitting to the deed. He didn't even know who had hit him, only the fall “hurt like hell” he said.

Before they were lead off to an empty portion of the gym, I spoke up and stated what needed to be said. “If you or any of your friends don't want to play on 'my' team next year, don't bother showing up. Every one of you have played with me before, from the 7th grade on. We have learned to read each other and know what the next person is doing. We all carried the championship trophy after we won, working hard to reach that title. We've played, studied, planned, and showered together for years. If you think something is different now because you now know the truth, you are a very sad person. I have not changed one bit, and neither has Edd. The only thing that has changed here is your own narrow mind.”

I turned my back on Steven to show even more defiance to his narrow ways, and went back to my date and our group. Once we were all settled again I noticed that Mae and Marie had vanished again from our group.

Holding Edd's hand, we knew that everything going perfect was a long shot tonight, but so far it's much better than we were expecting.

Lee stated that her sisters were roaming around the gym tonight keeping their ears open. It seem we were not the only one expecting something to happen. I had no complaints, I had my love with me, good friends, and hope for the future.





Amor et intellectus