

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

ISSUE #8
August 2018

**Kid Cuisine -
Dining with
Boys**

**Avalon Teen
Concert
Review**

**Essays &
Poetry**

**Internet
Safety for
Boylovers**



ETHOS

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ETHOS

notations



This time of year I don't know how I'd survive without my air conditioner. Yet while it's still the dog days of summer outside, change is afoot. Soon the pools will be empty and the boys will go from swimsuits back to school clothes. The daily heat wave will give way to the cooler temps of fall.

At the same time, changes are taking place at Ethos, The magazine is nearly two years old, and running smoothly. Several adjustments have taken place recently, most notably the publication release schedule.

While we used to have four issues a year (March, June, September, December), we now have three (April, August, December). This gives the staff more time for hunting, fishing, bowling, and other overly masculine activities.

Also, our good friend Emerys has departed from the magazine, and we wish the best of luck to him in his future endeavors. After much hand-wringing and even folly (me trying to be graphics artist -- imagine that!) we were lucky to find our new designer, twiglet.

This issue will be the second for our beloved twiglet, and it's clear he has settled into the role very nicely. I am very proud of these recent issues. Something else to note about this issue is the sheer variety of contributors. It has 14 articles, with 11 different authors. This sets a new record for community involvement.

So enjoy Issue 8 of Ethos Magazine. It is made for you. We hope you find it fun to read, educational and informative. And when it's over, remember we will see you again for the next one.

Happy reading, and thanks, from the staff of Ethos!

- Zoomzoom4

New Clothes

By Realme

“Wow, this place has everything!”

Aaron said, as we walked through the clothing store, admiring the brands. All his favorites—Ralph Lauren and Gap when he wanted to look stylish, Thrasher and Volcom for when he wanted to look cool.

We were in the last days of summer and my young friend needed some clothes for school. His mother, bless her heart, was no barrier.

She loved the fact that Aaron had an older friend to replace his dad. The bastard had ditched them both years ago.

So Aaron looked at all the clothing, while I looked at Aaron. His deep tan thanks to a beach vacation earlier that month set off his blonde crew cut brilliantly, and made his crystal blue eyes sparkle even brighter than usual.

A pity about the crew cut. I always preferred his hair long, but my influence with his mom only went so far. I was just grateful that she let me have him in his life, and for bringing such a wonderful boy into this world in the first place.

“So what does a fourteen-year-old need to look cool in school these days?” I asked. Aaron grinned at me.

“Fifteen in December.”

Yes, my boy was going to turn into a young man soon. Our relationship would change, but I knew our connection was forever secure.

“Shirts. Mom said to get shirts.” He said, piling shirts in his arms. He got a sample from a

wide variety of brands, both hip and formal and some in between.

“This looks nice,” I said, holding up a pale blue polo shirt. I glanced around to make sure no one was near. “It will set off your tan nicely.”

Aaron gave me an air kiss and added it to the pile.

After a few more minutes of browsing, we headed to the changing rooms. It was early on a weekday and they were empty. The nearest staff member, looking half dead from boredom, stacked jeans a couple of aisles away from the

“So what does a fourteen-year-old need to look cool in school these days?”

entrance. I saw Aaron looking around too, those bright blue eyes taking in all the details.

He got a cheeky smile on his face and went into one of the changing rooms out of sight of the doorway. He drew the curtain closed.

A second later his head

popped out, still with that cheeky smile.

“Want to help?”

I glanced over my shoulder to make sure the coast was clear and slipped past the curtain.

We stood facing each other in the little cubicle, the mirror showing a lovely teenage boy and a lucky middle-aged man.

He slipped his shirt off to reveal a smooth, hairless chest and slim arms with lean muscles. With his tan he looked gorgeous. My throat went dry. He tried on the shirt I had picked out for him first.

I nodded in approval. He twisted this way and that, admiring himself in the mirror, then gave a thumb’s up. By unspoken agreement neither of us said a word, and we both stood far

enough away from the curtain that no one could see there were two pairs of feet.

He held his arms above his head and winked at me. I smiled and pulled the shirt off. He just stood there, so I took the next shirt from the pile and put it on him, smoothing the wrinkles front and back, my hand gently stroking his chest and shoulders. That earned me another air kiss.

As we went through each and every shirt, me slowly putting them on him, smoothing them, and taking them off, I thought for the thousandth time about how fortunate I was to have this young darling in my life.

His mom, Cheryl, was a secretary in the building where I worked. I was a junior executive. A few years ago, the boss decided it would be fun to have a "family day" party. A blessing and a curse for me. A curse because I have no family of my own. A blessing because of all those lovely young boys spinning in office chairs and photocopying their hands.

The boss was wonderfully indulgent with the kids. So indulgent that I wondered if we had more in common than just a career. It was at that party that I met Aaron.

He was only nine then, a quiet, shy boy who immediately grabbed my attention both for his beauty and the fact that he kept looking at me with inquisitive, yet knowing eyes.

They say a boy in need can spot a boylover. That was certainly true in his case. Since I already vaguely knew Cheryl, I summoned up the courage to go and say hi. Soon we were all getting along fine. I could see Aaron already coming out of his shell with me, and Cheryl saw it too. It delighted her.

Only later did I learn about the father abandoning them both, and the nasty phone calls followed by years of silence and unpaid child support. At the time, though, we were waking up to the realization that we loved each other's company. Yes, Cheryl gave me a young friend, but Aaron gave me an adult friend. I care for them both, although of course in different ways.

Later in the party, I mentioned that I loved fishing, both river and deep sea, and nine-year-old Aaron's eyes went wide.

"I've always wanted to do that!" he said. I took them both to see the fishing photos in my office.

That clinched it. The boy stuck to me like glue, and Cheryl looked at me with gratitude.

Of course, as our friendship grew, everyone in the office whispered about me and Cheryl. I didn't mind; it hid the truth. While at first I think Cheryl might have liked something on the physical side, soon she just settled for a good friend and a role model for her son.

At last we finished going through the shirts. He stood there in the cubicle for a moment, shirtless, one thumb hooked into the front of his jeans.

"Too bad we're not shopping for pants too," he whispered.

"Or bathing suits," I whispered back.

"Remember the beach bungalow?"

How could I forget? The two of us alone for five blessed nights.

He gave me a little smirk and put on his shirt. I pretended to pout until he took it off and let me put it back on him. It took some time to smooth the wrinkles out. It's amazing how many wrinkles a boy can put in a shirt, and every one of them needs repeated smoothing.

At last he picked up the shirts he had chosen, peeked out from the curtain, and gave me a thumb's up to say it was OK to come out.

What confidence he had these days! He had been so needy, so fragile when I had first met him at that office party. Now he had grown into an assured teenager and his grades had gone from low Cs to As. I had a lot to do with that. Cheryl had too. She was a good mother doing the best she could.

I paid for the clothing and Aaron carried the bulky bag.

"Thanks!" he said, giving a little skip.

My heart melted. Still a bit of boy left in him. That boy turned into a young man when he saw a leather jacket hanging nearby.

"Awesome!"

He put it on. He looked stunning.

I checked the price tag. "\$439?" I said.

He made a face, then looked at me hopefully. "I have a birthday coming up."

Ah yes, the birthday. At least it wasn't until

November.

"We'll see how your grades are this semester."

He held up two fingers. "Straight As. Scout's honor."

I grinned. "Put that back and let's get something to eat."

After a lunch of hamburgers and milk shakes in the food court, we headed to their house. He kept his hand on my thigh for the entire drive as we settled into a comfortable silence.

"Mom! Look what Steve got me!" he said, bursting through the front door. Cheryl came out from the kitchen where she was preparing dinner. She looked tired as usual, dark circles under her eyes from working overtime. She was saving for Aaron's college tuition.

"Oh, these are nice, honey." She said, looking through the clothes.

"Did you thank your Uncle Steve?"

Out came that cheeky grin again. "Yeah," he replied in a way that told me he wasn't done thanking me yet.

"You hang those up in your room. Steve, make yourself comfortable. I think the game is on."

I settled into the sofa and turned on ESPN as Cheryl went back into the kitchen. After a minute, the sound of clattering dishes and chopping vegetables was accompanied by the soft sound of crying. I got up and when into the kitchen.

Cheryl was at the counter preparing dinner, tears flowing down her cheeks.

"Hey, what's the matter?" I asked giving her a hug.

"You're so good to him," she sniffled. "All those clothes, that vacation. It's like I do nothing."

I squeezed her. "What are you talking about? You've raised him alone for years. You've given him a home and love and now

you're saving for his education."

"I don't feel like I'm doing enough."

"You do it all. All I'm giving him is extras. You're the real provider."

It was true, every word of it. Some boylovers see parents as intruders or obstacles. I saw Cheryl as a partner. Not in the sexual or romantic sense, but a partner in raising the most wonderful boy in the world.

After a minute I got her calmed down and went upstairs. Aaron was playing video games on his iPad.

"Go help your mother with the cooking. She's feeling lonely."

"OK," he said. Ever the dutiful son. He only needed to be reminded from time to time as all boys do.

That evening we had a happy dinner,

the three of us. Cheryl and I laughed about our boss and chatted about our favorite Netflix series, and Aaron talked nonstop about how he was going to get the best grades ever and earn that leather jacket. I promised to help him with math, always his weak spot, and Cheryl announced that she was going to take us all to the movies later that week.

We ate the dinner that Cheryl had prepared, and it was delicious as usual. Equally delicious was the warmth of Aaron's leg pressed against mine under the table. The three of us had a wonderful evening.

Yes, I cared for them both. It wasn't quite what most people think of when they hear the word "family", but it was a family to me.

It wasn't quite what most people think of when they hear the word "family", but it was a family to me.

My Love

By Mattybl

It has started snowing again
Thick white flakes
After we've been outside all day, skiing and sledding, and it hasn't snowed

It's already getting dark outside
You're sitting on the sofa, already wearing your pyjamas
Snuggled into a blanket to warm up again after this day of winter fun
While you watch the snow flakes falling outside

I made you hot chocolate, because you love it so much
I sit next to you while you drink it
We don't have to say anything, we both know
You allow that we snuggle
You are a blessing for me, and just having you here in this moment is enough
I will never ask any more of you

I let you choose the movie we'll watch and you choose your favorite. I love you for that
We watch it together. We laugh. You snuggle onto me
I get us some crisps, we enjoy them together, but I leave as many as you want for you

Later I'll bring you to bed
Make sure you sleep safe and sound
And have the most beautiful dreams
Before tomorrow we start yet another winter fun adventure

*I will watch over you
I love you*



Memories of Being a Boylover

By BlueEagle12

This article is a dual-language article. Due to the amount of time needed to fully edit the submission and insert it in Ethos to a good quality, the German version of this article won't be appearing in this issue. Instead, the German version will be appearing in Ethos 9, to be released December 2018.

Who I am and how old am I?
My name is blueeagle12 and I was born in 1967.

When did I know that I was a boylover?

I always noticed that I was not like other boys when I was a child.

At first, when I was about 5 or 6 years old, I had an eye on girls, but that was mostly because I heard that men only like women. There were some very pretty girls in our Kindergarten. I sang them songs and I remember that sometimes I tried to kiss them.

When I grew up, I had a girlfriend. When I look back, I notice that she (and the ones after her) looked more like a boy than a girl.

On a holiday trip to the Netherlands when I was about 12 or 13, I was together with her in a camp-group and we had a lot of fun there. Others laughed at me when I sang her poetry

songs that I wrote.

This time was also the first time that I felt any attraction towards a boy.

He was in another group, had blond hair, and such a lovely face. I was very confused and felt a bit afraid when I noticed that he wandered into my dreams at night and memories during the day. I couldn't stop looking at him, and I tried to be as close as possible to him.

I don't know if he noticed my feelings, but for a very long time I remembered him. I still see his smile today.

My relationship with my girlfriend ended some months later and without noticing exactly when, I looked at boys more and more.

Did I have close contact to boys as a teenager?

Yes! There were some very cute boys in my neighborhood and some of them liked to be close to me. They liked to play with me and a few of them became very close friends.

There was a first little kiss, a first touching of a boy's knee, and a bit more.

Does that mean that I had sexual contact with boys as a teen?

Not sexual contact as others might think, but with a few I was close and we discovered some of our feelings together.

I tried to hide my looking at boys and I tried to get girlfriends just to hide my "homo-feelings"

What did my other friends think about me?

I didn't have a lot of friends during that time. I was one of those kids which got bullied all the time at school, and nobody wanted to play with me.

So, do I think that loving boys was kind-of finding a way out?

No, at the beginning I didn't know how to handle these feelings and it made me very uncomfortable. I tried to hide my looking at boys and I tried to get girlfriends just to hide my "homo-feelings".

I thought "I am gay?"

Nearly, yes, but for me "gay" was a love between two men and not between boys. I never was interested in men. Not as a young boy and not today. I didn't fully understand what the feelings were inside of me. I had to hide them at home, at school, together with friends, and everywhere I was.

How did I handle being a boylover?

That wasn't easy. When I was young there was no internet and I didn't know any other people like me. I didn't even know there was a word for my feelings. Boylover – a simple word for just a huge emotion. I had contact with a lot of young boys and my parents surely noticed that.

When the time came to think about having a job after finishing school, I wanted to be a teacher or a Kindergarten teacher, working in a house or setting with children or something like that.

My parents didn't allow that, so I learned to work as a businessman.

Did I lose contact with boys?

No, the opposite in fact! I had a lot of contact to boys because I went swimming a lot and had some friends at the British army base which was near our town.

I was also a football trainer for a pretty long time.

I went swimming with boys, or I took them for a drive to the ice-stadium, or we just played in the forest.

I also worked as a babysitter for a friend of mine. She had a Spanish husband and so I had my first contact with the Spanish language (besides our holiday trips to Spain).

And it was no problem being so close with a little boy?

It was a big problem, and it nearly became a huge problem once.

I was very much in love with this little boy that I've known since he was a little baby. When he was about 5 or 6, I kissed him sometimes on his lips. He loved that, and sitting on my knees.

I didn't even know there was a word for my feelings. Boylover - a simple word for just a huge emotion

Then the time came when I tried to give him a French kiss. He liked it a lot and so we French kissed often but secretly. One time, his little brother saw us kissing and told his parents.

It was in the middle of the night so they didn't call my parents but I had a very long conversation with the parents of the boy.

What did they do with me? Did I have problems with my parents then?

I spoke for a long time with the boy's parents, and after I told them that I love boys more than girls and more so young boys, the mother of the boy showed dismay and so did his father.

We didn't tell my parents about this conversation. We only told them that the younger brother tried to get me into trouble because he was so envious.

And after that, did I stop having such close moments with boys?

No. I've had some very close moments with a few other boys, but I never did anything they didn't agree with.

I also learned to understand that boys have another point of view when they have very close moments with older people. A little boy

wants to be loved in different way than as a teenager does.

A little boy gives you kisses and smiles into a camera when taking photos of him. He sits on your legs and hugs you in a very cute and loving way. He would do nearly everything you want him to do as long as you show him that you love him.

A teenager normally loses these feelings more and more with time. Okay, some still like it when they get older, and some notice that they are gay and perhaps they love the closer moments.

Whenever I had a little boyfriend, I tried to be more like a mixture of father and brother than a boylover.

And I never came too close?

Perhaps I came too close at times. But that depends on a person's point of view. For some people it is like having sex with a boy when you just give him a little kiss, and for others it is no problem if you take showers together or if they sleep with you in the same bed.

Did my way of looking at a boy change

over the years?

Yes, a lot! Seeing a boy when I was a young teenager, and as a young man, I mostly wished to see him nude and sitting on my lap. I wished to hug boys, give them kisses and that they never should get older.

Today, after a lot of years, my way of looking at a boy is different. I still love to see a boy's eyes, his smile, his hair and for sure his figure. That hasn't changed.

But today I don't see a boy in a speedo in my mind when he is in front of me. I don't want to hug him all the time. I prefer just to spend some time with him.

It is enough for me to see a boy laughing, watch for his smile and to see him doing some sports perhaps.

How did my point of view change?

I don't know. Perhaps it was because I've spent the last 10 years with the same boy as a boyfriend. He knows how I see him and the way I love him. He knows that I am a boylover. I told him everything. I was sure he understood me and did not disapprove of my view.



Like most boys who have a boylover as a friend, he is a divorce family-child. I was the only person he trusted, who was at his side whenever he had problems or was just sad.

Without any compensation, nothing has changed. He still is my close friend though without the many kisses or long hugs.

I had no sexual contact to this boy?

That depends on what people define as having sexual contact. We, for sure, came very close.

What kind of relationship do I have to this boy today and to other boys?

Today he is 18-years-old, and he is a very good looking young man. I still pick him up twice a week in the evening to spend time together with him. I do the cooking, and we watch TV or he does his school homework with me.

Do I pay him money for spending time with me?

No. For me, he is like my own son. Of course I spend a lot of money for his birthdays or Christmas gifts, but mostly because his mother (where he still lives) doesn't give him much money like other parents do. She is an alcoholic and quite greedy.

I've also had another little boyfriend for about one year now, and he comes visiting me

about once a month.

He is one of those kids who try to kiss you secretly or like to sit on your knees. He has no problems to take a shower in my bath and jumps through my whole flat nearly naked and playing with my dog.

There is no wish to touch him, no wish to kiss him or more. I hug him very often and I enjoy every moment he lies next to me on my sofa.

And I have that contact secretly to his parents?

No. They know it and they saw it, when he jumped on my lap. He told them that he would like to marry me when he is 18 because marriage between men is now allowed (time will come my little friend, and I am sure you will change your mind).

The parents of this boy have also asked me if he could take a shower after school sport when I pick him up from school and I shouldn't be surprised if he jumps naked through my apartment.

What am I doing when I feel that wishes come up which are more than just hugging a boy?

I found an unusual method for myself. When there is such a moment, I try to imagine some things about a boy (who is around me) that I don't like (e.g. sometimes his mouth was smelling bad, or I try to see him a few years older). Then I know that when he is older he won't have his cute look anymore; his features would be very different. I try to see him as a young man with a beard and then within seconds my wishes are blown away.

And that helps?

Yes, it helps me. I don't think that it will work with all people. Everybody is unique.

What is my advice for other, younger, boylovers?

At first, try to see and understand the feelings a



young boy has. When he says that he loves you, he means it in another way than what you may think he does. A young boy normally never thinks in sexual ways. Don't try to use a boy like you want to have him. Respect his mind and feelings.

Children always want to please adults and they sometimes will do things that they normally don't like to do.

If you don't have real friends to speak with them about your deepest feelings, it can help to write them down or record them for your own. Sometimes you find friendships on a BL-Forum, though be very careful in meeting people too quickly.

I was very ill for a long time and during that time I became very depressed. I had a lot of suicidal-moments and spending time with my BF helped me a lot during that time. He helped me without noticing. After I was healthy, I changed my job and adopted a little dog. Lots of things changed in my life after this.

My dog gives me another, but a very special, kind of love. He loves me, no matter how I look or if I am fat or not. He loves me even if I am in panic or if I am sleeping. He doesn't care about my sexual feelings (okay, he doesn't know anything about sexual feelings of humans).

I am a very sensitive and emotional person with Spanish roots. For me, it helped to sing to myself just to process my emotions. Sometimes I just write a little poem. Others may like to hear loud music or do sports.

All this can give you moments to think about your feelings and give you the chance to find the right way to cope with your emotions.

I still love looking at boys. How they look like and how they move. I love to see their beautiful eyes, their lovely lips, their body's and their angel curls, if they have some.

We were all little children once and there might have been men who saw much more in us than just a little boy.

It is up to us to show other people that boylovers are not "sex-monsters".

Children will change into adults and their time as a child is a very short time in their lives. Therefore, it is very important to try to be

an ideal person and mentor for children, and to show them how to become eventually a good man or woman

If we do this with care, love and respect for the child, perhaps one day there is a chance to change the prejudices of being a pedophile.

But my main advice is – accept who you are and how you are!

“...just be 12!”

(written by blueeagle12 / 28.01.2018)



NEW BL NOVEL JUST RELEASED

“The Unorthodox Thing About Love” by **Jonas Boehm**: A story that affirms boy lovers with it's theme that love doesn't obey religion, governments or society.

Reuben is an Orthodox Jew who loses his only family to terminal illness. He meets Jonathan, a lonely Jewish teen, who awakens old feelings. As the two struggle with the consequences of their attraction, they must choose to go against their religion and embrace their love, or else let society and age-old traditions tear them apart.

Jonas Boehm's first novel gets to the heart of love and loss, regardless of a person's race, gender, or age. He explores the relationship between a man and a teen-age boy, yet the emotions of the protagonists are universal, and honest.

The lessons about love, pain, and regret are so real, so human, you feel them from the first page. Available now at iBooks, Amazon, Nook, and Kobo.

Internet Safety in the boylove World

Part 2

By FalseAlias

If you paid attention in issue 7 of Ethos, you knew this was coming.

Internet safety is important, no matter who you are. In the world of boylove, the communities we've made for ourselves and the places we've built to support one another, are important.

Maintaining these groups is a multi-tasking job to say the least. Internet safety here is more important than most of us would believe; especially considering those watching our communities and who'd like to see us in less friendly accommodations.

You might not think it, but it's prudent for some part of yourselves for being safe on the internet. It goes without saying that you need to stay on the legal side of "that line". If you want my honest opinion, going to the other side of that line makes you stupid. Being stupid is bad. Any person who's done stupid stuff will tell you the same. Don't expect to stay untouched.

If you're old enough (I'm not, silly me), you'll remember that shellban wrote an article in Modern Boylover Magazine's 7th issue - "Making the Case for Full Disk Encryption" (take a read; it's a good issue too. There are a few

points in that article which are important to note, primarily as they're very credible points and they're still relevant even in today's society.

I'll quote shellban at this point, because I think this would be appropriate here.

"[...] you should take computer security seriously. Not because you may have any questionable material stored on your hard disk, but because the mere fact of being a boylover can have disastrous consequences for your life." ~shellban

you should take computer security seriously [...] the mere fact of being a boylover can have disastrous consequences for your life

First is that Windows will leave some trace behind; always. The amount of caching which Windows does is quite high. Simply deleting something with

SHIFT+DEL is not going to make it gone forever. Anyone with good forensic skills is going to find it..

I suppose this is somewhat true with anything that writes to your drive really. There are some tools which could be used to recover data otherwise assumed to be lost or deleted. Photorec is one, and Recuva is another.

1. Make sure you are actually, securely, deleting data

Failing to securely delete data will probably be one of the first things which gets you stuck in

a rut of poor computer security practices. The authorities love taking things out of context. , If you idly type “mmm, I’ll get him naked one day” such could be enough for them to charge you with conspiracy. That shouldn’t be logged or saved on your PC, but in the unhappy event that it is, you need to get rid of it.

The tool which I use on Linux is called Secure Remove. It features the terminal command “srm”, which allows you to overwrite the file’s disk clusters 38 times before the file is deleted. This effectively destroys the data before the file is “deleted”, so any recovery of it isn’t going to show anyone what the file was in the first place.

I find it to be a nice habit to run that on a cron loop over areas which are known to cache things. I use it to make sure browser caches are wiped, and to make sure that anything I don’t want found is never going to be found (by me or anyone else).

Secure Delete does also have a Windows package, though it is slightly different to the Linux counterpart.

To install on Linux, run this in a terminal: “sudo apt-get install secure-delete”

To install on Windows, visit this link and download the file:<https://sourceforge.net/projects/srm/>

Place it anywhere and use command prompt to run it; following the instructions the program



VeraCrypt

provides. I’d recommend using the 35-pass method, otherwise known as the Gutmann method. It overwrites data 35 times before deleting it.

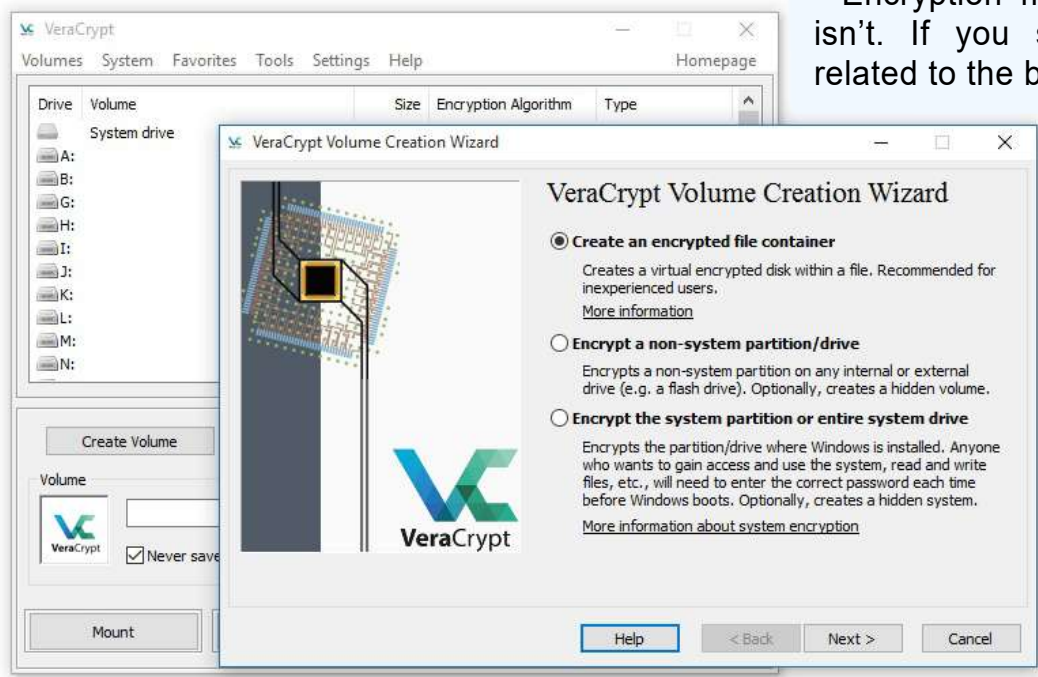
Alternatively, you could use Eraser. It’s self-marketed as a free and advanced security tool for Windows. It functions similar to secure rm, however Eraser has a graphic interface which may be considerably easier for some to use. The disadvantage is that it is for Windows only, and does not run on Linux or Mac.

It works much the same, and still gives you choices on how many passes are done before the file is deleted. To download Eraser, check out their website: <https://eraser.heidi.ie/>

2. Encryption, and why it’s good for you

Encryption may seem overkill, but it really isn’t. If you store anything even remotely related to the boylove world, please make sure you store it somewhere that’s encrypted (with a strong password). You’re practically asking for someone to read it if you don’t. If your think your password is going to be enough, it won’t be.

Anyone can access your filesystem outside of your operating system and just read all of your data. Forget file permissions. All they need to do is have access. Scary, I know.



Am I going to campaign for Linux here? Well, a little, because it offers OS encryption during installation. This requires you to enter a password before your operating system has even loaded up, to decrypt your OS. It can also offer to encrypt your home directory. Provided you set strong (and DIFFERENT) passwords for both, that's at least two layers of encryption already.

If you are not a fan of Linux though, or if you just don't want to use Linux, then there is still an alternative. You could encrypt a USB drive with BitLocker, a utility provided from Windows 7 and upwards, which encrypts devices. To decrypt, you'd need to use another system with BitLocker. You wouldn't be able to use the drive without decrypting it.

You could also encrypt it with VeraCrypt (successor to TrueCrypt), and provided that you decrypt it with VeraCrypt then it would provide the same protection as BitLocker.

VeraCrypt also gives you the option of creating encrypted containers. When mounted, they look like a drive attached to your computer and they operate almost exactly like one. On the outside, they look like an ordinary file.

"But the police can force me to give my passwords!"

This is where VeraCrypt has an advantage. You can use VeraCrypt to create a hidden volume within any normal volume. You'd create an outer volume and put stuff in there which looks sensitive and like something you'd either want to protect or hide. After doing this, you will make the inner "hidden" volume. This is undetectable, so no one would know it's even there except for you. If you are confronted by police and told to give your passwords, you would give them the password for the outer volume only, and not for the inner volume. This protects the data you actually want to hide while giving the illusion of being cooperative and forthcoming.

You can read about VeraCrypt here: <https://www.veracrypt.fr/en/Home.html>

And for information on BitLocker, check any of these links:

[-https://docs.microsoft.com/en-us/windows/security/information-](https://docs.microsoft.com/en-us/windows/security/information-)

[protection/bitlocker/bitlocker-overview](https://www.pcworld.com/article/2308725/encryption/a-beginners-guide-to-bitlocker-windows-built-in-encryption-tool.html)

[-https://www.pcworld.com/article/2308725/encryption/a-beginners-guide-to-bitlocker-windows-built-in-encryption-tool.html](https://www.pcworld.com/article/2308725/encryption/a-beginners-guide-to-bitlocker-windows-built-in-encryption-tool.html)

I will always stress that encryption is important for sensitive information. If you happen to store anything sensitive, even if it's not BL related (such as passwords, bank account information), I would suggest using an encrypted container and making sure those things are not fair-game for hackers, raiders, police, or even people you let in to your system.

3. And now, be safe for your friends

I'll say it once: don't do stupid things.

Don't go to that website because you want to see the naked boy pictures. It's really not a good idea. Forget about your penis (or vagina) urges. Think about your friends and what they might think if you are put away.

Remember always that innocent details you might feel like sharing could be strung together by a dedicated vigilante/agent. Hop back to Ethos issue 5, page 10. Yes, another article I wrote; "Trust". In that piece, I make reference to Dragonlover's article "Life after Incarceration" from Ethos 4 (page 27 and 28).

If you trust the wrong person, that's what you could be dealing with for 20 years' time.

Yay, that's it.

Yeah, that's it. Hopefully you've learned something that you can apply. I'm not a great teacher, but I know about what I have recommended here in this article.

It's important to be safe.

It doesn't take a lot to do to ensure you don't lose a lot.

My First Board

By LtDreamer

Like a great many, I was struggling with who I was and thought I was alone with who I was. During the mid 1990's I was introduced to the personal PC, Windows 95, and the Internet. It soon became apparent, that the internet was also home to images and some nice pictures of boys.

I quickly learned, with a little searching, that more and more became available to me. Progression, with some trial and error, eventually led me to Yahoo Groups.

After messing around for a while, I found out that more than a few pictures came from the same board by the name of Jacob's Tales. I lurked around there for a few months. Membership was not required for some areas of the board, and some of the galleries were open.

After a few months, I decided to join and become a member to gain full access. Besides the gallery, the board lived up to it's name sake, and had some wonderful stories or "Tales".

I also made some wonderful friends during my time there, and got to know a few very well. Thought he was ill of health at the time, I was able to meet and get to know Jacob at the time, the owner and creator of the board.

The board was operated by other members as is with other boards. I made friends all over the world, and even some YF's. My two most memorable: one from the state of Texas, and one from New Zealand.

I have fond memories of helping these young ones through their school years and counselling the one from Texas as he grew and started his first job. Other members helped me

through the tough time I was facing, and letting me know that I was not alone with the emotions that I was going through. I soon learned that what I was feeling had a name, and I was not the only one.

Jacob's Tales was a very large board, with some great postings and stories. Most of these were about love and not exotic in nature. I have fond memories of the board and it members. I will always credit this board for helping me realize that I was not alone, and not a sick individual.

Over the years, I have lost contact with the friends I had made, and sometime find myself wondering what happened to them, both young and old.

Like so many boards of this nature, it was forced to close down after facing some unwanted attention. The large gallery of the board was responsible, after the staff lost control of it. It was larger than the staff could review and moderate. A mistake in there caused a real problem. A well known image of a child that had been abducted and murdered found it's way into the gallery.

After public outcry, the managers were forced to close the board. Out of fear, this caused many members to scatter. People tried to reinvent Jacob's Tales as Jacob's Stories, and make a lot of things without a gallery. Because of fear, many members did not return. It is sad that this once wonderful home of understanding and support was lost to time and persecution.

The BL River

By BL in Black

I am in love with this boy
His heart, soul and body
His innocent smile, his pure joy and curiosity

But my soul is condemned, my mind is tortured
By a society, a regime that destroys without understanding
My love is isolated, outcast and exterminated

I crave the cleansing of the mind, body and spirit
I yearn for the water to wash away my suffering
This must be the moment, to be taken to the BL River

I have lived through loneliness and confusion
Fallen down along the way, in an unforgiving world
Been beaten and threatened for being who I am

I have had to fight to survive, and go underground
In a world full of lies and deceit, which doesn't care
I have touched the void, and battled endless despair

But the BL River flows strong, and it heals
Constantly throughout time, with infinite compassion
I will bathe, and be at one and at peace

My boy is waiting for me, and knows I love him
My desire burns like a never-ending nurturing flame
I love him more than life, and my hope remains eternal

My love is pure and natural, as the grass, wind and trees
I am not a monster, I am a human who breathes and desires
And the truth of this is more powerful than any words

I am swimming through the BL River
Healing my scars, being at one with the world
Embracing the richness and purity of my gift

AVALON

Teen Concerts

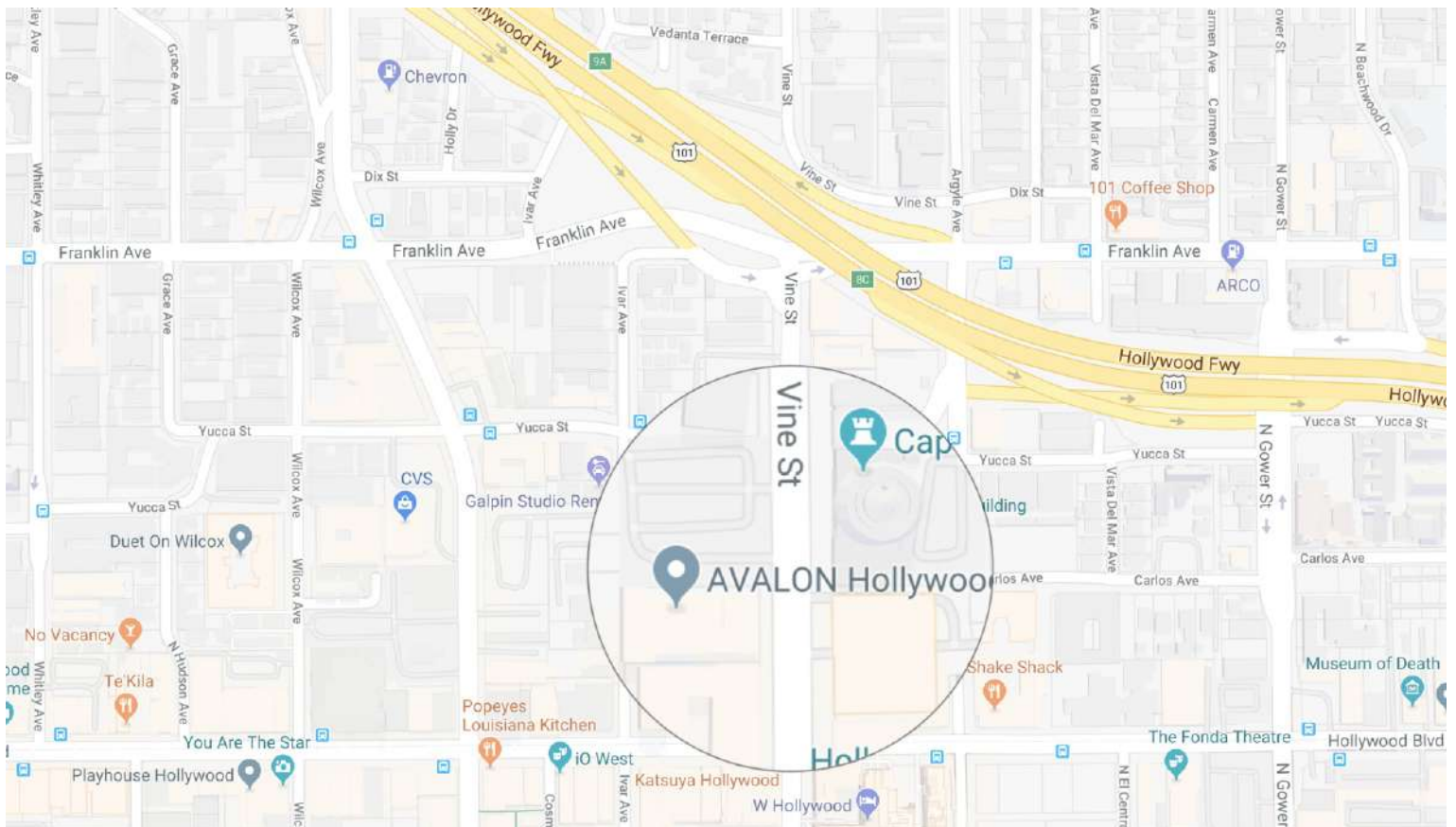
- a musical experience created by young celebs *By MusicBoy*

Some of my most memorable concerts starring boy singers and dancers were held at the Avalon Theatre. This report is illustrated with pictures I took of various artists. When Enchanted Island will enable video uploads I shall share the videos I made of these boy celebs

The Avalon is located in the heart of Hollywood at Hollywood Blvd. and Vine St. I've included a map to show it in reference to the other places of interest nearby. The Avalon is also conveniently located near a subway rail station. There are other great venues in the Los Angeles area that featured young entertainers

and I will cover those in my next report.

My first experience covering a show featuring young artists was Cinco 3 in Technicolor where Jesse McCartney was the main attraction. He was in his late 20's but he was still very good. Other acts that appeared were the Ochoa Boyz, Seth Bishop and his friends including Aram Flood, and most notably Carson Lueders. I was very impressed with the theatre and its amenities. My V.I.P. ticket included having dinner with Jesse McCartney. After the show the main floor of the theatre was converted into a dining area to host a bunch of guests. Jesse serenaded us during dinner and



also engaged us in conversation which was a lot of fun.

My two following experiences at the Avalon were a Valentine's Party last year and a back-to-school party at summer's end. These were hosted by the Rock Your Hair brand that markets hair and cosmetic products targeted at teens and twenty somethings. Besides boys there were many talented girl entertainers too. You can guess where my focus lay!

The children of the owners, 14-year-old singer Brooke Butler, and her brother, 15-year-old Rush Holland introduced the acts for the Valentine's show. Rush Holland and Casey Simpson, of the Nickelodeon TV show Ricky, Nicky, Dicky and Dawn introduced the acts for the back-to-school party.

The performers who I was interested in covering were Carson Lueders, Christian Lalama, Max and Harvey, Johnny Orlando and Hayden Summerall.

Various other celebs who were invited as guests were in the audience. I had the pleasure to meet Jacob and Nolan Fandino of The Fandinos fame, Casey Simpson, Mason Cook from Speechless,



Thomas Barbusca from the Mick, Kingston Wells, Hayden and his delightful little brother Harlo Haas. The boy band Forever In Your Mind were at the meet and greet for Cinco 3, but they didn't perform.

These shows have three levels of tickets. The basic covers general admission only. Then there is the Meet and Greet ticket. Lastly, some shows arrange a dinner or breakfast with the performing artists who sit at the tables with their fans.

Attending these shows are memorable not only for meeting the stars I know, but also to get to know new young performers. If you ever visit LA, find out if there are any shows with boy celebs in the works and plan on visiting at that time. Let me know and maybe we can join forces to support these kids.

My third article in this series will feature concerts at the Roxy, The Troubadour and The House of Blues that are all in Southern California.

*Enchanted Island was a former boylove forum



This Page top left; Harvey Mills, Christian Lalama, and above; Johnny Orlando

Next Page from top left; Carson Lueders, Hayden and Harlo Hass on the pink carpet, Casey Simpson and Harvey Mills at end of show and Kingston Wells



Privacy

A Right Or A Privilege?

By Dragonlover

As we edge closer to the third decade of the new Millennium, concern for individual digital privacy is growing faster than ever before. In most countries, the citizens have the concept and belief that essential privacy is afforded to all. But - is it really?

In decades past, we didn't have to try very hard to maintain our privacy. Think about the 1970s and before. If you gave sensitive information in any kind of commercial transaction, you felt safe, it was just "a given" that your info would be kept confidential.

You didn't have to worry so much about identity theft, having your bank account emptied by a credit card crook, or your statement showing card charges you didn't make. In other words, every night you went to sleep knowing that your information would not fall into the wrong hands.

But times have changed. Now there are news reports of people rigging up drones with video cameras and sending them up to spy in unsuspecting peoples' windows. And some are now setting up mini-cams in restroom stalls to spy on our most intimate moments.

In this age of the internet, computers give us access to information that

was considered unthinkable even as late as the 1990s. Myself personally, my skill level as far as computers and the internet would be called intermediate. I know how to use technology with a high level of competency, but am by no means an expert.

If I want to know how to do something, I simply use Google, as most people do. If I want a fact about something, its off to Wikipedia I go. Does the internet have everything you're looking for? Yes, I think it does.

But the question is, how far are you willing to delve into it's the vast universe? How far will you go? Wikipedia? Or, even the dark net?

It seems that nowadays more and more people are willing to chance a visit to the dark net to find whatever they can't find on the regular internet. From making a lethal chemical



compound to organizing a hit on a cheating spouse, the dark net has it. And that includes how to find out anything you want to know about someone, and more.

But do you really need the dark net to do that, these days? Absolutely not! There are websites out there, where for less than the price of a cheap cup of coffee, you can find out virtually anything about anybody.

Some of these sites even offer monthly and annual subscriptions. For a price, you can find a person's criminal background, previous addresses, those whom the person lived with in the past, old phone numbers, credit ratings and scores, professional license and certification information, and more.

I have visited a number of these sites on the official premise of "research." I have not gone as far as to actually subscribe to any of them. But I will say, if they offered a 24-hour 99-cent trial, I would go for it.

Always I would use myself as the study subject, being that any information a site might have. I could without a doubt either verify or deny.

One of the first sites I visited boasted a testimonial. "I was dating this guy for about a year. Then I found out about your site and ran his name through your system. It turned out he was a convicted child molester! My children and I thank you!"

I saw that, and I knew I just had to sign up for the trial. I paid my fee and within a few minutes I felt like I had the world at my fingertips. So, I ran my own name. The website asked for an astonishingly small amount of basic information about me to begin the search. It really essentially came down to name and date of birth.

Five minutes later, after the system had, "searched thousands of databases worldwide," I was given access to my report. I was mortified.

Very detailed criminal records, including booking photos. Addresses, including my current one. Previous phone numbers, landline and mobile. Outstanding debts reported to the credit reporting agencies. Previous vehicles. Previous banks. Not to mention my parents' and siblings' names, and the fact that my parents are deceased.

And to think, all this information is available to anyone. And the worst part is, there is not a single thing I can do about it. It's there. It's out in the open. And anyone can get it. All that the various reports didn't give was my social security number. And I am sure if you really dig deep enough, that vital piece of information could be obtained as well.

So, the next time you do anything like banking, or signing up on social media sites or making some kind of purchase, ask yourself, "Is the information I am about to put in these



fields really going to be kept confidential?" Most likely the answer is no.

In my opinion the only way to achieve true privacy is to lock yourself in a room with no windows, and no furniture. Just a room with nothing but a door. Then, you MIGHT have true privacy.

The Story of A Love Found And Lost

By Butler

Where to begin? At the very beginning I suppose.

Although I am English, I live and work in Frankfurt, Germany. I drive English tourists in and around the Frankfurt area. This is where I met Joachim. His parents own the local convenience store that I often shop in.

When I first saw him he was a very cute, but very shy and very slight, little 9 year-old-boy; always having a smile for me. It must have been around a year or so before he managed to even say hello to me.

One day I saw him in his school football (soccer) team kit, and we got talking about football. I asked him what position he played. He said centre midfield. After that the floodgates opened.

He always seemed to be in the store when I went in to shop. It got to the point that I would look forward to seeing Joachim so much, that I would go to the store even when I didn't need anything.

Our friendship progressed and blossomed when his parents befriended me also. We became even closer when his maternal grandmother was taken ill, and Joachim stayed with me for a week while his parents went away to care for her. He was 12 years old at this time.

It was during the evening of his first day staying with me when I realised that I was hopelessly in love with him. We talked and talked until very late, long after his bedtime.

That first night was a very restless one for me. I could not sleep. I had lusted after boys before; many times. But with Joachim it was different. Though I was very much attracted to him, my feelings went way deeper than merely a passing, lust-fuelled, crush.

I really had fallen in love with him. He was such a kind, caring and loving boy. Much more so than I had previously realised.

When his parents returned and Joachim went back home, my apartment felt empty and devoid of life and fun. I hoped and hoped for a way to have Joachim stay more with me; hoping a way would present

...he was a very cute, but very shy and very slight, little 9 year-old-boy; always having a smile for me

itself, and it did.

Eventually, his parents asked me if Joachim could occasionally stay overnight at my place on the weekends so they could have some quality time together. So that was how I organised my Saturdays.

In addition to his weekend visits, he would often come to my apartment in the morning and we would go swimming at the local pool. It was absolute torture to see the boy that I loved and desired parading around in tight white speedos.

I had far stronger willpower and a resolve to do the right thing than I ever thought possible. There was one particular incident in the pool changing room when I knew he was testing me. He deliberately and fully exposed himself to me, on the pretext of having forgotten to bring a towel, and could he please use mine. How I didn't pass out I do not know.

Things changed after that. Changed for the better. It really was like he had been testing me, and I had passed the test.

Joachim became more physically affectionate towards me. He seemed to trust me more. He must have seen the desire I had for him when I saw him naked, but I did not act on my desires. He knew what I am, but he also knew that he was safe with me. I would never do anything to destroy our special friendship. I would never hurt him. I would never betray his trust.

Our relationship progressed well over the coming months. We were virtually inseparable, to the point where his mother became suspicious of my motives. Fortunately, for my freedom's sake, and despite how much I wanted to, I never did cross that line with Joachim. There was nothing but unfounded suspicions on her part.

His father surprised me when he had a private word with me about his son and I. He told me that he knew exactly what I am, and that I had better not make Joachim do anything he didn't want to do, or there would be trouble. He also said that he knew that Joachim was gay and curious about his sexuality, and that he was obviously attracted to me.

Was he giving me permission to have a full relationship with his son, so long as it was on Joachim's terms? It kind of felt like that to me at the time. I found myself watching the father closely whenever I went to the store. I could see the telltale signs that were so obvious to me now that I was looking. Boylover. He really did understand.

The happiest day of my life was December

6, 2016. Joachim's 13th birthday. He was mad keen on photography, so I'd bought him a really good digital camera. The reaction I got took me by surprise. He loved it big style! He was stunned that I had bought such a thoughtful (and expensive) gift.

Why was this the happiest day of MY life? Because that is the first time he said those 3 special magic words. "I love you."

I was so choked up that it took me quite a while to tell him in return that "I love you too."

Over the coming months we talked a lot about our future. Joachim wanted to be my boyfriend. Of course, I told him that nothing in this world would make me happier, but we had to wait until he was old enough for his parents to be happy with us being in that kind of a relationship. That seemed to keep him happy for the time being.

He started spending more and more time at my apartment after school and at weekends. There were so many overnight stays that I'd set up my second bedroom for him. That didn't last long though. He soon found his way back into my bed for most the nights that he stayed over.

The summer of 2017 came around, and I swear that boy was pushing me to my absolute limits. Parading around topless and wearing the tightest and shortest of shorts while at my apartment. He must have known the effect it was having on me. How I remained able to control myself I will never know. The ultimate prize (his everlasting love) was really not worth risking for the sake of briefly satisfying my base desires.

We had so much fun that summer. Swimming, bicycle rides, trips to the coast, trips out into the wilderness with his camera. He even stayed with me while his parents had their summer vacation. Life was truly wonderful, but that was not to last.

September 4, 2017. Life as I knew it came to an end that day. Whilst out for a bicycle ride with his father, a drunk driver knocked Joachim

It was like he had been testing me, and I had passed the test

off his bicycle.

He died at the roadside shortly after.

I simply cannot put into words the deep, gnawing, anger filled pain eating away at me. A numb emptiness that takes over your whole being. It feels like someone took a soup ladle, scooped out all your insides, and left you as an empty hollow shell.

Joachim had so much to live for. So much to give. So much love in his heart. He was a wonderful youngster, on the brink of this special thing we call life, and it was robbed from him in the most selfish and needless way.

I do not feel any less pain now, after all the time that has passed since. I still can't go into his room. I opened the room door on the day of what would have been his 14th birthday, but it was just too much for me. I completely broke down. I have not been in, or even opened the door to that room since.

Christmas was utterly unbearable. I had to be all happy and festive around my family, when inside I was all broken up and full of tears that I dare not let out. How could I tell them I

was mourning the death of a 13 year-old-boy whom I was madly and deeply in love with?

Joachim had often told me that he loved me, and he wanted us to be in a proper relationship when he was old enough. Did he really mean it, or was it just a teenage crush on a kind man that showed him a lot of love and affection? Only the progression of time would have told us that, but I am 100% certain that he genuinely believed what he said at the time.

It is very rare that I go back to the convenience store now. His parents are completely broken up. They look like zombies. I feel their pain too.

For those of you that have a YF yourself, PLEASE love and cherish him every moment you are together, because you simply do not know when he may be taken away from you.

I will never get over losing Joachim. Never!

Butler.

Kid Cuisine - Dining

We've all had that experience of choosing dining options based around another person. But what if that person is your YF?

You have to choose what – or where – to eat, based on the tastes of a young boy.

Most boylovers know how things are different when planning something with a boy, as opposed to with an adult. When it comes to eating, the choices vary depending on the boy's age, maturity level and tastes.

The obvious choices: Fast food and pizza delivery

Grabbing a burger or ordering a pepperoni

with

Boys

By Zoomzoom4

pizza usually always means eating at home. Drive-thru and delivery have strongly influenced our meal choices for decades now, and we are all used to it,. Kids believe such conveniences have been around since forever.

The appeal here is to minimize the time and effort spent focused on getting the food. No dressing up, no going inside and sitting down.



It's a kid's world: Family-friendly themed restaurants

Popular for birthday parties or other group celebrations. Think Dave & Buster's, and Rainforest Café. Those are familiar brands to Americans, and the repertoire also includes pizza dine-in restaurants like Round Table Pizza, Peter Piper Pizza, Cici's and Eatza Pizza. These get divided by age, with some more child-oriented than others (I'm looking at you, Chuck E. Cheese.)

With a wide scale of pizza dine-in places, it all has to do with the age of the boy. The younger ones go for the bells and whistles and skeeball tickets. Older boys go more for the grown-up places like Double Dave's that has pizza and games and a buffet – but also serves as a real restaurant with delivery. And there are games, yes. But no animatronic bears will be singing happy birthday (the waiters do that instead).

Getting creative: Backyard BBQ or trying a recipe in the kitchen

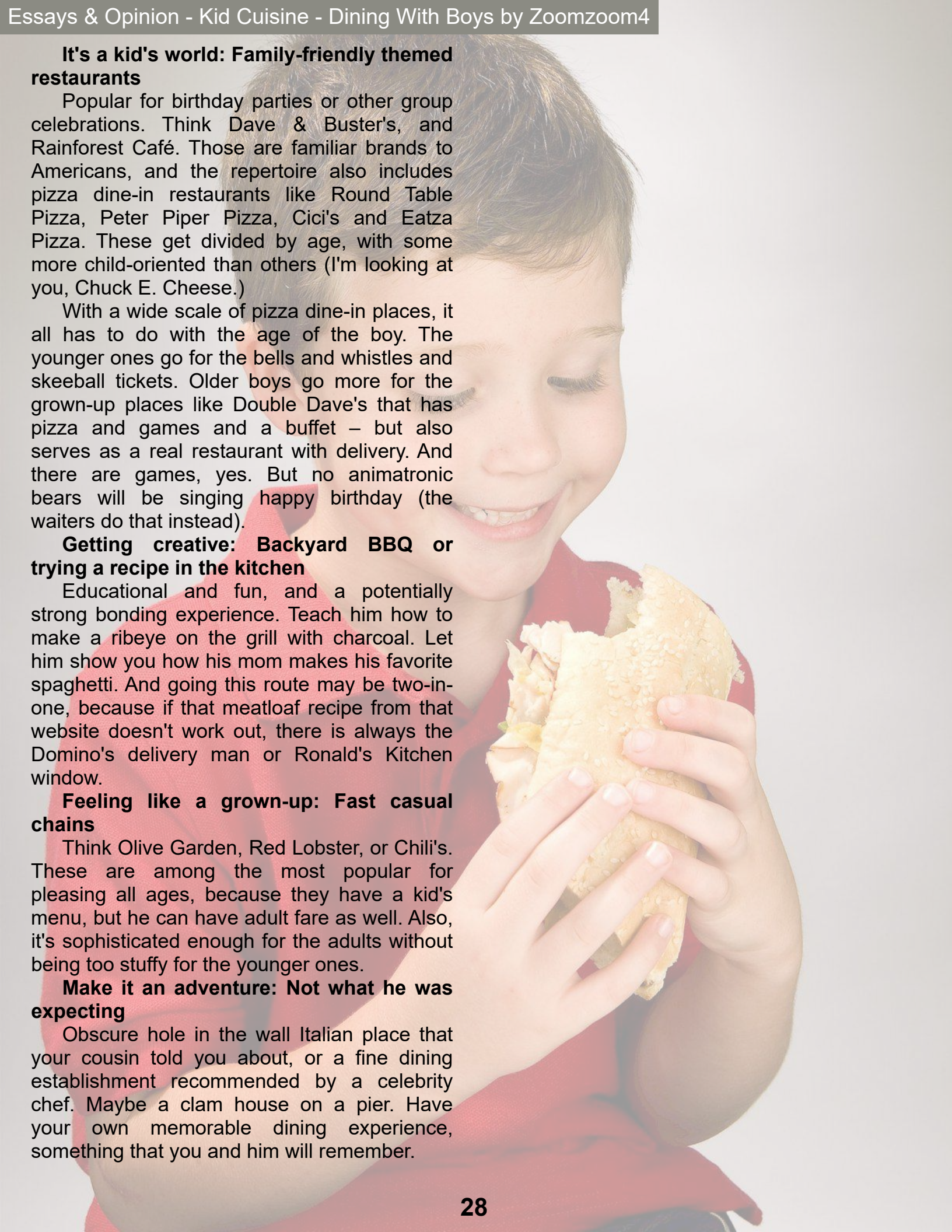
Educational and fun, and a potentially strong bonding experience. Teach him how to make a ribeye on the grill with charcoal. Let him show you how his mom makes his favorite spaghetti. And going this route may be two-in-one, because if that meatloaf recipe from that website doesn't work out, there is always the Domino's delivery man or Ronald's Kitchen window.

Feeling like a grown-up: Fast casual chains

Think Olive Garden, Red Lobster, or Chili's. These are among the most popular for pleasing all ages, because they have a kid's menu, but he can have adult fare as well. Also, it's sophisticated enough for the adults without being too stuffy for the younger ones.

Make it an adventure: Not what he was expecting

Obscure hole in the wall Italian place that your cousin told you about, or a fine dining establishment recommended by a celebrity chef. Maybe a clam house on a pier. Have your own memorable dining experience, something that you and him will remember.



To The Gay Couple

Standing Across The Street

By Realme

You stand on the other side of the crosswalk
As the traffic whooshes between us
Holding hands, smiling, confident
About twenty-two
Too young to remember
The struggles of the gays who came before you
Just a chapter in a book now
A fleeting reference in the newspaper
A documentary you feel you should watch someday
But those won't tell you about the dark side of your fight for liberty
About how you jettisoned a group you once called part of your spectrum
The boylovers
Those who, throughout history, made your best art
Your best literature
Your best myths
Those who initiated so many of you
Those who taught you so much
You hid that, forty years ago
In order to become more palatable
Sacrificed people like me on the altar of respectability
So you could enjoy the mainstream
And we remained like you once were
Outsiders
Hidden
Our meeting places disrupted
Having to speak anonymously and in code

Or face arrest
Prison
Or worse
And even the most careful
The most silent
Feel the grinding self-hatred it takes half a lifetime to overcome
The excruciating doubt that the lies they tell about us might be true
Do you remember when gays were like that?
No
You're laughing now
Kissing
Not a care in the world
And I do not begrudge you your happiness
You deserve it
But so do I
A kiss in the sunlight
A hug without looking to see who's watching
An unapologetic hand on the shoulder
You have all that
Marched for it
Fought for it
Abandoned us for it
And I am not bitter
I am not angry
But I am jealous
As I stand here alone
Waiting for the light to change.

For When I am Left

Alone

By FalseAlias

I'm the enemy, I hear you say,
As you watch me cower and cry.
You tell me that I should not be,
That I should be left to die.

Old indifference to who I've always been,
Mutated into hatred for a love unforeseen.
A party, you are, to my unplanned demise,
When you rant to the world to scream it out.

Isolation's where I find myself next,
Begging unheard for the mistorture to cease.
Daydreaming for the endless time,
For when I am left alone.

Parades, celebrations, gatherings, and talks,
Against the "horrible creature" I am.
Thousands, millions, they just keep coming,
And yet, I've done nothing wrong.

In rooms of peers, a judge, and a jury,
They sentence for a crime I didn't commit.
"I didn't love that boy 'that way',"
But it's not of use as I'm dished out life.

From inside I know there's no way out,
Not worth going out, nothing left for me.
Daydreaming now, for the last time,
For when I am left alone.



The Counselor Who Changed My Life

By BabyBear

Like so many others who are reading this, I have struggled with my sexuality. I thought my attraction to little boys was wrong, because that's what I was taught. I did not know that there were countless people out there who lived productive lives while maintaining a secret life in an online "community" of pedophiles.

The turning point in my life was when I began seeing a personal counselor. I was quite shocked by his reaction to me saying I was a pedophile. I even had to ask him if he heard me right, that I said "pedophile."

He was a very tough, street smart Brazilian guy. He had a rough past, which I admired and respected. This was important because I was going through a difficult time, and he was helping me through it.

I had a lot of anger inside me, and after meeting him, I knew the question I had to answer was: what was the real cause of my anger? My sessions with him got me through the worst part, which was facing my issue head-on.

It was a checkmate moment when I actually said the words out loud, "I have a thing for young boys." I had finally uncovered the "wound" that needed healing. And now that I had identified it, I could work on healing it.

At first I was bewildered and astonished by his reaction, but soon came to realize it was just the beginning. Madea always said, "Nothing that's covered up gets to heal," and she was right. Because ever since I began to accept who I was, I found my purpose.

Early on, the concept of a community with people like me was difficult to grasp. I found myself walking the streets of my city, going to bars thinking I'd meet fellow boylovers.

Seeing how we had to keep our identities a secret, confined to the internet, stirred more anger within me. I told my counselor how strongly I felt that pedophilia is a natural orientation. And that there is a boylove community, just like there is a gay community.

Yet gays have had those brave people who came out early on and fought for their cause. What about us as boylovers? Where were our heroes?

I asked my counselor why nobody was fighting for us. He responded, "Why don't you?" That's when I really began to let my feelings out. He helped me understand that I was who I was, and my motto should be "fuck society."

The greatest piece of advice given to me was that I was weighed down by negative energy and emotional baggage. I was internalizing society's anti-boylove sentiment and carrying the burden of all boylovers on my shoulders. I was doing this out of love, sympathy and anger.

I also learned that people would respect me based on character. My counselor taught me that we are multi-dimensional beings; we are all made of different aspects, each one playing a role. For example, readers of Ethos know me as a boylover. But I'm not just that. I am also career-oriented and have a whole separate work life. The people at work accept me based on my professionalism, not the fact that I am

also a boylover..

I wanted to meet like-minded people with regards to my sexual orientation, as well as generally open-minded people who, like my counselor, are not boylovers but sympathetic to us.

I have realized that my purpose now is to help others accept who they are, and to be a leader in the BL community.

I'm hoping that others who are confused, like I was, can find that one special person who changes their life by helping them to realize that they are not bad or evil. It is a real turning point when a boylover understands that their feelings for boys are natural and can truly be a positive element in their lives.



Radio Boijsmile

A story by Johnny van Driel (alias J  ) R.I.P.

translated by Elvin

Although that the doctors had assured me that my illness was entirely healed, I continued feeling that nagging pain in the region of my stomach. It felt better and the razor-sharp twinges announced themselves less frequently then before.

As it was explained to me, I was still wrestling against the impact of the radiation. I had to accept that this would be a process, that should only get better over time. I had still always a number of infernal dreams left from the impressions of shaving my pubic hair and the hair around my abdomen. The fact that my hair was disappearing more and more was not a problem for me; they would grow again afterwards. Even if this was not the case, nobody would see that there is anything missing.

I had the choice to shave it myself but I had stipulated that I preferred to observe how a nurse would remove it. Afterwards, an area was marked on my body to indicate region where the radiation had to take place, and a map was made to see only the areas that must be irradiated.

I realize now how nervous I was at those moments, and despite all the support that I got from my parents, I had to undergo the last part all alone and there could be no-one that could take away that fear. But this was over now, I was back at home and my recovery had started.

At first, I still needed a lot of time to rest in my bed, but I knew there will come days where I could do more things again. The dangling of

my legs while I was sitting on the border of my bed, and the first steps on the cold floor, they felt like a release and a newfound freedom. Now that I was able again, not needing support support, I could walk to the window. I enjoyed the street scenes which took place in front of our house.

I smiled at seeing the pedestrians who walked around in haste, and I pronounced a curse when children who played on the street disappeared out of sight. I could enjoy the rapid movements and happiness of those cute, sweet, little friends. Their vision of life seemed so carefree and are so impregnated with promises, whereas I knew that my expectations for the future could change in an instant to something that could be totally different. The day would approach that I could play on the street again, and I knew that it would not last for long before I had the ability to play soccer again with so many of my little friends. I had sworn, that that day would come quickly.

It was about 2PM when I was suddenly awoken. The door-bell impatiently announced that there was a visitor, three times.

I briefly heard my mother's voice in the corridor. "Har, your post-order arrived". She knew that I didn't appreciate it, that she named me 'Har', but some time ago, she had explained to me that the abbreviation of my name was only meant as caressing, and that she didn't use this to save time.

"Harrie. my name is Harrie", I muttered somewhat irritated.

I quickly took my slippers which were under my bed, and I hung my dark morning coat over

my shoulders. After, I opened the door of my little room and looked down the staircase in front me.

I saw four large boxes in the corridor that waited for me.

"Can the postman bring it upstairs?" I asked.

"He left already, Har. If you cannot do it, then you will have to wait until papa is at home".

One claims that having patience is wonderful, but I had no time for such patience today. For a long time, I had saved money just for this. I had kept together all the money that I had received, and eventually there was enough that I could make a good investment with this. I didn't like to buy rubbish. When I buy something, it must be good. First I dreamed about a digital photo camera, but afterwards, I changed my mind. I saw a wonderful advertisement in the newspaper about a Hi Fi Dolby surround system. I read the specifications and the price for this installation, and I knew that this purchase was justified. A dream would become reality.

I don't remember how much time I took to bring up the boxes, but nevertheless I succeeded. I was tired afterwards, but I had also been satisfied because I had succeeded in this heavy work without the aid of others.

I opened the box in which I expected that a guide-book was hidden. Then, I relaxed on my bed to study the instructions, as much as possible. Small connectors, and little cables, and all the other things were present.

Half an hour later I was very busy trying to connect the whole system together. The amplifier and the receiver got a little place in my book cupboard, and I placed the loudspeakers provisionally separate on the ground. Next weekend, I would ask dad if he would help me to fix the clamps to the walls. I wanted to hear now the sound of my amazing speakers as soon as possible.

Everything was quickly put together. The wires had been connected in a flash of time and I had also no problem installing the antenna. Everything was good, and I accompanied myself with some solemn words

for the moment that I'd switch on the power. I smiled when the first sounds streamed into my room. I said, "From now on, the music hall is open."

It was a real pleasure to hear. From all sides music-sounds resounded, and the man who presented the program seemed really to be in the middle of in the room. Rapidly I found my favorite program and tried to sing the lyrics from Eminem.

I'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you

I never meant to make you cry, what's a night?

I'm cleanin' out my closet

I'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you

I never meant to make you cry, what's a night?

I'm cleanin' out my closet

I had a special feeling for this tune. I loved my so dear "mama" so very much, but deep in my heart I understood that I could never make her happy. I was not able to love girls. I would never be possible to give her a daughter-in-law, or to show here some of my eventual so-lovely children, unless someone could invent a type of radiation which could change me.

I did not believe that such an invention was ever possible. Moreover I thought that there is nothing wrong in having contacts with younger friends, or to play with them or to cuddle them. I was a boylover, and was proud to be so.

I was falling into dreams more and more, from to the sounds of the beautiful beat-music, when I suddenly heard a voice talking. I thought that the tuner was not correctly adjusted, like two radio-stations blending their programs. The talking part became louder and louder. At first, I could not clearly understand the words but suddenly it sounded hard and clear.

"Good afternoon. You have tuned again on Radio Boysmile".

What the hell was Radio Boysmile? I had never heard about that radio-station. Obviously this was an amateur that used the same frequency as my favorite music station. I tried to adjust the reception with my remote control but it was useless. Radio Boysmile could not be stopped and continued his sounds in

triumph.

I shouted at it, "Go to the devil!", but the guy who made the presentation of the program was probably deaf and he continued to speak uninterrupted.

"Now, we bring you the latest news, and after a word from our sponsor, we will switch to the studio where Jimmy will do a quiz with someone in your neighborhood."

Beep, Beep, Beep. A boy's voice spoke spoke a headline.

"This morning, a heroic ten-year-old boy helped prevented a crime when a small group

the news that I usually heard.

Beep, beep, beep.

"In a small town in a country close to our own country, a 36-year-old teacher was accused of refusing sexual approaches from one of his pupils. The parents of the boy have submitted a charge against the man at the police office and then he was arrested. The teacher risks a maximum of six years of prison for this."

I tried to understand what was happening. This must be a joke from one of my friends that knew I was a boylover. But then, how did he



of schoolboys had stolen things from a supermarket. He was able to warn the manager quickly, who then handed the naughty children over to the police. After questioning, the schoolboys were let home."

I was confused. "Now, what was this for silly news?" I thought. I had expected to hear news concerning an imminent war in the middle-east or about a catastrophe somewhere in the world, but this news was deviating a lot from

achieve this connection with my receiver? I couldn't imagine how he did it. In any case, he must be a brilliant technician. Who of my friends had such a technical skill?

Beep, beep, beep.

"In our capital, the creator of the largest AF-society of our country was honored for his wonderful works and received the title of knight. The Queen praised his great ideas and spoke about the many successful events that he had

organized to bring a young person in contact with an older one. He also received a substantial amount of money for his valuable successes. The Knight transferred the amount to a special account for children in need in poorer countries."

I didn't get much time to think because the tune of Radio Boysmile sounded very hard and more than three times from the speakers. Immediately after was a number of adverts and I was astonished again.

The first commercial had been dedicated to an intimate little day of fishing, wherein the older friend with a snorkel had to stay under water and had to attach a fish to the bracket of the line of his little friend.

The second one entertained the listener with an extremely pleasant description of a sun-protective-oil which must be softly rubbed over the back of a cute eight-year-old boy. In the background, various beach sounds could be heard.

The last one was an announcement of a chips-eating-day that should be organized by a teacher of a primary school. Following this, the tune of Radio Boysmile sounded again.

"Now we switch over to the studio where Jimmy, in our program 'Active Life' will present a quiz with a well-known person from your neighborhood".

"OK, well, yes", I mumbled. I continued to listen and I was full attention.

"Good afternoon. This is Jimmy, your host." He sounded like a boy again. "Today, we have a special guest in our quiz. A guest who comes from a country which has a completely different ideology about the term boylover. We are full of curiosity, willing to listen to the stories that our friend, coming from another continent, wishes to tell us. Hello Harrie. You are online."

After a few moments, he said again, "Harrie? Harrie?"

It would be completely coincidental if the guest who they selected for today also had the same name as me. I listened more, but everything stayed silent.

"Hmm. It seems that the connection is not yet entirely operational. I'll try once again, and if it doesn't work, we will proceed to play some music on request. Harrie, are you there?"

"Who? Me?", I mumbled aloud.

"Ah, our guest is online! A cordial welcome to you in our 'Active Life' quiz, in which we present and talk, each time, with a well-known person from your surroundings."

"Am I really online? Am I really talking with you now?"

My question had apparently sounded quite surprising. The youthful announcer laughed warmly because of my confusion.

"For sure Harrie. You are with us. First, tell us a little bit about yourself."

"I am sick." I say.

"We know that, but thankfully you are



getting better. Within a short time you will be able to do everything that could be expected from an older friend. Hunting boys, yes?"

"Yeah. Something like that, but it's forbidden here. If they discover here that you are in love with little boys, then life becomes very difficult for us."

"Do you have a little friend?"

"In former days, yes. Back then, my friend Lucas came to visit me frequently. A gentle and cute boy, with freckles in his face."

"Aha! Mr. Harrie has a good taste. Does your YF still have contact with you?"

"No, unfortunately. Not so much anymore. He moved away."

"Tell us, how much prison time is the punishment in the country where you live if you make 'a complete hug' with your little friend?"

"It's difficult to say. I do not know. I think that is something around six years. Perhaps even longer."

"Even if your little friend agrees with this?"

"Yes. That is the same and it changes nothing. Sex is sex. The older one here is always responsible for his acts."

Again there was laughter on the other side. The quizmaster had obvious pleasure in hearing how such a primitive mentality was possible. It was a while before he had himself under control and before he stopped his laughing.

During all this, I had quietly listened and I wondered why I was selected to play a role in this rather strange, yet marvelous, show.

"For us, in our country, it is illegal if you do not accept the propositions of a little friend. A hell of difference."

"I have heard that in your news. Is that

really true?"

"It is, believe me. Lucky and rich people even pay for a boylover at home for the education of their child. For poorer people, there is an extra service in their health insurance fund. Their home-doctor can give them a refer-card for a short visit to the AF-organisation."

"Is a sexual contact between an older one with a minor then not detrimental, in your opinion?"

"You are a funny person, Harrie. No, we consider the idea, that such a contact would be detrimental, totally bullshit."

"Well, I wait for your explanation."

"Do you know that the first sexual contact

between children often happens between kids of the same sex?"

"I have ever read it, yes. But I don't see the comparison, what do you mean?"

"Each individual, small or large, has sexual needs. The elder person teaches their children everything. In school, in sports associations, during holiday work, and there are still more examples. We don't understand why the elderly shouldn't be allowed to be present if it concerns sexual education. How can a touch be prohibited?"

"It concerns the power-proportion within a relationship."

"Then they have deceived you with so much nonsense, you know. Can you imagine a more beautiful present than when an adult-friend takes care of his little friend, and when he loves him, that he wants to become a child himself? That's heaven. That's the ultimate sky."

"That may be possible, but in our country it



is certainly not the case."

"Don't those psychologists in your country understand that 'broken' children can gain back so much self-confidence from such a relationship? Boylovers are the only correct medication against the solitude of children."

"That's my wish... that they would understand this. But... unfortunately they don't..."

"Can I ask you an indiscreet question?" Jimmy said.

"You can."

"Do the animals in nature also make a distinction between hetero's, homo's, and pedophiles?"

"I don't know."

"I am certain that my theory about this is right, but once again I ask you: Are my thoughts and ideas correct about this?"

"Yes, I think that you could be right."

"Great. This is already a beginning. Look Harrie, animals in nature with pedo-sexual feelings have a function. They watch over the offspring when the parents don't have enough time, when they go hunting. They give the little cubs sufficient attention, so that these little friends will not miss their parents so much."

"But need the attention and love always and only to be expressed in sex?"

"A good question! But try to imagine: I have learned from books that cuddling in your country is allowed. But why should that suddenly stop when a child reaches pre-puberty age? When the appearance of such a child changes, when he becomes larger, than his desire to be touched remains nevertheless the same, doesn't it? Perhaps that feeling becomes reinforced because in that difficult period of assimilation, a young boy has not yet developed enough self-confidence in his own little life."

I was silent and the boy's voice was silent too. Together, there was just as a deathly silence. I tried escaping to the idea, that I was talking now with a child. In all his views, his ideas and expressions he sounded so mature. He seemed very well informed about the mental and psychological feelings of a little boy.

"How old are you now?" I eventually asked.

"I am twelve."

"But you know so much about all of these sorts of things. How is that possible?"

"We are educated early in all possibilities of our sexual behavior. We get an extensive number of lessons about all this in school, and in those we learn that an older friend must always be entirely open for all our needs and desires."

"Wow... What a great country. It would really be my dream to live there."

"Oh yes, and then you would certainly have many little friends here too. Your voice sounds so very, very nice".

"Thanks you."

Jimmy interrupted his radio program to bring few short 'music-on-request', and during this time he contacted me in a private and very careful way.

"Harrie, you are doing it very well in the beginning of our quiz." He said. "Our quantity of listeners has grown to a record number now. I am curious to know, how will you do afterwards during the real quiz? It is a couple of simple questions. There is not more to it than that."

"This is totally incredible. I have never heard of a Radio Boysmile. For Heaven's sake, where do you come from?"

"Maybe I shall tell you more in later days, but at the moment, I have no time for this. When the music is finished, we have to continue with our quiz. When the music stops, then we must continue."

Together we listened to a boys-choir who sang a top-hit of Eminem. Their sweet voices resounded in an extreme professional and artistic way. It was a persiflage, but nevertheless. After the end of this beautiful music, Jimmy came back online.

"In the meantime we get acquainted with Harrie, a boylover from a completely different world where the ideas about pedophilia deviate so much from our own. We will gladly go further with this interview, but the time forces us now to proceed with the start of our quiz. Are you ready Harrie?"

For a moment, I swallowed very deeply. I had to admit that I didn't believe a shit of all what was said, but it was all so crazy beautiful

that I would be stupid to ignore the quiz. I will participate at 'Active Life', and I SHALL win it too!

"Harrie, are you still online?" He prompted.

"Yes, and I am ready now for the quiz."

"Here comes question number one. Pay attention please."

In the background, there was a rattle of a drum which became louder and louder. The rattling changed more and more into a climax of sound.

Suddenly it stopped and I heard Jimmy clear his throat.

"Harrie. When your YF asks you what you would like to receive on AF-day, what would you tell him?"

"AF-day? What do you mean?"

"It is like father's-day, but for adult-friends instead."

"Now, this is really not a difficult question. I would like to get ten-thousand hugs of him. Not more than that."

"This answer is... (the rattle of a drum sounded loudly again, then stopped)... correct! And Pierre? What did Mr. Harrie win for this answer?"

"Mr. Harrie has won an annual subscription on our radio guide, our so valuable periodical. If Mr. Harrie gives us his address, then we will send it to him, totally free of any costs."

"Wow, great!" Jimmy says, following Pierre. "But now we must select another question from the carousel of questions. Give me a color, Harrie. Today it is your day, so it's your valuable word that is important now."

"Green is okay with me." I say.

"This is an extremely good choice. Green is the color of security. Each green traffic-light gives you the guarantee that you are allowed to continue driving. And you can also continue to drive in our 'Active Life' quiz if you give the correct answer on our second question. Pay attention again."

With the rattle of a drum, the tension increased again. When the sound finally stopped, I only still heard a light noise that remained on the connection. Afterwards, Jimmy continued with speaking.

"What would do you if you have a little

friend and you discover suddenly that he has also another 'older friend'?"

"It depends on the situation, but I think that I would tell him that he could go to the other older friend if he wants to. If he would like to return again, then he is of course always welcome."

"Without grudges?"

"Yes, without grudges. When I have a little friend, then I would love him so much that I could not become angry with him."

After this words, the quizmaster Jimmy asks to the jury, "And Pierre, what do you think of this? Has Mr. Harrie answered this question correctly?"

"His answer is only partially complete."

"Oh, it would be so regrettable, if our friend from this so-different-and-strange continent should miss a holiday for two people at one of our splendid beaches, because his answer is not correct. Is it perhaps possible that we could do something for him?"

"Of course we can do something for him. I explained earlier, that the question was also not complete, and for this reason I now accept his answer as a good and correct answer."

Festive trumpet-music played. For the first time in my life I had won a prize. A large prize. I had a great enthusiasm and a lot excitement, and I was very happy after this wonderful triumph. I restrained my breath because I had always the feeling previously, that I was not born in order to be lucky.

"Stay online with us, Harrie. We will play again some music-on-request and afterwards we will come back to you."

I could have known it. This entire Radio Boysmile thing was a theatre of nonsense, deception and fraud! Another radio station was trying to 'wrestle' for their legal rights for his own frequency and it repressed the joyful sounds of the child-choir who again sung a song of Eminem.

Within a minute all the sounds of Radio Boysmile were gone and I listened again to my favorite radio station. I was disappointed. Terribly disappointed. I jumped into my bed and while I looked at the ceiling, I softly cursed. My imagination had betrayed me. Of course I had

only dreamed it! I not I had lost all my illusions.

Suddenly I heard the doorbell.

"Harrie! Come and look who is at the door for you!" Mama called. "It's Lucas! His mother has brought him."

A short time later I heard a thundering noise on the staircase and a very short moment afterwards, I saw my cute and sweet Lucas. He jumped into my arms. Enthusiasm trembled over his entire body, and he immediately set himself on my lap and brought his arms around my shoulders. He laid his small head on my breast, pressed his lips against my cheek, and he kissed me at least ten-thousand times.

"Wow man! I have missed you soo much," and I cuddled him.

"We are moving back to your neighborhood! My father could not find work in the new city, but he can continue with his old job here! Just a little month to wait, and then we are together

again."

I laughed. I was so happy! This was really a gift from the lottery. I was no longer interested in that so-called sublime gift of Radio Boysmile. My little friend together with me again, this must be the most beautiful moment of my life. That was absolutely certain.

"Oh, yes. I still have to give you your mail. Your mother gave it to me when I came in. Please."

He laid the mail beside me on my bed. I had never received so much mail as now and I was curious to know from where everything came. First I opened the large green envelope. I expected my usual letters, but...

It was the confirmation from Radio Boysmile that I had won a prize: A holiday for two people to a very sunny beach in an exotic paradise. In this same letter, I found also the flight-tickets for this wonderful holiday. My heart was singing



now of joy and happiness and I dreamed already about it, that my friendly sweet little Lucas and I would soon go on holiday together. I wondered how it would feel when I'd would rub the back of my little friend with the sun-oil from the commercial on Radio Boysmile.

"And this?" Lucas shown me an illustrated double-folded magazine and the big packaging had been wrapped around it.

"Jee, what's that?" I asked to Lucas.

"Shall I open it?"

"OK, you can do it."

He opened it. "Oh. It is a radio-guide or something like that."

"From Radio Boysmile?"

"Yes. Strange. I have never heard of that radio-station."

"I have."

"Well, if you want to, could you read to me what kind of programs they have?"

Lucas opened the booklet and he read with a clear boy's voice he announcement the programs.

"Wow, great! You can see them on television too. Is this a new station or what?"

"Yes, Lucas. That is a new radio-station. But I think that I am the only one that can receive

their transmissions."

"That's sad for me." He said.

"But, when you have moved, then you can always come to me and then you can look at their programs, can't you?"

"Fantastic! That's so good! Can I also stay to sleep with you again? If it is okay with my mom?"

"Of course! She'll permit it. In older days she has allowed you to stay with me."

"Then I think that it will be okay again."

Suddenly, fatigue overwhelmed me and I fell in a deep sleep with Lucas in my arms. He watched over me like a very precious jewel, and when I was again awake, he asked me with his soft, sweet, voice, "did you have a dream?"

"Oh yes, Lucas. I dreamed that you and me were together on holiday. Just you and me. Deliciously together on the beach."

"If it would be real, could we really go together then?"

"Of course we will go together, I have already booked for us. As soon as I am completely cured, we will go."

Johnny 21-01-2003 (R.I.P.)

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