

Fawnlet 



notation

By Zoomzoom4

■ The ice has been broken. The gauntlet thrown down. We are now in business. And for a long time, we hope! (fingers crossed)

As a fledgling publication, this baby magazine known as FAWN-LET is starting to eagerly take its first steps. Teething, and even saying its first word the other day. ("boys")

And so, we are proud of it, as indeed we should be. We hope it's no secret that we work hard to bring this community the quality publication that it so rightly deserves. We remain committed now, and forever, to publishing topics of interest and relevance to boylovers.

The more creative, outspoken, thoughtful, and artistic members of our BL community have come together in this issue to bring us plenty to enjoy. And enjoy we should, for it is the Holidays, and life is beautiful. Boys are beautiful. And despite our precarious lives as boylovers, we have much to be grateful for.

Feel free to marvel at the colorful twinkling lights adorning your journey through this issue. They represent how much there is to learn, and know, within the BL community and the history of boylove. Hopefully this issue will bring some new, fascinating revelations about boylove that you didn't know before.

I appreciate you returning for Issue #2 of Fawnlet, the new and exciting BL magazine. And we wish a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all!

-- Zoomzoom4

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CRAZED DRIVER STRIKES TWO YOUNG BOYS

The 8-year-old was playing soccer with his little brother behind their house when the madman came speeding through, hitting the boys as well as parked vehicles. Now, they are fighting for their lives in the hospital while he is being sentenced.

<https://www.9news.com.au/national/man-arrested-in-melbourne-after-child-injured-in-road-accident/b14c6964-2061-4363-8clc-b3449c2d5405>

SHOT TO DEATH WHILE PETTING THEIR CAT

Two brothers, 8 and 9 years old, were in the backyard petting their cat when they became collateral damage in a neighborhood dispute which culminated in the deadly drive-by shooting. A third victim, an adult, also took a bullet but is expected to survive. The shooters were after a man who rents a room in the house from the boys' mother.

<https://apnews.com/article/fatal-shooting-lebanon-pennsylvania-e88e04b8c2301461252ae22dee9b5ce5>

YOUNG PYROMANIACS EMBARK ON THEIR ARSON CAREER

Three boys in California are being sought by the police for allegedly starting a brush fire outside of San Diego. While the fire was quickly dealt with, the incident caused over \$30,000 in property damages.

<https://www.10news.com/news/local-news/north-county-news/3-young-boys-sought-as-arson-suspects-in-fallbrook>

CLEARLY A BOY-HATER

The judge insisted on nothing less than a lengthy jail sentence for this monster, ensuring the most suitable punishment for someone who made no secret of the pleasure he got from causing physical pain and harm to the neighborhood boys. For carrying out what amounts to genuine torture of those boys, the 71-year-old is likely to die behind bars, as all agree that he should.

<https://news.stv.tv/north/william-ramsay-who-abused-young-boys-over-13-years-handed-jail-term>

LOST BOYS TOLD TO "SCREAM AS LOUD AS THEY COULD"

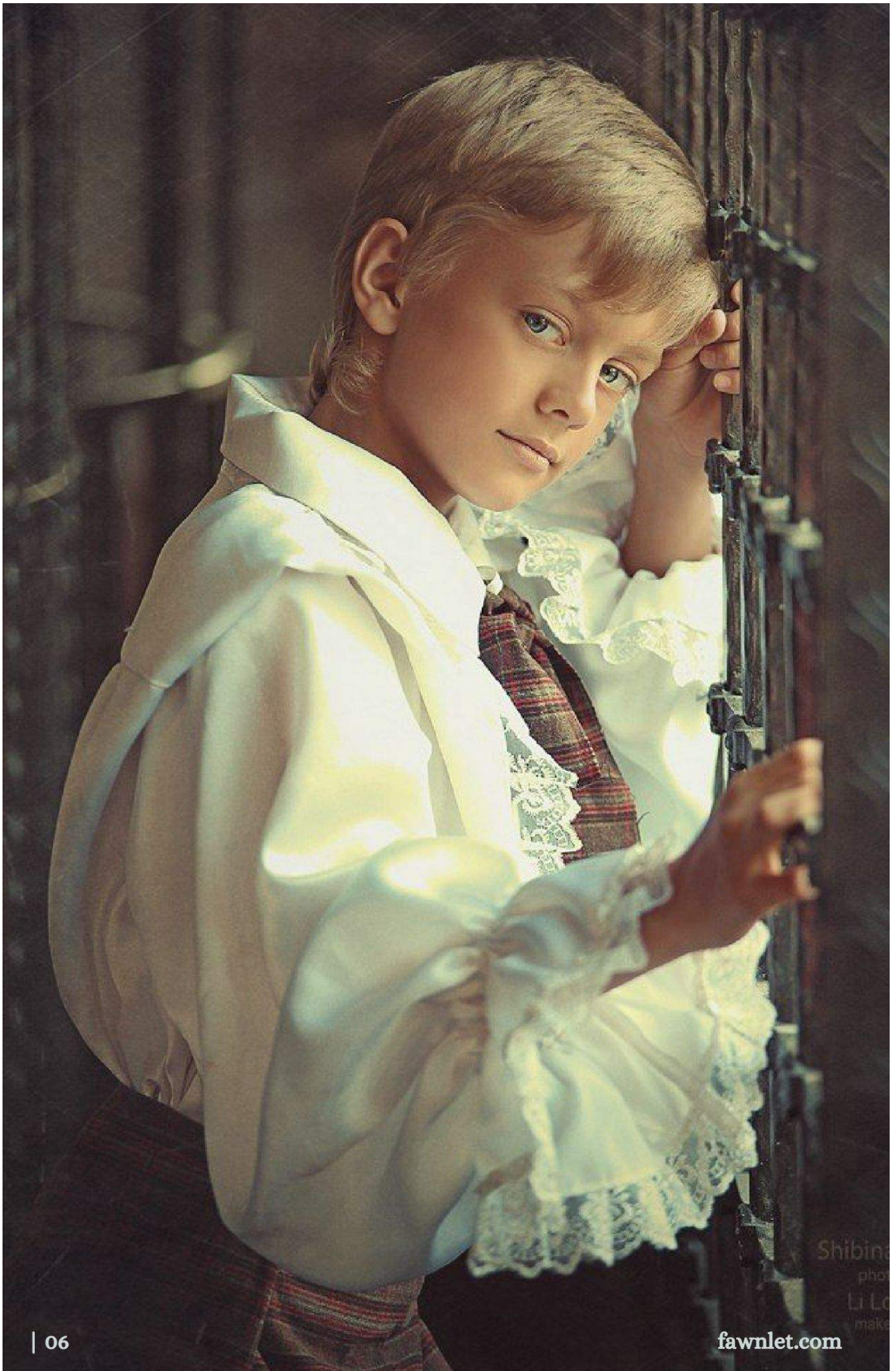
Thank goodness for cell phones (in this case). Five boys aged 11 and 12 crawled into the storm drain tunnel on Staten Island and walked for about a quarter of a mile before realizing they were lost. After calling 911, rescuers told them all to scream so they could be located.

<https://nypost.com/2023/03/24/five-children-rescued-after-getting-lost-in-staten-island-sewers/>

CALIFORNIA "MANNY" CONVICTED FOR TOUCHING BOYS IN HIS CARE

The male nanny, who advertised a fun "buddy" experience for the kids he babysat, failed to warn that they would also be subject to unwanted sexual advances. After parents in Laguna Beach told police he had been touching their son, more alleged victims were identified. By the time it was all over, he'd been convicted of sexually abusing 16 boys (ages 2 to 12) and now awaits sentencing.

<https://www.foxla.com/news/verdict-reached-trial-oc-manny-charged-sexually-assaulting-children-in-his-care>



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DID YOU KNOW? We boylovers have a holiday of our very own!

That's right, it's called International Boylove Day (IBLD).

It takes place twice a year, on the Summer Solstice in June and the Winter Solstice in December, although some like to observe the holiday on the Saturday after the Solstice in June and the Saturday before the Solstice in December. The concept was dreamed up by some of the members of Boychat back in the summer of 1998. The idea caught on and has been celebrated every year since then.

Lets Celebrate By Zoomzoom4 IBLD!

It's a day for boylovers to stop and reflect upon what it means to LOVE BOYS, and express some kind of pride for our orientation. Not in any overt public way, of course. Traditionally, the ceremony involved one's lighting a blue candle and leaving it in a public place. A note proclaiming that while there may indeed be "molesters" and "abusers" of boys, HE is not one of them. That his feelings for boys are about LOVE and, his intentions toward boys are based on mutual attraction and respect. The note concludes by stating that the candle represents the eternal flame of man/boy love, forever burning bright.

In recent years, this practice has been amended to the more restrained act of simply lighting a blue candle and leaving it burning in a window. Many boylovers also, if possible, try to spend the day with that special boy in their lives. But however you do it, be sure to mark the occasion in some special way.

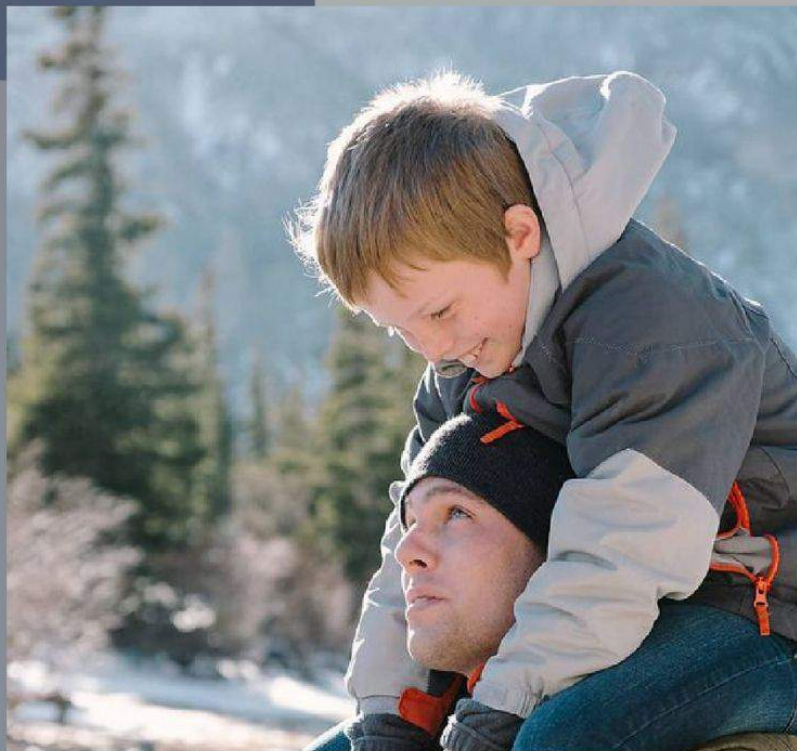
What is Boylove?

Sometimes, I wonder if I'm the only one that feels it? This deep, gut-wrenching longing, to love a boy. To be part of his life, make him smile, and hear him laugh. To comfort and hold him close when he needs someone. To nurture and make his life better, maybe fill this void in my life for even a season.

The feeling I get when I first see a boy is that of giddiness, hope. And then, a deep longing almost to the point of desperation. But, of course, I have to hide it even from my closest friends and family.

Just seeing him energizes me, gives me hope! Maybe we will have a chance encounter and talk. And then, the painful longing because it likely won't happen. All I can really do, is smile at him and keep walking. I await my day to have a boy to love.

I can't explain it. There are more emotions present as well! There are so many facets to boylove. I could write ten more articles like this, and still only scratch the surface.



By Boiforever

Sicily 1982: A Short Story Part 1

By Realme

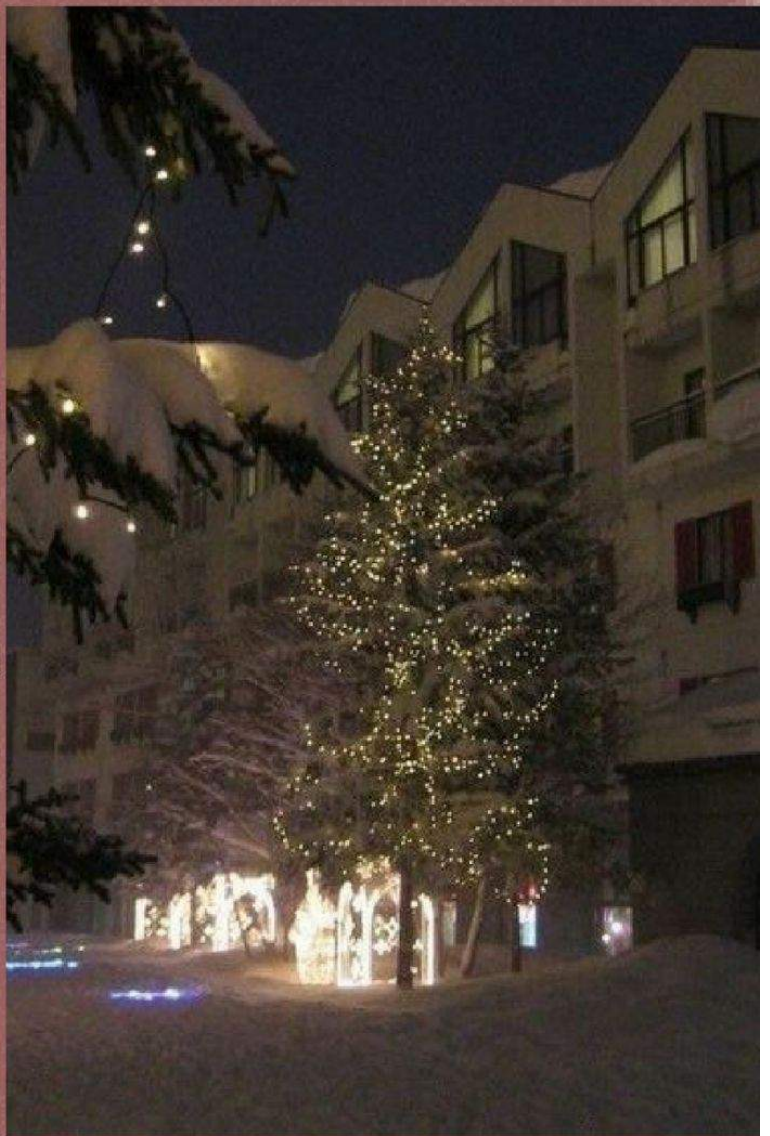
For the boylover, there are certain times and places that shine brighter than others. Golden Ages that, once gone, are remembered in the dreamy reminiscences of those who have grown old but accept their passing, secure in the knowledge that they have lived life to the full.

For me (and many men) that Golden Age was in southern Italy, from shortly after the war to the late 1980s.

I came in on the tail end of that world, if you'll pardon the pun. I was a young teacher from England in the late 70s and early 80s, tutoring boys whom I admired but didn't dare touch. I spent every spring break and summer vacation exploring the little coastal towns of southern Italy and Sicily. Italy back then was very poor in money, but rich in life. Many towns still showed the scars of war. Strolling along the beach, one could find old bunkers, and hidden in the hills lay the rusted remains of tanks. Jobs were few, but the people were warm, the food delicious, and prices cheap.

And then there were the boys.

Wild, wonderful boys. Little brown bundles of joy and energy bursting with exuberance in their first approach to eventual manhood. Denied female company in that still strictly Catholic nation, they turned their affections on each other, and on the young foreigner with the nearly fluent Italian, the hired motorcycle, and money to burn on meals and road trips and cool imported T-shirts.



Cash never exchanged hands, at least not in my experience. That wasn't what the boys were after. They wanted a trip on the back of a fast motorcycle up the mountains to the ancient Roman ruins overlooking the glittering bay, or a big seafood meal after a swim at the beach. They wanted to learn English, to joke around, to know they were admired by an older man. And for this they gave all their little hearts could give.

I had many boy companions in those days, from timid twelve-year-olds to sporty half-men in their late teens, but the first to truly win my heart was the least likely candidate.

Marco was the son of a fisherman at a little port in Sicily I will not name. At thirteen he was already showing the first signs of manly strength – a barrel chest, an unusually deep voice, and the broadest shoulders of all his friends. He was rough and ready, quick to take offense, always getting into scraps. What I saw in him, and what he saw in a bookish, quiet Englishman fifteen years his senior, is something I've never quite understood.

The first day I met him I had just come from an excursion into the countryside on my motorcycle. It was the beginning of my holiday and the village was new to me, so I hadn't made any young friends yet. To remedy that, I rode into the sun-soaked little town square, framed by the church, the town hall, and two large buildings made of up ramshackle apartments. A group of boys played ball against one of the buildings. A few old men sat on a bench in the shade watching them, enjoying the sea breeze that filtered through the buildings.

I made a couple of slow circles of the square before stopping by the town hall, not far from where the boys played. As I expected, they all rushed over. A motorcycle was a rare sight here, a foreigner even rarer. I was inundated with questions. Where are you from? Why do you speak Italian? Where are you staying? Can I have a ride?

That last question was the one I had been waiting for. Before I could pick the first boy I'd give a ride to, my eyes settling on an almond-eyed beauty aged about fourteen, that barrel-chested, broad-shouldered boy I'd come to know so well pushed his way to the front of the crowd.

“I’m Marco,” he told me, “and I go first. We’re going along the seaside road to a cool place. I’ll show you where.” And that was that. He climbed aboard, tortured me by holding onto the sides of the seat rather than wrapping his arms around my middle, and ordered me to set off.

The “cool place” turned out to be at the end of an isolated beach. After we parked the motorcycle on the side of the nearly abandoned road, he led me along the beach toward an outcropping of wave-lashed rock. No one else was around. We walked, holding our shoes, the sand grating between our toes and our nostrils filling with sea air.

“It’s just ahead,” he told me. “After this we’ll go to the best restaurant in town. The father of my friend runs it. You’ll like it. Tomorrow we’ll buy some food and a bottle of wine and go to the mountains.”

I smiled. He said it as if it was a proven fact, and of course with the assumption that I would agree and pay for all of it. I was still thinking about the almond-eyed beauty that got passed over back in town, but Marco’s attitude amused me.

Marco rolled up his pant legs, revealing slim and hairless brown limbs, and ran into the water, splashing through the shallows as waves curled in toward him. With a laugh he’d bolt out of the water just ahead of them, as if daring them to catch him. I followed, laughing along with him as we ran in, then ran out, zig-zagging along the water’s edge as he led me toward that outcropping of rock. Once there, he climbed up a steep jumble of slick wet stone. I took care and followed. “Where are we going?” I asked. “You’ll like it. You’ll see.”

We scrambled over the rocks and down the other side. Then I stopped and gaped. Marco had led me to a little hidden sea cave, completely out of sight until you were practically on top of it.



It was high tide, and the entrance was half full of water, the waves crashing in and out. Marco led me a little to the left and through a narrow gap in the rock that opened up into the back of the cave.

It was an oval area of sand about ten feet deep and twelve wide, well above the tide and only slightly damp from the spray that broiled at the entrance. The light there was dim, with only the sunlight from the half-filled entrance and a bit from the fissure we had entered through.

“You like it?” Marco asked, throwing himself down on the sand and stretching. “It’s amazing. Thank you for showing me this.”

“I’ll show you all the best places. Why don’t you sit down?” I sat. Still unsure of myself, I left almost an arm’s length between me and him. My heart beat fast, and despite the damp air my mouth went dry.

“So...you come here often?” I asked, immediately cringing as such a horrible cliché passed my lips. “All the boys know about this. It’s our secret. None of the mothers know.”

“I see.”

“I take my good friends here sometimes. Only the best.”

I nod, not knowing what to say. Despite my long experience in Italy and other spots in the Static Zone, I always grow nervous when alone with a boy I didn’t know well. Words fail me, and my muscles tense up. “A good place for a picnic,” I managed at last. “Ha!” Marco said and spat. “We can picnic anywhere. Why waste a secret place on a picnic?”

I turned and looked at him. He looked back at me, those soft brown eyes, one of the most alluring features of Mediterranean boys, studied me with a mixture of interest and amusement. The sea breeze tousled his curly black hair.

“So if you don’t come here for picnics, what do you come here for?” His face cracked into a grin and those soft brown eyes sparkled. “We come here to ... wrestle!”

With that he dove right at me, knocking me over and trying to pin me. After my initial surprise I got the upper hand, flipping him over and getting on top. Then I let him win a bit, and we rolled, laughing, all along the floor of that sandy cave.

Our wrestling transformed from a fight into a dance, from play into something more serious, and we did not speak for a long time as the waves crashed into the entrance of the sea cave and shot its spray high into the air.

After that first day, we met every day. We'd go for long motorcycle rides through the countryside, eat at various restaurants and go swimming. The cave was our favorite but not our only secret place. Italy at that time was remarkably carefree about such things. No one questioned why an adult foreigner would spend so much time with a local adolescent boy. If we played it cool in public, no one concerned themselves with what we got up to in private. I even met his parents. His father greeted me kindly, complimented my Italian, and asked me to teach his son more English. "He doesn't do well in school," he said, giving us some fish to grill on the beach.

His mother was even more adamant about me helping him with English. "I want Marco to have more opportunities than we had," she said once when she invited me over to lunch and stuffed me and her son with pasta.

Marco wasn't interested in studying. He learned English as a sort of a game, but his favorite games were swimming, football, and wrestling. Especially wrestling.

Marco had a number of bad habits. He belched and farted as loudly as he could at every opportunity, which was often considering his prodigious appetite and my generosity at the local restaurants that he could otherwise not afford. He was also quick to anger, often showing up at my door with a new scrape or black eye, boasting how he had vanquished yet another foe.

His worst habit, though, was his machismo. "See her?" he'd say, pointing to some shy local girl accompanying her mother to the shop or church. "I bet she's a slut. I'll get her in my bed one day. You'll see."

And our days together would always end the same. Whether we were coming back from the sea cave, or a picnic in the mountains, or he was just leaving after lounging in my rented room listening to my transistor radio, he would always turn to me in all seriousness, a frown on his rough face. "I'm not a faggot," he'd tell me. "This is just playing around."

He meant it, and he was right. I knew that in a couple of years he'd outgrow me. The machismo would push out the "playing around." It saddened me to think I'd lose this maddening, intoxicating boy.

But I don't want you to think that Marco was all bad. He had his finer qualities. He was always fair, for example. While he would fight anyone who squared up to him, he never acted the bully. One morning as I walked along the seaside road, hours before I was due to meet him, I saw three boys aged about thirteen or fourteen harassing a smaller boy. Their victim was a delicate lad of about ten, carrying a big stack of books. The three surrounded him, taunting and chanting insults. One tripped him up. Another slapped the books out of his hand. The third kicked him in the rear. Obviously intimidated, the smaller boy tried to ignore his tormentors, which only egged them on.

I was about to intervene when out of nowhere shot a brown streak of thirteen-year-old vengeful fury. With three quick punches, Marco laid all of the bullies low. In an instant they were back up, not to fight him, but to run away. Marco helped the boy pick up his books, brushed him off and tousled his hair in a surprisingly adult gesture.

Then my young friend turned and saw me. His face broke into a grin. "Hey! I told you I was the best fighter in the village. I'm going to take him home now to make sure he's all right. I'll see you on the beach later, yes?"

Back in the little seaside cave that evening, nestled against one another while staring at the stony ceiling and listening to the surf, he prodded me with his elbow. "You see that fight? I fought good, eh?"

"It was very nice of you to stand up for that boy."

"You shouldn't fight weaker people. Only faggots do that."

"Don't use that word. You know I don't like it."

He grinned and elbowed me again, harder this time. "Hey! I know why you don't like it, because you are a faggot!"

"Stop it," I snapped. "Oh, but I like you anyway," he said, straddling me and pinning my arms. I pushed him off to show I was stronger, but he got back on me again. I lay back, letting him this time.

“You are my foreign faggot. That’s why you don’t come with some Englishwoman.” I frowned, resenting the humiliating position I was in while finding it exciting at the same time.

“Why do you have to act so crude?”

“I’m good to you, yes?”

I sighed. “Yes, you are.”

The end of the summer came, as it inevitably does, and I had to say goodbye to Marco. I showered him with gifts-T-shirts, a pair of jeans, even some imported American comics to encourage him to read English-and said farewell.

“You’ll come back next summer, right?” he said, clinging to me, his cool demeanor suddenly cracking.

“We’ll see,” I replied.

“I’m good to you, right?”

“You are, Marco. I just don’t know what next year will bring.”

TO BE CONTINUED ...





Shibina Na

BOYTALES

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Welcome

And still going strong!

The Zhenitarim

A High Fantasy Boy-Love story
by The Storyteller

BOYTALK

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BoyLove Chat Board
Interact with BoyLovers
from all over the World
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The finest collection of
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GALLERY

Huge Boy gallery
Over 800 images
of cute boys
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All Thumbnalled
Easy navigation

Mega-Links

The web's most complete
collection of BoyLove links
Add Edit or Browse
THE link resource

"BoyTales will always have a special place in my heart."

"I was here in 2000, and I'll never forget some of the boylovers that took me under their wing ..."

"They taught me the boylove creed, which I still live by today."

boytales.com

In this assessment, I am making mention of, but not attributing, general behaviors and such as regards people who feel that the sex they were born with is not the correct one. There are things that I don't quite understand. I have done almost no research on that issue. I can't imagine how that would feel or affect perspective and life changes.

The biggest thing, in my mind, is the decision to have a sex change in the first place. And what criteria are used to qualify the need for it? Is it a condition that one feels within oneself, the feeling of real biological error, or is it a choice the individual makes on a conscious level? And if someone presents as a male who decides to change, what criteria are used to determine actual need, benefit, and such? If I decide I want to be a woman, what steps do I take? I do not want that, by the way. Is all I need to do is to express that and find funding?

The youngest person I found who received sex change therapy was a 12-year-old German boy. His name was Tim and transitioned into Kim. Tim presented as biologically male but felt from an early age that he was a she. It would appear that Tim articulated his feelings and desire to change. It was on his stated desire that the process was initiated. This is confusing and contradictory in a legal and cultural sense. This is an astounding and drastically life-changing decision.

Gay Men, Boylovers and VirPeds By aboysXO

It would appear that we allow a 12-year-old to decide they want re-assignment and then provide it. This is something that society, in general, considers a 12-year-old incapable of adequately assessing the ramifications of. It's alright for a young boy to change sexes, but it isn't alright for that same boy to identify as homosexual. And then seek to engage in a man/boy relationship.

The former seems more involved and would have a much greater and more permanent impact on the individual. In contrast, having an adult friend would involve less permanence and impact both biologically and psychologically. It would seem that the rationale regarding these things is inconsistent and not well-considered.

What makes one person a heterosexual, another a homosexual, and a third person with attraction to young boys or girls, is not well understood. For example, I identify as a Pederast. An adult man who is attracted to pre-pubescent males. I never made a conscious decision to be a boylover. Humans come in a wide variety of styles and attractions. It would seem that sexual orientation is something you come to realize, not decide.

I believe pheromones are an important aspect of attraction. A straight man lusts for the scent of a woman. The feel of female flesh in his arms. He will bury his face happily between her legs. To me, that sounds revolting. I find the odor of a woman's sex particularly disgusting. But the smell of a boy is entirely enticing.

What set of biological functions determines orientation? Being a boylover is a difficult and dangerous lifestyle. It doesn't seem that anyone would consciously decide to become one. Yet it is an attraction with a wide spectrum of adherents. A natural human attraction. Not psychological deviance, affectation, or a conscious decision.

As long as there have been people, there have been homosexuals and Pederasts. Men who are attracted to other men and men who are attracted to boys. There have been and continue to be many open opportunities for each. Men who are attracted to other males are also attracted to male-dominated and oriented social structures. Something that they can immerse themselves in. A soldier, perhaps. Living, working, and interacting with other men in an exclusive environment. Historically, homosexuals and boylovers have made some of the best soldiers. Fought in and won many a battle over thousands of years.

Homosexuality and Pederasty is not a new invention. It is not an affectation. An affectation is defined as behaviors, speech, and writing that are artificial and designed to present a specific impression.

An example of an affectation is the "gay" lifestyle, the mannerisms, and vocal inflections. "Gay" is not really how men act. It is an assumed set of cultural markers. Not a natural inclination. I am a homosexual and a Pederast. But I am not gay. I don't live that lifestyle in any way. I am a man who acts like a man, talks like a man, and does things men do. It seems odd to me that any homosexual man could find a semi-feminized man living under an artificial persona attractive in any way. Or even genuine as a person.

There is a natural affinity that men and boys share. There are more men so attracted than is readily apparent, but who are unwilling to admit their feelings. They exist in great numbers. There are many boylovers. In the past ages, in some cultures, it was an accepted practice. Valued, condoned, and sought by many.

A man might have a family and be a boylover too. Men teach boys. Boys learn from men. A real and nurturing relationship between a man and a boy is not abuse. Not molestation. Not an intended act of force and violence. It is a loving and valuable experience. For both. Certainly, the relationship lacks the adversarial aspects that are an inherent part of male and female interactions. In many respects, the relationship is stronger and closer.

VirPeds. Now there is a new cultural affectation. The whole concept sounds like something designed for public consumption. An attempt at public relations. Instead of calling it a concentration camp, we'll call it resettlement. Instead of killing them, we will provide "special treatment". That all sounds so much better. I wonder just who thinks who is being fooled?

"I admit I am a pedophile. I admit I find your son extremely attractive, but because I am a virtuous pedophile, I will not act on my natural inclinations. My moral imperatives are such that I realize the wrongness. I would never! You can trust me with your boy."

I find all of that to be quite disingenuous. It is a contrivance to gain public acceptance. You say that publicly, but what happens in private, behind closed doors? How long can a starving man stand close to the table and not partake of the feast?

Social acceptance is not subject to diversionary tactics. It is the truth and reality of boylove that will work in the long run. Men and boys who come forth with tales of their experiences. The correction of incorrect public perceptions. Addressing the various legitimate concerns for the well-being of those who traditionally require care and protection.

As an orientation, Pederasts have nothing to be ashamed of. But there are abuses. Men whose sole purpose is their gratification without regard for the impact on the boy. Such cases are highly publicized and politicized. They give a false impression of the real experience. They feed the already preferred conceptions of the public.

We must present a stated code of conduct and police ourselves. Put some real boylovers into a room with a child molester. Tune him up some. Develop, display, and adhere to practices, policies, and procedures that express the best attributes of boylove.

No, we can't open a booth at the county fair. Can't address a crowd on the street. Can't yet say, "Hi, I'm Joe, and I am a Pederast." But there are safer, less direct ways to get the message out.

You may attribute all of this to my personal opinion. I am not perfect, of course, but I do endeavor not to have opinions. An opinion is defined as a belief not based on fact. I don't believe anything contained herein is less than the truth. Not a perfect truth, not a whole truth, but it is factual nonetheless.





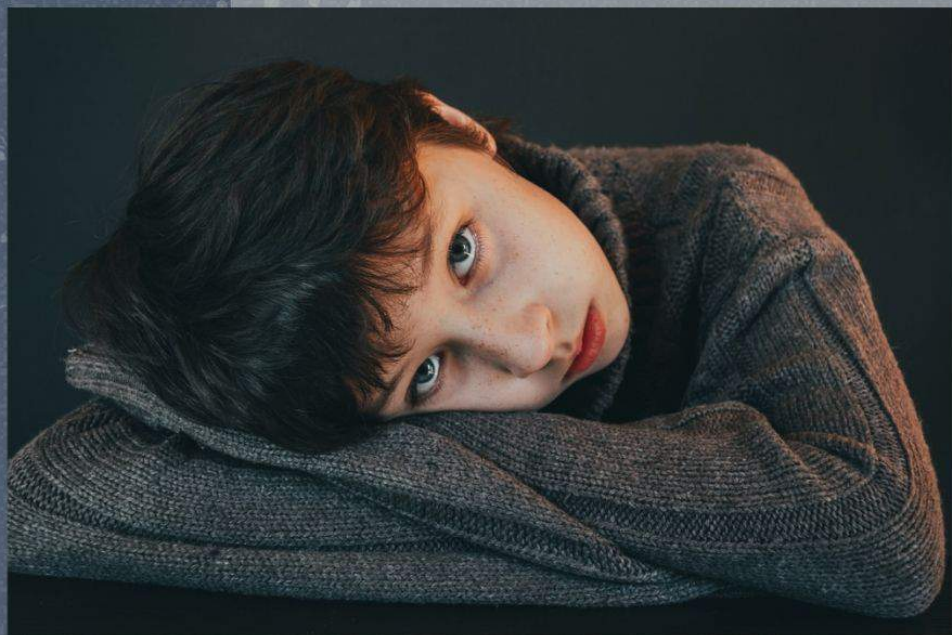
When I Went A-Walking

When I went a-walking
In the morning fair,
I met three boys a-running,
And one had golden hair:
Curly locks were they,
Like little rings of light.
I thought of him all day,
And I dreamed of him all night.

When I went a-walking
In the noonday glare,
I met three boys a-bathing
And the form of one was fair:
Snowy white, like May,
Yet rosy 'neath the white.
I thought of him all day,
And I dreamed of him all night.

When I went a-walking
In the evening air,
I saw three boys a-coming
Two went I know not where.
But one went not away
For that, I held him tight;
I'll play with him all day
And dream of him all night.

By Edwin Emmanuel Bradford



Something I often think about is how we (or at least I) have to keep my being a boylover a secret. Maybe a few in my life will know, but unless there is a drastic societal change in my lifetime, The World as it were can't ever know. This is something that clouds my mind and my life as of right now. I am tormented by the fact that I can never be the true me. I wish to be very successful, a millionaire at least, if not even more. I wish for fame, for the world to know who I am. I wish to sell millions of copies of my books and get many thousands of streams on my music. I want to be able to one day look in the faces of everyone who doubted me and say: "You were wrong."

I wish all of this not just for myself, or for me to have all the material things I want for my family and those close to me. I wish for more than just fame. I want to make an impact, to save lives. I want to get rich enough to give money to all my causes, and to help when I see a need. Most of all though, I want to be honest with the world, yet here I am with this thing, this attraction that no one can know about. People certainly can't know about my attraction in order for me to make millions; they would boycott all my books. I have toyed with the idea of coming out after making a million, but if I were to do that I would still lose the flow of income and the possibility for new opportunities.

I have come to the conclusion that the best way to it, barring any massive change, is to come out in my will. To come out to the world upon my death. Would any of you come out posthumously?

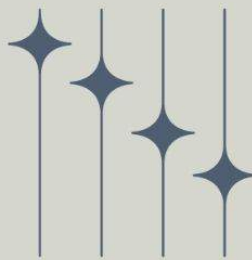
I also wish to advocate for the age of consent to be lowered, to at least give teens the right to consent, and decide what to do with their bodies. If I were to advocate for such a thing, would I not just be labeled a pedophile anyway? I think it is conceivable that one such as myself, who having experienced and done what I have, would advocate for such a thing.

I can probably never tell the world that I, as young as eight, wanted a man, or if I do that I think that is normal but I can I think within reason that I did starting at around eleven. I do believe that I can tell them that as a child I produced what would be considered child porn of myself, taking pictures of my penis and in later years sending them to people on the internet.

And I do believe it would be wrong to criminalize someone for receiving and viewing those pictures, or even for seeking them out, considering that I was going to take them and send them out regardless. To what extent, though, can I be honest about my experiences without possibly being exposed?

Death and Truth

By Trey12352



Should I even approach the topic of consent? I personally think that I should after gaining a platform. I think it should be no big deal if I am just talking about the injustices of my youth and the feelings I had and the needs that were neglected.

Maybe I would be labeled a "pedo" but if I was, I could always just deny it, right? What if I can't deny it? What if one day I get so mad at all the hate against my kind, that I just confess? It is all so confusing to me and I just find myself wondering what's next.



EDITORS NOTE: The preceding article was written by one of the younger members of our online BL community. A 16-year-old self-proclaimed boylover. At Fawnlet, we think it's important to hear from the entire community. That means AFs and YFs. We would like to encourage your young friends to write something and submit it for publication. But remember to be aware of security. No personal information, and make sure to use a secure email source!



Shibina Nadegda
photographer



Happy Holidays: BoyWiki



Preserving your history, culture,
and heritage!



boywiki.org



If it matters to boylovers,
it's in BoyWiki



Penzance:

Book Review

By Zoomzoom4

A thoughtful meditation on the nature of boylove itself, "Penzance" takes the reader on a ride, quite literally, and is not afraid to show the dark corners.

The story is told almost entirely in flashback. Michael sits on a train as it crosses through his part of England. He sits there in his seat, eyes closed, pretending to be asleep. He's trying to ignore the world around him as he traverses along the railway, stopping at various towns along the way. He hears people getting on and off the train at each stop, keeping track of everything with his ears (since he refuses to open his eyes). He is on his way to a final destination, you see, following a grand plan. There is an action he feels he needs to take, in order to reconcile with that which is always foremost on his mind. That which has been haunting him forever.

"That" which I refer to, are the events of his youth. As a boy, Michael was touched. After meeting the nice neighbor around the corner, he was quickly befriended and taken under the wing of the man who became the center of his life for the next few years. He's puzzled as to what it is about his private parts that this man, or any man, could possibly find so interesting. He gladly gives of himself for what he gets in return, which is a surrogate father, adult playmate, and best friend all rolled into one.

Nine-year-old Michael is fascinated by Carstairs's obsession with him. What, he wonders, could this handsome grown up man find so interesting about him? Here is an adult who gives him the full respect and status typically only afforded to other adults. Here is an adult who actually listens to him, paying attention to what he has to say. Not just dismissing it as the meaningless ramblings of a child, which is what others do. In Carstairs, this fatherless boy finds the love and guidance of an adult male that his life would be lacking otherwise. And to Michael, this is pure gold.

What young Michael doesn't see coming (and apparently his adult friend did) is the relationship entering a new phase. One in which Carstairs still loves him, yes, but no longer wants to touch him. This is triggered by the appearance of a single pubic hair. But that is not the end of the story, oh no. In fact, it is only the beginning. What this leads to, I will not reveal. Suffice it to say, the story becomes a real page-turner.

One thing I truly enjoy in a reading experience is having no idea what's going to happen next. The events of "Penzance", and where it all leads to, I could never have predicted in a million years. I was so eager to find out. I found myself at the dinner table with my tablet, reading eagerly. This is very well written. I can surely say that the reader will appreciate being in the confident hands of a skilled storyteller.

We can relate well to our plucky young hero. The story is told at various points throughout his life. He struggles to cope with the realities of his life vs. the "way it's supposed to be." Determined to not let the events of his youth disrupt what he considers to be life's pre-written script (as it "should" be for a man). Fortunately, he does meet the woman of his dreams and has a beautiful family. His wife is very understanding of his travails, up to a point. The conclusions she reaches are indeed colored by what society believes, but Michael's unique perspective and clear-headed conscience leads him to a conclusion that it's not all black and white. He comes to accept the "gray" areas of life, and gain a perspective that is not easily arrived at. It does take work, but Michael is a worker (as we see very clearly).

A story for both non-boylovers and BLs alike, "Penzance" challenges the reader, and makes you think. This is a story with a lot on its mind, and shows that the easy conclusion is not always the correct one. Kudos to Jamieboy for producing such a thoughtful and creatively imagined tale. True, it's not perfect. But that slow build in the opening does prepare you well for what's to come. This is a book I highly recommend.

PENZANCE

E. S. James



The New BL Novel

by E. S. James*

Now Available



<https://us.docworkspace.com/d/slHiMn83JAd2Jh6sG?case=0>

*aka Jamieboy

According to Samuel from Eastern Canada, I am just another “Neanderthal” who cannot separate love from sex. Silly me, I thought one led to another. I guess I was wrong. Here is the issue: as child advocates, can we allow ourselves to also view boylovers as advocates for the protection of children?

I wanted to find out. So I swallowed my hate, let down my guard, got on the internet and immersed myself in a boylove community (the name of the community has been withheld at the administrator’s request). I entered with an open mind, and began to politely converse with members.

The community was initially hesitant to let me in. After I had stated my intentions, answered their questions, and promised to behave, I walked through the gates into the haunting neighborhood of boylovers.

Robert from Maryland stated early on, “While it’s true that for some the word “boylover” is just a euphemism, many take its meaning very seriously.” At this point, I realized I was dealing with people -- although I kept picturing monsters. He went on telling me the equivalent of “his story” of boylove. It was quite compelling. What do you do when you find yourself looking at a child in a way the whole world condemns?

“Attraction indicates psycho-physiological arousal, but this is not a necessary precursor of sexual arousal. At least, not in all cases. People may, at times, be aroused but deny their feelings, or have their culture deny them. The relationship between experience and self-conscious recognition of sexual attraction are especially problematic in sex-negative or repressive societies.”

“Is this boylove?” I asked.

Once again, I was unable to separate love from sex. Many boylove websites contain thousands and thousands of pictures of nearly-naked boys. However, the common explanation came out as boylovers “appreciate the beauty of boys.” Are they separating love from sex? How can you only love a boy when he is naked, or scantily-clad? Are these attractions merely psycho-physiological? These are some of the many questions I needed to know.

Robert from Maryland had this to say about his attraction to boys: “In the past, I made an effort not to fantasize about any boys that I know personally, during masturbation. Mainly because I didn’t want to think of them in that way.”

I followed up with the obvious question: “Is this to reduce your risk of perpetrating? Or, is it more for emotional resolve?” Robert responded, “I later discovered that I really didn’t think about them in that way when I was with them, anyway. So, I suppose, it was driven by simply caring about them as people. There was never any risk because of who I am, but back then I didn’t know who I was.”

Boylove. In theory, it is a wonderful benefit for boys. If the boylove construct was sound, and proven time and time again to be a positive means for interaction in raising young boys, then I think everyone should have their very own boylover. As I have stated before, boylove, in theory, is a highly desirable quality.

By Thor Boylove: Semantically Correct?

EDITOR’S NOTE: The following was written by a non-boylover who is very active in organized efforts to protect children from sexual abuse. In a desire to better understand boylovers he joined an online BL forum, where he engaged members in a dialogue about boylove. This is his recount of what happened.

B

ut the fact is, not everyone fits the carefully designed definition of a “boylover.” For example, Paul Shanley has attended meetings of the North Amer-

ican Man Boy Love Association (NAMBLA). He was supposedly a devout boylover. Funny, he had been the subject of many sexual molestation charges over a period of three decades. The number one defining characteristic of the boylove notion is caring for boys, and never inflicting harm upon them. Boylovers do not see children as sexual objects. Boylovers love boys in a positive way.

Paul was not a boylover by definition. My molester was not a boylover. I believe in the concept of boylove. I believe that boylove has its place in this world. The only thing I am skeptical about, is if there are any actual boylovers on this planet who fit the ideal definition.

Here is a quote from ZD. He seems to fit the definition of what you might call a boylover.

“I also witnessed the tracking down of a foster dad who was having sex and urinating on his four-year-old charge. So there are some things even these hard core posters cannot accept.”

To call these men boylovers is just such an insult. They have no interest in helping a boy with his life problems. Their interest is purely sexual gratification. These are not even men in prison. So, I have to say, this group is between those sexual predators and those who fantasize constantly about sex.

I also believe the thinking that law enforcement isn't in any position to correct the situation. I offer the following: In 2004 the British police set up an Internet sting site offering pictures and accepting user pictures. They said at the end of the sting that-

they had over 10,000 people post nude pictures of children and over 3,000,000 different people download from their site.

Their conclusion was that the chance of stopping the child porn industry by stopping the exchange of pictures was virtually impossible. Just the effort it was going to take to track down the 10,000 who left their computer identification by posting was going to take more man-hours yearly than all the officers employed in the UK.

“There is no way for boylovers to have any impact on the picture industry other than to say that these people are not boylovers.”

He is certainly well-informed, and seems to hold convictions about protecting children, and helping them through difficult times.

He ended his correspondence with this: “Here I am, late at night, trying to express the complexity of loving a boy. I only wanted to make the point that I am not a sexual deviant or predator Or a picture poster, even though I have made a living taking pictures.

I love interacting with boys. And I have no problem now, meeting the boys I have been with over the years. To include the first, who is now in his 50s. In fact, almost all of them have made a point to come back and say hello.

Did I make a difference? Yeah, I know I did. Can I stop? Tell me, those who oppose us, what would you do about a boy from a single parent family who has failed eighth grade? Not your problem, right?

“That’s why I am a boylover. That is not right and never will be for me.”

Wow. He has a point. He has a very good point. In fact, he makes several good points. I know what you're thinking, “Thor the Pro-Pedophile! Kill him! Burn him!”

I agree with this definition of boylove: A non-sexual, healthy relationship with a young boy. The thing is, I do this daily. I have non-sexual and healthy relationships with boys and girls all the time. Do I join chat rooms calling myself a childlover? No. Why do boylovers need a label? I can tell you why. There is more to being a boylover than simply helping boys through trials and tribulations.

According to many boylovers, there is a sexual aspect in boylove. Many boylovers fall in love with the child. At this point, they argue the impact of sexual relationships with boys from zero to a lot. Personally, I have never physically talked to anyone who minimizes their sexual abuse to zero impact. I keep hearing from the boylove community that not every instance of man-boy sex is harmful. I have yet to have a friend in my line of work that agrees with that statement.

So, are there any true boylovers out there? Absolutely. They just don't call themselves boylovers. We call them parents, teachers, doctors, or simply "people".

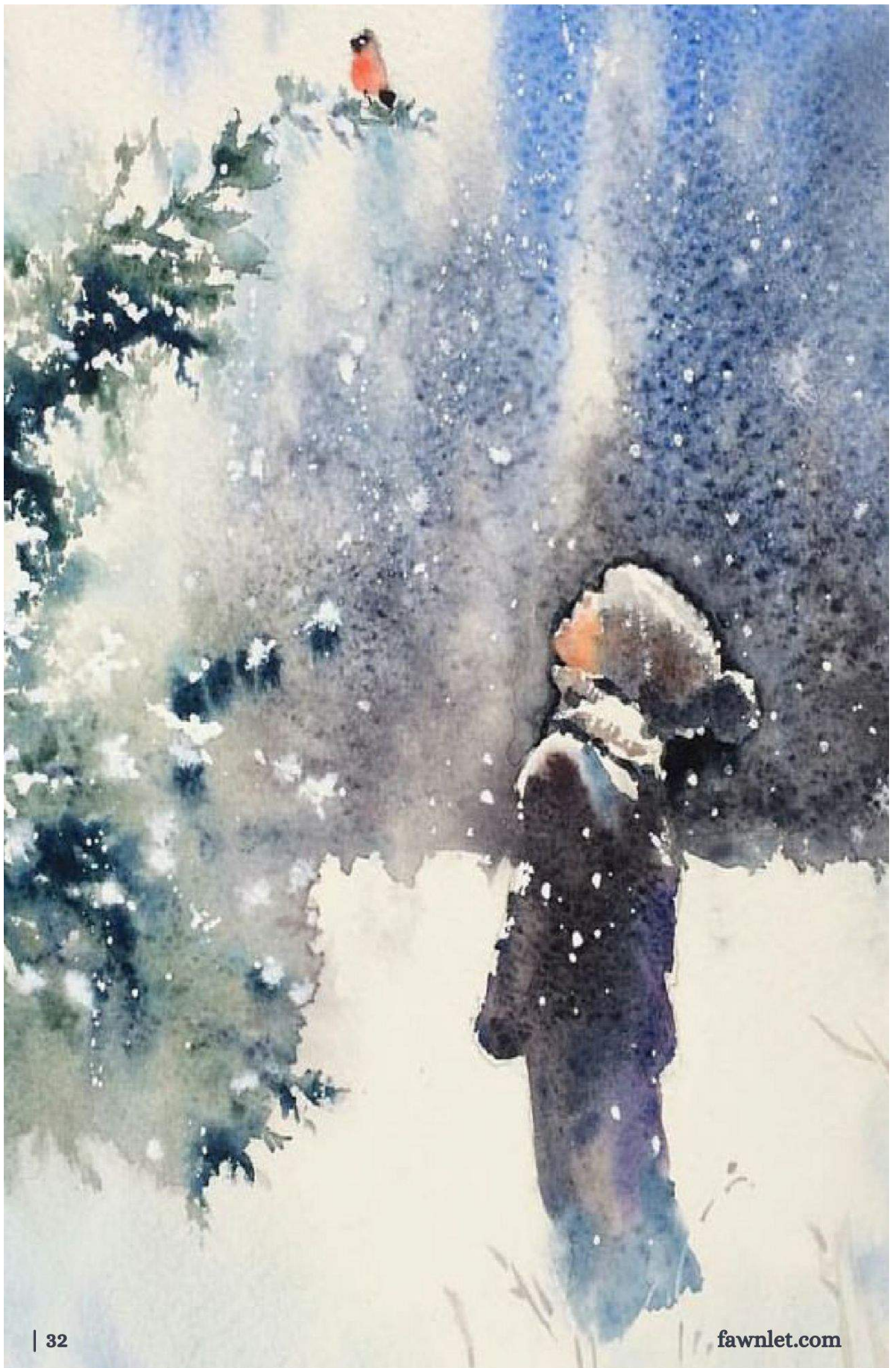
My advice; drop the label if you're tired of being lumped with child molesters and rapists.

In conclusion, the original question of using boylovers as advocates is no longer in question. They believe consensual sex between adults and children can be harmless and special between the man and boy. I, on the far other hand, do not. Bringing boylovers into advocacy would be as ridiculous as imprisoning children with convicted child molesters.

I recently found out that three of the members in the boylove community have been arrested. They were arrested for breaking the law. Touching children is against the law. They were not arrested as martyrs, or crusaders of the boylove cause. They were arrested as criminals to be registered forevermore.

I would like to thank the community that allowed the interaction to better understand boylove, in hopes to find common ground, a common cause, and a common understanding. Although this has not been the case, it has certainly inspired good debates, stimulating conversation, and a vivid understanding.





Christmas RUSH

By Dragonlover

Job at K-Mart + Christmas = Disaster for Dragonlover

Well, as you read this, it is Christmastime. A time for joy, laughter, great times and families gathering together to remember Christmas past and to make new Christmas memories. This is Christmas, 2023. Let me take you back to Christmas, 1988.

I was a recent graduate from high school. My official last day of school was June 18, 1988. One morning, over breakfast, my mother told me it was either college or get a full time job after high school. I actually thought about college. It would mean a new way of life. It would mean independence. It would mean making new friends while I take classes to get a degree.

But, on the other side of the coin, it meant lots of studying. It would mean tons of homework. It would mean taking out loans to pay for school and having to pay all that back, with interest. Yup. I thought long and hard on that. So, I decided to get a full time job.

After telling my mother of my decision, I got all dressed up in a coat and tie and took off for the local stores to see if anyone was hiring. The first place I applied to was a TJ Maxx. I filled out an application, but didn't expect to hear from them. The woman I spoke to was making it clear that the person they'd hire would have to be a woman, being that the position available was in the women's clothing department.

The next stop was K-Mart. I went in and filled out an application. The girl I gave my application to, asked me to wait a minute. She made a quick call, and said that someone named Donna would be down to talk with me. An on the spot interview! I was glowing. I figured I'd just charm this woman and get the job. Easy!

In a few minutes, Donna came to get me. We walked up a flight of steps and into her office. She introduced herself as Donna. She was in charge of human resources at that particular store. She asked me all the pertinent questions. I answered quickly and accurately. She asked me about my availability, and I told her that I was available at any time, really.

I told her that I had just graduated from high school. She asked me which school I graduated from and I told her. She smiled and told me that her younger brother Gary had graduated from there as well. I sat back and smiled. I told her that I knew Gary. We had gone through elementary school together. I asked Donna how Gary was doing, and she told me that he wanted to be an auto mechanic and was going to trade school for that. So, needless to say, we hit it off. She shook my hand and told me that she would be in touch in the next day or two.

A few days later, I was out on the porch swing when I heard the phone ringing. My mother answered it. She came out and said that I was wanted on the phone. I got to the phone and picked it up.

“Hello?”

“Hey Dragon, this is Donna Gould at K-Mart. How are you today?”

“Hi Donna. I'm fine. How are you?”

“I'm fine, thanks. So, what would you say to a full time position in our camera and jewelry department? The pay there is \$3.90 an hour. Would you be OK with that?”

“Yes! Definitely, I would be happy with that!”

“Great! Can you come in on Monday at 9 a.m.? You need to go through a classroom course, you know. It's just telling about policy, procedure, safety training, and stuff like that. Can you make it?”

“Yes, Donna, of course. Oh, am I going to be paid for the training?”

“Yes. Definitely. I will start paying you on Monday. The good thing about that is, it's the first Monday of the pay period. So, you'll be paid for a full pay period when you get your first check. So, yes. I'll put you on the schedule for Monday at 9 a.m. Just go to the customer service window and tell them you are here to see me. I'll come down and get you, and we'll head up to my office. I need to have you fill out some paperwork first, then we'll get into training. You seem like a smart guy, so I don't foresee you having any trouble understanding any of it. So, see you Monday?”

“Definitely Donna. I'll see you on Monday.”

With that,
we hung up.-

That Monday, I was showered, shaved and dressed in my coat and tie again. Only this time, I was going to work! How great that sounded to me. “Bye, Mom! I'm off to work!” Yeah. It felt great!

Now fast-forward to Thanksgiving, 1988. Mom and I went to my Aunt Marilyn's house for Thanksgiving dinner. It was the usual fanfare that was bestowed upon the family every year. And boy, what a great dinner! Perfectly baked turkey with all the trimmings you can imagine. As we sat enjoying pumpkin pie with whipped cream, my Aunt Peggy asked me how work was going. I told her it was going great! Then she threw a phrase at me, and that phrase was Black Friday. I had been warned about this day from about September on. She asked me if I was mentally, physically and emotionally ready. I nodded my head and said yes.

So, I was scheduled to work Black Friday. I had to report to work at 6 a.m. Yes, that's right. six a.m.! I pulled into the store's parking lot, only to find that the place was mobbed! “Oh my God!” I whispered to myself. I found a parking spot way far away from the store. I walked to the store and had to squeeze in between people to get in. An assistant manager opened the door to let me in. I squeezed in, and he had to quickly lock the door again.

"Ted, this is crazy!" I told him.

"I know, but this is just a taste of what's to come. You better hang your coat up and get to your department. We need you there," he told me.

I quickly went to the staff room, hung my coat up, sprayed some nice cologne on and went to work. Over the loudspeaker system came an ominous-sounding announcement from the store manager:

"Attention all staff. We are opening the store in five minutes. Please, try and serve as many people as you can. But by all means, please be safe. Your safety is our concern. People are going to be angry or mean. We can't help that. But, just do your best. If there are any problems, page a department manager or store manager. We will get to you as soon as we can. With that, two minutes to opening. Good luck, people."

I stood ready at my department.
And then...

"Attention! Good morning. The Langhorne K-Mart is now open! Shop safely!"

All I heard was the bustling of coats and shoes moving quickly. I saw this unbelievable wave of people coming in. Some were even running! I had never in my life seen anything like it! And then, it reached my department. Before I knew it, I had ten people, all wanting my attention. I just went to one person, asking what they wanted help with. When I did that, this other woman shouted at me, "Hey! I was here first!" As politely as I could, I told her that I had no idea as to who was first at the counter. That's how it was the entire day. I worked from 6 a.m. until 5 p.m. An eleven-hour day. I had never worked so hard, and had my emotional stability tried so hard. Crazy.



After I clocked out at five o'clock, I went to my car and just sat there in total silence. Boy was that silence so welcoming! No music, no shouting, no talking. No one demanding time with me. So yes, time went on. As we got closer to Christmas, believe it or not, the shopping died down quite a bit. So, December 23 was uneventful. Sure, we had some busy periods, but nothing out of the ordinary. Then came Christmas Eve. Man, it was Black Friday all over again! Possibly even worse! We opened at eight a.m. I clocked in at seven-forty-five and worked the whole business day until four p.m. I was instructed to do the final announcements of the day.

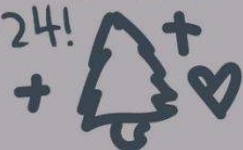
"Attention K-Mart shoppers. The time is now three-forty-five. Please take your final purchases to the front registers for check out. We are closing the store in fifteen minutes, thank you for shopping at your Langhorne K-Mart, and Merry Christmas." We closed at five o'clock as promised. The employees were beaten, bruised and dead tired. But, we had managed to get our money straight and checked out. I clocked out at five-thirty because I needed to stay a bit late to straighten up the store. I did that as the lights were being turned off. It was eerie; the store quieter than I had ever heard it. I walked out in the cold night air. I was instructed by my mother to go straight to my Aunt Peggy's house in Richboro. I went to her house, and all the family was there. I hugged and kissed all the women and shook hands with the men and boys.

Boys? Oh, yes. There were plenty of boys. I spent virtually all of my time with them. We speculated about what we were getting for Christmas. My youngest cousin, Ryan, sat on my lap as I read "Twas the Night Before Christmas." Yes, I was elected to do that for the younger kids at the party. Did I balk at this opportunity? HELL NO! I read the story and even gave the characters in the story special voices. They loved it, and wanted me to read more stories, which I did with total joy.

After reading, my voice was tired, but the kids wanted to do Christmas carols. I didn't balk at that, either. We sang, laughed, sang and laughed some more. I was able to spend individual time with each boy, too. We all loved it so much.

Christmas of 1988. Yes, it was a very special Christmas for me, and for those kids. Of course, they are all adults now and have moved on to start their own families. They have their own Christmas traditions, I am sure. I like to think that maybe, just MAYBE, some of those traditions we had all those years ago have carried over to their family Christmas traditions.

With that, I wish you all a very Merry Christmas, 2023 and a Happy New Year, 2024!





I haven't used the term in a few years, but for a while I was saying I suffered from terminal pedophilia. Meaning, basically, that the stigmatization associated with being a boylover had fucked up my life in so many ways that eventually it would kill me.

Of course, life is terminal anyway. But it's totally fair to say that having a socially unacceptable sexuality is traumatizing. Even if nobody knows about it, and much more so if they do, and you are put through the legal wringer.

I notice that, where I am, there is public service advertising about "toxic stress." The tagline is something about how kids who suffer anything from "harsh language to a painful loss" can have adverse health effects. Seems like they are trying to get parents not to yell at their kids so much. (Not a lot you can do about the painful losses, I would think.) More government expert paternalism, yeah, but still probably correct.

Everyone suffers from toxic stress to one degree or another. But being a sexual minority definitely is a source of something that could reasonably be called toxic stress or PTSD.

The advertising seems to imply that only kids suffer from toxic stress, though if you go to the associated website, it's clear that it isn't in any way specific to kids. But adults are expected to cope, and kids are expected to be insulated from it. For our purposes, what this suggests is the importance of talking about kids who are sexually attracted to younger kids.

Terminal Pedophilia

By Pharmakon

This is one of the two things VirPed did in its early days that was a net positive. The other was pointing out that not everyone who is sexually attracted to kids has sex with kids.

This second point, factual as it is, didn't really get much traction for VirPed. The antis were happy to argue that if you are sexually attracted to kids, you will inevitably wind up fucking them. This is not true, but VirPed's distinction between contact and non-contact pedos amounted to nothing more than a celibacy pledge, of which the muggles were justifiably skeptical. Besides, it created a division in the MAP movement, from which the movement has yet to recover.

The PTSD we suffer as adult boylovers is never going to get us any political traction. But the toxic stress for MAP kids is a totally different thing, with real potential. It also plays directly into the RSO issue. Huge numbers of kids are being forced to register as sex offenders because they engaged in sex play with younger kids or even with kids their own age. If public awareness about this could be raised, there surely be a reaction against it.



In Praise By Oswald T *of Chubby Boys*

If you're picking berries, finding a really big, plump one is a lucky score. It's the same with boys (at least to me).

Chubby boys are the best. At least to me, and I know many others feel the same. How could you not see the appeal in their perfection? They're simply "more" of everything, more of what we want. Not just on the outside, but on the inside as well.

Chubby boys tend to be the kindest, most loving, and most FUN of all boys I've gotten to know. Maybe because their situation makes them more wanting for love and acceptance. Maybe it's because they simply have more to give. More lust for life, more love and understanding.

Seriously, I don't get how a BL could turn down a chubby boy. Hell, I don't get how a straight man would turn them down. They got the shapes, the firm luscious softness. And they know that. THEY KNOW.

I can't believe how many times I've gotten "that look" from a ground-thundering chonker. Either in shorts on a beach, a water park, in a supermarket, or even a random street when they've been fully dressed.

"Yeah, I know what you're thinking, hun! Keep looking, keep dreaming."

The non-BL adults around them might not get it, but they do. They know men want them, they know which part of them especially, and what men want to do with it.

Too bad that in real life, in this society, I just can't talk to them. At least, occasionally, I can talk to some online. And they're always the most fun ones. I wish I could have one as a friend in real life.

Every time I hear that, "Child obesity is going up" all I'm thinking is, great, more big ones to love! Sure, there are downsides, but don't ignore all the good things first.

And I know it's common. We FBLs (fat boy lovers) just don't seem to be that visible in the BL community for some reason. Of course, boylovers know all about being chastised for your preference, but sometimes, I have to deal with being chastised by other BLs as well.

It seems they are more openly appreciated among BLs in non-English speaking countries, for some reason. Especially in the Middle East. If you ever talk to a BL from there, you can bet he goes for chubbies.

Maybe it's that they associate chubbiness with wealth and good standing. Maybe it's just that they haven't been brainwashed by the unhealthy beauty ideals of Western consumerism. They still know real beauty when they see it.

Either way, here's my praise for the chonkers. My hope is that it can make some readers appreciate them more than they did before.



I think we have exhausted the topic that I broached here. That is, of distinguishing between right and wrong in love relations with boys. I have said what I had to say. Any further questions can be answered by my other online works.

I would like, however, for balance, and to reply to those who insist on claiming, against overwhelming evidence, that the Greeks may have been wholesale buggers after all. Let the Greeks defend themselves.

Aesop and Plutarch bracket the best known period of antiquity. There are seven hundred years of history between them, ·600 BCE to ·100 CE. The fable of "Zeus and Shame", posted by me earlier on Boychat, speaks for itself. Here, Plutarch is discussing male-on-male sex. I quote from his text, "On Love" 768e.

["Now [considering] there have been many such events, as well among us as among the barbarians, who can tolerate those who reproach Aphrodite that, being coupled and present with Eros, she becomes a hindrance of friendship?"]

"It is rather of the copulation of male with male, this utter lack of self-restraint and bestial urge, that any thoughtful man would say, "Of such abuse no part does Venus take."

"Likewise, those that willingly submit to this, we look upon them to be the most wicked and depraved people in the world, void of trustworthiness, endowed neither with modesty nor any form of friendship."

The Gay Question

Part 2

From Aesop to Plutarch

By Calimach

"As for those who, having no evil predispositions, were by deception or force induced to submit, there is no one upon whom they look upon with greater revulsion and hate than the doers of that deed, and they inflict on them the most fierce vengeance when given the chance."

"Archelaus killed Crateas who had made an eromenos out of him, and Pytholaus slew Alexander of Pherae. Periander tyrant of the Ambraciotes asked his eromenos whether he were not yet pregnant; driving him into such a foul rage that he stabbed him."]

I am not using the two "bookends" of Aesop and Plutarch as an argument. I am merely exemplifying. Yes, it is true that people often use the Greeks as a portemanteau for their own personal foibles. But the preponderance of the evidence falls on the side of the moral argument, on the side of "enkrateia" and not on the side of "akrasia." If it were otherwise, the Greeks would be no more civilized than the barbarians, and we would not be studying them, generation after generation.

It has always been true that beauty has coexisted with ugliness, and light with darkness. One extreme implies the other. What the Greeks offer us, when we look to their history for an ethical model of boy love, is a consistent pattern of morality, peppered with counterexamples. Just as in today's Paris, for example, in an atmosphere of lawful coexistence, some people still commit crimes, n'est-ce pas?

Let me close with a scene from 338 BCE, a moment in time halfway between my two bookends. It is right after the battle of Chaeronea. King Philip II of Macedon is surveying the fallen in battle, and realizes that he is looking at the “Sacred Band”, who had perished to the last man. The king weeps, and exclaims, “ἀπόλοιντο κακῶς οἱ τούτους τι ποιεῖν ἢ πάσχειν αἰσχρὸν ὑπνοοῦντες” or “May they come to an evil end, all those who suspect these men to have committed or suffered anything shameful.” Don’t tell me you do not understand what the king is referring to when he is alluding to that “shameful” thing.

Those words, mind you, are from Philip. A man who had many eromenoi, and who was in the end assassinated by one of those eromenoi, by Pausanias. And why did Pausanias kill his former erastes and his king? Because the king did not sufficiently restore the honor Pausanias lost when he was bugged by the servants of Attalus, a friend of Philip.

Honor and dishonor, dignity and shame, eros dikaios (legitimate love) and eros aischron (shameful love). This is the context in which Greek men loved boys. As Aeschines tells the Athenian jury, the man who would bugger a boy is necessarily “hubristes kai apaideuto” or “brutal and uneducated.”

It is the preponderance of evidence that tells us the Greeks did indeed distinguish between love and abuse. Not all the Greeks, and not all the time. Only the gentlemen, only those with a smidgen of shame, only those with a smidgen of education. But they are the ones that matter, is that not so?

None of this is very interesting. But all these matters reflect on things that are indeed interesting. Such as, why the universal infamy in which boylove has fallen? And why are some men and boys sensible to this love, and the great majority insensible?

I will not speculate, but neither will I entertain cowardly and intellectually bankrupt arguments that “the fault lies elsewhere,” that men who love boys are “victims” and everyone else is ignorant. Only the deluded would indulge in such self-serving breast beating. Only the demented would imagine that they are right and everyone else is wrong. No, if you would find the common universal truth, you need to find the middle path.



My two brothers were excited about the new place we were going to. I could hear them talking about all the wonderful things the caseworker had told them about it. It only took about twenty minutes to get to the place, and it indeed was a mansion. It was five stories tall and had huge pillars of what looked like ivory. The front yard was bigger than a football field, and it sat atop a hill overlooking the city.

We saw all this as we rode closer to the "home" but we went around to the back instead of going in the front. It was not as impressive from back there. There were two wings attached to the rear of the "house" and there were several houses in the backyard. We went into one of the wings and down a long hall. All the way to a great room with a grand piano and a black and white checkered floor.

The whole place smelled old, like a museum. We went into a small office where they did a lot of paper work. We were asked so many questions that I shut down and kept quiet. My oldest brother answered all the questions for me. We were assigned a place to live. My sister and I were separated. She went to one of the houses in the backyard and I went down one end of the big wing. My two brothers went with me.

My sister started to cry. A lady picked her up and went off to the new house. I felt like I would never see her again. We went down the hall and into an apartment type living space. I was put into a room with two other boys. One was about three years older and another one that was about my age. The older boy was Steve and he was slow. The boy my age was only known as Quentin, I never knew his real name. My brother John was two doors down with Taylor. They had the room all to themselves.

Quentin was there to greet me when I arrived, he scared me from the moment I laid eyes on him. He was much bigger than me, at least twenty or so pounds. His face was pulled into a scowl and he had a very harsh voice.

As soon as he said "Hi," he started to tell me about all the gangs he was in and that I had better be good, or he would really mess me up. I shrank away and said okay. That was how we started our relationship.

He would tell me something that sounded very harsh, and I would agree that it was good or bad, as he pointed out. He ruled our room with an iron fist.

Steven, on the other hand, was a difficult boy to understand. He would be this happy, carefree kid one second, and then he would get all emotional the next. I never knew what he was thinking from one second to the next. I was beginning to think that this place was going to be a very lonely place indeed.

I was assigned the bottom of the bunk-bed with Steve on the top. Quentin had the only single bed. I was told that Steve wet the bed, so I better keep a plastic bag on me when I sleep. This was a joke, but back then I thought I just might get wet some night. I had trouble sleeping at that place, but night took its hold, and off to dream land I went.

We had a "family" meeting each night right before dinner. The first one was to tell us that we all had chores and duties. There was a chart on the wall where we all got stars, checks or X's. The more stars we got, the more freedom we earned. Like going to a movie on the weekend or a pizza party etc. None of this was of any interest to me. I just wanted to be left alone, somewhere quiet. I would do everything that was asked of me. But if I got a star or a check, it didn't mean much.

There were set times and time frames for everything on the schedule. I had never had such a strict way of doing things. We were given fifteen minutes to make our bed and twenty minutes to clean our rooms. We only got twenty minutes to take a shower or thirty minutes to take a bath. Then, they would check and assign us stars, checks or a big red X.

My Early Years

By Jonny399
Part 2

There was a father and a mother in this apartment. We were to call them by their names, Bill and Cathy. Bill was a tall man and seemed nice enough, Cathy seemed cold, she wasn't mean or anything, she just didn't seem to really care one way or another.

I felt completely rushed all through the day. I wasn't used to being timed on everything and then judged on how well I did it. The one good thing was that I didn't have time to worry about things like if my dad had found my mom or not.

There were times I had to work with Quentin and that was terrible. He made me do everything and if I didn't get a star, he would be mean to me when the "parents" weren't looking. He knew just where to pinch me to make it really hurt, and if I screamed or tried to tell it got even worse.

The first week there was the hardest. I was trying my best to do everything the way they wanted, but coming up short every time. I wasn't even able to take a shower the right way. I was always going over my twenty minutes, no matter how fast I went. It seemed that everyone else was speedy and often finished before the timer dinged. I was frustrated and feeling very overwhelmed.

I started to tremble. He once again held me till the sobs stopped and then told me it was okay. He said he was going to give me a little bit more time on all my chores until I got used to the routine.

He gave me a cookie and told me if there was ever anything I wanted to talk about, all I had to do was knock on his door. I was thinking that he knows something. Should I trust him and spill my guts about Quentin? That thought quickly faded as I remember all the people in my life that have let me down or left me. I would not trust this man or anyone else! It is better to be let down by someone who doesn't matter than to be left alone by someone who cares, or that you think cares.

He talked about some of the other boys that have stayed here in the past, how he helped them, and he was looking forward to helping me. I thought this was strange. How does he know I need help? Do I need help? I didn't think so, I can take care of myself. Besides, who is this man? Not my father, for sure. He never even has a drink, and everyone knows to be a father you have to drink! That's just the way it is.

I seemed more calm by this time, my tears had dried up. So he asked if I was ready to go take my shower. I said "sure" and with that he let me out of his bedroom. I quickly showered, but even with the extra five minutes he gave me, I was still too slow. I kept thinking does this strange man really care or does he want something from me? I felt that I could do nothing right. I had gotten straight X's all week in the shower category. All the other categories were checks without even one star.

School was starting on Monday, and I was clueless as to what to expect. Quentin had told me on Sunday that the school was called "Stripling Elementary". That was because the first day, all the new students had to strip in front of the class and go the entire day naked. I was horrified to say the least. I was afraid to ask anyone if it was true because Quentin could be so mean, but thought it might be true. I mean, the school was called "Stripling" after all. All that day I was distracted and did even worse on my chores.

That Sunday night, Bill called me into his bedroom after dinner to have a talk. He wanted to know if I was settling in okay. I just gave him my standard answer, "Yes". He got a look on his face that was hard to understand. "Really?" he said. I just shook my head as I once again said "yes". "Why, then, did you shake your head?" he asked. I just stood there unable to answer him, he must have seen something on my face because he pulled me in and gave me a big hug.

He then asked the same question. "How are you settling in?" This is the first time I ever remember starting to tear up in front of an adult, or anyone else for that matter, without being spanked, that is. I couldn't say anything, the words were in my head, but I could not get them to my mouth.

Quentin was not happy about that. The room shared checks instead of shared stars, but what did he expect? I did all the work. If he wants stars, let him do the room. This was what was in my head, what came out of my mouth was sorry I'll do better next time.

Monday came early, and we were sent to school on the bus. I got out in front of a very scary looking school. I just stood there as if I had never seen a school before. Bill had told me to go in the front door and the office was to the right. I slowly started to walk forward to the office.

The office smelled of old wood and something else I didn't quite recognize. This place was ancient. I was told of my classes, given the tour and shown to my first class. The day went as one might expect. No stripping, of course. I met a few kids I liked but one, in particular, a boy by the name of Todd. We clicked right off, he liked what I liked, or so it would seem. I would be seeing a lot of him as we had first and third period as well as PE with each other.

He lived a long way away from me, and I figured we would only see each other in school. He loved to talk, and I loved to listen, so we were made for each other. I didn't always believe everything he said, but told him that I did. That first day during PE a bigger boy tried to pick a fight with me and Todd stood up for me and ran the other boy off. I was impressed, Todd was no bigger than me. I asked him quietly, how did you do that? He just shrugged and said he is just a bully and left it at that.

TO BE CONTINUED ...





By aboysXO, Turkboy



*Boys on
Christmas Morning*



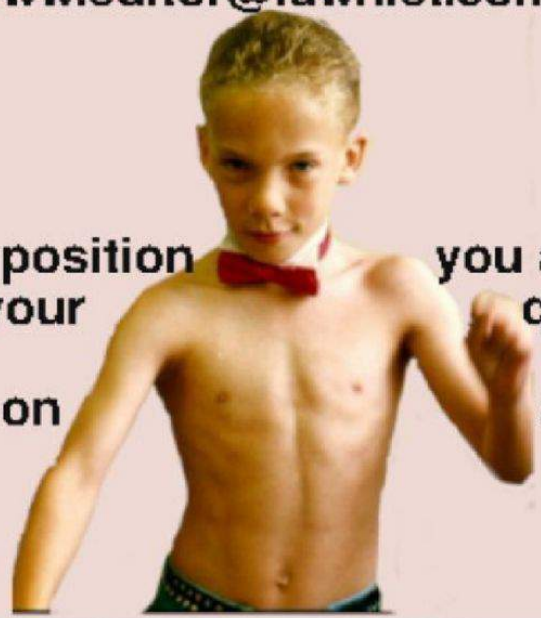
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Academics of Boylove

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Buster's Blockbusters: Boy Movie Reviews

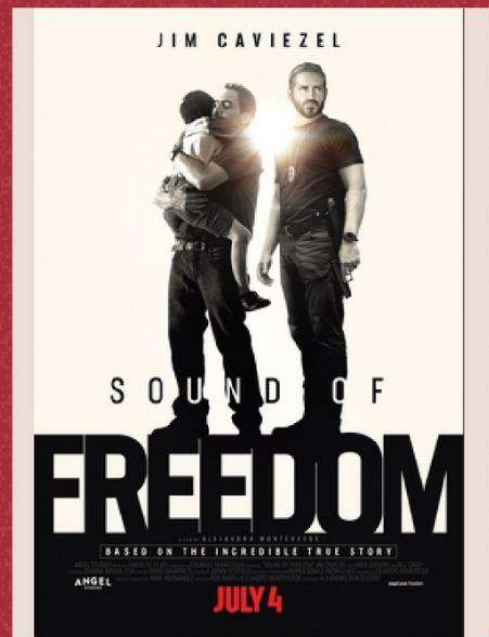
By Buster

SOUND OF FREEDOM (2023)

8.5/10

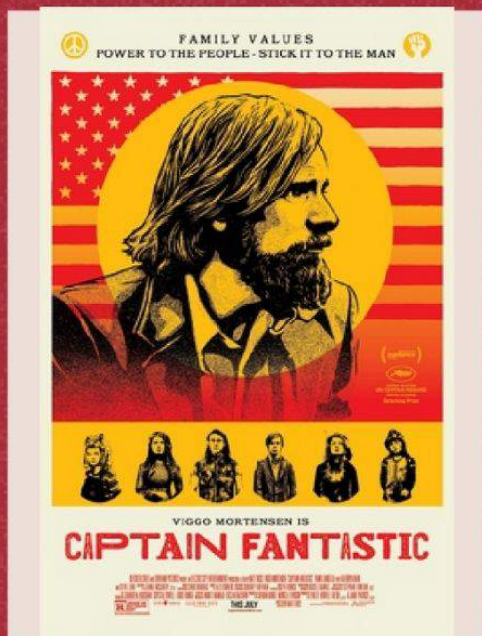
This was a very bitter-sweet kind of movie. It exposed the truth and horror of child sex trafficking. The man from the FBI does try to help this very cute and sad boy. The acting was great. I loved the idea.

It was a very controversial idea for a movie. The producer definitely went against the grain for this production. I give it an 8.5 out of 10. This is a must-watch, but be prepared for a very heart tugging movie.



CAPTAIN FANTASTIC (2016)

6.5/10



This is a very good movie. It contained a few very pleasing butt shots of young actor Charlie Shotwell, who played Nai in the movie. It's about a dad who is forced to raise his kids alone after his wife commits suicide. It's a very heart-warming movie, and funny as well. There is a very real-world view on how difficult it is for a single father to raise his kids. There are many scenes I enjoyed, like when little Nai asked why a man would put his penis in a woman's vagina. It's so funny, the little guy's reaction to it all. The best part was when you see Nai's little bare bubble butt! Need I say more? I give it a 6.5 out of 10. The producer did try, and it is well put together. I was mostly tuned in to see the younger little boys. It's good for both the little boy lovers and for those who are into older boys.

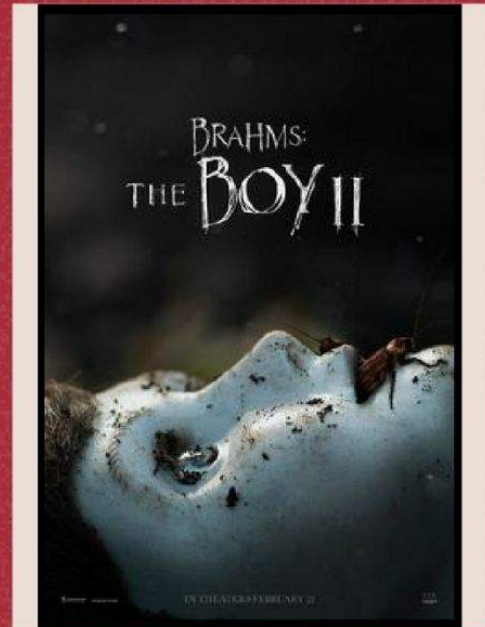
Buster's Blockbusters: Boy Movie Reviews

BRAHMS: THE BOY II (2022)

7.5/10

(Guest Review by Zoomzoom4)

A young American family moves into an old country house in England, where the nine-year-old son finds a strange porcelain doll of a young boy. Needless to say, the doll is evil, and is soon having an undue influence on the real boy who has taken a strong liking to it, a liking not approved of by the concerned parents.



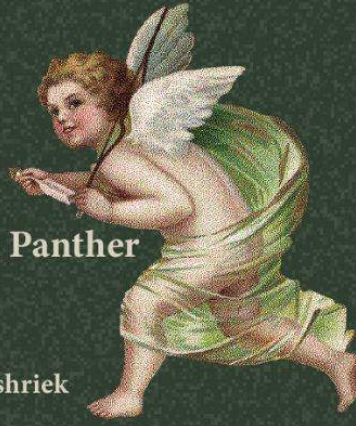
Viewers need not have seen the first "Boy" to be able to enjoy this one, as the story is a continuation of the first but works as a stand-alone. It will benefit viewers to watch the first, if nothing else but to have background knowledge of, and experience with, Brahm's, the devilish doll made to resemble an innocent British schoolboy in uniform.

As he leads the poor kid toward the idea of brutally murdering his parents, even the once smitten American boy begins to resist Brahm's's, uh, charms, backing away. But by then it's clearly too late, and the doll's wrath will be felt by all

A fun little horror flick that feels like a natural extension of Brahm's's original story, "The Boy II" is good entertainment for all.



Ironica



By Wounded Panther

They worry about unborn babies being aborted
Immoral, against God, the fetus is a human life
Once born, they may or may not get enough to eat
Let a mother breastfeed her infant in public and the grown-ups shriek

The grown-ups little ones may have questions about what comes out of the tit that
baby is sucking
And the little ones might even ask the adults how do babies get here
And that means the grown-ups
Might have to explain about fucking, or the birds and the bees as it is politely called

The grown-ups, in their arrogance, never considered that the baby was being
breastfed because there is no money in that poor baby's house for food
Now onward...

Let's say people see a man squeeze a boy's shoulder or give him a hug or a tug on his
pants to pull them up or a pat on his butt to say good play or as a sign of affection
Freak out time.

Here come the police, the trial, the conviction, the time served
Then the new conviction by society after release
They will slay the dragon again
Because they can

Yet, in all of this, did the boy complain?
There seemed to be no concern for what he thought
So far, we have people worried about an unborn child for various reasons, not
worried about an infant due to an exposed breast

In addition, they are not worried about what a boy thought when a man squeezed
his shoulder, hugged him, or patted his bottom
So the only time there was any concern was when he was not able to be seen, because
he was in the womb
Correct?

Now, tell me this

When was the last time you heard or saw anyone say it's immoral, against God,
shriek, or freak out when a country sends a boy who has not had a chance to
experience life in general to go on a plane or a ship and go fight in a war to kill
others or be killed, or risk coming back and being physically and/or emotionally
scarred?

Mark always thought Tommy was so full of big talk. No other boy in the sixth grade claimed to be able to sled down Devil's Pass. Older boys often bragged about it. While it seemed more likely for high schoolers to do it, even those claims were questionable. Tommy was telling Jen, Mark's crush, that he had done it.

Everyone knew that Devil's Pass was the most dangerous hill in Piney Point, Wisconsin. It had that name for a reason. Legend has it that back in the 70s, two kids died trying to race each other down the deadly trail.

Skiing and sledding have always been a very popular competitive sport among kids in this part of the country. Most kids talked about being able to navigate their way to the bottom of the most challenging hills. But they never usually attempted the most dangerous ones. Nobody wanted to risk getting injured, or, in the case of Devil's Pass, probably killed.

On the day before school let out for Christmas break, Mark saw Tommy in the hallway talking to Jen. She was gazing at Tommy as he talked. She smiled, laughed, and even flipped her hair in that flirty way.

Mark felt the familiar gnawing in his stomach, which he felt whenever he saw Tommy and Jen together. This time, he knew what Tommy was talking about, by the way he moved and gestured with his hands.

He was telling her he could sled down Devil's Pass.

Mark went right up and said, "Don't listen to him. There's only one person at this school who can ski down that hill."

"You?" said Tommy. "Yeah, right."

"I've done it!" said Mark. Now he was lying. "Have you?"

"Yeah," said Tommy.

By Zoomzoom4

Devil's Pass

Jen piped in, "Let's see both of you guys do it!"

They were both hesitant. They were both claiming to be able to, but neither was about to try it.

"Well ..." Tommy said.

"Yeah, Jen, I don't think we ... uh, that we should ..." Mark stammered.

"Come on, it'll be fun!" Jen said, looking from one boy to the other. "You can race down the hill. I'll watch."

After a moment of uncertain silence, Tommy finally said, "Okay, if Mark wants to."

"Anytime!" Mark stood up straighter.

Tommy got closer, and said in Mark's face, "Thursday at noon. Be there."

"But that's Christmas!" Mark protested. "I'll be opening ... I'll be with ... I mean, I'll be there! Noon."

"See you then," said Tommy, walking away.

Jen smiled at Mark and walked the other way. Mark stood there in the hallway, wondering what he had just gotten himself into.

When Christmas morning came, Mark opened his presents and took pictures with the family. But in the back of his mind was Devil's Pass. Not the thrill of triumph while he sledded expertly down the hill, but rather the long stay in the hospital — if he was lucky and survived.

A

fter everyone in the family had started doing their own thing

for the day, Mark took his sled under one arm and went trudging down the street through the snow. His heart was pounding the whole time, as he saw the big hill getting larger and larger in the distance.

Climbing up the hill, Mark hoped desperately that Tommy would puss out. Maybe Jen would even forget! Nobody would be waiting for him at the top. But as he reached the top, he saw Tommy and Jen waiting for him.

Oh, no! This is my last Christmas for sure, he thought to himself.

The minute Mark got to the top of the hill, Tommy challenged, "Ready, pussy?" He was already on the edge of the trail with his sled, looking quite brave and capable. That didn't make Mark feel any better.

"Ready to school you!" Mark said in his bravest voice, laying his sled down on the edge of the trailhead. He looked down at the nearly straight drop into a darkness of trees and rocks.

This is it, my life is over, he thought, as he looked at Jen, realizing this was the last time he would ever see a pretty girl's face.

He looked down again at the dangerous pass, then back up again at Tommy. They stood staring at each other defiantly, neither making a move ... Tommy tipped his sled down slightly, ready to go, it seemed. Mark did the same thing, teetering on the edge.

Suddenly, Tommy's cell phone rang. He quickly fished it out of his thick jacket pocket. "Hello? Mom? Yeah. Oh, okay. Yeah. Right now? This minute? Okay, okay, I'm coming."

Tommy looked at Mark. "You lucked out. I gotta go. We'll do this next time!"

Mark felt like a ten-ton block had been lifted from his shoulders. "Just tell me when! I'll be ... I'll be ..." He couldn't finish his statement, because he noticed the ground shifting under his feet. He looked down and saw the edge of the cliff begin to crumble.

And suddenly the earth was spinning in circles as he tumbled down the trailhead, the feeling of complete helplessness and chaos taking over as he flailed wildly and reached out to grasp anything he could.

OOF, OOF, SPIFF, CRUNCH, BAM, SPIFF, BAM, OOF!!

It all went black.

When Mark woke up, there was a bright light in his face. Fluorescent lights on the ceiling. A curtain to his left. He was in a hospital bed.

He tried to formulate words but only managed a slight croaking sound from his swollen lips. He looked at his right hand and arm. It was in a cast.

He closed his eyes again. He could hear the chattering of distant voices and next to him a BEEP, BEEP, BEEP from the machine by his bedside.

"He's awake!" Mark opened his eyes at the sound of his father's voice. He looked up and saw his dad's face looking down at his, wide-eyed and happy. Mark is alive!

Suddenly there was a chorus of "He's awake!" and "He's alive"! Mark heard the voices of his closest family and friends. This brought a smile to Mark's face. But even trying to smile was painful. Yet, Mark knew he would make it.

"Mark!" his little sister exclaimed, running up to his bedside. "You're still here, Mark."

"It's a miracle!" his dad said. "A Christmas miracle."



Shibina Nadezda
photographer
Li Lobanova