

FAWNLET MAGAZINE

ISSUE 05

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TITLE: Fawnlet Notation Issue 05

AUTHOR: Zoomzoom4

CATEGORY: Notations

Welcome, dear readers, to the fifth issue of Fawnlet Magazine!

As we guide this fledgling publication into its second year of existence, we are hopeful for the future, but mindful of the many challenges that are inherent. And fortunately, we've been spared the growing pains that are typical of expansion and success. But I want to say that what has pleased me the most is seeing the way our community has embraced this project. We asked for your feedback -- and sure enough, we got it. And we've certainly tried very hard to respond to feedback, with each subsequent issue taking into account what readers have said.

Boylovers, this is YOUR magazine, and we want to make sure it reflects your thoughts and feelings, and speaks with your voice. So while this first year served to establish Fawnlet as the new and exciting BL magazine, our second year is set to be a time of growth. In our drive to innovate, we have specific plans for how we want to grow in the coming year. We hope to utilize the interactivity of the Web to enhance our online presence. We also hope to make mobile-friendly, text based versions of the issues, for easier reading on a cell phone. Plus even more ideas that are in the works.

It's our sincere hope that you will stay with us, as we venture into our second year. The BL community has supported this project from the start, and we know that in order to keep that support we must put out quality issues. So if you promise to stay with us and keep reading, we promise to continue making the kind of magazine that our beloved community deserves.

Here, now, is Issue 5 of Fawnlet. We made it specially for you. Enjoy!

-- Zoomzoom4

TITLE: Boys in the News

AUTHOR: aboysXO, Zoomzoom4

CATEGORY: News

HERO DROWNS AFTER RESCUING TWO BOYS

The river popular for tubing and kayaking is too hazardous to allow swimming, and when the 49-year-old saw the two boys, 8 and 10, struggling in the water he dove in to save them. Sadly, he was pulled under by a strong current and was later found dead.

PRE-TEEN SOCCER PLAYERS INJURED IN CAR CRASH

Oregon community is reeling after two cars and five people were involved in the crash that left 8-year-old boy injured and 9-year-old in the hospital, fighting for his life.

STUDY TIES TEEN AGRESSION TO MASCULINITY BEING THREATENED

The research is considered a first step in preventing the development of "fragile" masculinity -- which is the type that needs to be constantly proven and reasserted -- and its many negative consequences.



THREE YOUNG BOYS DISCOVER T. REX BONES IN NORTH DAKOTA

The boy and his two cousins discovered the fossil in the summer of 2022 and went through the necessary channels to excavate it. Now the full skeleton is on display at the Denver Museum of Nature and Science.

MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING TWO ABUSED BOYS

The boys showed up at a home in Myrtle Beach, claiming to have been "locked in a room" and starved. They were "abnormally skinny" and had bruises, lacerations, infections and scars. Their ages were not released, and no arrests have yet been made.

LITTLE BOY, BIG HERO: 6-YEAR-OLD IN IRELAND SAVES MUM'S LIFE

The Amazon delivery driver had just finished dropping off a package when he noticed the small boy chasing after him, saying his mother had just collapsed from a heart condition.



TITLE: Charting the Course to Equality

AUTHOR: aboysXO

CATEGORY: Editorial/Opinion

During the American Revolution, one of the framers of American Democracy made a statement that was true then and still rings out more than two-hundred years later. That man, Benjamin Franklin, put it quite aptly when he said, "We must, indeed, all hang together or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately."

He wasn't suggesting that the Continental Congress assemble in the town square for a mass hanging. No, it was an observation that the thirteen colonies and its representatives needed to develop and present a united front to the incursions of the British. The very lives and fortunes of all were at risk.

In those days, the thirteen colonies were hardly a cohesive, organized legislative body. Each colony had its own interests, and they weren't shy about making them known. There were heated discussions over many issues. Accusations and insinuations of personal agendas and such were rife. Doesn't that sound familiar? But they knew that the colonies must pool their efforts and resources toward the defeat of King George.

My friends, my brothers, my fellow boylovers, as a group we face a threat no less potent than the one they faced then. We are, essentially, a vulnerable minority. I don't need to tell you the degree of hatred and discrimination we all face. Of a hundred or more people on the street there may be one, maybe two or so of us. That is a no win situation.

As long as we are small and disorganized groups, the various factions we comprise are ultimately vulnerable. This must change. Despite our many differences, we all share the same goal. And that is to be free to be who we are. To live freely, without civil or cultural sanctions.



We are aware of the basic opposition to our orientation. We know, in large part, from where our attacks derive and for what reasons. Certainly, much of the thinking against us is ill-conceived and without substantive basis. We must recognize and acknowledge that some of these concerns are justified. This is especially so considering the tender nature of those we wish to love. These are traditionally the portion of the population that requires the most care and protection.

We know there are abuses. There are men, men attracted to boys, whose sole interest is personal gratification. Men who take advantage of young boys, force their will upon them. These are the monsters. They are not boy LOVERS. We, as interested parties, as BLs need to address this issue. Police ourselves. It seems, though, that child abuse is not limited to either the MAP community or sexual desire. Per capita, the general population, straight men and women, abuse children in various ways far more often.

We must come together. We must develop a platform that includes legislative action. Furthermore, we need to standardize practices, policies, and procedures that address these concerns. The manner in which we, as a group, operate in the pursuit of our goal is of the utmost importance

As long as we stay fractured in purpose and planning, we will never be free. We must unite and present a solid modus operandi that mitigates the concerns of the public and defines a reformation of behavior. We must present and adhere to ideals that will move us from the shadows of perceived criminality and into the light of respectability.

I am calling for BLs, GLs, CLs, MAPs, VirPeds etc. to come together, to work together and codify a cohesive philosophy. We must work to present a united front. We must display actions and behaviors that dispel our negatively perceived lifestyles. We are not monsters. We are not destroyers of the flower and dreams of youth. We must hold our heads high and stride toward our right to exist as free and equal citizens. Do it now!



TITLE: The Three Postulates of Boylove - Part 1

AUTHOR: Stripper

CATEGORY: Essays

I am a boylover. And I hope the majority of you reading this are either self-proclaimed boylovers, or curious about the subject.

Here I will describe my own experiences with boys, and attempt to relate those experiences, thoughts and lessons pertaining to boys to my own ideology of what being a boylover means to me.

And above all, I hope the fact that I LOVE BOYS in their totality shines through.

What is boylove? It is LOVE for BOYS. Who feels this "love for boys"? Men do. Nearly all boylovers are adult men. But men are supposed to love women, right? How could a man possibly feel such love for a boy?

Understanding is seldom accompanied by simplicity. I could write that boylove is the love for boys. That is a fact. Yet your quest for understanding boylove would not be resolved.

The simplicity is not enough to facilitate understanding. If I were to simply tell you, "Boylove is the love for boys," you would be unsatisfied. Yes? Well, then allow me to "paint you a picture.

I can divide my love for boys into three categories. The first brings out that joyful love of boys I feel when I'm with boys playing. It's an emotional contentment, the joy of being with my beloved boy.



The second picture is my intense and often over-whelming desire to help boys with some form of comfort, nurturing and reassurance.

The third picture is sex. As in everyone, sexual desire is inevitable, and I find myself attracted most strongly to 10- and 11-year-old boys.

And so those are the main postulates of my love for boys. When first contemplating boylove, I sought to deconstruct it, and to admire the integrated parts independently. But as a whole, boylove is that aspect of me that drives me to interact with boys, to nurture and protect boys, and to feel sexually attracted to boys.

When I look back at the deepest, most intense relationships I've ever had with boys, I realize that those very enjoyable relationships were instigated by all three postulates equally.

A good example is Blake. He was eleven, and I was twenty-eight. We had loads of fun together, and I got to help him through the issues of being a fifth-grader. And I was very sexually attracted to him.

Looking for answers is an arduous task, indeed. I hope that parts of my explanation are positively integrated into your perception of what boylove is, and what type of person a boylover is.

The first postulate of boylove I'd like to discuss is the idea of friendship between a man and a boy. As a boylover, I find that I am extremely pleased, sharing in the fun and activities of a boy.

In a "boylove" relationship, just as in all relationships, the aspect of taking part in each other's lives and sharing experiences is powerful, mutually benefiting each partner, both man and boy.

As such, I tend to spoil my boys often, not only by buying them gifts, but by giving them the interaction they demand when asking, "Will you play a game with me?"



How often are boys sent off to play on their own by adults? The adult presumes that the boy knows how much he (the man) truly loves him (the boy) and is interested in his life, and cares about him -- yet this is based on what the adult thinks the child knows.

And more often than not, sending a boy on his way to "go and play" is often seen by the boy as meaning, "Not now, I have more important things to do than spend time with you."

Personally, I love playing with my boys. It is the easiest way to show them that I love them and am interested in sharing their life. The simple interaction of playing not only shows the boy that I can relate to him on his level (as opposed to him relating to me on an adult level), but integrates me into his little world of imagination.

Add to that the opportunity to build a history of experiences with the boy, and I see no reason to side-line my boy for any alternative pleasurable reason whatsoever.

Obviously reasons of necessity are a different story, for example going to work, or studying. Those aren't really reasons of pleasure. Not like watching your favorite television program or taking an afternoon nap. As such, it must be explained to the boy until he understands that the reasons for choosing something else over him is a "must do" as opposed to a "want to do".

We may not visibly see the effects of side-lining our boys, yet I know that they clearly see our choices as a choice between them and something else. And if we all too often choose the something else, the boy may end up thinking that we have so many things more important than him.

Boys base many of their decisions on importance, and as such they see us as basing our choices on importance as well. Most people see this as the child seeking attention, but what he is really looking for is a reaffirmation of his importance in your life. If he can get your attention for a period of time, it must then be obvious that he is important enough to you to give him that attention, to give him your "valuable" time.

Case example is Lil. He's ten. Rather than telling him I have to go to work instead of staying at his house, I explain it by way of making HIM the important reason that I have to go to work.



Basically, I am working for him. "Well, Lil, I have to go to work to get money so that I can buy gas and come and visit you."

That explanation is much better for a boy than a simple "I have to." As long as my boy knows that he's important to me, he's happy. So, if I have no necessity reason for not sharing in a game with my boy, and even if it is with masked reluctance, I will humor my boy when he asks me to play.

It is imperative that the boy knows how very important he is to you, as not only will this boost his self-confidence, but will also keep the friendship between you and him alive. We all know boys get bored rather quickly, and if you sidelined your boy often enough, he may go looking for attention (reaffirmation of his importance) elsewhere.

Personally, I am fascinated with the imaginary world of boys, and often I find myself sitting back and watching my boy's eyes intently, wondering in which world he is currently living. It reminds me of how vivid the imagination of a child is.

So this postulate of boylove is simply that I love interacting and playing with boys because it illustrates their importance to me, as well as pulls me into their world, wherein we can share each other's mind. It is a joyful play of shared happiness on which friendships are built upon the foundation of our intertwined history.

The second postulate of boylove obviously relates to the second picture. Why is it that a boy with needs is so appealing to me? Perhaps if I can facilitate his needs, he can facilitate mine? Why does making a sad boy happy fill my heart with abundant joy? I tend to find that giving of myself to a boy to help him out of a rut is the most satisfying interaction.

This postulate of boylove consists of an inherent desire to nurture and care for a boy. And I do it most successfully. This need is driven by a deep compassion for boys, a sense that these beautiful creatures should not have to suffer. Perhaps it stems from the simple fact that I want all my boys to be happy.

In a way, helping the boy helps me. We always seek to return to the "happier side of life".



Certainly by helping a boy successfully returns me to that euphoric place, a place where I know I have done a good thing.

It is likened unto the role of a parent, yet it is much more than simply acting the role of guiding father or nurturing mother because the desire underlying my need to help my boys is not simply a biological obligation. It is a choice I make without the feeling that I have to. I just want to. And where that want stems from is unknown to me, save to say it must be neurological, psychological or genetic. It is as though I am bred with an amazing ability to bring happiness into a boy's life, and I am more than happy to fulfill that role.

The third and most debated part of boylove is obviously the sexual aspect. Just because society don't approve of being sexually attracted to a boy does not mean it is of a foul or malicious nature. What the world doesn't seem to understand is that the affection and sexual attraction I feel is exactly the same as theirs, the only difference being the object of those feelings. Why does the public think that because I am sexually attracted to a person who doesn't fall under the category of "desirable" to them (a young boy) it means my sexual attraction is therefore not normal.

Sex is a basic desire in all people, and just because I'm an adult man who is sexually attracted to 10- and 11-year-old boys doesn't mean that my sexual desire can't be classified under the same "normal" category as any heterosexual man.

Sexual deviancy can't be based on the object of my affection. It is not what one is attracted to that defines sexual deviance, but rather the degree to which lust affects any and all decisions.

Being sexually attracted to boys is not being sexually deviant. It is as normal as being attracted to a woman. Fine, it is a given that we are biologically engineered to couple, a man with a woman. Therefore, it seems "weird" for a man to have sex with a little boy. But in an infinite universe, there are no "have to's". You have to be attracted to a woman if you are a man. Poppycock. Human sexuality is more complex than that.

It is okay to be attracted to boys. But bear in mind sexual deviancy. Do not ever judge yourself good or bad according to the objects of your attraction, judge yourself according to how much significance your sexual needs have in your day to day living.



And on the other side of the scale, I do not believe it is normal to totally ignore sexual urges, burying them deep inside of oneself. Both are on the end of a pendulum, neither one being centered, or anyway near a balanced norm.

TO BE CONTINUED ...



TITLE: My First YF

AUTHOR: Red Raider

CATEGORY: BL Reflections

I work part-time, as an usher, at the local arena in my town. I was working a WWF event in late February. I had to re-seat this family from one set of risers to another set of risers. An 8-year-old boy named Josh was part of the family. After we met initially, we started talking. I think that is when we saw the connection. Later that week, I called him because I was bored. We had a good talk and hit it off.

For the next few months, I was staying at his house over the weekends. We had a love that you would see between brothers. We would go to sporting events and play hockey. This was not a sexual thing, though. We cheered each other up whenever we were down in the dumps.

We hugged because we loved each other as family members. One statement that he made really hit home. If anything happened to his parents, he would want to come live with me. Now he has moved away to another state. I have not seen or heard from him for the last couple of months. I miss him big time. I still care for and love him as if he were family. We liked similar things and could relate. I have never loved a boy like I have loved Josh. I wish him well, and hope to see or hear from him soon.

I do not think that I could love another boy like I have Josh. I know that whatever happens to Josh, he can think back and say, "Hey, someone outside my family cared for me."



TITLE: An Unusual Childhood - Part 1

AUTHOR: Sammy

CATEGORY: BL Reflections

This is a story about my life. It is a story about a boy who wanted a brother. Another boy to talk with. Not a buddy, not just a friend. Closer than buddies. Someone you could tell anything to without the fear of being called "girly" or "touchy feely". Buddies talk, but it's not the same as a brother. This is from the adult perspective I have now, not the child I was then. Brothers can be cruel and ruthless. But they are still brothers. Now I know what I was looking for: a boy to love. I was, at a very young age -- and still am today -- a boylover.

It has taken me over twenty years to write this story. The reason is, so that it does not come across as pornographic. This is a true story.

CHAPTER 1

I came from a family of six sisters, a mother and a father. From the very first thoughts I can remember, I've wanted a brother. In 1978 at the age of 8 years old I found myself pulling away from my family.

I remember going to school and seeing other boys like me. One day, a friend by the name of Ryan and I, talked. He asked if I could come over to his house after school. We could play and maybe make it an overnight stay.

To put you in the proper frame of mind, I had never stayed over at anyone's house before and it sounded like fun. That day I asked my mother if I could go to his house and play after school on Friday. And, possibly, if I could stay the night. I think my mother somehow knew this is what I needed. She told me to get Ryan's phone number so she could talk with Ryan's mother.



I don't know what they talked about that day. I do know that my mother said yes. I was so excited! On Friday I was ready to take a different bus with Ryan and meet his family. Ryan had an older brother and this excited me to no end. It might shock people to think that a boy needed male contact. Not gay contact, just male contact. But if you want to think it was gay, go ahead. It was like a high -- almost sexual but not sexual.

I remember Ryan's father making a joke about me going home, and Ryan yelled saying, "NO, he is going to spend the night!" Ryan's father just looked at the two of us and said, "Oh, okay."

It seemed like hours went by, and finally his father said time for your baths. So, I assumed that Ryan would jump in and then I would. I remember Ryan going into the bathroom with his father. I just kept playing with the game that Ryan and I were playing. Ryan's father came out of the bathroom and said, "Let's get in here and get your clothes off." Now, I had never been nude in front of another boy, let alone a man. My own father hasn't seen me naked since my fourth birthday (that I can remember, anyway).

I walked into the bathroom like nothing was wrong, but I was scared out of my mind. There was Ryan in the tub. I was looking at him, his body, at the area that makes us boys. I was excited, and happy that I was not alone in the world. I was NOT the only one with a penis! I felt like I could breathe. As an adult it sounds homosexual but it was so much more than that.

I looked at his father and he turned around and walked out of the bathroom. I stripped down and jumped in the tub. Ryan had all kinds of bath toys and the time went fast. It was a long time before his father joined us again. He gently soaped up a wash cloth and started to clean Ryan, not just his legs or his upper body but his boy area too. This was a new thing for me; I started washing myself at age 4 and have been doing it ever since. I watched his father washing him all over. Not one spot was missed. The time came when his father said, "Your turn," and asked me to stand still.

I was excited and scared at the same time. I remember standing up but not looking down at myself. I was just looking straight ahead at the wall. I did not know what the touch of another human felt like while I was naked. It took very little time for the cleaning but I remember the feeling of the wash cloth as he washed me. The next thing I knew he told us we had a little play time and then it was out of the tub and we could watch TV.



I remember putting on some shorts Ryan gave me and going out to watch TV.

I woke up the next morning not knowing how I got in the bedroom. I went to get out of bed and found I had no clothing on! I didn't move for what felt like forever. After awhile Ryan came in and laid down beside me. He was also naked, laid on top of the covers and turned on the TV.

We watched cartoons for a little bit. I asked him where my clothing was. He said his mother would bring them in after she washed them. Ryan's house was huge, more rooms than I knew could be in a house. I remember watching Bugs Bunny and other shows. I remember getting more and more comfortable with being just boys and walking around in the room with nothing on. There was nothing that could take the smile from my face.

There was a knock on the door and in walked his mother. Now, I will tell you this, my mother hasn't seen me naked in a long time. It might sound odd but my mother didn't have what I had, and I knew it. Ryan didn't even move. He was still laying there on the bed. I was trying everything in my power to cover up. She laid the clothing on the bed and walked out.

This was the first time I met his mother and I was naked! I was embarrassed. There was no question in my mind she saw my boy parts. I just wanted to get out of there and forget that it ever happened.

I want it known that I have taken care not to make this into a woman bashing story. However, the females in my life, even in this neo pornographic family, were the manipulators and abusers. In general, the men were kinder and more thoughtful by far. This is not to say that there weren't men who were harsh with the kids, but in my opinion the mothers were the worst by far.

I am biased on this point because of my previous situation. I know I said I was not going to be graphic, but I will give you an idea what was said on more than one occasion:

"Get it up or I'll cut it off!"



“Is that all you have? Get it up!”

“Act like you can feel that little thing!”

This is one of the reasons I walked away when I was thirteen.

And it was said to more than just us little ones. In the beginning of their careers it was said to the teens or “pros” as well. In the beginning you were not pressured to perform. It was like having fun. It was just getting nude and playing around in front of cameras. When the play stopped, it was still fun, but it was business. It wasn’t just the boys having fun. It was girls and women too! Being in the room when you play, and they played with you singly or in a group.

I will not write about the sex in my narrative, but I will say it was with boys, girls, men and women. I will say, sex play was fun. I will not be politically correct and say I hated it or that I was so “abused”.

In the stories I have read, they never say that something felt good. Always just that it felt bad. “He put it in, and it hurt really badly.” In some cases, this might be true. But let me say that in my situation oral sex was always first. We had lubricant, but most of the time it was just spit.

CHAPTER 2

I have to admit that I was not the brightest star in the sky when I was young. I remember being invited over to Ryan’s house for pool parties about three weekends in a row. I didn’t really see anything odd all that much. I didn’t even go into the house all that much. There were outside bathrooms and a refrigerator.

If I remember right, it was about the fourth pool party I was invited to that I started seeing things like cameras and video equipment. Not the stuff you have at home but big, professional equipment. Ryan’s dad asked me to come in the house and get a soda and cool off. I didn’t see



anything until I was taking a sip of my drink. Out of the corner of my eye I saw some boys watching TV. I went over and it was Star Trek. I liked that show, so I sat down to watch it.

I don't see or hear anything else when I watch TV, even today as an adult. I lock on to the TV and see nothing else. I was sipping my drink when I heard a moan, and then it was a groan. That's when I looked in the open door of a room down the hallway and saw a boy and a girl. The boy was sitting back on a couch and the girl doing something between the boy's legs. I was looking at them wondering what she was doing when Ryan's dad walked up and asked if I had ever seen this before. I didn't know what they were doing, so I asked, "What are they doing?"

His father said, "Take a look." I didn't move from that spot. I just started to watch the show again. But my eyes kept looking at the two in the room for a long time and then they moved out of sight.

Ryan's father said something to the other boys sitting around the TV, but I was back on the TV show and had tunnel vision again. I was touched on the shoulder by Ryan's father and he asked me to give him my swimming trunks because they were wet and he wanted to dry them. Now is when I looked around and saw that the other boys around me had taken their trunks off. They were watching TV with nothing on. I didn't know what to do, so I headed outside and jumped in the pool.

About twenty minutes later I got out and sat down next to Ryan at the table by the pool. Ryan was cool about me not wanting to hand over my swimming trunks. I do remember telling him that there are girls in there and I'm not doing that with girls around. His mom came out and sat down. She asked if I was ashamed of my body. I said, "No." Then she yelled in the house for the boys to come out and stand by the pool. Not a one had anything on. She asked me again, "Are you ashamed of your body?"

After about what seemed to be forever, Ryan's father came out and told her to stop. He told me if I didn't want to then I didn't have to. I think she wanted to know how I would take seeing other boys in the nude. I don't know, thinking back now as an adult it might be that his dad was so nice and loving that I made the decision to drop my swim trunks, to be brave in front of Ryan, his father and the other boys



It was liberating in so many ways. It was a release from my cocoon. I was free, not in a sexual way alone, but it was like your first breath of fresh air. The bath with Ryan was the best thing to help me break free, but this was more than that. It was freedom more abundant than anything I had ever felt. I was in the sun with nothing to stop the rays from hitting all of my body, and the wind touching parts of my body that wind has never touched before. I have to say part of it was pumping up my chest because I was now a boy. Not a cowering little boy in a female world. This was a small get together. About seven to nine boys and girls.

I found out later how big these parties can get, and how big this business is. I also found out that it was a privilege to be inducted the way I was. I found out years later that this group of pedophiles didn't bring that many kids off the street. Yes, I said pedophiles! The bulk of this group was families: mothers, fathers, aunts, uncles, grandmothers, grandfathers and their kids and grandkids

I will not go into graphic detail of what myself and others went through, but I will give you what you need to know. I was the exception. Why they picked me, I don't know. Maybe because I was easy or lonely and they could see it. I knew at the time that this was my family.

I hear people say, "You can't imagine how big the child pornography business is." They themselves can't imagine either. I read on the Internet how they busted 700 people in a sting over in Europe. Again, let me say: mothers, fathers, aunts, uncles, grandmothers and grandfathers. All walks of life.

Even police and some very business looking men and women were involved. I opened a link to a pro-black web site. Their link was on a child pornography prevention page I belong to. It was saying that only white men molest children. And this is what hurts a lot of kids. Not telling them the truth is not helping them. I have seen Asian, black, white and Latino. No one group was in power. I remember the only summer vacation my parents let me go on. And let me tell you, my parents knew nothing about what was going .

CHAPTER 3

The one and only summer I was able to go, was one I will never forget. It was 1980. We went to the middle of Pennsylvania where Ryan's father was raised. It was on a member's farm. He had



a lot of cool cars to play with. I was, and still am, into old cars and junk. There were families from all over. There were a lot of kids there. There was a pond I remember swimming in with a group of 25 to 30 boys and girls. There was one boy I met on the second day, and I instantly made friends with him.

We were there four or five days, as I recall, and cameras were all over the place. We slept, bathed, ate and even went to the bathroom outside. If you lay down to get some sun you had cameras clicking your picture. We were all nude from the time we got there until the time we left. Even some adults were. I have looked for some of our group pictures on the Internet and found only a handful. So in someone's closet, someone, somewhere has a stock pile full.

The boy I met, I'll call him Alex. We broke the rules at least twice a day for those days we had together. It was a vacation, so there was no scheduled sex play for that week. I know Ryan and his father knew that Alex and I were sleeping at night in the same tent but I think it was a gift from them to me. Their not saying anything, I mean. It wasn't sex play with Alex -- it was making love. I have had boys, girls, men and women. I will say without question that I loved him with every part of my soul.

I am 55 now, and I do not think my past is something strange or something I should be ashamed of. I lived it and I loved it. Now I know that it was prostitution and not so much pornography. But I wanted to be like the boys and girls in the magazines I looked at. And now I know that all those feelings I had and could not speak about, were that I was a boylover. There is so much crap piled on top of that fact that I was confused. But I will let that go for another time. Added note: that place we went to in Pennsylvania, for vacation? It was raided in 1983 for renting out boys for prostitution.

TO BE CONTINUED ...



TITLE: Funnneee!! - Issue 5

AUTHOR: Jamieboy

CATEGORY: Humor

On Sunday morning a boy went to confession. He told the priest, "Father, I'm afraid I've been with a loose girl."

"Hmm, okay son, what was the gri's name?"

"Oh, I can't say.

"Oh, okay. Was it Mary Jane?"

"No, Father."

"Adalina Mozarelli?"

"My lips are sealed."

"How about Cindy Wright?"

"I can never say."

"Come on, boy. I'll find out soon enough. It wasTiha King, wasn't it?"

"No, Father."

"Then it must be Tracy Cummings!"

"Father, I will never tell you."

"Okay fine, but for your sin you can't be an altar boy, not for four months."

"Okay Father, I understand."

The boy left, and his friend was waiting outside. His friend asked, "So what'd you get?"

The boy replied, "Five good leads, and a four month vacation."



TITLE: No Clip-on Ties

AUTHOR: Wolfrunner

CATEGORY: BL Reflections

I've written about Marky before, he is the younger brother of Lawrence, my "little" (what they call the boy you get matched up with in the Big Brothers program). It turned out that I had a much stronger relationship with Lawrence's little brother, who was a few years younger. In this case, twelve. He needed a suit because he was competing in the sixth-grade spelling bee.

And not just competing -- he won. He went all the way. These were all Christian schools, private schools. First he had to beat out all the others in his school, and then he went against the winners from each other school. So it was the best of the best. And he came out on top, against all of them. I tell you, he's a smart little boy.

Of course every suit needs a tie, and he wanted to use a clip-on. I said, "The fuck you will." At first he fought me on it: "Why can't I just use a clip-on?" And I was like, "You got no one to teach you how to tie a tie. If I die next week, you still don't know how to tie a tie." He still needed convincing, so I added, "And when you're an adult, you don't wear clip-on ties." So it was settled. He needed to learn

And I showed him. I went through it with him, several times. While it wasn't that difficult for him, he still had to take several practice runs. But his mom said that he would work on it, even when I wasn't there. Because he was going to prove to me that he could do it. He wanted to show me, and he did.

It took about a week of practice, and then when he was ready I went over there and he said, "Okay, watch this ... " and he did it. I was very proud of him, that's for sure. Although we did have some difficulty in one area: I had a hard time finding any ties for him. That's because they don't sell children's ties to be tied. They pretty much only sell clip-ons for kids. All the regular ties were adult sized. I finally found it, in a store called The Children's Place.



Everywhere I went, like at Kohl's, Walmart, places like that -- they were either regular ties adult sized, or clip-on ties for kids. But there's a store called The Children's Place, which is a great store, I love it. Good deals, too. I got great deals on kids' clothes for my YFs. And that's where I found ties for his age, that were not clip-on.

So it took some time and effort, and practice on his part, but in the end it was worth it. Seeing Marky tie that tie all by himself, I could not have been any prouder of my boy.



TITLE: Interview with Zoomzoom4

AUTHOR: aboysXO

CATEGORY: Interviews

XO: You've been a contributing member of the BL community for many years. What would you say were some of the highlights of your career?

ZZ4: I would say that one of the most rewarding aspects of my involvement in the community has been the friendships I have made with other boylovers, and girl lovers as well. After being on Boyland Online for a year, Kermie invited me to Enchanted Island, where I met lots of new people. The first one to reach out to me was Wolfrunner, and Lil Monster is a great friend of mine. I've made countless friends since then, and many have come and gone, while some I still talk to. I do my best to keep in touch.

XO: You've known and worked with many of the icons of our community. Has there been anyone in particular that has inspired you?

ZZ4: Yes, and I have to say that knowing these people has been a great privilege. Kermie, of course. It's so cool to be able to say that I knew him and he actually would call me. Damien, the owner of BoyPlanet -- I've always thought of him as my primary inspiration. The Storyteller -- I can't forget him. He's been going strong for 25 years, and that's no small thing. And then of course Dragonlover. What can be said about him that hasn't been said already? The way he has devoted basically every waking moment to serving the community. If only there were more people like him!

XO: When Ethos ceased publication you led practically every member of Ethos previous staff to create this new and exciting BL magazine. What inspired you to undertake such a mammoth effort?

ZZ4: It was actually easier than it might seem, because everyone who went to work on Fawnlet was already very experienced and it was a bonus that they already knew me fairly well. So I can say that allowed us to hit the ground running. Also remember, I've personally been working on BL magazines for almost ten years now, starting with Modern Boylover Magazine. With Fawnlet, we want to give our community a magazine which provides a variety of general interest topics, and which are all from a BL perspective. My hope is that people will find Fawnlet to be helpful, entertaining, and informative. That after looking at an issue, a boylover will feel somehow improved, or enhanced, from the experience.



XO: You've been working on the creation of the BL Library. A large and diverse collection of BL related material. Can you tell us about that effort?

ZZ4: Well, many years ago I would buy the actual physical book, that was a BL book, I mean. I purchased "Dares to Speak" by Joseph Geraci at an actual bookstore. I ordered "Understanding Loved Boys and Boylovers" by David L. Riegel from Amazon, and they sent the published book that you could hold in your hand. What an amazing thing, I thought, to have books about BL. And so more recently, my love of BL books is what inspired me to create the online library. One place where all the many published books dealing with boys, boylove or boylovers, can be found. Of course, it's now all PDF format, so much easier to find these books and collect them, but I wanted to put them all under one roof for people to find them easier, having all the different titles available. That idea expanded to also offering BL magazines, videos and podcasts. And by videos, I mean educational and MAP inspiration type stuff. Not what you might have otherwise been thinking, lol

XO: What, if any, changes in the BL scene has occurred, for better or worse, in the online community in your opinion?

ZZ4: What has changed the most since I've been a part of it, is the expansion of the BL and MAP universe to include more than just forums and bulletin boards. Now, there are all kinds of chats and other MAP friendly type spaces that can be found with certain apps like Discord and Telegram. And I think that's great because everyone can find their own niche online, and as long as it's pro MAP, I'm all for it.

XO: You're also one of the most popular DJs on WIRED-PM Radio. Do you have any future plans to expand your media involvement?

ZZ4: Yes. I've been a DJ on WIRED-PM since 2015 -- back then it was called WEIRD Radio. My first show was supposed to be a one time only thing, I was hosting the Enchanted Island New Year's Eve party which was held on the EI chatbox, on Skype, and of course broadcasting over the radio. When that was over, I thought it was over. But Kermie somehow convinced me to do a regular show since then. It's a lot of fun, I think everyone who has done it would tell you that it's like a "high". So we keep coming back to it. As for future media plans, I've been thinking about it and I would like to make BL pride type videos. That would be cool -- video is a thrill to be involved in making, also. I would consider integrating video with the online magazine (Fawnlet) and see where that takes us. With all the technologies we have now, the sky is the limit.

XO: And additionally, where do you see us going in the next year, decade and further.

ZZ4: Again, technology. I think the child sex robots will become more popular, despite any laws. And then you have the immersive virtual stuff, that can be very realistic. I imagine all these things would be underground, for the most part, but accessible still. Also, we'll see an increase in the popularity of ultra realistic AI created boy pictures. All these things already exist now, to some degree, but I think we'll see a massive growth because of all the increasing interest in



those things.

XO: Is there any particular message/perspective or advice you might give to any new and hopeful members of the BL community?

ZZ4: I'd say to find whatever particular part of the online MAP universe you feel most comfortable with. Do your best to consistently stay involved to keep it going. It could start to go backwards in progress if not enough people give it their time. When I do my part to help the magazine, or make a radio podcast, I'm not asking for anything from anyone. I don't insist that people care about it. But I'm still going to do it. I want to make sure that these things, those creative products and other things are out there. So my advice to new people is that, if you find it boring at first, do something to change that. Make it more interesting.

XO: Is there anything else you'd like to add?

ZZ4: Sure. One thing I've noticed is that more people are becoming more comfortable with being minor attracted. And, if so, they should help those who are having a more difficult time with it. If you know someone who feels guilty about being a boylover, try to cheer them up. Let them know it can be a wonderful thing, if they would just accept it -- and accept that it's not wrong, and they are not sick.

XO: Thank you, Zoomzoom4

ZZ4: Thanks for the interview, I enjoyed it.



TITLE: BL Inhibition

AUTHOR: Jackie

CATEGORY: Essays

Boylovers, while having the best intentions, feel somewhat more inhibited because of our sexual orientation. I'm talking about when we are among people, and there are boys around. You feel more like eyes are upon you, watching for any little wrong thing. You worry that even looking at a boy might give you away. For example, if you are coaching Little League and you help a boy get a double after his first time at bat. Normally you would give him a hug, or even pat him on the butt. But as a BL you feel more self-conscious, and you won't do it because of that. And the truth is, it's kind of taking something away from the relationship.

The boys want that camaraderie, they need it, and they don't get that closeness from the adult male like they should. It's like the boy feels dejected because you don't do that. Other coaches do, but the BL coach doesn't. So while we (boylovers) are most able to bond with boys naturally, we ironically don't bond with the boys for fear of being identified. What if someone thinks you're a "pedo"? That's what you're afraid of, so you don't show that affection. You are more paranoid because you wonder if people noticed that you looked at his butt a little too long, or whatever. It's the self-consciousness that inhibits us. There were many times that I would've loved to show more affection to the kids that I've coached but didn't because of what I am.

Now I am trying to get involved in Big Brothers. I feel that I am more comfortable with who I am because of being on the BL boards and forums. Reading other people's experiences, and learning to accept who I am, and not being self-conscious helped. I can now go into an organization like Big Brothers and not feel so much like all eyes are upon me.

If we continue on the path we are on, being supportive of each other, we work as a team. Just by staying involved and making the facts about us available, we can at least be secure in the knowledge that we are on a path to acceptance. It's a long and bumpy road to the kind of BL-friendly world we dream about, but the way I see it things can only get better.



I've known my boss at work forever. We've worked alongside each other through many ups and downs. I've done so much with him and feel so close. He accepts me, right? Yes, the "me" he thinks he knows. But if I was to tell him that I'm a pedophile, he would pull out a gun and shoot me in the head. Why? It's the label. The stigma. I'm the same person he's always known for years. But the minute I say, "I'm a boylover," he would want to literally kill me.

Because the minute I put that label on myself, I'm not the same person I was. Suddenly I am a monster, a danger to children. But I "am" the same person. And no, I'm not a danger to anyone.

The coach who is BL will show less affection to the boys than the coach who is not. Because the coach who is, is self-conscious. "OMG are they looking at me? Because I touched that boy like that? What are they thinking about me?" It's horrible. It sucks for the boys, and it sucks for you. Of course, your intentions are good. But you can't demonstrate that. Or at least you feel you can't.

If even one parent says, "Oh that was inappropriate, the way he kept touching Johnny like that," then that's all it takes. The conception they will have is that if the police take your computers and cell phone then you must be guilty. When they find out that you actually are a boylover, and have gone to boylove websites, you are screwed. If they investigate the other coach, yes he'll be scrutinized and his laptop taken too -- but you'll be the one proven to be a pedo.

It's exactly that kind of hysteria that hurts everyone. All it takes is a suggestion that could destroy a person's life. It destroys the BL's life, the non-BL's life if he's accused, and of course the boy himself is short-changed.

The sad result of this hysteria is that any man who has been involved in scouting, coaching, or community volunteer work that puts him alongside children, has experienced that feeling. That paranoia can lead to severe inhibition. The result being that boys miss out on the adult male closeness and bonding that they need.



TITLE: Movie Review: Under the Bed (2013)

AUTHOR: Zoomzoom4

CATEGORY: Reviews

“Under the Bed” is a weirdly effective tale about a young boy who teams up with his older brother to defeat a monster under his bed. I have to say upfront, it's difficult to review this movie effectively without giving away spoilers. My biggest complaint has to do with the ending. I felt betrayed: the believability and realism the movie worked so painstakingly to achieve throughout, was just thrown away for a somewhat cartoonish climax.

11-year-old Paulie looks up to his older brother, Neal. He is the only one who seems to understand that Neal is not crazy and, defends him. Neal is returning home after getting sent away to live with Aunt Marilyn in Florida. Why did Neal set the house on fire? The fire in which his mother died! Is he a firebug? No. He was trying to kill the monster under his bed. The same monster who is now terrorizing young Paulie, and seems happy to see Neal's return. Can it finally get Neal? And Paulie? Not without a fight. This is a story about two brothers with an unbreakable bond, coming together to fight a vicious and ugly creature that lives in the bedroom.

Their efforts are hampered by, number one, lack of sleep. Wouldn't you find it hard to sleep in that situation? And two, by their dad and his new wife, Angela. Both of them think the two boys are crazy. Neal's first night home is not easy. At first, they just attempt to survive. But the monster's aggression makes that a challenge. Matters are made worse when the monster attacks Paulie. Neal's attempt to save his brother makes it look like an attack to their dad. How did Paulie get that terrible scratch on his neck? Neal didn't do it. So Paulie did it to himself? “Well, no. Not that either.” “Then what, Neal?” More craziness?

The next day, Paulie falls asleep in class and wakes up screaming. Are they both starting to lose it? This is when Neal comes up with an idea to fight it. “Can we?” asks Paulie. Yes. Neal noticed that the monster seemed a bit scared. That must mean it can die. The logic being that if you can't die, you wouldn't be afraid of anything, right?



This is an intriguing movie, and Paulie is absolutely gorgeous to look at for two hours. I won't give away the ending, except to again say that I was a bit disappointed to see that it went for easy cartoonish gore and horror tropes. Things that go unexplained in favor of "wasn't that cool?" visual effects. The realism of their father's insistence upon Neal growing up and becoming a man gets shortchanged for a "gnarly" result. I felt the father deserved a better fate. Despite that, I would recommend this movie to horror lovers, and BL horror lovers especially.



TITLE: Homosociality and Gender Politics

AUTHOR: Pharmakon

CATEGORY: Editorial/Opinion

Both males and females are strongly homosocial. But each gender has a different relationship to the other gender's homosocial groupings. The primary reaction of females to male homosociality is to feel excluded. The primary reaction of males to female homosociality is to feel threatened.

One could advance a Freudian explanation for this. Boys have the penises, and fear losing them. Girls lack the penises and want them.

I don't discount this dynamic. But a political explanation is simpler. The male group functions to maintain a monopoly on political power. Those with political power see the social organization of those without it as a threat. And those without political power naturally tend to use their social organizations to infiltrate the structures of power and seize a share of it.

Of course, boys tend to drift away from their homosocial groupings once they have been infiltrated by girls, because the existence of these groupings can no longer function to help them maintain a monopoly on political power.

Some will answer that this explanation is out of date, overtaken by the feminization of political power in contemporary society. Even if this were true, the long established social dynamics would not disappear so easily.

But it is not true. Or to the extent that it is true, it's true only with respect to being part of a professional and managerial class -- to which the great majority of people do not belong.

TITLE: Boylove Throughout History - Part 2

AUTHOR: John Stefan

CATEGORY: BL History

In northern Italian cities, boylove occurred rather openly. Leonardo da Vinci, the universal inventor and painter of the Mona Lisa in the 15th Century, was imprisoned for a couple of days because he was suspected of having sexual relations with "questionable" boys.

Among the little helpers and housemates Leonardo employed later on, a little boy turned up. His name was Jacomo, also called Salai (which meant devil).

"On St Magdalen's nameday (July 22) in the year 1490, one Jacomo was standing before me, ten years old. The next day I had two shirts made for him, and also a pair of stockings and a jacket." This boy did not seem to have many clothes. "But when I had put the money for that aside, he stole it from a box, the thief, the liar, the obstructionist, the gourmet. And it was not possible for me to bring him to a confession, though I was perfectly sure of what I was doing."

In spite of this, Leonardo kept Salai with him until the end of his Italian days. In his last will he left him half of his possessions. Vasari says about Salai: "He was charming in his graceful beauty, he had splendidly curled locks, which pleased Leonardo highly."

The painter Michelangelo in the 16th Century, was also known for his love of boys, and some of them were models for his angel portraits.

The famous German writer Goethe wrote the following about boylove, in the 18th Century: "The love of boys is as old as mankind, so we can say that it is something natural, something based on nature. Something that culture conquered, captured on nature, and what may not be given out of hand anymore. Something we may not lose grip upon to no price."



The Italian priest Giovanni "Don" Bosco expressed his love for boys in a very special way. In 1841, he settled down in Turin, where hundreds of boys visited his chapel and his night school. Together with his mother, he opened a boarding-house for apprentices, where they could learn all kinds of trades, like tailoring and shoe making.

These activities grew and led to the foundation of a congregation in 1854 to carry on the work. Don Bosco, who was canonized, once wrote that he did not remember ever having to punish a boy (and some of his protégés were juvenile delinquents).

His genius with boys was partly inborn, partly the fruit of experience. He always sought to make things attractive for his apprentices, whether it concerned school or religion. One of the setbacks Bosco had to deal with, was the death of the 15-year-old Dominic Savio, whom he had wanted to train as a helper. Around the whole world there are still Don Bosco youth institutions to be found. Some of them bear the name "Dominic Savio Institution".

In 1812 the novella "Der Tod in Venedig" (Death in Venice) by the world-famous German writer Thomas Mann was published. It is the story about a writer who always strives for the highest purity in his work and sees this purity symbolized in the beautiful, 14-year-old Tadzio, with whom he falls desperately in love.

In the Netherlands, the early 20th Century poet/teacher Willem de Mérode dedicated much of his work to boys with whom he was in love. In 1924, he was imprisoned because of indecent behavior with a 16-year-old pupil, Jaap, who had come to his house. According to De Mérode, the boy had provoked a sexual contact. De Mérode wrote in a letter: "I do not care a thing about it myself. If only I may spoil a boy a bit. Jaap, however, DID care about it, and because he was so kind to want to console me, when Okke (another little friend) left me, I said, come on, very well, let me just do it. Of course, it was incredibly, incredibly stupid."

In prison, De Mérode wrote the poem "Sledevaart" ('Sledge Ride'), dedicated to another boy whom he loved, Jopie. This boy contacted him again after his release, because the love was mutual.

Up to the late 1950s, boylove, just like man love, was regarded a disease which could be cured (such as through castration). Someone who loved boys was not appreciated because of his



pedagogic qualities, but regarded a pervert. This mainly resulted from the fear of sex in the northern regions of Europe. In the south and in the Asian countries, people were a lot more open-minded about sexual relations beyond the normal pattern. That's why many boylovers traveled to countries like Morocco and the Philippines.

The above-mentioned Dr. Edward Brongersma was a member of the Dutch House of Lords (Eerste Kamer) between 1946 and 1950 and was given psychiatric treatment in 1950, because of his affair with a 16-year-old boy (still illegal then). He got rather heavily depressed, and it was not until 1956 that he was given the function of manager of the Maatschappelijk Buurtwerk (Social Community Work) in Haarlem.

Three years later he was allowed to open his lawyer's office again. In 1963, he returned to parliament as a Judiciary Expert from the PvdA (Dutch Labor Party). Only former Prime Minister Willem Drees was against this. After that, Brongersma often acted as an expert witness in indecency cases. As a well-known Dutch pedophile, he became the victim of a witch hunt during the Dutroux affair in 1996. His windows were smashed, and he needed to go underground. He got depressed and requested euthanasia, which was granted by his doctor in 1998.

During the 1970s, after the Sexual Revolution, a more tolerant climate towards pedophilia came into being, and within the NVSH (Dutch Association for Sexual Reformation) special study groups were set up to make the subject debatable and to offer information and help to people with feelings for children. Similar initiatives also came about in other European countries. The age limit for being allowed to have sex differed from country to country, and was around the age of 16 most of the time.

In 1982 the Vereniging MARTIJN (MARTIJN Association) was founded in the Netherlands to make relationships between young and older people debatable and to strive for liberalization of the moral law. The issues of club magazine "OK" show a mainly positive image of the special love of children through articles, stories, poems and diaries, both by older people and children. This is also the case with Theo Sandfort's book from 1986, *Jongens over "Vriendschap en Seks met Mannen"* (Boys about Friendship and Sex with Men), which was translated into English.

The members of the MARTIJN Association, like other people with the same feelings, needed to preserve a strict anonymity, certainly because of the mass hysteria and the misunderstandings about pedophilia after the Dutroux affair. Also, the fact that about 400 priests in the USA



appeared to have committed indecent behavior with minor boys, did not exactly contribute to a better understanding of boylove. Neither did the networks of the makers of child porn, which were rolled up. In 2003, there were two MARTIJN members who canceled their anonymity on the internet, Marthijn Uittenbogaard and Norbert de Jonge, which caused a wave of publicity.

And more recently, boylover forums on the internet have become more and more popular. Since the late 1990s we have seen Boy Chat, Boyland Online, Boy Moment, and many others. Boylovers on these websites support and advise each other, and exchange experiences and opinions.



TITLE: If You've Ever ...

AUTHOR: Boiforever

CATEGORY: Creative Works – Poetry

If you've ever looked at a boy and were overcome by emotion and fell in love at first sight.

If you've ever been unaffected by women, but a child turns your head in a way you can't fight.

If you've ever felt that children were heaven sent as a gift from up above.

If you've ever had the chance to do something you've always wanted to do ...

And didn't do it because you're more interested in their well-being ...

Then you've known love, child love.



TITLE: My Early Years - Part 5

AUTHOR: Jonny399

CATEGORY: BL Reflections

I don't know what John told them, but after that Quintin never messed with me again! In fact, he would avoid me. I was sorry that I had attacked Quintin. I had never done that before and vowed to myself to never lose control like that again. I didn't care if I was hurt or if Quintin was hurt or even if my brother was hurt. What upset me was that Spock would have never done that. I had let my hero down.

From that day forward I was changed. Gone was the weeping, hurting, emotional boy. I replaced him with this strong young Vulcan that Spock would be proud of. I had to stop thinking like that. It was illogical to be proud. Any time someone started to upset me or make me sad, I would just say how would Spock handle this? I calmed down right away and before long nothing bothered me at all. I still had my best friend Todd. He was the only one who would see me with a smile, but he would never see me sad or cry or be angry.

At school it was easier to manage the chore of making my emotions go away, like Spock does. I didn't have to try so hard at school. Everything there was easier. I would act indifferent to anyone who approached me. I said to myself many times over, "That's illogical." I knew saying this out loud would bring ridicule on me, so I just looked at them like they were not even there.

They could not provoke me, and usually just walked away, shaking their heads. I like Todd and I shared my secret with him. "I am going to be just like Spock," I told him. He just looked at me and said, "Cool." He then went on and kept talking about all the girls he had "had". I listened, but was not interested in the least. I was sure he had no girls at all, but I let him keep going.

I spent every moment with him while at school. In PE we always played on the same team. We always took showers together and were the best of friends. I had this feeling in my chest and



didn't know what to make of it. I had been feeling a bit light headed in the shower with Todd, but didn't say anything. Actually it was just a good feeling, like he could be trusted. I caught myself looking at his butt. With all the water running down, it was such a perfect sight to see. I wanted to touch it to see if it felt the way it looked. I didn't dare, only fags did that. I was not a fag. Plus, it was a mortal sin to even think like that!

I was really attracted to Todd, and he didn't even know it. If he had known, he would have dropped me as a friend right away. Everyone in the school would know. They would call me a fag. But no, I am not one! I realized that this new feeling in my chest could be a very dangerous thing and decided to put an end to it. I would just meditate like Spock and it would be gone.

I realized that to be completely like Spock I had to forgo all emotions, good or bad. This seemed to me the most logical path to take. It would be easy. I just pretended that it didn't matter and then, you know what? It didn't. I kept seeing Todd at school and kept hanging out with him. But I changed. I didn't want to get hurt, so I just reminded myself that it doesn't matter. I knew when to laugh and when not to laugh. Jokes still made me laugh. I thought that was okay. If someone tickled me, I would do all I could not to laugh. It got easier until it didn't even tickle anymore.

I have been told, in more ways than one, that gays are going to HELL and that God loves me. So, if this is true, how can I be gay? If I was gay it meant I was going to hell and that God does not love me. Either my mom and dad have been lying to me (and they never lied) or the Bible is wrong. The Bible can't be wrong, and that means I am not gay! Then why do I like Todd like I do? It must be that I am just having a best friend for the first time. I am confused, that's all, nothing more than that. I mean, it's not like I would ever get married to him. That's a stupid thought! Where do I get these thoughts?

Anyway, logically, I can't be gay because God loves me. The strange thing is though, the church and my parents say God loves everyone. So why are fags going to hell? If God loves everyone, won't everyone go to heaven? In fact, why is there a hell? I once asked a pastor if gays were going to burn in hell and he said yes. I thought about it, and then asked him, "Doesn't God love them too?"

He just said, "Yes He does, but they have displeased God and that is their punishment."



I was worried at this point, and asked if I displeased God then would I go to hell? He just smiled and said that I could never displease Him. I started to ask him if I was gay, but he cut me off and said that I would understand when I got older. Why do grown-ups always say that when they don't know the answer?

This talk with the pastor had just got me more confused. If the pastor can't/won't answer me, then who can I turn to? Spock has the answer. I can't ask him, but I have been watching him for a long time now. I think I know just what he would say: "Use your logic, boy." And so I did.

The big test came a few weeks after I started down this dark path. I knew there was a girl in my class who liked me. I decided to test myself one day. I asked her to wait a second after the bell rang. After all the other kids were gone. She had a red dress on, and sandy blonde hair. She was close to my height, so we were the right height to kiss.

I came up to her and I kissed her smack dab on the mouth, and I waited to see what would happen. I watched as she turned bright red and turned and ran out of the room. I just stood there thinking, now what? I felt nothing, neither good or bad.

She smelled of strawberries and something else. I didn't know what, and I realized I was analyzing the kiss just like Spock. It was just an experiment. I had never kissed a girl before. Moms don't count. So I had nothing to compare it to, but I would have to guess it would be around a 2 or 3 on a scale of 1 to 10. I started to wonder what all the fuss was all about. Kissing and making out? It was nothing, I felt nothing. I concluded that the experiment was a complete success.

I had rid myself of those illogical emotions. But still, what about the old taboo? Am I a fag? No, that's not possible. But still, I wonder. So I came up with another experiment. This was a bit more dangerous, and I was not sure if I could go through with it.

I had to kiss Todd.

The thought of this filled me with much turmoil. I got an upset stomach when I thought about it, and my hands started to sweat. I decided that this was logical, as it required kissing a boy on



the lips. It never occurred to me that the real reason I felt this way is because I was attracted to Todd.

My feelings for kissing Todd were completely different than when I kissed Sara. That was a safe experiment because everyone expected little boys to kiss little girls. But Todd was a boy. I would have to do the deed outside of school, perhaps at his house or at the mall or somewhere.

I think, if it is away from everyone else, the worst thing that might happen is that he won't be my friend anymore. I don't think he would tell anyone. He would be too embarrassed. I decide to hint around that I want to come over to his house to help him with his math. He sucks at math.

I causally mention how easy the last math test was. And that I knew the secret to solving all of the math problems in our text books. It worked. He asked me what that secret is. I tell him I can't just explain it like that, we need to sit down and go over it. He says okay, "Lets go to the library."

"No. I can't. I have to catch the bus."

"Can you come over to my house?" he says, sounding very excited.

"I have to ask, can your dad give me a ride home?" I say.

"I'll ask," he says, "but I am sure he can."

"Great!" I say, "I'll ask tonight," trying not to sound too excited. My heart is going as fast as a race horse and I am sure Todd can hear my heartbeat.

I spend the rest off the day thinking about going to Todd's house. Will I be able to conclude the experiment? I wonder. I don't have many friends at school so I don't have to worry about people bugging me. I can think about it for the rest of the day, except that is, Sara! Oh man, I totally



forgot about her.

Sara is waiting for me in the hall when I finish talking to Todd. She is smiling and looking down at her feet. "Hi!" she says.

"Oh it's you," I say, a bit disappointed.

I start to walk away but she grabs my arm and spins me around and looks me right in the eye, demanding, "Is that all you have to say?"

"Um, well yeah, I have to get to class."

"I'll walk with you! Which way are you going?"

"Um ... okay," I stammer, and start to walk down the hall.

"What is your next class?" she wants to know.

"PE," I say, "and I really have to go now!" I start to walk a bit faster, hoping to leave her behind. She just walks faster with me.

"Aren't you going to be late for your next class?" I ask. Hoping she will just leave.

"No, it's just homeroom and they don't care if we're a little late."

Great! What have I done? I think. I make it to the locker room and am about to go in when she steps up real close and kisses me on the lips and runs away. I didn't think about this aspect of



the experiment. How am I going to get rid of this pest?

I walk through the door to a wave of smells: steam, old socks and sweat. Yuck. I make my way to the locker and start to change into my gym clothes. Todd sees me and says, "Hi! I saw you kissing that girl ... Sara?" he teases.

"No! She kissed me and it was gross!" I manage to say without making a face. I hope.

"Oh yes you did." And he started to sing, "Peter and Sara sitting in a tree ... "

"SHUT UP!" I scream at him.

He just stares at me and says, "Sorry, I was only kidding. It's all over school. You kissed Sara in the class room."

"What? I thought we were alone."

"So you did kiss her?" he demands.

Ah shit, I think. Did I say that out loud? "Okay. Yes. I kissed her, okay? Can we get ready for gym class now?" He starts to get undressed and I have to avert my eyes and finish getting undressed.

I am about to put my shorts on when he suddenly asks me, "Well, do you like Sara or not?"

I look over at him and he is standing stark naked with a look on his face that I can't quite figure out. He is either waiting for me to say yes so he can tease me, or to make fun of Sara for liking me. I don't know. I decide to go with the old "I hate girls" theme.



Sara is stupid," I say stupidly. "She just dared me to kiss her. I didn't like it."

He starts to laugh and point at me. "Are you in 'love'?" he teases me. I feel like I am getting red in the face and don't say anything. I look down but then realize that I am looking at his thing. I quickly look up, but not before noticing he is cut like me. I turn and practically run into the shower. Todd comes in after me and sees that I am about to cry and changes his attitude. "I am sorry, I didn't mean anything by it," he says. "Sara is a cunt. I am going to tell everyone that Sara is boy crazy, that'll fix her."

I say, "Thanks," and begin to wash.

Todd asks, "Why are you in here?"

"I am going to take a shower. Duh ... "

"Um, we haven't had gym class yet," he says.

"Oh. Uh, well I felt like I needed a shower before. Oh never mind, lets go get dressed for PE," I say as I rush past him, almost knocking him down. I am so embarrassed. I hope he didn't notice my red face, I think to my self as I jump in front of my locker and quickly put my gym shorts on

We both head out to the gym floor and everyone is looking at us. Todd screams, "WHAT?!" They say nothing.

The coach says, "You two sure took your time, that will be 10 laps for being late." Good, I think. I need to cool off before I get into real trouble.

After school, I see Sara in the hall and she comes right up and gets in my face. I stumble back



as she puts her finger on my chest. "You have some nerve, Peter. I wouldn't go out with you if you were the last boy on Earth! I don't ever want to see you again!" she screams and then storms off. I am standing there as everyone is looking at me. I remember what Spock has taught me.

I turn around slowly as if nothing is wrong and walk away very slowly. Deep down I am crying inside. But I don't know why. I hear boys saying things as I leave but tune them out. After I get outside I think, what was that about? I am waiting for the bus when Todd comes up behind me and scares me, making me jump. "Hey cut that out!" I say.

He just chuckles and says, "See! I told you I would get Sara." He then runs off to his dad who is waiting for him. Of course, Todd. I should have guessed. On the way home on the bus, it gives me time to think. I really should apologize to Sara and explain everything. But she was so mean to me. Besides, what if she told everyone I was just experimenting? I just better keep my big mouth shut.

I asked Mr. Weaton if I could go over to Todd's house tomorrow after school. "Do you have a way home?" he asked.

"Sure. His dad will take me."

"Okay. As long as I don't have to come and get you. If I do there will be hell to pay," he says. I have chores to do, but no one checks or even notices if I do them. So I head back to my room and lay on my stomach on the floor. I am thinking.

Tomorrow I am going to kiss Todd, if I dare. The question will finally be answered. But what if? I can't think that way right now. I am just staring at the wall thinking when my brother, John, comes in.

"Hey what ya doing?" he asks. I don't hear him, as I am in deep thought. "Hey!" he says louder, and kicks my feet.



I jump and roll over to see him starring down at me. "Nothing. Just thinking," I say.

"Why is your face red?" he asks.

"What? Oh um, I don't know. What do you want?" I quickly say.

"Do you want to play a game of Monopoly?" he asks.

"Sure," I say. Not really wanting to. But I need to get my mind off tomorrow. So the rest of the night is Monopoly. I lose, but it takes my brother and the others all night to beat me.

I head to bed and realize that I didn't take a shower. I think I'd better go. I head to the shower and clean myself like Bill taught me to -- well the best part, that is. I am half way through when there is a knock on the door. "I'm in the shower!" I yell back.

"I just really need to use the bathroom," says a small voice.

"Okay. Don't flush," I say, "And make it fast." Jake comes in, drops his pants and starts to pee. I can see him in the mirror between the shower curtain. Strange, I see his penis, but it looks different than mine. It has skin all the way to the top! What is wrong with him? Is that a birth mark? The boys are always talking about birth marks at school. I had never seen one before.

I see Jake turn and I suddenly say, "Are you finished yet? I'm trying to take a shower?"

"Keep your hat on, I'm finished," he says, and then flushes. "Oops, I'm sorry!" he says as I scream when the water gets suddenly hot. That twerp did that on purpose, I think. Once he is gone, I go back to washing myself. Especially my dick. With the shower running, I say "dick" over and over again under my breath. It does something to me. I finish up and get ready for bed. That was strange. Why would I say that? Oh well. Never mind.

I can't help thinking that tomorrow is the day! Oh! What was I thinking? Maybe I'll be sick tomorrow. I lie there in bed for what seems like the entire night. Eventually I drift off to sleep.

I get up and am not sick. At least, not the kind of sickness that will keep me home. On the ride to school, I can't get Todd off my mind. I see Todd in front of the school when I get off the bus. He asks if I can come over. I say, "Sure." Why did I say that, I think? I could have just said that I couldn't. Now I have to. He runs off to class and I follow him in hot pursuit.

I am distracted in class and miss much of what the teacher is saying. I have homework, but I don't remember what it is. Oh well, I think, it was probably boring anyway. During PE I won't even look towards Todd. I am afraid he might notice me and wonder, or something worse.

After school we meet at the bus stop and I follow him to his dad's car. It's a big, black expensive car. It is the nicest car I have ever seen. He must be rich. He has the air conditioning on and it feels very nice. I have never been in a car with "air" before. We drive down a street lined with trees. The house is a very nice house. A two story split-level ranch style, or at least that is what he tells me it is.

When we arrive, Todd jumps out of the car and runs to the front door calling after me. I run to catch up. His room is on the second floor and I race up after him, eager to see it. He has the room of my dreams. He has all the cool stuff. Every kind of toy a boy can imagine. He shows me this and that and is chattering even more than when he is in school.

His dad pokes his head in and says, "You boys want a snack?"

"Yes!" we both yell. He hands us a plate with some cookies on it and says, "Have at 'em." He has a big glass of milk and says, on his way out, "Now you two boys share, and get to studying!"

Todd gets his math book out and opens it up. "So, what is this trick you told me about in school?"



“Um ... well you see, what you do is, um ... ” I stammer, because I have no trick. What am I supposed to do now? I should have thought of something. STUPID, STUPID, I think. “Okay. Let me see your book,” I say slowly.

He gives me the book and I look at one of the problems. $A \times C = 12$. Simple enough, but how to explain it? I look at him in the face and start to wonder if this was a good idea after all. I can only think, what would Spock do? We are both sitting on his bed, only an arms length away. It's now or never. “Okay, look at this,” I say as I hold up the book. He leans over to see what I am pointing at. I drop the book and it hits the floor with a thump.

He reaches to pick the book up. That's when I lean over and when he lifts his head up, I gently move closer and look directly into his eyes. He is looking back with a curious look in his eyes. What is he thinking, I wonder? Does he know I want to kiss him, and is it all right? Maybe he wants me to kiss him? Maybe he doesn't? All this goes through my little mind in less than a second.

I close my eyes and kiss him directly on the mouth, very gently. I hesitate, pull back and see the look of shock on his face. His eyes are larger than I have ever seen. He doesn't say anything for a long while, just sits there staring at me with a stupid look on his face.

TO BE CONTINUED ...



TITLE: When You're Young and You Lose a Father

AUTHOR: Dragonlover

Category: BL Reflections

Today, as I write this, it is July 9, 2024. It marks 41 years since my father passed away. He was one of the best people I have ever known. I mean that literally. He was a fantastic guy. As a boy, I was very heavily disciplined to respect my elders, especially my parents and grandparents. I had those beliefs as a child, and I still hold those beliefs today.

My dad was born in May 1922 to parents who were into farming. They weren't farmers themselves, but worked on other farms to make money to raise their four children: Norma, Ethel, Ruth, and John, my father. After he graduated from high school in 1940, he enlisted in the army to fight in World War II. During his time there, he fought in Europe to bring down Hitler and the Third Reich. He was wounded during battle, and managed to save seven of his fellow soldiers from a building that was being bombed. He served for four years with the rank of Private First Class. His citations included a Purple Heart, the Bronze Star of Valor and a Silver Star of Bravery.

Dad was discharged honorably from the military in June 1944. He made a smooth adjustment to civilian life, settling in New Castle, Pennsylvania. He took mainly hard labor jobs while living with his parents. He met my mother, Shirley, in 1946 at a diner. They dated, then married in February 1948. They decided to move to Southeastern Pennsylvania, where they settled in a newly developed town called Levittown. The town is so named for its developer, William Levitt. There is also a Levittown in New York and, yes, named for the same guy.

My parents purchased a new home in Levittown, Middletown Township. This section mainly catered to middle to upper-class working people. Their first child, my sister, arrived in late 1948. Their next child, my brother, arrived in December 1951. It was at that time my dad landed a job working at a local steel mill. It was very good money, but very hard work. I came along in late 1969.

By the time I was born, my brother and sister were married and moved out of the house. That

left me to be raised as an only child. As I grew up, dad worked very hard to maintain our house. I don't want to compare our house to a "Leave it to Beaver" type of household, but that's what it mainly was. My mom was a housewife who didn't drive, and my grandmother lived in what they call an in-law suite that was added to our house. Dad would come home tired and dirty. While he showered, mom set the table and put the finishing touches on dinner. Dad would come down, sit in his chair and either have a beer or if he needed it, a shot or two of whiskey. I can remember that when mom was out of the room, dad would let me sip his beer. "Don't tell your mother," he'd say. We would laugh together while mom called out, "Jack, don't give him any more beer!"

By the time I was 8 years old, dad would start taking me fishing. Every Sunday, weather permitting, we would head out to some quiet and private body of water and set up shop. We used corn as bait, mainly. He very carefully and thoroughly taught me the art of baiting a hook. There was corn, and then later, worms. And this was every Sunday morning. We would wake up at 5 AM. He'd cook us a good breakfast and then off we would go on our latest fishing adventure.

When he could, we would go out to eat somewhere, a diner maybe. As the years went by, I grew to really appreciate and treasure our time together. Like I said, he was a very good father to me. He was a great husband to my mother. We never wanted for anything. Dad kept clothes on our backs, food on the table, and kept the bills paid. Then, one day in 1978, he slipped and fell into some kind of a hole at work. He broke his leg in that accident and for the next several weeks was in a full leg cast. He was in terrible pain; pain that I wouldn't experience probably until my first back injury. I know I wasn't supposed to see or hear this, but one day I was going to my dad in bed to keep him company. I heard my mother's voice, they were talking quietly. I stopped where I was and yes, I eavesdropped. For the first and last time in my life, I heard my father weeping. I heard my mother comforting him in his pain.

"It's alright, Jack. You will pull through this. It's only a temporary thing. You'll get through it and me and James will get through it. The bills are getting paid, and there is food on our table," mom said.

"Shirley, ever since I had this stupid accident I just feel so useless! You have to wait on me hand and foot because I can't move. Your mother comes in and waits on me and tries to keep me company. Even James feels like he has to come in here and see his dad laid up on this damn bed! I'm sick of it Shirley, sick of it!" I didn't want to hear anymore, so I quietly went back downstairs to the TV room.



I reflected on what I had just heard. I had always thought my dad was kind of like Superman, kind of invincible. He had been hurt before and just walked it off. I had seen him get fishing hooks stuck in his hands and fingers. He would take them out without so much as a flinch. Watching him do it, I flinched for him.

“It’s nothing,” dad would say. “Just a little pin prick is all.”

To me, it was more than that, but he always took it like a very strong man. That is why I thought of dad as Superman. He would take these accidents completely in stride. But now, this was a whole different thing. He had a broken leg, and he was experiencing true and horrible pain; pain so terrible that he cried. I didn't know whether this was some kind of weakness that I was supposed to overlook or if I was supposed to acknowledge the fact that my dad was not Superman.

Dad's leg eventually healed, and he went back to work. He was his tired but happy self again. We started back on our Sunday morning fishing trips. We even started catching real fish! Fish we could keep and cook up the same night for supper. Mom wouldn't clean the fish. Dad had to take care of that. But when mom cooked those fish up, boy I'll tell you, it was the best-cooked fish we'd ever had. To this day, I still mean that!

I came to realize that my dad was a human being; a human being who went through the same things that every other person on this Earth went through. He was mortal. But still a Superman in my book.

Then, in May 1983, he had to go into the hospital for a triple bypass on his heart. It was a risky surgery but it needed to be done. I was 13 years old at the time. My sister took off work as a school teacher to take my mom to the hospital to visit with dad. I wasn't allowed to visit with dad because I was thirteen. You had to be 14 to visit patients in the hospital. But each day mom would come home and tell me how he was doing.

But then, about four or five days after the surgery, dad suffered a major stroke. He, of course, had to stay in the hospital indefinitely now. I was angry. I was angry because even now with



these new circumstances, I wasn't allowed to visit. But I was told that this stroke was so bad that even if he survived, he would never be the same man again. He would require around-the-clock care. Then he suffered a bout of pneumonia. This made things a lot worse. And then later, he had a bleeding ulcer in his stomach.

On Saturday, July 9, 1983, I was asleep in the spare bedroom of my aunt's trailer in Western Pennsylvania. It was around 6 AM when I heard the phone ring. In my heart, I knew what it was.

"Oh Shirley, I am so, so sorry ... Yes ... Yeah. No, you rest. I'll tell him. Alright. Again, I'm sorry."

The phone hung up. I heard my aunt's footsteps approaching my door. There was a gentle knock.

"Come in," I said.

"Jimmy, listen. I have some very bad news. Your mother just called. She said ... "

"... that dad died," I finished for her.

She nodded yes. She put her arms around me and squeezed me tight. I could feel her body hitching every time she sobbed into my shoulder. I wasn't surprised. I was just ... there. I couldn't cry. After my aunt left me, I just sat there, thinking about dad, remembering our good times; times that we will never share again. Then, I started thinking of what this must be doing to mom. She must be devastated. I will now have to step up and be the man of the house.

The next day, I was packed up and heading for home. Dad's funeral was set for July 13. When I got home, my mother and grandmother both greeted me with wet, red eyes.

"Oh James," my grandmother said. We all sat down to discuss the future. How mom would have to look for a job. How my grandmother would have to be on hand to help me out with anything



that might come up that I couldn't handle. Then, there was the funeral itself. I had never been to a funeral before, so mom had to tell me what to expect. Mourners, relatives that I hadn't seen in years, family friends, and the like.

Then the 13th rolled around. We got dressed in our Sunday best, then got in the car and headed to the funeral home. We found the place where dad was laid out in an open casket, from the waist up. He was dressed in his best suit with a nice blue necktie. His hands were folded peacefully across his chest. He looked like he was just sleeping. He even smelled like his hair tonic.

A Protestant minister delivered the funeral ceremony. I looked around the sea of people who looked so solemn, nodding with each point the minister made. My brother delivered the eulogy. At the end, two army servicemen took the US flag from dad's casket and ceremonially folded it into a nice triangle. They walked to where my mother was sitting, bowed slightly and handed the flag to mom. Then they stood back up, saluted, turned around and went back to their position.

At the end, we left the funeral home in limousines and headed to the cemetery. There was a hoist to lower the casket into the ground. But the casket was just placed on it while the minister made some final comments, and said a few prayers.

"The service is now over. You may all now, go in peace," he said.

Peace. Yeah, to a 13-year-old kid who is now suddenly the man of the house, would I know peace again?

When a boy loses his father, brother, etc. he will feel like he has to "man up" as they say. Even if people tell him he doesn't have to do that, he will. He will because he is brought up to do just that; become a man. Nowadays, boys are having to become men way before their time. They have broken homes, either as the result of the father's death or as a case of separation or divorce. Or the father just leaves to pick up a gallon of milk and never returns.

We, as boylovers, need to make ourselves available, if at all possible, to these boys who need a father figure. Boys need that in their lives. If that cannot be achieved within the family, then it is



left to men who want nothing more than to be a father figure to a boy in need. Society needs to understand that boylovers are not common child molesters. Boylovers are not monsters who are waiting in the elementary school parking lot in search of a child to sweep up to be kidnapped.

We are just guys. Ordinary guys. Ordinary guys who would love to be involved in a boy's life to help him over those lifetime hurdles. It can be done. We may not see it in our lifetime, but we can be hopeful. We hope that we can be in a boy's life and not have other adults questioning our motives. Someday that will be possible.



TITLE: Realtalk with Realme: I Told Him I Loved Him

AUTHOR: Realme

CATEGORY: Essays

If you're a regular reader of this magazine and its predecessor, you've heard me talk about Watersprite. He's a wonderful boy I've known for many years. In fact, I've written about him so much that you might think I'm obsessed with the kid -- and you'd be right!

For those new to this magazine, I first met Watersprite when he was thirteen. He was the son of my friend's girlfriend. My friend and I had gone together on a beach vacation, him to visit her, me to just hang out. I was worried that I would be a third wheel. But I had no other plans, and a free room at her beach-side bungalow sounded good. I just hoped I wouldn't feel too alone.

That sure wasn't the way it turned out! As soon as I met Watersprite, the attraction was as immediate as it was mutual. We instantly became inseparable. We were going to the beach together, horsing around in the pool, and watching movies at night.

My friend was grateful to get more alone time with his girlfriend, and Watersprite's mom was delighted that an adult man wanted to hang out with her son. Watersprite's dad hadn't been in the picture for years, and she probably thought I was a good stand-in.

Neither Watersprite nor I saw it that way. He was flirtatious from the start. He'd snuggle up close to me, hold my hand when no one was looking. When we watched movies, he'd lay his head in my lap and I'd stroke his hair.

Nothing more happened. I did want to take it further, and I sensed that he wanted to as well. I could also tell that he wasn't quite ready. Not only that, but I feel strongly that only the younger party should initiate anything, in a relationship like this.



While I felt frustrated, I was so happy just being with him that I didn't mind too much.

Sadly, the summer vacation ended all too quickly. I had to go back to my own state. We communicated on and off over the next year, my heart breaking with the thought that I may never see him again. A couple of trips that his mom was supposed to take to visit my friend never occurred.

I grew depressed about it. I longed for the amazing connection that had been offered for the first time in my life. Only to be snatched away.

And then, a miracle! My friend invited me to come with him again the following summer. Watersprite's mom was eager for me to come, too. When I texted Watersprite about this, he replied with a long, enthusiastic message detailing lots of the things we'd done together. It turned out that he had just as fond memories of that summer as I did.

That was one of the most important moments of my life. I realized that this was real. I wasn't just fooling myself with silly fantasies. I was important to him, too. You could say that this was when I fully accepted myself as a boylover.

That second summer was a repeat of the first, with all the flirting and the same unspoken boundaries. I didn't mind. I was over the moon. I was in love. I didn't tell him that I loved him, though. I was too afraid of how he might react. We never spoke about our flirting or mentioned out loud what had developed between us. So I was afraid that telling him I loved him, might make him nervous and pull away. Once again, I put my own desires aside to make him comfortable.

Again the summer ended too soon, but this time we kept up a more regular correspondence. Three years later, another miracle. He came to study at the university in my city. By this time he had grown out of my age of attraction, but I was prepared for that. He was still much the same in personality, and we grew close.

His early experimental phase had vanished, and now he was fully straight. We were now starting a new relationship, one where I was a mentor and he was the eager student. We visited



museums and art galleries. And we traveled. I introduced him to new types of cuisine. Years later, we still do all those things. We have forged a close bond that will never be broken.

But I realized there was something still lacking. So one day I plucked up the courage and told him, "You know, I've never told you I loved you. I've tried to show it, but I've never actually said the words."

He treated me to that gorgeous grin of his and said, "I love you, too."

It's not the kind of love I wanted, and it didn't happen as early as I wanted. But it still feels wonderful. I guess the moral of this story is that your young friend will give you gifts you don't expect, even if you have to be disciplined and wait for them.

It reminds me of the lyrics from that old Rolling Stones song:

"You can't always get what you want,

But if you try sometimes,

You just might find,

You get what you need."





