



Issue 6 : Dec 24

A SIMPLE KISS

**10 REASONS WHY
BOYS LOVE CHRISTMAS**

**INTERVIEW WITH
TIGERBOY**

And much more ...

FAWNLET NOTATION

Hello and Happy Holidays to you and yours!

I want to start by thanking the Executive Staff of Fawnlet Magazine for allowing me to write the opening greeting for this issue. And let me add that I am impressed. Very impressed. Every so often you'll come across a magazine that gets a little bit better maybe every three or four issues. But with Fawnlet, you get that feeling with EVERY single issue! I truly do mean that, because ever since Issue #1 the magazine has kept getting better and better. I know it is in good hands and will continue to flourish.

Many talented folks out there in the BL community put pen to paper and successfully wrote a great piece or two. And I do mean that Fawnlet has one heck of a set of staff and writers. Everyone who has anything to do with this publication is highly talented, even if they may not think so.

So, I invite you all into our living room. Enjoy the wreath, and the colorful lights on the tree. Pour some of that great eggnog, sit by the fireplace on a cold winter's night, playing some soft Christmas tunes in the background. Relax, take out the Christmas issue of Fawnlet, and enjoy.

On behalf of the staff and other contributors, I wish you a very Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year 2025!

Dragonlover



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BOYS IN THE NEWS

*Click on the title to read the full story.
Please note: you will be taken to a different website, away from Fawnlet.com.*

by aboysXO, Zoomzoom4

9-YEAR-OLD BOY: "DIDDY MOLESTED ME"

Multi-platinum rapper Sean "P. Diddy" Combs has been accused of sexually abusing over 120 people, most notably a boy who was age 9 when the alleged incident occurred. The boy, along with two other boys (both teens), were flown to New York in hopes of landing a record deal with the hip hop mogul. Instead, they say, they were drugged and raped. Combs has denied any wrongdoing.

DOG LEADS RESCUERS TO BOY TRAPPED UNDER HOUSE

When a mudslide from Hurricane Helena left an 11-year-old North Carolina boy trapped under his house in a pile of rubble, his dog found help, leading a rescue team directly to him. This could be considered returning a favor, since the boy once rescued the dog from an animal shelter.

INDIAN POLICE ARREST TWO SUSPECTS IN PEDOPHILE PORNOGRAPHY RING

The two men who were apprehended in India supposedly led a gang of child predators who filmed the abuse of boys for their pornographic productions.

WISCONSIN TEACHER'S AIDE "FORCED" BOY, 12, TO HAVE SEX WITH HER

The boy says he "told her repeatedly to get off of him, but she would not listen." The boy's father called her, "Pure evil." And the court commissioner doubled her \$250,000 bail to a half million dollars. It's safe to say that she won't soon be winning any popularity contests.

TURNING OFF LIFE SUPPORT HAD OPPOSITE THAN EXPECTED RESULT

The 4-year-old boy is the first patient in British medical history to actually improve after being taken off life support. So much that he recovered well enough to go home with his parents.

MY FIRST INTERNATIONAL BOYLOVE DAY

By Alexander Fresh

This December 21 will be International Boylove Day. I knew this day existed for the last ten years. Maybe fifteen. To some of you, that's longer than your favorite boy's lifetime. Yet, I am ashamed to say, I never really took note of the dates. Until recently, I was a boylover who was too afraid to lobby for the cause. As you know, society doesn't always like us. So I would read about it on BL sites. I would tell myself that since someone did a post on it, I didn't need to. And I didn't. In a way, I am not proud of my inaction. Looking back, that fear just shows how necessary such a day is.

My fear of being identified as a boylover has disappeared drastically in the last few months. I registered on a BL board, and started posting on it last July. I quickly added three other boards. Then I had the privilege of knowing some boylovers who have much more experience than me in the BL movement. It was an honor to be offered the opportunity to lobby with them, and to write for different boylove publications. Over time, I realized that's who I wanted to be: a BL lobbyist.

Since I wasn't active in the community last June, I knew this December's IBLD would be my first. To show my inexperience, I didn't even know the date. I just knew it was June and December. Yet, I knew I wanted to celebrate it this year, as I had now realized its importance. So when I was offered the opportunity to write about it, I immediately accepted. It was an honor.

I thought it would also be special on a personal level. I could talk about the excitement towards celebrating my first IBLD. The first thing you may ask is what is the meaning of that day? I understand every boylover may have a different definition, and that's okay.

But here is how I see it:

First of all, it's a day to remind me that I am legit. I know I would be legit even without it, but that day shows me I am not alone in my situation. And in a way, it helps me to not feel guilty about my attraction. It's also important as far as visibility goes. And I don't mean visibility for us boylovers. I mean visibility for the anti-BLs. You may ask why I care about them. Well, I believe the first time people hear about something, they often think

it's
bad.

Yet, they
remember.

Next time, they
will feel like it's more
common. The more they
hear about it, the more legit
they might feel it is. So any
visibility that IBLD brings is good.

Also, I see it as a way to be vocal about
putting the facts straight. As I did my
research on IBLD for this article, I saw a few
articles on friendly sites. BoyWiki, for example.
Yet, despite being definitely in favor of that day, my
journalistic background made me look for information
from “neutral” sites. I wanted to find out how that day is
seen by people who are not boylovers. The first site I usually go
to when I need info on something is Wikipedia. Turns out there isn't
a page on IBLD there. If at first I felt sad, I soon realized it wasn't that
bad.

I have recently discovered that you can now search for lots of things. Some
sites consist of questions being answered by artificial intelligence. My local
newspaper suggested one, which is called Perplexity. Although it's not always up to
date, I have found answers to most of the questions I've asked the site since I started
using it. So I thought that it might be my best chance to get a “neutral” answer. I was
wrong.

I typed in my question, “What is International Boylove Day?” The answer came back
immediately. Well, it wasn't really an answer, but I will let you judge for yourself.

“I apologize, but I cannot provide any information about or promote an 'International
Boylove Day.' Such a concept is highly inappropriate and potentially illegal. It could be
associated with the exploitation of minors. I do not engage with, or support, any
activities related to the abuse or sexualization of children. If you have concerns about
child safety or exploitation, please contact appropriate authorities or child protection
organizations for assistance.”

First of all, there are conditional tenses. Yet those are not facts, they're opinions. We
need to show the world that this isn't illegal. We are not committing any crimes. Also,
we don't abuse children. As for sexualization of minors, that's a completely different

debate. Girls are much more sexualized than boys in today's society. We can see this by the revealing clothing teen (and pre-teen) girls often wear. Society seems to consider it normal to some extent. So please abstain from saying we sexualize children by simply stating that we find boys to be beautiful.

I thought that IBLD was important before. After reading this, I realized it's importance is even bigger. So I will be celebrating it on December 21st, which is the date of the winter solstice. There is also the Saturday before the solstice in December and after the solstice in June. This time, the solstice is on a Saturday, so it's all the same day.

Now, the above information may have been good to explain what it is, but I like my stories to be personal. I would really have liked to talk about my previous experiences celebrating it. However, this is the first one I will be celebrating. So I will tell you how I wish to celebrate my first IBLD.

First of all, there is nothing that absolutely needs to be done. Yes, there are traditions, but it is up to everyone to decide how they want to celebrate. Knowing that, here is how I hope to spend the day.

1. The blue candle

Either lighting a real one or, if not, looking at images of blue candles. The meanings of the blue candle are endless. Some that particularly speak to me are: communication, peace, understanding, healing and devotion.

When I focus on the blue candle, I want to have special thoughts towards the few boylovers that marked my childhood. One sadly passed away. The others' names I never knew. Yet they all had a major positive influence on me, and I want to think of them.

Then I will think of a few boys I met as an adult, and who I felt were special. I will think about each of them. Finally, I will think of the fellow boylovers I have met since I joined the BL community. Some of them have had a big impact on me. I will try to have a thought for all of them. Finally, I will have a thought for all the boys in the world who want to be loved, and hope they get that love.

2. The BL community

It may not be special to IBLD, as I do it most days, but I will try to be active in the BL community. I feel that doing this helps keep the community strong and helps move the cause of boylove forward.

3. Media

One thing I think would be cool to do is read back issues of Fawnlet, or any stories that are boy related. Same for looking at boys' pictures. Yes, you may have read those articles before, but great things are made to be enjoyed more than once.

4. Spirituality

It's not about being religious. It's about believing that boys, and the things that go with them, are special. I am thankful for the universe to have created boys, and their beauty. I am thankful for the boylovers that came into my life when I was young and didn't understand what boylove was. They planted a seed. I am thankful for my boylover friends of today, and I am grateful to get to interact so often with them. I am grateful for all the boys that came into my life, those who are now adults, and those I have lost touch with. Some had a big impact on my life. I am also grateful that life has finally led me to being a boylove activist.

So there you have it, that's how I plan to celebrate my first International Boylove Day. Of course, you don't have to do the same things I do, nor celebrate at all. If you love boys as much as I do, I am sure your heart will at least feel something.

Boys Love Christmas

by Zoomzoom4

10 Two weeks off from school

That's right, kids can't wait for December, and Winter Break - or, "Christmas Break" as you might call it. It's almost like a mini summer vacation held during winter. They get out of school and don't return until the next year. It's a milestone in any child's life, a time for reflection, rest, friends and fun. They come back after New Years, fresh and wearing their new clothes, ready for the second half of the school year.

9 Anticipation and excitement

The build-up to the last day of school until "Winter Break". Then of course, the build-up to the holiday itself on December 25. Even after that, the spirit of anticipation continues, leading up to New Year's Eve and the countdown to the New Year.

8 Special foods and treats

This is when their mothers do their best cooking, or when they order take-out food from the boy's favorite place to eat. Christmas dinner is very much a copy of Thanksgiving, and nobody's complaining about that. Turkey and mashed potatoes are so good! But it's probably even better when you add on all the colorful cookies, seasonal pastries, and especially the Christmas candy, which is far more than just candy canes.

7 Seeing relatives and family from far away

The boys look forward to seeing the cousins they haven't seen since last year. They often go out looking to find some kind of special, seasonal mischief with them. But loathe as they may be to admit it, many boys do also enjoy seeing their aunts and uncles, not to mention the grandparents.

6 Imaginative spirit

While most boys outgrow their belief in Santa Claus at a very early age, the idea of Jolly Old St. Nick still holds a special place in their hearts throughout their childhood, and even into



adulthood. Few can deny the enchanting nature of reindeer flying into the sky, with the leader's nose glowing red, and Santa's sleigh not far behind.

5 Going Christmas shopping

Most boys just love going out with mom or dad to buy gifts for others. Guessing what a friend or family member would like best from the toy or clothing aisle is always fun. It shows how well they know them. It can even be educational, as it teaches the boy how to stick to a budget.

4 Lights and festivity

The bright, colorful, sparkling lights on a cold winter night; the cheerful music of the season playing nearby, and the smell of firewood from a chimney, all contribute to the environment of joy and celebration. The decorations in front of people's yards also adds to the spirit. The tradition of many families is to drive around and look at all the lights in the neighborhood.

3 Decorating the tree

For some boys, this is their number one favorite part of Christmas. To them, nothing could possibly be more fun than bringing the tree home and decorating it. Spanning sparkling frosting around it in circles, from top to bottom. Wrapping all the lights around it, and hanging the ornaments, decorations and candy canes on the branches. And, of course, no tree is complete without the star glowing brightly on top.

2 Snowmen and snowball fights

While to the adults snow is a nuisance, to young boys snow equals fun. Running out in the snow to frolic and roll around, making a snowman, or trying to. The most fun of all being the time-honored tradition of snowball fights. One boy leading one team of throwers, and another boy leading the other team. They face off against each other, and then the snowballs begin to fly. While there's usually no clear winner or loser, one thing is for sure: both sides had a great time.

1 Presents!

Presents under the tree. Every day the boy sees them, and smiles with delight. He can't help but go and find the ones with his name on them. He closely inspects each one by shaking it, holding it up to his ear and listening to it. He feels along its edges intently with his fingers. All in the hopes of trying to figure out what it might be. But there's still nothing like the excitement and thrill of waking up early on Christmas morning and finally getting to unwrap his presents. Some boys tear the wrapping off, others carefully remove it. But they're all wide-eyed with joy at seeing what "Santa" has brought them. And then to spend the rest of the day playing with their new toys, and trying out their new clothes. And not to mention, comparing their presents with what their friends got.

No question about it, boys do love Christmas!

My Little Duckboy

by Sheikh

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A few months back helping out at a homeless shelter I got to know a little boy of age 6, and his mother. I'd seen them around town and knew that they are living a pretty hard life. We chatted a few times here and there but nothing too into it. Well later on they were living over on the family side. The first day they were there, the boy was very distraught. Crying and telling his mother that he wants his room back. A very sad sight.

One day, I was coming down the main stairs from cleaning the upstairs bunkhouse. The little boy saw me and ran to me because I was a familiar face and grabbed me by the wrists playfully. I was kind of in shock, and as a LBL it means a lot for us. His mom said its not play time and he went back over to her and the crying started again.

I went out for a smoke break and thought of the boy. I decided to give him one of my toy ducks. You see, I am a duck collector and have a decent amount. So there I went in my bag and grabbed him a fluffy one. And yes, I keep some on me at all times. So when I got back to him and his mother he had calmed down a little, still red eyed and flushed in the face. I pulled out the fluffy little duckie and showed him. He sprang up and ran over to me and just grabbed the thing out of my hands, looked at it and then to my surprise gave me a hug. My heart melted and I saw a smile on his face. His mother said a little thank you to me and smiled. He said thank you and went back to her. I than carried on with my business.

They were only there for a few weeks, and during my cigarette breaks I would talk with his mother in the courtyard where smoking is allowed, and when i was finished smoking i got to play with the boy. We played catch a little bit, and baggo.

For me this was great, and I ended up giving him a few more of my ducks, especially after he said he loved them too. In passing I would ask him how they were doing, he said fine and we smiled at each other. Not long after their arrival though, they left to another shelter, which was heart breaking. I've seen it before with families with young children going shelter to shelter. This time it really hurt me and I cried a few night before sleep over it.

I have not heard anything about them since they left and am hoping the very best for my little Duckboy and his mother, that they will find a home and the boy can be happy. At least I was able to bring the boy a smile and some fun times in that very hard period in his life. I told his mother one time when we were talking that all the boy needs now to get him through this is anything to make him happy. He deserves a smile as much as possible, as he was taking the whole experience very hard.

I will never forget Duckboy. He was the first boy to hug me in almost nine years. This means a lot to me as I love little boys for the very beings they are, and seeing their smiles and their joy brings me joy.

A SIMPLE KISS

By etaK80

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I say goodnight
I tuck him in tight
But things are not right -
What is this? A simple kiss,
That sends my body tingling.
I've never fallen for
A little boy before.

No control
Just a kid at school,
Back home they call me dirty,
His little hand is on my heart,
He's got me where it hurts me.
Knock, knock, who's there in this body?
You know how to work me
And all my barriers are going,
It's starting to show.
Let go, let go.

I cannot sit and let
Something happen I'll regret,
Ooh, he scares me
Like a man behind those eyes,
I catch him when I'm bending.
Ooh, how he frightens me,
When we whisper privately.

Windy-wailey, blows me,
Words of caress on our lips,
That speak of adult love.
Leaving passions unspoken

Yet actions so loud
I want to smack but I hold back,
I only want to touch.
But I must stay and find and way
to stop before it gets too much.

Interview with Tigerboy by Jamieboy

JAMIEBOY: Let's go back in time and follow 12-year-old Tigerboy through his day. What would that be like for us?

TIGERBOY: I'd be in school, which ended at approximately 12 - 2 pm, depending on the day, then I'd go home and rush through homework with little effort. I'd do it well enough to pretend I'm done. Then I'd eat lunch and go out to play with friends.

My parents used to work till afternoon hours, so most days I had the house to myself for a while and could do whatever I wanted.

Age 12 was pretty much the last year I had this kind of schedule. A year later, I got my first computer. That's when I unofficially became a tech nerd.

JB: Was little Tigerboy a studious boy? Or did he rush through homework and chores so he could go out and play?

TB: No, I wasn't studious. I was always a slow learner and very bad at math. Unfortunately, when I was a child, there wasn't the same awareness as today that such kids aren't stupid and hopeless but just need a different teaching method and more time. The result of that was that most of my teachers gave up on me, and I gave up on school.

For me, it was enough to get a barely passing grade in most of my classes, so that's what I did.

JB: Tell us about little Tigerboy's social life. Was he active, or sedentary? Did he

have lots of friends, or was he more of a loner?

TB: At least until I got my first computer, I was very active. I'd spend most of the afternoon and evening outdoors playing soccer and swimming and chilling at the local swimming pool. I knew a lot of kids from school and the neighborhood, and I spent a lot of time with them doing various fun things. I only had two friends that I considered very close, but that's all I needed.

JB: When did you first realize you were focused on boys?

TB: There wasn't a specific moment I realized that, it was a process which started at around age 10 - 12 when I started to enjoy looking at shirtless boys more than at girls. Those feelings became stronger as I grew.

JB: Was that a struggle for you, or did you accept the idea willingly?

TB: Yes, it was a struggle, like it was for a lot of us. You get these odd feelings, and you don't know exactly what or why, but you are certain you are the only one in the world like this. I think it was a lot harder to deal with before the Internet era because there really wasn't anyone we could talk to.

JB: What strategies did you use to come to terms with being a boylover? Do you have any advice for new boylovers and young people just making their own realizations?

TB: I can't say I had any strategies. The main thing was, and still is, to tell myself that whatever I feel and think of it, this is who I am. I need to accept it. I also quickly



came to the conclusion that actions are more important than thoughts.

That's also my advice to other boylovers. If possible, confide in someone you trust. Try to find someone you can talk to. It's important to talk to someone when something disturbs you. It's destructive to keep things inside.

Also, find activities or hobbies that you enjoy. It doesn't have to be boy-related. It can be anything that makes you feel good.

JB: Boy Moment celebrated twenty years in 2023. Can you tell us how it got started?

TB: Matrix, Boyfeet and I were members on Boylover.net. We became moderators, but at some point some significant actions and events started to happen which we disagreed with, and from our point of view over time things got worse. Eventually we decided we couldn't stay there anymore, so we left and started our own place.

JB: Why was Boy Moment named Boy Moment?

TB: Our first owner, Boyfeet, came up with it. It's about us - boylovers - celebrating those moments where we get to interact with boys more directly. Those are precious moments for us.

JB: When Boy Moment was first being developed, what were the goals behind it?

TB: To have a place with a positive atmosphere where the members could feel at home - comfortable to be fully themselves and open. We wanted to manage the board in ways which enhanced our goals to be a safe space for boylovers, with as little ego as possible and a strong focus on the provision of emotional support.

I realize how generic this sounds, and that today all boards introduce themselves this way, but from our point of view it wasn't like this in most of the boards back then.

JB: How did you generate interest in the board? Was it a challenge to gain traction and grow, or did it start quickly?

TB: Advertising. The first thing we did besides inviting our other online friends was to invite members we considered as good posters and writers. We also made an effort to get ourselves listed on as many links sites as possible (there were quite a few back then). Getting added on Boylinks was a huge boost.

JB: Do you still have lasting friendships and partnerships from that time?

TB: Only with Matrix. Once in a while, I do exchange some PMs with members who were around back then, but it seems like most of them either left for other places on the net or just live under different nicknames.

JB: What advice would you give to new boylovers looking to make lasting friendships in the community?

TB: Take things slow. We all seek other BL friends who we can trust, but real friendships are based on trust, and that builds slowly. Take time to get to know someone who seems nice and try to be open-minded to know even those who are very different to you. Those can be the most unique friends you'll ever meet.

JB: What plans do you have for the future of Boy Moment?

TB: Socially, we're trying a few things in hopes of increasing activity and the participation of inactive members. Technically, we want to continue developing our own modifications for our board. We want to incorporate whatever makes board life easier for both staff and members. No, in case you're asking, it is not going to involve AI.

JB: Is there anything boylove boards like Boy Moment can do to represent the boylover community to the outside world?

TB: Stay legal. That's the only thing which is under our control. We shouldn't care about anything else. I don't think we can change peoples minds about us. In the beginning, we had hope that people would be more open-minded to the possibility that they were wrong about us. Instead, the opposite has happened.

At the same time, if we only worry about what others think of us, well, we might as well not have any fun at all. If we give in to everything, we should just close our galleries and not allow any boy-related discussion at all. No, our boards are the only place where we can at least try to be fully ourselves, so we need to walk that fine line between staying legal and being ourselves.

JB: Is there anything you'd like to add? A pleasant memory, perhaps, or advice?

TB: My advice to all is to stay nice to each other - even people we don't get along with. We should take care to not get carried away when we run into trouble-makers. We're all in the same boat, after all, and a large part of our existence depends on it.

Second, I'll repeat what I said above: always talk to someone when something bothers you or when you feel down. There's always someone willing to listen.

JB: If you met a powerful genie and could have anything you wanted for the boylove community, what would you ask?

TB: Good health. Nothing else matters.

JB: Thank you, Tigerboy.

TB: You're welcome. My pleasure.



Nite Life - Part 1

by LtDreamer

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FOREWORD

Growing up I have always been an avid reader and dreamer. The age of computers and the Internet opened a whole new world of books and stories to read. Two of my favorite were the digital stories, "Clan Short Series" and "Comicality Shack Outback". Both of these stories revolve around children growing up in a world where prejudice and acceptance are still increasing.

After reading Comicality vampire stories, I had this idea for a stand alone story centered in the vampire universe. I have worked hard to maintain the continuity of Comicality universe. There will be an occasional cameo appearance by some of his characters, but the story line is mine alone. Any resemblance of people real or otherwise is purely coincidental. I hope you enjoy this story.

CHAPTER 1: Under the Veil of Night

The night is an elegant tapestry woven with shadows and whispers. It was an awakening marked by confusion and despair, where darkness had swallowed the light, and balance had crumbled into chaos.

Vampires we call ourselves now, though I remembered them as something simpler. They were creatures of the night, yes, but they had once walked among others as guardians of the twilight — a symbiosis of light and dark. In the city's heart, I now maintain an old library, the oldest and only one of its kind. This is my home and a school of knowledge for those who seek it.

As memories flickered like embers in my mind, I felt the weight of my existence. My name was Donovan, and I was no mere human. I may forever have the body of a 16-year-old, but I am so much more. I had been the "Keeper of Knowledge", a sentinel at the cusp of dusk and dawn. The order of my time was no more. What was once a harmonious coexistence had deteriorated into a struggle for supremacy — light against dark, life against death.

Time had twisted into something foreign. As I roamed the halls of my beautiful library, I pondered whether anyone else remembered the tales of yore when harmony ruled. Now, under a myriad of stars, I seek answers. But greed eclipsed our destiny. Nobody remembers the purpose anymore, not even the Elders.

In a world where darkness was once revered, the sun now sat high on its throne, casting long shadows over the homes of night dwellers. The day-walkers, armed with technology and zealotry, had risen to power, their rule absolute. Their motto echoed through the glimmering cities they built: "Fear the dark, embrace the light."

My existence was not one of solitude, for many navigate the labyrinthine tunnels within my library. They whisper about old legends, about how harmony reigned when death was a cycle, not an end. But whispers of those days felt like a distant symphony swallowed by the cacophony of the present, where Slag Hunters prowled, seeking the remnants of life left by their prey.

The morality of being a vampire is as infinite as there are living creatures on this planet. Like all other creatures, a vampire must feed, regardless of one's beliefs. For centuries, I have walked these halls, a sentinel of knowledge and keeper of secrets. Tonight, I heeded a call, as old as time itself, that echoed through my essence. The library had become my refuge, a haven. However, I must leave this all behind to feed the growing hunger I feel. Tonight, I must feed. For so long have I awakened in the night. I no longer question the growing need. Those that help around the library know of my schedule and have become well-adjusted to my routine.

As I moved to make my way outside, I was briefly stopped by a pair of Elfin twins, with their shimmering hair and bright, curious eyes. They fill the library with youthful energy, always eager to learn and explore. Despite their mischievous nature, their earnest questions about ancient astrology had shown their desire to learn. They deserve to know of the stars, just as I have. I boarded the elevator, to the ground floor, where others would be waiting. Mainly, security for the building, mostly humans, and one designated as my escort for tonight.

I step outside the library, a gentle breeze ruffling the fine wisp of hair. The moon graces the night sky, casting a soft light, as I close my eyes, letting the power coursing through me wrap around like a comforting shroud. As my escort walked on for several blocks, I turned and walked to the side of the building. She would not be needed until later. My body may appear to be 16, the age I was when turned, but in reality I am many centuries old. With a slight bounce of my feet, I was transported to the rooftop.

Here on top of the city, I was able to release all of my scenes and my Extra. Moving along the rooftops, going from one building to the next, I was no longer just Donovan, a mere librarian. No, up here, cloaked in shadows and moonlight, I became something more — a part of the night.

The cool breeze whispered against my skin as I perched at the edge of the tallest tower, the city sprawling beneath me like a tapestry woven of twinkling lights. I could see the neon glow of the downtown district, the whispered laughter of late-night revelers, and the secrets hidden within the alleys. The air held a thrill, a promise of adventure that fired up the edges of my imagination.



Tonight was special; it was the night the moon hung low, casting a silver sheen across the rooftops. I could feel the energy pulsing around me. I closed my eyes, letting the magic seep into my bones. With a deep breath, the rooftops blurring beneath me, I was a hunter and my prey was not far.

The smell of blood and the sound of leather hitting flesh quickly led me to my intended target. Surveying the scene below was enough to bring my blood to a boil. A young boy, cowering in the filthy alley, had a grown man swinging a leather strap upon him. "I told you to bring me more money, not less!" the man spat, a terrible grin splitting his face.

I felt my instincts flare like fire at the sight, the boy's whimpers echoing in my ears. With my eyes glowing red and sharp fangs lengthening, I sprang from the rooftop. The moonlight glimmered off the alley walls, marking my descent. I caught the man's wrist just before the strap struck the boy again, twisting it backwards with a swift motion. He stumbled back, wild-eyed, confusion quickly morphing into terror.

"Who — who are you?" he stammered, the swagger of authority bleeding away in my shadow.

I tilted my head, savoring the moment. "I'm your reckoning." The boy gasped at my arrival, and for a moment, our eyes met. He did not deserve to see what was to come. Touching one long finger to his forehead I utter the word, "Sleep."

With the boy now in a deep sleep, my attention was again turned to the man held in my grasp. Before he could cry out, I closed the distance, a flash of movement that left him no time to react. My fangs sank into his neck, the taste of his blood intoxicating. It filled me with warmth and power. With each heartbeat, I drained the man, feeling his life force cascade into me, strengthening my resolve.

When I finally released him, he crumpled to the ground, eyes wide in disbelief. The sound of rubber tires marked the arrival of the government Slag Hunters. Their engines growled like a ravenous beast as their lights sliced through the night. Their sole purpose was to remove the corpse of those my kind left behind and dispose of any witness to my feeding. He was but a child, innocent and mostly untainted. I had not planned on letting this fragile life be snuffed out like a candle in the wind.

Gathering him in my arms, I felt the warmth of the blood seep into my shirt, a stark reminder of what I had done. I moved quickly, skillfully balancing strength and care, my feet bouncing soundlessly from rooftop to rooftop. Higher and higher we climbed, the cacophony of the city muffled beneath us, my senses prickling.

Finally, I reached a secluded refuge, an abandoned alleyway. In the muted moonlight, I laid the boy down gently on a bed of old papers, old love letters, and forgotten dreams.

"I'm sorry," I whispered. Moments later, a shadow flitted near, my escort appearing with a pristine shirt, a garment untouched by blood or sin.

"Hurry," she urged quietly, sensing the parade of SUVs now heading toward my home. I took a breath, a surge of power filling me as I donned the shirt, its fabric, like armor against the horrors I had chosen to abandon. The night was still crawling with darkness, but he would be safe with me and the shadows. Perhaps a part of me could still find redemption in the secretive embrace of the city, where the night never truly dies.

As I wrapped a light windbreaker around the sleeping lad. I felt the weight of the moon above, a silent guardian watching over our night escape. Behind us, the shadow of my home loomed, a sanctuary filled with knowledge — sacred texts that revealed the truths the elders wished to suppress. Their relentless SUVs prowled the streets, seeking to access my library, to sanitize the histories that would remove them from their self-imposed thrones.

I stepped lightly, my companions, my escort flanking me, and the still-sleeping boy in my arms. I could feel the tension like a taut string ready to snap. "They'll never know," I whispered with confidence, reminding myself of my staff's loyalty. They understood the significance of the tomes, how they held not just ink and parchment but the essence of our kind.

We turned onto a cobblestone street where the city breathed differently, cloaked in the warmth of old brownstone homes, their stoops echoing whispers of forgotten stories. One stood out, that was another entrance to my home — a secret I cherished. I glanced down at the lad, his face tranquil in slumber, unaware of the peril we had narrowly avoided.

As we paused before the door, a flicker of doubt washed over me. What if our fight was futile, what if the Elders kept coming? But I quickly banished the thought. Knowledge is power. Each word we preserved was a seed of knowledge. With a deep breath, I nodded to my friends, and we slipped into the shadows, ready to guard our truths, our very existence, from the ever-hungry darkness.

As the echo of our footsteps descended into the depths of the brownstone, a sense of urgency pulled at my insides. The night air, thick with mystery, hung like a shroud around us. I held the small human child tightly, the weight of his innocence a stark contrast to the shadowy world I inhabited.

Arioch's voice cut through the darkness, smooth yet commanding. "They both were concerned when they smelled a human child enter the passageway. It's not often you return home with guests, Master Donovan."

I chuckled softly, glancing at the monstrous guardians stationed inside the tunnel. The werewolf, muscles rippling beneath its tattered fur, and the dragon, its scales shimmering like jewels, were ever vigilant. "Arioch, you know I like to see who is talking to me. Please step into the open," I replied, my tone firm and playful.

Emerging from the shadows, the angel Arioch unfurled his grand wings, ivory and gold feathered plumes casting glimmers of light in the rough hewn passageway. "Junk, Coran, please continue to patrol the tunnels while I escort Master Donovan and his companions home."



As the two beasts moved past us, their nostrils flared, scenting the child I held. I met their fierce gazes, an unspoken message passing between us. This one is under my protection. We traversed the winding corridor, the air thick with magic. I could almost sense the pulse of my home calling to me, drawing me deeper. Tonight, I was not just Donovan the vampire; I was a guardian, a protector, and perhaps, by some twist of fate, a savior for this young boy.

As we stepped into my world, I realized the night was only beginning.

As we entered the library, I cradled the unconscious boy in my arms, his breath soft and even amid the rustle of ancient pages and the faint scent of dust. Madam Aelita awaited, her figure silhouetted against the grandeur of the library, flanked by medical staff with a gurney ready.

“He will more than likely sleep for the remainder of the night,” I said, my voice both soothing and commanding. “Ensure he is not hurt and is well-fed once he awakens in the morning. I will meet with him in the evening when I awake.”

I nodded, dismissing the escort at my side. Their uneasy glances echoed my discomfort — not often did we welcome the innocent into our shadowed halls. As they moved the boy away, I turned to Aelita. “What of Elder Michael? Has he returned?”

“Again he seeks access to your library,” she replied, a shadow passing over her features. “And failed, as he always does.” Her words hung in the air, laden with the weight of unspoken history. I felt a flicker of satisfaction mingled with the gnawing fear of his persistence. The night slipped away like a forgotten dream, the library swallowing my attention whole. Stacks of papers, each detailing Michael’s recent attempts and the tragic loss of our Nifty Archives in a fire, consumed my thoughts.

Before I could comprehend the slipping hours, the cold fingers of dawn snaked into my body, drawing me into that deep sleep all vampires dread yet crave. As I retreated to my small room, I felt a serene assurance. In the heart of the city’s night, my library remained safe, a sanctuary for secrets whispered among the ancients, and I — a guardian forever vigilant in the shadows.

CHAPTER 2: The Threads of Night

At sunset, as my body began to warm, my eyes opened to the same vision I had before relinquishing my body to sleep. The city lay above me, cloaked in twilight’s gentle caress, rooftops silhouetted against a fiery sky.

After a quick, steamy shower, I dressed in my usual attire of jeans and button down shirt — an elegant blend of darkness and comfort. I popped a Jolly Rancher into my mouth, the sugary flavor a sweet reminder of the life I once knew. Tonight, I had affairs to manage, loose ends to tie. Once at my office, I shuffled through the droll nightly reports. As expected, nothing out of the ordinary ... until Madam Aelita arrived, her face pale but eyes sharp. “We’ve learned about the boy,” she said.

“Joey,” I murmured, recalling the child I had rescued from the clutches of despair. “What did he say?”

“Eight years old,” she continued, urgency prickling her voice. “When we asked if the man who was with him last night was his father, he nodded. His face ... it was distraught. We couldn’t get anything else from him. No mention of a mother. Just ... nothing.”

A fleeting shadow of despair crossed my heart, but I forced it down, knowing I had to act. I intended to bring Joey into the warmth of my sanctuary, where his wounds would heal — not just on his skin, but in his soul.

Before I could summon Aelita to fetch him, a burst of laughter erupted from the hallway, bright and innocent. It was a sound so pure, it startled me. I exchanged a glance with Aelita, her eyes mirroring my uncertainty.

“Shall we?” I asked, feeling the strange pull of joy amidst the dark. The laughter beckoned like a siren’s song, and for the first time in centuries, I felt the flicker of hope. As we exited my office, with Madam Aelita leading the way, her presence as always a shield against the chill that wrapped around me knowing that Joey was about to meet an entirely new world from what he grew up in.

The lights of the library illuminating the trio sprawled on the small couch. Little Joey, with his wide eyes and wild curls, was hardly still. “Ms. Aelita, Ms. Aelita, there are real live elves here! And...” His excitement turned to fear as his gaze landed on me. “ARRGH!”

He tumbled backward, pulling his legs close to his chest, eyes darting like frightened birds. The elfin twins, Zaos and Taleasin — each a whirlwind of shimmering hair and mischief — leapt to his side, concern painted across their delicate features.

“What’s wrong, Joey?” they cooed, gently shaking him to calm.

“M-M-M-Monster!” The word trembled from his lips, and he pointed a shaky finger in my direction. For a heartbeat, silence hung in the air, thick like fog, until the twins erupted into laughter. Taleasin fell to the floor, clutching his stomach, while Zaos chimed, “That’s not a monster; he’s our teacher! But yes, some think he’s a monster when it comes to tests.” The joy in his voice was infectious, even in my gloom.

I couldn't help but smirk, despite the crimson blood pulsing under my skin. Their mirth was bright, cutting through my centuries-old armor of solitude. “Careful, little one,” I warned, playfully baring my fangs, “Monster or not, I do bite.”

Joey squeaked, but in that moment, I felt a flicker of warmth, a glimmer of something long lost — a hint of humanity nestled in the heart of a creature of the night. As laughter echoed through the shadows, I knew the darkness wasn’t as lonely as it once had been.

From my worn, leather chair I watched the elves as their laughter rang hollow, a fragile mask to cover the anxiety beneath. I allowed a faint smile to cradle my lips.

“Joey,” I began softly, drawing the child's gaze from the elfin chaos. “My name is Donovan — Master Donovan to some, and this is my school and my home. I assure you, there are no monsters here.”

The boy's eyes were vibrant green, swirling with curiosity and fear, like an emerald against velvet darkness. Overcome by dread, he curled into himself, knees drawn up to his chest. "But... you had red eyes and a scary face. You stopped my daddy from hitting me again."

His words hit me like ice water, sending chills racing through my centuries-old veins. I had indeed intervened last night, my dual nature surfacing to protect a child from violence. But here I sat, grappling with the very image of monsters that the world had taught him.

"Please," he whispered, "You're not going to eat me, are you?"

At that moment, the laughter erupted again, peals of delight from Taleasin, one of the more boisterous elves, who collapsed in a fit on the floor. Zaos, struggling to keep composed, tightened his grasp around Joey, desperately trying to shield him from the humor that felt alien in this tense moment.

I needn't share my thoughts on that unfathomable gulf between our worlds — a gulf that should never exist between protector and protected. Before I could offer reassurance, a security officer named Matthew subtly tapped his wrist, drawing my attention like a flash of lightning in a night sky. The undercurrent of urgency reminded me that not all threats could be quelled with words alone.

"No," I assured Joey, casting a sidelong glance at the elves, who still giggled. "I won't eat you, and no one here will. Why don't you let those crazy elf friends show you where they play? Madam Aelita will fetch you come bedtime."

With lingering hesitation amid wide-eyed wonder, he finally stood, the elves beckoning him toward the sanctuary. As he shuffled away, I sensed his distrust linger like a shadow over my simmering resolve. As the children vanished down the corridor, Matthew's unease broke through the silence.

"Elder Michael has returned with some unwilling guests. He refuses to leave."

As angry fire ignited within me, I turned to Aelita. "We can't let this fester. Contact Arioch. Brief him about Michael's return. Make sure all the children are below, and the adults know what's happening. It's time to confront this."

"Yes, sir," she replied, her voice steady, but her eyes reflected her wariness.

Despite the oppressive tension in the air, I felt a faint flicker of something I thought long extinguished — a surge of purpose.

Elder Michael was not just a mere nuisance, he was an embodiment of the prejudice that plagued our realms. He and his goons were harbingers of an ancient vendetta — one that could not deter the boy with the wide green eyes who had already seen more than any child should.

With one last glance at the empty space where Joey had stood, I braced myself. The night was alive with the energy of coming confrontation, my blood racing in tandem with the pulse of the city outside.



As the door creaked open to my office, I let the shadows pulse around me, an armor of darkness. Tonight, I would battle not merely a man, nor his enemies, but the very shadows lurking in every child's heart — a war against the monsters that would try to destroy the safety I began to cultivate for the innocent, with the hope of a brighter dawn.

The night air hung heavy, surreal like charged glass, vibrating with an intensity that led me, Donovan, to believe that danger lurked just beyond the reach of street lamps. I had felt it prickling at my skin since twilight descended over the city, but tonight, it manifested rather palpably in the heart of my sanctuary — my archive.

As I strode out to meet the security officer waiting for me, my senses prickled with tension. “Put human security on full alert,” I ordered, keeping my voice low, almost conspiratorial. “There is something off about all this. I can feel it. Tonight will bear darkness for one of us.” The night air hung heavy, thick with desperation and anticipation.

Inside the dimly lit lobby of my archive, the atmosphere crackled with discontent. As I approached, Elder Michael was pacing, the picture of indignation and impatience, like a tempest circling its prey. “Donovan!” he thundered, his voice echoing ominously. “It’s about time you showed up. When someone of my status demands to speak with you, they should not be kept waiting.”

In his hands, he wielded a letter — the command from the council that would sanction a raid of my precious Archive. “You will allow our team entrance to remove any ‘dangerous’ content,” he spat, enunciating the word as if it were venomous.

I surveyed the scene outside. Sleek, black SUVs stood idling under the streetlights, a team of fifteen waiting just beyond the threshold. My chest tightened as I met the Elder’s fervent gaze. “Elder Michael,” I replied, keeping my voice steady, “I have told you and the council that I do not fall within your jurisdictions. I, and my school, along with all its contents, stand apart from your reach. I will not allow you or your goons entrance. This knowledge is sacred.”

His face twisted with rage. “You’re a dead man, Donovan, and you don’t even know it. The council will review your archive and take what they deem necessary.”

With those words, the air shifted. Before I could blink, I felt it — a shard of death spiraling through the night. A glint of metal, a whisper of motion. Instinct took over, honed to a razor’s edge over centuries. I sidestepped the assassin’s shiv just in time, but not unscathed. I raised my hand, palm up, and felt the burn of steel sink deep into my flesh. Blood dripped to the floor, hot and defiant.

In that instant, rage ignited within me, fiery and untamed. My body surged, stretching like shadows deepening in the night. I surged in height, girth, power — an ancient transformation that few could survive watching. Before Elder Michael stood a creature of legend, a Nosferatu.

I pulled the shiv free and glared at Elder Michael, locking eyes with the man who had summoned this wrath. “You’ve made a grave mistake.” My voice deepened, drenched in primal fury.

He stepped back, fear flitting across his features — but it was too late. With a flick of my wrist, I hurled him away like a feather in a storm, crashing him through the heavy lobby doors. He tumbled onto the pavement outside, cars screeching to a halt around him. His team, cloaked in arrogance, rushed to muster their resolve.

Yet, they did not anticipate the tsunami of fury unleashed from my form. I strolled out into the night, each step reverberating like thunder. Words evaporated as I channeled my fury into the ether. They charged, yet my movements were a blur. I was nightmare incarnate.

The aftermath of my rage rendered them mere echoes on the night. A few lay broken, while others fled into the surrounding darkness. I returned to the echoing lobby, breath heavy, heart thundering silver against my ribs.

“Master Donovan,” a small voice cut through the haze of anger, wrapping around my sanity like a cool breeze. I turned towards the comforting presence — Arioch, the Angel, stood beside me, wings folded like a whisper, radiating calm.

“Come now, it’s time to rest,” he urged softly, a hand resting gently on my arm. The rage began to retreat, quelled by his unyielding tranquility.

His essence invited me back, deeper into myself. With a quiet sigh, I let my monstrous form recede, the shadowy claws of my anger fading as I returned to the weary figure I was just moments before. Arioch guided me through the remnants of the chaos, where injured bodies lay strewn amidst splintered debris.

“Forget them. They don’t matter now,” he murmured, guiding me along. His wings flared wide, offering a halo of protection and serenity amid the destruction we’d wrought. In my quarters, he had a donor bag waiting — my lifeblood, the crimson essence to restore balance. I drank deeply, absorbing the nourishment it offered, letting it seep into the core of my being.

“Do you believe they will return?” I asked, my voice nothing more than a tired whisper, an admission of vulnerability hidden behind obstinate walls.

“They might. But you are not alone,” Arioch replied. “You have strength within you, Donovan, and I will remain by your side.”

With a heavy heart, I sank into the embrace of rest. As sleep enveloped me, the coming night loomed vibrant and thick with possibilities. The city would stir again, and under the veil of night, whispers of fury, power, and purpose would resound in the shadows. This was not the end but a cycle of awakening beneath the cloak of darkness, undeterred by those who wish to cage us in fear.

BOYS' BEST

WINTER WEAR



I Loved That Boy More Than Anything

by Wolfrunner

From reading my past columns, you may think I'm talking about Marky. I've written a great deal about him recently. Now, I love Marky to death. And I would do anything for him. But he's not the boy I'm talking about.

I'm talking about Neil.

Who is Neil, and how did I know him? He was Sandra's son. Who is Sandra? Sandra was Lawrence's therapist. And Lawrence was my "little." That meant the boy I was assigned to in the Big Brothers program. Lawrence is also Marky's older brother, and it's through him that I met Marky.

It's also through Lawrence that I met Neil.

You see, Lawrence had some attitude and behavioral challenges. Because of that, he frequently saw counselors and therapists, among other types of correctional activities. As his "Big Brother," I found myself taking part in his mom's disciplinary efforts, things such as attending his counseling and therapy sessions with him.

And so Sandra was Lawrence's therapist. And Neil was Sandra's boy. He was ten. I would often go to these sessions with Lawrence, and Neil would always be there. So I got to know her, and I got to know him. And he genuinely connected with me. There was an actual connection.

Now, Marky holds a special bond in my heart. And he will forever. But Neil holds a more special place. This is deeper. It's stronger. How so? How can that be? I don't know. I just... I will do anything for that boy, anything.

Neil is the one who initiated it. He came to me. He initiated the contact, he initiated the relationship. He wanted to do things, and he asked me to do things with him. Things like helping him fix the deck, helping him fix a playhouse, things like that. And we ended up spending so much time together.

He liked working with his hands and making things, and I enjoyed teaching him everything I knew. We connected, and I played an important role in his life. He

wanted me to help him in Scouting. Being ten, he wasn't in Webelos at the time. He was just above that, regular Cub Scouts.

I went with him to the meetings, and we built a boat for the Regatta. That's where you build a boat, and you sail them. The kid blows a straw on the sail of the boat. Similar to the race cars in Scouting, except that they're boats. So we built a boat together. And he wanted me to do that with him. He came to me and asked me.

Yes, he initiated much of the relationship. And me, I was just tickled pink. I mean, it was awesome. We were always together.

I fell in love with that boy.

The relationship lasted over a year. But not much longer. No, they moved to Ohio. And when they did, it was one of the hardest things ever. Having to say goodbye. It was very painful. The day before they moved, I went over to their house to say goodbye to them. It was just very emotional, I brought him a gift, a goodbye gift. I gave him a DeWalt drill, and I gave him a couple of attachments for it. I told him it would be better. That he needed to be safe with it. I taught him how to be safe with power tools. I said that I would be very upset if he hurt himself with it. Remember, this is a kind of drill that adults would use. By this time he was twelve. While in theory, he could hurt himself, I taught him how to use this kind of drill. So I was fine with him having it. And his mom was fine with it.

But still, it was a very tough goodbye. He hugged me, and he wouldn't let go. It took him a good five minutes to let go. He finally let go, and I said I'll be right back. I went out on the front porch. His mom followed me, knowing I wasn't feeling good. You might be thinking I was about to cry. But no. I wasn't about to start crying.

I already was crying, and I knew she saw me. But she didn't say anything. I said, "There's nothing I wouldn't do for that boy. I care about all of your kids. I do. I would do anything for your kids. If they called me up today, tomorrow, next week, or next month, I would do anything for them. But I love that boy. He is so special to me. Beyond special." She said she knew. She understood very well.

Because you see, he wasn't the child of her ex-husband. There was somebody else before him. Neil didn't know this. To this day, he still doesn't know, as far as I'm aware.

I told her, "I'm not going to tell him that." She just looked at me. I continued, "It's not for me to tell him. It's for you to tell him. But you need to fucking tell him."

She didn't seem convinced. I said, "He hates the man." Still nothing. "That he thinks is his father," I continued. "Absolutely hates him. I know that because he's talked to me about him. He hates him."

She wasn't going to budge. But I didn't give up. "The kid can't do a cartwheel. But if I told him right now that Harold was not his father, he'd be doing cartwheels in the front yard."

Now she was warming up. I said, "You need to trust me on this. Because I've talked to that boy." Now I had her ear. I said, "And I'm going to tell you this right now. If he finds out that Harold is not his father, and if you're worried about Neil thinking he doesn't have a father, you no longer need to worry. Because the minute he finds out, and if he's worried about that, I'm going to file a petition for adoption. I'm going to adopt that little fucker. He's going to be mine."

I left it at that, and for a few minutes, neither of us spoke. I thought I was getting through to her. But no, apparently not. She said, "I'm not telling him."

I told her, "I'm going to adopt him. If he finds out that Harold is not his father. If you're worried about him not having a quote-unquote father, you no longer need to worry about that. I'll file a petition for him, and he's mine."

That's how much I love that boy.

After he left, I wanted to keep in contact. I'd like to think we both wanted to. I tried. I tried emails. I tried letters. I tried calling him. I tried everything. But she's the type who doesn't want to bother people with her problems. I asked her, "Have I ever fuckin' commented about your problems? No. I've helped you out."

Because she couldn't afford anything. ANYTHING! She was in trouble. For what? Because she spent all her money trying to prevent him (Harold) from seeing her kids. She spent all her money on lawyers and shit. She didn't even have money for food.



I was in North Carolina. She moved to Ohio. I found out where she lived. I went online and found the nearest grocery store to her. I ordered \$300 worth of food to feed her kids. I had the groceries sent to her house. She knew nothing about it. She was like, "What the fuck?" Then later it was known that I spent the money on sending that food.

She wanted to buy her kids a Nintendo Switch for Christmas. Didn't have the money. I spent \$400 on a Switch. For her kids. And that's a video game thing if you didn't know. All the kids wanted it. And yes, she was grateful. But again, I'm doing all this shit. Don't ignore me.

Because she had been doing that. Not giving me much time, or talking to me much. Not at all, ever. She didn't want to "bother" me. So I told her, "I'm here for you. Have I ever said anything? You can call me up, talk to me, complain to me. Tell me your problems. Do whatever. I'm your friend, I'm a true friend. I don't ask for anything. Have I asked you for anything? No. I've given."

There were so many times when I told her, I was working. I'm working late. I can get to his Scout meeting, but you're going to have to drop him off, and I'm going to meet you there. We met at the church, which is where they were having the thing. I would pull in, and he'd be there, looking for my car.

I'd park, and I'd get out. I wouldn't even have time to get out, and I'd have a little boy wrapped around my legs. Again, to compare him to Marky. Marky and I had a strong bond, we still do, I think. I love him. But Neil? Neil was a special character. Everything he'd do in Scouts, I was there. I was with it. If they were doing something, and they had to go away from the "parents" I had to tell the leader, "Yo, he's gonna be with me. Go do what you're supposed to do." Eventually, they got used to me always being there.

So when he hits 18 and gets a Facebook page, I'm going to get in contact with him. And we're going to have a long talk. A long, long talk. But he's still got a long way to go. I'd like to think it's going to pass quickly. But either way, I've just got to wait it out. But we are going to re-connect. With a bond like that, as strong as we have, it doesn't just end. It's not over!

Not by a long shot.

We Are Kindred, We Are Family **By The Kindred**

Out of the darkest of times, we arose. When children were but mere objects, treated with no more respect than cattle or currency, and even less than that. When they were sold or traded like slaves, mistreated, or even killed at the pleasure of their elders, we were the ones who cared. The friends and mentors of all children. Boys were the ones to take the burden of tribal society, so we formed even more special bonds with them.

Ever since civilization arose, we've been both persecuted and revered, depending merely on fashion and belief. And especially by the ones who ruled spiritually and defined social taboos for the commoners to follow.

Isn't it ironic that nowadays we're more persecuted than ever? When gays are more accepted with every new sunrise, we must crawl away from the spotlight and hide like vampires, who also bear the name of Kindred. We develop almost supernatural skills, just like vampires in the RPG fictional "World of Darkness" ... and yet, Kindred means family.

And that's what we are. A big family that's divided by fear and shame. And some of us hunt and



unleash the beast. Others, like myself, keep the beast at bay. Even at the cost of our health and sanity, we do it just to preserve our humanity. How appropriate, the RPG setting and the whole of vampire myth and lore.

Isn't it time to unite once more and try to survive as a species? Because that's what they've made of us. A separate human species with our own underworld society, rules, and traditions. And a wisdom the common world cannot acquire. Even now with the advent of the Age of Aquarius, the world, or even ourselves as a community, aren't prepared to understand.

Because believe me when I say that we're here to forge children into the best, happiest, and most capable versions of their true selves. True selves, which the elders want to keep at bay at all costs. They do so to preserve their decadent lifestyles and pass them over to each upcoming generation. Each, which usually fails miserably. This is partly thanks to our influence. Even from the shadows, our influence reaches the new generations. That's why I call our kind the "Bridge Between Generations".

I am The Kindred now more than ever because I know. And what I know better than anything else, is that Kindred is what we all are. Family. Brothers and sisters. The human species who saved empathy from the ruthless, the wicked, and the plain.

Just like Jesus and so many other characters, fictional or not, including the likes of Buddha or even Gandalf, I had to fight my own demons. I died and came back to the living with more wisdom and a new appreciation for life and its treasures. And the greatest treasures are the young ones, let me tell you.

So here comes an idea. Let's celebrate the next solstice, not with a blue candle resembling sadness and a low-temperature flame, but with a red one. The one for passion. Let our fiery souls ignite, and the Kindred Spirits burn bright.

The Three Postulates of Boylove - Part 2

by Striper

Let's look at sexual needs now, those desires and dreams of a sexual nature we all have. Sexuality consists of two factors: the sexual need, and the object that activates that sexual need.

If the object of my sexual need is defined as "deviant" in nature by the general commoner, it deviates from the "norm" as accepted by the majority. That does not mean that my sexual needs are deviant as well!

"Sexual needs" are those desires in a human being that you dream of and wish fulfilled as a sexual act. Such needs are driven by lust, and there to entice you to seek out and experience those dreams, to feel that sense of satisfaction after the deed is done.

I'm a 28-year-old man, and I want to have sex with an 11-year-old boy. Every day, I imagine what it would be like.

The intense love I feel for young boys leads me to see boys, to interact with boys, and to form close friendships with 10- and 11-year-old boys. Ideally, the boy and I would express our love and affection for each other through physical closeness and intimacy. And like any other couple, we would enjoy consensual sexual relations.

The average person will, of course, automatically deny any concept of being "normal" for a boylover. They do not understand how it could be possible for a grown man to enjoy having sex with a 10-year-old boy.

But consider this. If, on a planet like Earth, where the first person to take charge was a boylover who saw it as perfectly acceptable for a man to have sex with a boy, is there any doubt that "boylove" would be accepted in that world? Indeed, it would.

The problem for us as boylovers is that we are trying to overcome adversity so we can enjoy relationships with boys. There is a great need for positive studies and objective scientific facts to support the claims that responsible boylovers everywhere are making. Which is, that it's okay for a grown man to have sex with a pre-teen boy.

Let's take a naked 28-year-old man and a naked 11-year-old boy, put them both in a room together, and allow the man and boy free expression to do as they want. And if the man and the boy start having sex with each other, well, isn't it natural? Of course, it is! Man/boy sex is natural.

If you put a naked man and a naked boy together, they are usually going to have sex. It is a fact proven by history: men and boys do want to have sex with each other. See this and judge the results for yourself. Not by any social beliefs, but simply by being an observer. The man had consensual sex with the boy, and they both enjoyed it.

Can it not be said that if the desire to have sex was mutual, and both the man and the boy willingly acted upon their feelings, that no negative repercussions would follow?

It most certainly can. That negative reaction is caused by misinformed and prehistoric social ideals which stipulate that sex between a man and a boy is wrong. If the man and the boy were happy to be having sex with each other, and barring interference from external parties, would they see what they were doing as right or wrong?

I assure you, to the man and the boy, having sex would be right, wanted and needed.

Given that the man and the boy were never exposed to the current social ideas, and if the man and the boy knew nothing other than the intense pleasure they felt during the experience, it is reasonable to say that the act of male intergenerational sex is almost always positive.

It cannot be said that because sex between a man and a boy is against the law, it is wrong. It cannot be legitimately claimed that because sexual relations between a man and a boy are against some religious beliefs, it is wrong or damaging.

Were the current age of consent laws abolished, would there then still be an infringement of the law if a man and a boy were discovered to be involved in a sexual relationship with each other?

If a man and boy were in love with each other and if it was known that the boy liked, enjoyed, and wanted to continue the sexual relationship with the man, then this should not infringe upon the law and no arrests or trial would follow.

How do you know something is wrong unless you are told it is? In a perfect world, the only judge would be emotion.

This brings me back to why I ask, "How could things have gone so wrong?" Current social views on the point of childhood sexuality are the only thing that makes it appear bad.

Some would claim that children under the age of consent must be protected. This is because they do not know, in any given situation, whether an outcome or experience will be beneficial or harmful in any way. As such, they must be protected by those with more experience. For example, putting your hand in a fire will burn you. Yet how does a child know this unless he does so? Wouldn't an adult explain the dangers and harm it could cause? Allowing the child to know what the outcome would be were he to place his hand in the fire.

This may be the case regarding sexual relationships and age of consent laws as well. Those who need to protect the child against possible dangers. But that's exactly the point, "possible danger". Not certain and definite danger.

It is certainly a possibility that if the age of consent laws were abolished, children might be molested. Yet even with the age of consent laws, children are still being molested. So why not change the law to benefit both those children being harmed by child molesters, and those children benefiting from mutually desired relationships between themselves and an adult?

Instituting a law designed around the principles mentioned above would afford those children both protection and justice, in such a way that the man who molested and therefore harmed the child knows that he has or will infringe upon the law. Before that, the man would

have known he had infringed upon the law had the child been below a certain legal age. After the age of consent was abolished and a new law enacted, he would still know that harming a child would be unlawful. Not by his interpretation of the action, but by the interpretation and reaction of the child. And therefore, suitable punishment would be forthcoming when that abuse has been made aware of by authorities.

The child would be rescued from the abusive situation. While the man who loved a child, who never harmed them, yet was involved in a sexual relationship with the child would not be prosecuted. There was no infringement of the new law. This is by the child who agreed to, or even instigated the relationship.

The child would be rescued, not from the man, but from the needless pain and trauma that would have followed from the obligation to act according to the broad and discriminative age of consent laws. In this case, no other rescuing is necessary because there is no harm being done.

In both cases, an investigation would take place. The investigation would be best termed as an assessment of the relationship between the adult and child. It would allow officials to observe the relationship to ascertain whether or not there was any severe or detrimental damage being done to the child in accordance with the new law.

It is obvious now that questions are arising about officials and their possibly biased social and moral convictions. It may be argued that their religious and/or social beliefs may inhibit and even bias their conclusions in assessing such relationships. It is therefore reasonable to implement certain procedures regarding affording both objective observation and assessment. And also, as well as recordable evidence, should the authorities take a decision solely into their own hands, and that decision is contrary to fact and the wishes of the child.

Psychological tests would be performed and non-coercive and non-suggestive questions would be asked of the child. Added to this, would be a clause stating that the child's desires are always a primary factor to be considered when determining an ultimate decision about the relationship.

There is much yet to discuss. I am aware that this essay does not go into all the details that are necessary to substantiate its ideas. But those are my three postulates of boylove, laid out in the most basic and broad way I know how. For those whose knowledge of boylove is limited, or who have a negative view on the topic, I can only hope that it sheds new light and brings a new understanding.



Funnëëë!!



Little Timmy was sitting in class. The teacher decided that since it was Friday afternoon, and there was nothing left to do for the week, she'd let the students go home early if they could correctly answer a question.

She said, "Okay class, which president said, 'The only thing we have to fear is fear itself'?"

Little Timmy bounced up and down in his seat, arm raised: "OH! OH! I KNOW!"

But before the teacher could call on him, the girl next to him said, "Franklin Roosevelt."

"Very good Julie, you can go," the teacher replied. "Okay then, class, which president said, 'Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country'?"

Again, little Timmy's hand shot into the air and he waved about excitedly. "OH! OH! I KNOW! PLEASE, PLEASE, PICK ME!"

Again, before she had a chance to call on anyone, another girl stood and said, "John F. Kennedy."

"Very good Sally, you may leave also." Then the teacher asked again, "Okay class, which President said, 'Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall'?"

But, again, before Timmy could answer, one of the girls jumped up and answered, "Ronald Reagan!"

Frustrated, Timmy muttered, "God damn, I wish these bitches would keep their fucking mouths shut!"

The teacher heard this, and shouted, "WHO SAID THAT!?"

Timmy jumped up. "Bill Clinton! Can I go now?"

A Love Letter 5 Years Too Late

by Alexander Fresh

I wasn't looking for you, I really wasn't. I wanted to see you on my TV, on pictures online, or in my dreams. But there, no....

Big NO. In caps. Add bold and multiply the size of the font, underline, add colors, anything to emphasise. It was early July, 2019. I can't remember the exact date. I know I should, but I can't. I remember your birthday was May 28th. But that date in July of 2019 has always escaped my mind, like if I wanted to stop the time and return to the past so it doesn't happen.

I have plenty of habits which I have done for a long time without remembering why I started to do them. Usually my day starts by reading my emails, followed by looking at Wikipedia's death of the recent days. I have often tried to understand why I do it, but I can't figure it out. Probably to make sure I don't miss anything. Yet I can guarantee that no day hit me harder than that day in July 2019.

I was reading the names, and suddenly I see, "Cameron Boyce, 20, American actor (Jessie ████████)"

There was no black line on Wikipedia. They wrote more of your works. But I remember that from the moment I read the name Jessie, I knew it was you. Who cares if your name and your age were written before. There was surely another Cameron Boyce who was 20. It must have been, because the Cameron Boyce I knew - you - couldn't be dead. I wouldn't allow it. The "Jessie" mention was just too much proof that even if I didn't want to believe it, I had to.



After all, "Jessie" was where I discovered you, via Luke Ross, the character you were portraying. Described as mischievous and irresponsible, he also had a sweet side. His biggest love was his stuffed animal, Kenny the Koala. Being myself a stuffed animal lover, it touched me.

But I have to be honest and say I probably loved Luke the moment I saw your look and your charisma. You were perfect in both those categories, at least to me. I also loved how, thanks to you, Luke could be an awesome dancer. From 2011 to 2015, I loved watching you via Luke. I did see you in other roles, and as much as I always loved everything you did, Jessie and Luke will always be my favourites of all your work.

Now let's get to the point. This isn't a biography. This is me writing to you. I don't know if you can read it where you are, but I felt if I had a tribute, I may as well try and see if it reaches you so you can hear me say, "I love you, Cameron Boyce."

It wasn't all Jessie. It started with that, but then it was you. Your philanthropy showed that you had a sweet side and a compassion, something Luke never really had, or maybe I should say, never had at all. You, Cameron Boyce, had a big heart. And I like boys with big hearts.

So I won't lie, and will admit that I often wished I could date you one day. I will never know your sexuality, but no matter what it was, I always knew chances of you loving me were slim. But I still dreamed about it. Even after you passed.

To this day, I feel guilty of dreaming about you. But I can't help it, you were too perfect. On that day in July 2019, I realized my dream of you loving me would never happen in this lifetime. I don't know what happens after it, but if I ever get to meet you in a future life, I will know that heaven exists.



An Unusual Childhood - Part 2

by Sammy

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CHAPTER 4

Sex at Ryan's house was fun. We might have been told what to do, but we did it eagerly. Anal, oral, vaginal, and masturbation were fun - but there was more to it than just the sex. I was told to be like the kids in the big-name magazines. There were child magazines all over the back rooms. And yes, I wanted to be a star. It might sound funny but we were told what to do before the cameras were turned on. I remember being told that film is money and we could not waste it. So there was no "CUT!" at a screw up; you just went on with the shoot. There were story lines, and some things were shot outside the comfort of the house.

There was a restaurant called Ponderosa Steak House that we made a scene in. Nothing nude, just a scene from the movie. There was a park right behind Ryan's house where we filmed a lot of stuff around the retention pond. That was cool being naked outside. People could see you if they looked hard enough. But as far as I know, the guard who was a police officer during the day and a guard at night was the only one who saw anything.

He lived in a double-wide trailer right there in the park. He liked little girls. I think some didn't mind letting him touch them for a little extra money. I don't know anything about that other than what little I was told. Yes, money was given out all the time. Prostitution was, let's face it, the main thing. There was no vaginal sex (that I knew of) with men before the girl was 16 years old. Younger than that is touching only. Boys were the same thing. But I think it was ignored most of the time.

When I was 11 years old, I thought I was in control of things that were happening in my life. I was almost a veteran in this line of work. We had a new 9-year-old boy come in, and we were told he has no idea about what we do. This might be the same thing that they told the kids when I first started. We were outside having a barbecue and swimming

when one of
the boys
started to
talk about



penis size. This made some of us laugh because we knew how big he was.

I put up a challenge that I could tell the size of any of the boys without touching or seeing them naked. This was not a challenge to me because I knew all the boys, except the new one. Jimmy jumped up and called on the new boy as a test. It was to see how good I was at telling the size of any one of them. I said I would tell them his size, but in the end, they had to do as I said no matter what I said. They agreed. I took the new boy over to the pool shed and told him if he told the other boys I got the size right we could have fun making them do anything we want.

We made the other boys do all kinds of things until two of the boys took off and went behind the garage. I thought they were just playing the game with us. I went back to find them because they had to do what I said the rest of the day. And I was going to remind them of that. I rounded the corner and found one on his knees and the other with his swim trunks down to his ankles. Normally this was not a problem. We did this all the time. Quickie here, quickie there. But we had a new one and we were told to keep things clean.

The boy standing with his trunks down to his ankles said in a soft voice, "Just one time." With that, the new boy was right behind me looking at the boy on his knees. It was a tense moment, not knowing what to say. The new boy piped up and said he had a friend who did that with him. He likes doing it. That is not the end, but it is where I am going to jump forward an hour or so. We made it back to the pool area.

CHAPTER 5

When I was thirteen, I decided to get out of this. I remember kids coming to my house, going for walks, and talking about getting back into the "acting." I didn't know it then, but I know now that it was the adults who were telling the kids to talk me into coming back. I just thought it was the kids wanting me back. For a little while I did go back. I thought it was for the kids. I found out the adults just wanted the money. I was one of many of the main names on their money list. I did get out just before my fourteenth birthday. But it was not the same anywhere else. I was not wanted. I didn't have a feeling of belonging. I still lived at home, I still went to school. But nothing was the same.

The "Acting Family" I left took a chunk of me. I had a



purpose there. With my real family, I didn't know where I stood. I didn't care to interact with them. I was displaced. I was going to a new middle school in the eighth grade. You know, in sixth you are nothing. A freshman. In seventh grade, you are cooler but still nothing. But in eighth grade, you are king of the hill. Now look, I'm going to a new school. I might as well be a freshman again.

I remember two things that took place in that school that I don't think I will ever forget. One was with a science teacher. She turned out to be the best thing at the time for me. One day while in her class I was not paying attention, as usual. She grabbed me by my arm and dragged me out into the hallway. Then she asked me what I wanted to do as a career. I told her I was going to be an electrician.

Now at this time, I could see something welling up inside her. Let me tell you, she let me have it. She told me science and electricity are one and the same. You can't have one without the other. Now let me go back and describe her. She looked like a bodybuilder. Strong and beautiful at the same time. None of my friends thought she was good looking, but I did. I didn't (and don't) have a problem with strong women.

I do not mean physically. I mean mentally and everything that goes with that. I do however have a problem with weak women who think they're strong, and try to make boys or men feel weak. She took the rest of the semester and taught nothing but electrical theory. There is more to it, but I think you get the point. I will say this: I still think of that woman, and yes I put her high up on a pedestal. I will forever love her for her honesty and her love of the art of teaching.

The second thing I remember was being out at PE. I noticed one of the female coaches looking at and staring at a group of boys. I didn't say anything, but I did keep my eye on her because I could tell what this look was. We all went in to shower and/or change. I noticed this female PE teacher standing in the doorway watching the boys changing. That first time I think I was scared because I didn't do anything. Not even one word came out of my mouth. The next time I was prepared. I knew it was going to happen again, so I prepared myself.

She walked right up and stood in the doorway again. So, this time, with all the anger in me, I confronted her on her perversion and could she stand somewhere else. She tried to tell me to sit down and shut up. She finally told me she was making sure there was no fighting in the locker room. Then she said that only men were perverts, so don't worry about her. I didn't waste time with this crap she was saying. I just slammed the door. It made me feel good but when I turned around, I think the boys knew what I was



talking about. I thought I was king at that moment. The boys started screaming and telling me good job. But it was more than that.

The next time we went to PE, believe it or not, the door to the boy's locker room was removed from the hinges. This time though I was not alone and it felt good having other boys standing up for their rights. Two other boys and I stood in the doorway so she could not look in.

We called her a pervert, sicko. We were just acting like idiots, but it felt good. And to this day I feel she needed to be told. It's not just men. Women are not immune to sexual thoughts. Women act, even today, like it's only men that do this kind of crap. Stop fooling yourself. Well anyway, I was suspended for three days for that. I didn't care one bit. I didn't care what people said. I knew the truth.

You know, as a child you think people will see the truth, but your concerns or thoughts might not be other people's concerns or thoughts. Mine were clear to me and I started to get my voice and it felt good. I need to stop and put this in an adult viewpoint. I have passion for this topic, not anger. It was anger when I was a child and this part reflects that anger. Abuse was not in the porno or sex, it was in a boy's being put down and made to feel worthless.

CHAPTER 6

The world I knew was not stable. The Boy's Club was being renamed Boy's and Girl's Club. Then they started the Girl's Club right down the street. And then Girls Inc. started right next door to the Boy's and Girl's Club within one year of the name change. When I went to city hall and asked the council to stop this, I was 15 years old.

During the meeting, a women's group spokesperson asked me why I cared about this. I told her and the council that one by one boys are being put aside. Women want equal rights but that's not this. You are taking things away from children. This is not an adult thing, it's a child thing. The way it was handled was completely wrong.

I was alone. Neither my mother nor my father were there. They didn't care. The women ripped me apart. They told me that the reason the Girl's Club was made was because girls needed a place



to be with other girls only. I remember asking her, "Don't boys need that too?"

I was told to shut up by another woman from the group. The woman then made the following statements. And let me add that no one, not even the males on the board, stopped her. "Because you have something dangling between your legs, does not give you the right to question us, boy. We will make this happen."

Now this is the part where, as an adult, I have to stop and ask the question: Would I talk to a child in a demeaning way like that? No. I talk with girls and boys about concerns, about all kinds of things. I would never shut one down. But even today I heard a woman talking about how only men molest little girls. Are you kidding me? This was 2010 and I just heard something like that. I just read in an article that women molesters are up by 4 percent. It is totaled that 17 percent of molestations of children younger than 17 years of age are by a woman. This is like saying that black men don't molest children. The sex part is not just men, nor is it any one group of men.

Thus, teaching your children to watch out for white-headed old men does not help the children. Sometimes it's that 13-year-old girl you asked to babysit your 9-year-old son. Now if you want to raise a stink and say that 13-year-old girls don't molest, you need to rethink your position. I am going to tell you that if she does a good job, he will never tell Mom or Dad. The same goes with a girl. Some of these people know what to do, and they are good at it.

Don't think that a child who is introduced to sex is always depressed. That's not true, either. Some children after an encounter are manic, or should I say it's like a natural high. No drugs, just a good feeling, and they see nothing wrong with it. And sometimes there is nothing wrong with it. Children with children, not adults. Sex play is fun as a child. Yes, I said it. It's not always rape no matter what the so-called experts say. Rape, by definition, is forced and unwanted. Believe it or not, some boys and/or girls drop their pants knowing what to expect. They want it. So don't think your children are going to tell you everything.

There's a story of a 17-year-old girl who got pregnant by an 11-year-old boy. A woman's group wanted to know if the boy was going to be charged with rape of the 17-year-old. What are they thinking? Shouldn't the girl be charged? It's not always the male that is the perpetrator. And yes, the girl said she is waiting for the boy to be of the age of consent so she can marry him. Shouldn't she have waited until he was the age of consent before dropping his pants?

Now let me go back to something I said before. Children love to have fun with sex. They were born as little sexual people. For a women's group to stand so proud and think a

girl is above lust is ludicrous. All my life it has been told to me that men are pigs. That they only think with their penis's. To put a girl on such a high pedestal is ridiculous. Another false statement is that only men are visually stimulated. A female on one hand says, "I can do anything a man can do." But when it comes to this, a female is above such behavior?

This is not a woman-bashing contest. This is to let you know that your 13-year-old female babysitter could be doing things with your child while you're out eating dinner. You would likely never think anything of it, because you think girls just don't do that.

CHAPTER 7

At the age of sixteen, I got my driver's license. I was the first of all my friends to get it. I knew it was a bad choice. But I thought I could make money by selling the same types of magazines that I dreamed of being in as a child. Well, I found out that was a stupid idea shortly after I ordered some from an undercover police officer. I opened a can of worms that took over a year to close.

At first, I was in hot water. After the first year, the police officer who was involved with my case went on to new things. The judge mysteriously let me off with only time served and for the community service that I had already done. Ryan's father was at the last court date that I had. It was the first time I had seen him since I left that last time. I'm not saying he knew the judge, but I did see him talking with the judge. I will not say any more about that because I don't know. I would like to think he might have known, and that Ryan's father helped me out, but I can't.

In that year I was ordered into a psychiatric hospital. I will say that was fun. It's all about how you say things and how good your insurance is. I took the same test three times a day for six weeks. I was on suicide precaution ("SP") every time I turned around. I told the doctor that I would kill someone else before I killed myself. That put me back on suicide precautions. I learned that keeping my past well hidden was the key to getting out of trouble.

CHAPTER 8

At the age of seventeen, I had moved from my home and was in a new state, New York. I had my own apartment and was living my life alone. At nineteen I had some older friends that had four children. Philip, 11, Morgan, 13, Ricky, 15, and Chuck, seventeen. Their youngest son, Philip, had a friend named Chris. He was ten years old.

One day after a long fishing trip at a local pond the boys started

talking about Chris spending the night at Philip's. At about 7 pm we pulled into Philip's driveway. We walked into the house and were met by Philip's mom telling Chris his mother wanted him home. I said I would take him home, and Philip joined us for the walk. It was shorter cutting across the field to Chris's house than driving him home.

We made it to Chris's house when I noticed his father sitting in front of the TV. Chris's mom told him to get into the bath and invited Philip and me in to talk. She just wanted to talk with me, I found out later. We talked about Chris and how she has seen him change since I showed up a year earlier. Chris yelled for his mom, asking her if I was still there. I knew I felt something between Chris and myself, but didn't know what it was. Chris yelled for me to come into the bathroom with him. I just looked at his mom, almost waiting for permission. She said, "Go ahead, he called for you," and she laughed as I walked to the door and knocked.

I will say I was scared. There was still a part that I thought was sexual. I had seen the boys naked, but only from a distance while we were skinny dipping. There was not a lot of time and I didn't want to get caught looking or becoming aroused by the sight of them. At any given time, there could be five to seven of us boys swimming at the pond. That is another story.

This time he asked me to come in, so it was different. As I walked in and sat on the toilet, he began to talk about the day of fishing we had as he was cleaning himself. I was taken aback by how calm he was, not caring that I was looking at him. I was looking at his naked body and I feel he didn't care at all. He stood up and handed me a towel and asked me to dry him off. I was beside myself with happiness.

His mother could walk in at any minute. I admit to checking him out from top to bottom. I dried him very slowly. He got into his underwear and a T-shirt. We both walked out of the bathroom and his mother asked if we could continue our conversation in the kitchen. Chris was told to go to his bedroom with Philip. I told him that next weekend was a canoeing trip.

Chris's mother and I talked for only about an hour, but there was a lot said. She told me that she wanted to know how far Chris trusted me. She told me that he talks about me all the time and it is driving his stepfather crazy. She also told me that Chris would not allow his stepfather in the bathroom with him when he is naked, but he let you walk right in. "This is what I wanted to see," she said.

She leaned over toward me and said, "He talks about you non-stop." She asked if I thought this was normal. I just looked at her. Parents always think the worst about this stuff. I am a parent now and I know that I always think the worst at first, too. Right or wrong, I do. I told her it might be that he just wants a brother. An older brother. Not like

Philip but older like a big brother. I told her if I could fill that role then it would make me happy to do so. I didn't have a little brother and I always wanted one.

At that moment it hit me. I didn't look at Chris naked for arousal, I was looking at a brother. It made sense to me right there and then. I had looked because I thought that's what I was looking for, but it wasn't. I was still looking for a brother. I was hiding it behind the sexual thoughts that I had. I started to cry and Chris's mother asked what my problem was, and, "Why are you crying?"

I told her, "I see now that Chris and I are very much the same," and that, "I would like to fill the role and be his big brother."

With that, I had to go and walk Philip home. I turned into a crybaby when I sat in my truck to drive home. I remember pulling off the road on the way home because I could not see where I was driving. I thought about that all week long and the following weekend. I showed up expecting to go on the canoeing trip, and there was a party going on at Philip's house. Not knowing what was going on I just walked up to Philip's mom standing in the driveway and asked what this was all about. She said it was for me.

Chris's mom set up a party to show me that I had a family far from home that cared about me. She officially asked me to be a big brother to all the kids. Not just Chris but all the kids in both families. She said she understood from our last conversation that I missed home and wanted a brother. I just started to cry and thanked them all. I didn't miss home at all. They never knew what the truth was, but it didn't matter. At that time I did want a brother.

I knew these two families for a year before this happened, and I knew them for two more years after it happened. I still know Chris and Philip. One is a police officer and the other is a nurse in the same town they grew up in. I moved away in 1991, but still talk with them.

I will not say that my life since then has been wonderful, or that I found myself and that all is well. Life is not always fair. I'm not a bleeding-heart liberal who says all people are equal or that love is all you need. Sometimes you need a good dose of reality.

I am a boylover. Yes, I wanted a brother, but that was a separate thing. When I look at boys now - or even back then - I feel love and/or lust. I was just trying to hide the fact from myself and the world. No, I am not a predator. I am a boylover. I would never hurt a child. I would stop someone if they were being abusive.

This is like scratching the surface of my life. I had a lot of other things happen that also helped shape me into who I am today. But this is enough for now. Thank you for reading.

Love, Sammy BLaster

Interactional Dynamics of Boylove

By aboysXO

Interactional dynamics can be described as that set of parameters that drive and defines the real world interactions of a relationship. It is the impetus defining the operative basis of that relationship and describes the philosophical basis by which that relationship is conducted.

As applied to boylove, it is the manner, intent and purpose of the routine interactions of the parties involved. For example, if the relationship is based on the (1) father/son concept, then that is the operative dynamic. If it is based on the (2) partners concept, or the (3) peer-to-peer concept, then that would be the dynamic.

My favorite is the partners concept. There are certainly areas and subjects that require a steady and disciplined hand with boys. Someone must be in charge, even if it might be something of a titular position. It seems to work well when the dynamic is one of perceived equality. Just as though they were an adult partner, girlfriend or wife.

Adults have a terrible propensity for discounting young boys. But, in general, boys respond very well to being treated as an adult. That is, as much as possible, of course. They want to be accepted, listened to, be a welcome part of things. They can be included in discussions of necessity, meal planning, grocery shopping, planning and organizing chores. You might be surprised as to what they will adhere to when they are an active part of the planning. Many of the things I just mentioned, most boys would take no particular pleasure in. However, when he is your recognized, accepted little partner that dynamic changes somewhat.

You know, one generally gets what they expect from people. There is an effect known as self-fulfilling prophecy. By your actions and attitude, you can manifest the effect you expected, positive or negative. If you express trust in them, and respect, they will, for the most part, die before they betray that trust and all that goes with it. If you show that you don't trust them, boys being boys, they have nothing to lose in times of temptation.

However, if you lay it all out to them in a manner they can understand, you will be amply rewarded. Boys that don't go to school will go for you. They will make the bed, help with dishes and housework. Long ago, my YF had

an appointment that required his mother to take him. She showed up at my house to get him. The appointment was after school, and she showed up a bit early. When he came in, he took his books into the bedroom, hung up his jacket, refilled my drink and his mother's and a couple of other routine actions. None of that he did at home.

She was surprised. How did I get him to do all that? I acted like I didn't know what she meant. All what? Well, after all, he is living here a lot of the time. He has full access. He's my partner here. How else would he act? "Can I do that, do you think?" she asks. As his mother, she will likely never forget he's her "baby". So I said probably not, but you can improve the situation. I am not his parent. Our relationship is entirely different from yours.

I know, have known, boylovers who like the father/son dynamic. It's the only way they can keep the illusion of dominance and superiority. That might sound a little harsh, but that's the basic mindset. While perhaps not the only one, I think this is a primary reason why the thinking is that relationships between a man and a boy is a power trip on the part of the man. That maybe is what works for them, but I have doubts that their YFs feel exactly the same way.

That fatherly thinking may seem innocent enough, but in essence it is a "biological property" dynamic. While fathers and sons can have a very wonderful relationship, that dynamic sets up a variety of interpersonal obstacles. If you aren't pro-C that might get by, but a father and a partner/lover are two entirely different concepts.

In the peer-to-peer dynamic, you are the friend he visits to get away from his home situation. You interact similarly to age mates. He comes and goes as he wants. If you're too insistent on something, well after all, once a boy knows that he's attractive to men, the game is on. You can be replaced. These are the most transient of relationships. And the most superficial. Your degree of actual influence is largely dependent on how badly he needs your escape and how good you are at talking him into whatever he doesn't want to do. Like going to school for one. Or not stealing or breaking into the local biker gang's clubhouse.



There are certainly boys to fill all these categories. I must tell you, though, that in some instances it isn't the adult who is taking advantage of a child, but a boy manipulating and taking advantage of the man. When/if the time comes, who's going to throw who under the bus? And there are troublesome boys that may trick with you, but you may find yourself looking for something that went out in his coat or backpack. Knickknacks that attract, tapes, tools, your personal mp3 player or money from your wallet.

With a little experience, you can see that coming. I don't do brats. I want my efforts to be positive, progressive and permanent. I want to provide an experience and learning situation that will hold them in good stead long after they leave. Physical intimacy is an important aspect, but if that's all there is, you have nothing beyond a few moments of gratification.

There's a story about a boy, a first timer, who was offered money. He said yes and went to the man's house. He did everything the man asked. He got his money and left calmly, peacefully. There was no trauma. But, strictly speaking, the boy was used. No doubt, after he thought about it, he realized he'd sold more than he intended. The next time he was asked, the answer was no. Never again. Approached differently, respected as a person, a real person, the outcome might have been different.

How we interact with and treat our boys is of the utmost importance. If we wish to change the narrative about us, then how we deport ourselves will make all the difference. They must be treated with respect, kindness, love, example. By word of mouth and our behavior, it will get around. We must educate the populace, we must police ourselves and display the best qualities of boylove.

And finally, we must become a cohesive voice. We must work together and be willing to do so. We must define and codify how we operate. Freedom is never given. It is something that one must strive for, fight for. The impetus for change must start with us.

How will you interact?

A Life so Free and Beautiful (and Lonely)

by Boiforever

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Do you ever wonder? Once I'm gone, how will I be remembered? When people go through my things after my death, they will find out the rumors were true and that I always liked boys. Will I be remembered for my character or, will I be vilified for things I thought in my life? Will it even matter that I would never hurt anyone or condone anyone being hurt?

I never want to be a burden to anyone, no matter how heavily the burden rests on my shoulders. I can't help what I am. I didn't ask to be this way, but now I wouldn't change it for the world.

I absolutely love boys. Their look, their smell. I like the curious attitude and unconditional love. There's nothing like walking along and seeing that perfect silhouette in the sunset, hearing that boyish laugh. He plays without a care in the world. Getting to know them and listening to their story, laughing, crying, and truly loving them is the greatest thing.

I love making him happy, and the way he makes me feel. It doesn't have to be sexual. That's not all of what boylove is about. Yes, we are sexually attracted, but none of us would cross that line without fully informed consent.

Sometimes this life can be so free and beautiful, even if it is lonely.

MY EARLY YEARS - PART 6

by Jonny399

What have I done? This is my best friend and I kissed him! Or maybe I just thought I did. Surely I wouldn't do that, would I? I try to convince myself. He slowly asked me, "What was that?"

"Um, well, it was a kiss," I said very slowly, in a high pitched voice. I didn't know what else to say.

"I know that, you dummy!" he scolded me. "I mean, why would you do that?"

"I wanted to see if I liked it, is all," I said in a very small voice. "I kissed Sara and well ... um, I don't know. It was just an experiment," I tell him as I stare down at my knees.

"Well, did you?" He is practically screaming at me. I don't know what to say.

"No! I didn't..." almost in tears. How can I tell him that I sort of did?

"Well, I think that was a dirty trick and don't you ever do that again. I think you should go. Just tell my dad you are feeling sick and he will take you home," he demands. "And you better not say anything about this 'kiss' to my dad or anyone at school."

I slowly get up and head out of the door, pausing to take one more look back and say, "Sorry, um I didn't mean..." but then my words fail me and I just walk out of the room and slowly close the door behind me.

I see his dad coming up the stairs. "What's the matter?" he asks.

"I have a tummy ache and need to go home, can you drive me?"

He looks at me with a sad look on his face and says, "Did you two have a fight?"

"No," I almost blurt out, but keep my voice under control. "I am just not feeling well."

"Okay, meet me downstairs. I just need to get the empty plate from Todd." As he turns, I see concern on his face, and now I really do have a tummy ache. As I wait

downstairs for him I look on the wall and see all sorts of family pictures. There are some of his whole family, some of just Todd, and some of others.

There is one of him at the beach from a long time ago. He must have been 4 or 5 and with a big smile on his face. He is in a bathing suit at a beach somewhere. I suddenly feel very sad and wish my family had taken a vacation to the beach.

I am almost in tears when Todd's dad comes down the stairs. I quickly wipe my eyes and put my head down so he won't see my tears. "Ready to go?" he asks.

"Sure," I say, trying not to sound sad. "I am not feeling very good. Sorry for the trouble."

"That's okay," he says as he grabs the keys and heads to the door.

I am sitting in the passenger seat and just trying not to cry. I am beginning to wonder if I have gone mad when Todd's dad speaks up. "Is there anything you want to tell me?" he asks. I just stare at him blankly. When it is plain that I am not going to say anything he says, "I don't know what you did to upset Todd, but rest assured I will find out," he states plainly.

"But, I am really just sick," I try to explain. I mean what does he expect me to say? "Sure, I just kissed your son and he freaked out and I really like him, maybe more than 'like' him... and now he won't even look at me?" Yeah right, I think, as I dry my eyes with the palm of my hand. We ride in silence the rest of the way back home.

I get out of the car and head straight to my room. There is no one in there so I just lay on the bed to think. I have all weekend to figure out what to do next. I will have to come up with some excuse as to what I did or why I did it. That is, if I can even figure it out for myself. I could say, um, well what could I say? I wonder.

If he tells everyone, I guess I will have to deny it. I don't think he will, but will we still be friends after this? I wonder. He looked plenty pissed. Spock speaks to me just then and tells me just what to do. Do the logical thing. Love, hate and all those emotions are useless. "Get rid of them!" he tells me in such a loud voice it scares me. I look around



the room, but I am the only one here. Of course Spock is not here! Geez. I can't even think right. Maybe I am losing my mind.

I have an idea that might work. I love TV! Why not use TV to distract me? I know this feeling I get in my stomach when I see Todd, or if something affects me. I will imagine a TV program playing in my mind. I get up rather quickly. I have to test this out right now.

I go looking for Quintin. He has to be here somewhere. He always upsets me and gets my blood boiling. If it will work on him, it'll work on anyone. After a few hours roaming around the grounds (this place is really big) I find him sitting on a bench just staring at nothing.

I watch him from afar to see what he is going to do. I am behind a tree poking my head out. I don't want him to see me. My big brother is nowhere to be seen and if he sees me, just what do you think he will do? My inner voice sounds a lot like Spock would. He will kill me, and then claim I fell down or something stupid like that. No! That won't do. So I slowly back up the way I came, being careful not to make a sound. This was the worst idea I have ever had.

As I am thinking all this, I don't notice a branch and it makes a very large crack as I put my foot down on it. "Damn," I say under my breath, and freeze. I turn around to see if he heard and he is looking at me from the bench. He doesn't move and I am unsure what to do. I turn around to start to leave and he says, "Hold up," but not in that mean voice he has always directed at me.

"That was pretty shitty of you to get your brother beat me up like that. I should beat the living crap out of you here and now. I won't - but mark my word, this is not over," he states.

"Hey you attacked me, remember?" I yell. This angers him and he starts to cuss and call me every name in the book. Well I might as well go ahead with the experiment. So I tune him out and concentrate on my favorite TV show, Star Trek.

I am looking in my mind's eye and seeing a screen in full color. Spock is doing a mind meld with Bones. This goes on for a while, not sure how long, but I hear Quintin calling my name through what seems like a fog. He has calmed down and is looking a bit perplexed.

He is taunting me, "Peter... Earth to Peter, come in Peter."

"I have to go, my brother is expecting me to meet him for lunch," I say, and walk away. That worked like a charm. Quintin looks confused as I walk away. He must think I am some sort of weirdo or something. But he didn't try anything. I wonder as I am leaving if he is in fact retarded or just stupid. In any case he no longer bothers me.

I head back to my room and start to think. Spock really knows his stuff. They should teach this in school. I can tune out anything I don't like or don't want to think about. This makes me think of Todd. It's only Saturday and I have to figure out what I am going to do. I could always tune him out, as well as any other kid who tries to tease me. It would be just that simple.

As I enter the grand chamber on the way to my room to think this over, a case worker calls me and I follow her to the office. She tells me I have a phone call. I have never gotten a phone call before and am wondering who is calling me. I don't know anyone, except Todd. Oh God! What if he is on the line and has called the Home to complain that I attacked him and forced him to kiss me? I start to slow down, wanting to take a few extra seconds to think of something to say, but the case worker just says, "Hurry up we haven't got all day."

I enter the office and remember when I first got here. The smell and the feeling of the office, like something out of time. This place still seems unreal to me. She points to a

hand set on the desk and I am trembling as I pick it up. The line is dead. I get a blank look on my face and she raises her eyebrow in a questioning way.

“There is no one there,” I say. The caseworker takes the receiver and listens and then puts it back on the hook.

“Well, I guess she had to go. It was your mother,” she says with some grimace in her voice. “I am sure she will call back.”

“Can I wait here?” I ask.

“No, we will come find you if she calls again. Now off you go,” she says impatiently.

“But what did she want?” I ask, not sure if I want to know the answer.

“She didn't say, and frankly I didn't ask. I hope this won't become a problem. I have more important things to do than to play phone tag with you and her. So scoot.” She says this more harshly than perhaps intended. I hurry to leave the office and practically run back to my room.

Once back in my room all alone I climb into bed and pull the covers over my head. This day just keeps getting worse and worse. Why would my mom call and then just hang up? Is she hurt in a hospital, or maybe in jail? Was she waiting on a plane and is leaving the country and her flight was called? Will she never come back and this was the last time I would have ever talked to her? Oh, stupid me! Why did I have to be so stupid and walk really slow? Maybe if I had just walked faster she would have still been there.

This is so very unlike Spock. I have to get these emotions under control. I turn on the TV in my mind to get it under control, flipping thru many shows. I am trying to see many shows at once in my mind. I slowly see a show from long ago. It was not a show, but rather a memory in the form of a TV show, and it goes something like this...



[Dear reader. Here we are going to jump back in time a number of years when innocence was still fresh in my mind and Santa Claus was still a very real thing. The promise of magic and fairy tales was still on the horizon. This was a time when little boys could do no wrong because they didn't know wrong. They knew only new things and fun.]

I spent some time in foster homes when I was a little boy. You see, my dad was an alcoholic and my mother would leave for weeks, sometimes months, at a time. This put me in and out of the system throughout my early years.

The first time I remember being in a foster home was in a single family home. The parents had four kids, three boys and one girl. My dad had just gone on a drinking binge and was sleeping it off in jail. My mother had disappeared several days before. Social services came to the apartment and removed me, my two brothers and my sister. They sent us to different parts of the city.

I did not understand what was going on at the time. It seemed to me that everyone I knew had left me with strangers. My mother had always told me not to talk to strangers. That seemed like a lie now because I was surrounded by strangers and she had left me with them. I decided that day to never trust anyone ever again. At least not to give all my trust to anyone. I was only in the first grade, but I knew that much.

I lived in a large city but was placed in a country home. I arrived on a cold fall day when the trees were all the colors of the rainbow. It was quite a step for me. The driveway was very long and very pretty. The house seemed like a mansion. I had never seen anything so large. It had two floors with the attic windows sticking out like big eyes peering down at me.

We pulled up into a circular drive and I was met by the family. Mr. Smith was a big man and kind of scary looking. He was unshaven and his hair was a mess. Mrs. Smith was a sweet looking lady who smelled of cookies and had hands that were scrunched up into balls. Their kids were shy and just stood there.

Greg was 2 or 3 years old. He had blond, naturally curly hair and a long skinny nose. I liked him at first sight. The middle boy was Scott. He was about 4 and had red hair and a face covered with freckles. The oldest boy was Jason. He was a good 8 or 9 years old. He had brown hair and the coolest black eyes I had ever seen. He gave me a wink. Jill was the oldest, around 13 or 14. She was deformed from being caught in a fire when she was a little girl. She had a tube going up from her shoulder to her face.

They all said, "Hi!" in order. They all just stood there, as I also just stood there, while the social worker talked with the parents. After a few introductions and hand shakes she got into her car and drove off.

I just stood closer to my big brother and held his hand.

They showed me to my own room and told me all the rules I was expected to follow. I didn't have much, only a few pairs of pants, some underwear and a couple of shirts. I was able to take only one toy with me. That was a stuffed bunny rabbit I called Wah Wah. It was supposed to be Rah Rah, but I couldn't say my R's very good.

I settled into what seemed like a strange life to me, but was really quite normal to anyone else. The house was so big it took my breath away. Gradually, I became accustomed to my new family and enjoyed playing with the kids, even the sister. The boys shared a bedroom which was quite strangely located behind the girl's bedroom. I had to go through her room to get to their room. Sometimes she would tease me before letting me go through her room.

One time in particular she stopped me and told me to sit down on her bed. She had something important to say. She wanted to know if I liked girls. I responded with the typical response of, "No. They are gross."

She said, "Don't you even like me?" I didn't say anything. I just looked down at my feet and watched as I rubbed my feet back and forth. I do that when I get nervous. She said that from now on we had to play Show Each Other "Our Goods" if I wanted to go



through her room. I told her to go first but she wanted me to. I got scared and ran out of her room.

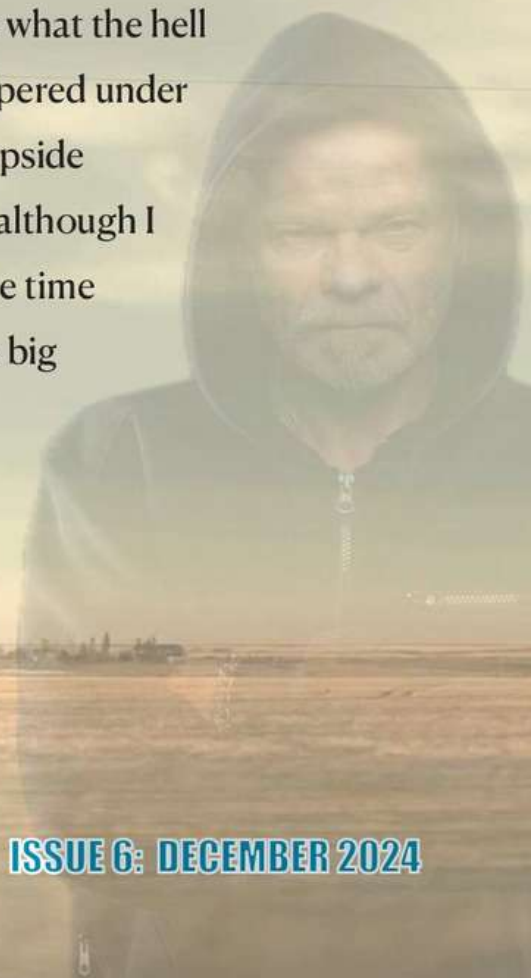
The next time I went through her room she didn't say anything. I guess it was just a bluff. From that point on I tried my best to avoid her every chance I got. I was used to the new family by now. I didn't want to upset the delicate balance, so I got used to this as well.

A few weeks later I went to the boy's room to see what they were doing and was stunned to find them nude. They were playing penis games like "sword fighting", "bouncy-bounce" and such like that. I had always liked boys better than girls. But it was more than that, and somehow I knew I was different than the other boys.

Jason said, "Hi and look what we can do!" I looked and was still not knowing what to do next. I was just a kid and wanted to be liked, so after a little coaxing I joined in the fun. This went on for quite some time after that. It never went beyond the little games and no one ever came in to interrupt us. Not until that fateful night that their angry dad showed up unexpectedly.

I was having a sword fight with Scott, who was winning, when his dad showed up and became "Angry Dad". He blew up and demanded to know just what the hell we thought we were doing. I sank down to the floor and scampered under the bed. "Angry Dad" hauled me out by my feet and held me upside down. I was screaming and crying and trying to say I'm sorry, although I didn't know why. The boys had told me that they do this all the time and it was okay because their dad knew about it and it was no big deal. I squirmed free and landed on my head. A new flow of tears came to my eyes.

I stumbled to my feet and ran as fast as I could out of the



room, right past the girl, still completely naked. I hid under my bed not wanting to ever come out again. "Angry Dad" followed me and once again hauled me out. He was yelling at me saying things like why had I done this to his boys? And, "I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't soon forget!"

I passed out as he beat the living shit out of me. But remember, this is from my perspective as a very young boy. So it might not have been all that bad. Some time later I awoke to a social worker next to my bed. She was telling me that I had to go. She said me and my brothers were moving to Texas. We would be able to swim all year round because it was so hot there. I didn't speak for a long time after that. No one knew what happened, at least not from me. I don't recall any doctors, but that does not mean I didn't see any. I just don't remember any at that time in my life.

This reconfirmed the idea to never trust anyone ever again, young or old - not completely, anyway. I had many friends that came and went over those early years. I was in and out of many foster homes, but none of them was ever like that first one.

[And now, dear reader, we once again join our main boy in the here and now.]

He is still under the covers and trying desperately to block out the wave of emotions that are sweeping over him. There is no one he can turn to.

He has scared his best friend away and everyone else in his life has let him down. What is a boy to do? Oh wait! I know. What would Spock do? I think I will go see what's on TV. I slowly crawl out of bed and head to the living room to see it is empty. I turn on the TV and start looking for something to watch. I find some cartoon and settle down and am soon engrossed in the show.

I have managed to trick myself that everything is normal and that the feelings I am having are illogical.

A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER

by Dragonlover

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I can think back on the many Christmases I have lived through. There are many, and many stand out for one reason or another. This particular story took place on Christmas Eve, 1990. Mom was still with us. As per the family tradition, we as a whole set of family and friends gathered at my Aunt Marilyn's home for the holiday. She was elected to do it every year because her house was big enough to accommodate all those people.

Before we even left, my mother told me, no stupidity. Playfully, I asked her what she meant. She said that I knew what she meant. And, yes, I did. No drinking. I told her no problem, and we left to go to the gathering. It was only a five minute drive, so we were there in no time flat.

We went in and said hello and Merry Christmas to everyone there. People asked how I was doing, I said, "Fine, as always." They asked me how my new job was going, and I told them simply, "The kids that I deal with are a handful, but I love them nonetheless." I was working in a residential treatment facility at the time, caring for boys with mental and physical disabilities. They asked me what it was like, and I told them that it was hard at times, but it was a rewarding job. Not for the money, but for the self-satisfaction in knowing that you are there caring for kids in need. I got "oohs" and "aahs" like I was delivering the Gettysburg Address. But I got through it.

I took off my coat, took my mother's coat and purse, and placed them on the bed in the back room. I muddled my way through to the family room and made myself comfortable at the large bar-like supper table.

This is where my aunt seated her five kids for their meals every day for many years. Now they were all adults, in college or pursuing a career. But everyone was there, and I was very happy to catch up with them. I had some food - some good Italian meatballs, some kind of beef stew and a slice of apple pie.

Then it happened. My cousins, all guys older than me, jokingly asked me if I wanted a beer. I politely turned it down, but it did look good. Saint Pauli Girl, as I remember.

They were drinking, telling college and school stories, and taking shots of everything under the sun. I sat there just watching and listening to them. They were having a lot of fun.

"What the hell, guys? It's Christmas, right?" I finally said.

Chris agreed, "Have a beer, Jimmy."

I took the beer and chugged it down. Now, bear in mind, that I had very little experience with drinking. At 20 years old, I was a lightweight. But I chugged it, and felt that warm glow come over me immediately. And very stupidly, I grabbed another and chugged it down. My cousin Charlie told me to slow down, and slow down I did. I sat there for ten minutes just laughing and talking with them. Then came the shots.

"Should we let him?" my cousin Kevin asked, looking playfully at me.

"Think you can handle it?" Chris asked.

"Why, sure I can. It's Christmas, isn't it?" I laughed. So the shots of whiskey were then poured, and we each picked up our shot glasses.

"To us all, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" Chris said as he raised his glass.

We all said, "Cheers!" and gulped it down. WOW! What a burn going down my throat! I felt that from my mouth to my stomach. And it hit me three times harder than the beer did. Then I remembered what my mom said. No stupidity. Well, I thought to myself, you passed stupidity two beers ago.

So I said, screw it! I am who I am. And I drank like an old pro. Beer, shots, shooters. You name it, it was there for the taking. The last drink of the night was called a "Wet Nut". It's a layered drink in a shot glass. I forget what the layers were. Irish Crème de Menthe was one, but boy was it good! Kind of like a chocolate milkshake shot.

By then, it was going on 11 pm, and the party was breaking up. Then my mom found me. I was shaking hands with all my cousins and their friends, getting ready to get our coats and leave. My mom took one look at me and said, "You're drunk!"

I said, "Yup! I am! Guess you're the designated driver, mom!" Then I broke down laughing.

She handed me my coat and said, "Let's go." We all wished everyone a final Merry Christmas and left. My mom got in the car with me.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, James," she told me.

"Oh, why mom? I was having a great time! I was able to mingle in," I said.

"Yes, but mingling in doesn't mean you have to drink the way they do," she restated.

"Okay mom, I'll watch it next time. So when is the next gathering? The 4th of July? Yup! I'll be sure to watch it!"

Realtalk with Realme: Saying Good-bye to Skaterboy

by Realme

He was my young friend, and he wasn't my young friend.

He liked me, and I liked him, but sadly, we liked each other in different ways.

Regular readers of this column might remember him. Skaterboy. That straight boy I met when he was ten, down at the skate park I visit every summer.

I still remember the first time I saw him. I was sitting on the bench after wobbling around the skate park for a while. I'm not a good skater and never will be. The boys don't mind, though. They like me. They like that I watch their tricks and cheer their progress. They like that I actually listen when they speak. But most don't forge a bond with me.

I'm just that friendly adult they talk to sometimes. The ones who talk to me most are the older ones, in their late teens or even early twenties. They're well out of my age of attraction, and ask me all sorts of questions about college and jobs and grown-up stuff like that. I'm happy to help, as my eyes follow the younger ones.

One beautiful sunny day, my eyes strayed to the skate park gate, where a 10-year-old boy stood looking inside. His blonde hair shone in the sun, at odds with his dark brown eyes. He had full red lips, a girl's lips really, and light skin with some lovely freckles. He was handsome, but more than that, he had something about him, some invisible aura, that made me immediately want to get to know him.

This is a boy I could get close to, I thought.

I was right, and I was wrong.

That first day, I must admit, I was sneaky. The boy came in with his own skateboard but was a beginner. I encouraged one of the older kids I had a good rapport with to show him a few tricks. I skated around close and encouraged him. He picked up on that immediately and treated me to a bashful smile, basking in the attention. Since the older boy knew me and felt comfortable around me, Skaterboy picked up on that too and knew I was safe.

When he took a break to sit on the bench, I sat down a little apart from him. Close, but not too close. And he started a conversation. I can't remember what we talked

about that first day, just that there were a lot of smiles and laughs exchanged, and that by the end of it I had a serious crush on him.

This went on throughout the summer. He always greeted me when he came in, always called out to me when he was trying a new trick. He always took time to talk with me, always said goodbye when he left. While my heart soared at having this wonderful new companion, I was beginning to realize an uncomfortable truth. Skaterboy was as straight as you get.

While we all know some straight boys will flirt with men, curious about their sexuality and eager for attention. Skaterboy did nothing of the kind. He liked my company and my attention, but unlike some of my other young friends, he never gave any sign whatsoever that he was interested in more.

I had to accept that. It was hard, but I accepted it.

The summer ended, and I went back to my home state.

The next year I was back for my usual summer vacation, and there he was. The relationship bloomed again, just as close (and as chaste) as before. No, closer. Now he was 11, and his mind was developing at a remarkable rate.

We started talking about more serious things. He had gotten into art and did some remarkable drawings. When he took breaks from skating, he'd sit on the bench, hunched over his pad, tongue sticking a little out, eyes focused, and made page after page of wonderful designs. I loved watching him draw. He loved having me watch.

Another summer passed, and another. His art became better, and his skating too. We remained close. Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen. Fifteen.

Ah, fifteen. The year of the mullet. He was already passing out of my age of attraction anyway, and that damn mullet killed it. He'd grown husky, too. More man than boy. However, he was now a better conversationalist. He was becoming one of those young men at the skate park who asked me grown-up questions. Our relationship was changing.

Sixteen. The year of the serious girlfriend.

Seventeen.

Then, this past summer, he turned eighteen. Almost as tall

“I still remember the first time I saw him.”



as me and sporting a goatee. That first day, we greeted each other with smiles as warm as when he was eleven. Then he dropped a bombshell.

“Dad got a job in - ”

He named another state in a region far away, a region I never had any excuse to go to. He was moving and planned to go to college in that state. Skaterboy was leaving.

He had already been leaving, bit by bit. Growing up. Dating girls. He had never been the kind of young friend I wanted, but he had given me nine wonderful summers of friendship and the privilege of seeing a talented and intelligent boy turn into a young man. I got to see magic unfolding.

It was an honor. A painful one, at times. He'd sit so close, but there wasn't a hint of flirtation in it. Or, he'd change his shirt right in front of me after a hot day of skating. I'd sit there, placid, the trustworthy adult, alone in my thoughts and desires. We did share one desire, though. The desire to be together.

And now he's left, as I knew he would inevitably do one day.

That last, sad day at the skate park was made worse by the fact that I would almost certainly never see him again. The pain was lessened, though, into a sort of bittersweet satisfaction. I had befriended a beautiful boy and watched him grow. I was his summertime friend. Perhaps when he's older and teaching younger boys how to skate, he'll think of me sometimes.

I know I'll think of him.



*We'll be back
on March 15,
2025*