

FAWNLET

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ISSUE 07

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## CREDITS / STAFF

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OWNER: Boiforever

DIRECTOR: Zoomzoom4

CHIEF EDITOR: aboysXO

ART DIRECTOR: Gary

STAFF WRITERS: Dragonlover, Alexander Fresh

AMBASSADOR: Lil Monster

WEBMASTER: Gary

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## DISCLAIMER

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TITLE: Fawnlet Notation  
AUTHOR: Gary  
CATEGORY: Notations

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Hello, readers! Welcome to the seventh issue of Fawnlet.

Since I've never written a notation for any publication, I first want to share a quote with this side of the BL community as a whole: "United we stand, divided we fall." All of us come from different backgrounds and walks of life. That makes our community very special, and is something I hope we can highlight in as many issues of Fawnlet as possible. We must stand together as a family and overcome the adversity many of us face every day.

With this issue, I am returning to graphic design as Fawnlet's Art Director. I hope I can highlight what makes each piece of work chosen to be showcased "special", and through visual means set the scene, tone, etc. I aim to show the uniqueness of every author and piece, down to each tiny detail. Every piece of writing is special, and each author is special, and I sincerely hope I can do justice to their work.

Going into 2025, I hope we all learn to be kinder to one another and that we, as boylovers, continue to make progress as a community. I also hope Fawnlet continues to serve the BL community as this new year progresses. Please enjoy this issue, and I hope that you and the ones you love are having an amazing start to the year!

-- Gary

TITLE: Boys in the News  
AUTHORS: aboysXO, Zoomzoom4  
CATEGORY: News

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#### WAGE GAP STARTS YOUNG: BOYS VALUE THEIR WORTH MORE THAN GIRLS

Gender wage gaps aren't just a concern for adults. Recent studies show that these inequities begin to form much earlier.

<https://www.bbc.com/worklife/article/20180601-how-the-pay-gap-starts-when-we-are-teenagers>

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#### STUDY SHOWS HOW PANDEMIC AFFECTED TEEN BOYS AND GIRLS DIFFERENTLY

Being a teen during the first part of the COVID-19 pandemic meant experiencing many milestones -- the first day of high school, birthdays, graduation -- from behind a computer screen.

<https://www.seattletimes.com/seattle-news/mental-health/uw-study-shows-how-pandemic-affected-teen-boys-and-girls-differently/>

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#### NEW OBSESSION FOR TEEN BOYS: HIGH-END COLOGNE

Products traditionally catering to adults are being consumed by adolescents at record rates. While some tween and teen girls are busy stocking up on luxurious skincare products from stores like Sephora and shops on TikTok, some boys are buying up popular brands of cologne from the likes of Calvin Klein, Giorgio Armani and Paco Rabanne.

<https://abcnews.go.com/US/new-obsession-teen-boys-high-end-cologne/story?id=114720072>

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## WWE ACCUSED OF ALLOWING "RAMPANT" SEXUAL EXPLOITATION OF YOUNG BOYS

Vince McMahon and his wife are accused of being fully aware of the systemic and pervasive abuse of boys as young as 12 by Melvin Philips Jr, a WWE ringside announcer, and doing nothing to stop it.

<https://www.nbclosangeles.com/news/national-international/vince-mcmahon-wwe-sexual-exploitation-young-boys-lawsuit/3543533/>

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## FAMILY MEMBERS BELIEVE THEY KNOW WHO IS BEHIND BOY'S DEATH

As the only unsolved murder in Locoust, North Carolina, the 6-year-old boy's family claims they know who the culprit is.

<https://www.wbtv.com/2025/01/24/wbtv-true-crime-carolinas-cover-6-year-old-boys-unsolved-death-stanly-county/>

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## SETTLEMENT REACHED AFTER BOY'S IN-CUSTODY DEATH

An investigation revealed missed checks and falsified records, leading to a settlement offer by the Mecklenburg County Sheriff's department.

<https://www.wbtv.com/2025/01/24/mecklenburg-county-sheriff-agrees-settlement-after-boys-in-custody-death/>

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## KEEPING WARM VS LOOKING COOL: TEEN BOYS LOVE MINI BEANIES

They can't possibly keep the boys' heads (or ears) warm, but they're the latest in winter fashion for teens.

<https://www.purewow.com/family/tiny-beanies-style>

TITLE: TV Boys of the 90s and 2000s  
AUTHOR: Zoomzoom4  
CATEGORY: Boys in Entertainment

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#### JONATHAN TAYLOR THOMAS

Teen magazines were at the height of their popularity during the 1990s. And anyone from this decade would've found it almost impossible to avoid the popularity onslaught of "JTT", the pre-teen whose chipmunk-cheeked face smiled out from seemingly hundreds of magazine covers all at once.

When stand-up comedy star Tim Allen's sitcom, Home Improvement debuted in 1991, it was an instant hit. It centered around a TV personality trying to balance his home and professional life. Jonathan Taylor Thomas played the middle son, Randy. And while he was popular from the start, it took a good two to three years for his popularity to really heat up.

After being the voice of young Simba in the 1994 animated smash hit, The Lion King, JTT's popularity transcended normal realms and became a full-blown phenomenon. Once he was officially the breakout star of Home Improvement, big screen success naturally followed. In 1995 fans were treated to an answer to the question of whether his belly button was an "innie" or an "outtie", from his shirtless scene in Tom Sawyer, updated for the 90s as Tom and Huck. Further film success followed, with starring roles in Pinocchio and Wild America.

While Jonathan was undoubtedly the pint-sized king of 90s pre-teen heartthrobs, some will say that he made a mistake by leaving Home Improvement before its run was finished. This is a move that was unfortunately all-too-common for TV stars who felt like they'd outgrown their small screen beginnings, in favor of a big screen career that typically doesn't pan out. After this, Jonathan rather quickly disappeared from public view.

In an attempt to prove his dramatic acting chops, he took a lead role in 1998's Speedway Junky, where he played a young teen hustler working the streets of Las Vegas. No doubt fans were surprised to see the milk-drinking sitcom star talk about taking it up the butt, yet the move paid off as the role (and film) was critically acclaimed.

#### DAVID GALLAGHER

In the late 90s, 7th Heaven was a TV series that became an instant hit with viewers. Centered on a Christian minister and his family, many took note of the boy who played his pre-teen son. With his signature blonde hair and dark eyebrows, David Gallagher quickly became a fan favorite. As "Simon Camden", David's good looks and easy-going charm was a hit with audiences, and he became famous overnight. Especially as the world was just beginning to get online, many of his new fans were boylovers on the internet, who took an immediate liking to him.

While 7th Heaven is what he's most known for, the truth is that he had essentially been in front of the camera since the age of two. Being such a good looking boy, it's no surprise that he was originally a model for print advertisements which were displayed all over New York

City in the late 80s. He soon graduated to television commercials, and first made a splash in 1996 co-starring alongside John Travolta in the box office hit, Phenomenon. This is what led to his stint on 7th Heaven, as well as creating somewhat of a cottage industry for himself with straight-to-video family movies, most notably Richie Rich and Richie Rich's Christmas Wish.

7th Heaven enjoyed a long run. Ten seasons (and then getting unexpectedly picked up for an eleventh in 2006), which saw the ensemble cast of young actors go through a number of life changes. David was no exception, leaving the show during the eighth season to attend the University of Southern California, majoring in Film and Television studies just like his hero, Star Wars writer/director George Lucas. He has now mostly retired from acting, but is still a part of the 7th Heaven world, as the co-host of podcast, Catching Up With the Camdens, alongside two of his former co-stars.

## DYLAN AND COLE SPROUSE

First introduced to audiences at the age of 6, sharing the role of Adam Sandler's adopted son in the 1999 comedy hit Big Daddy, it was clear to all that Dylan and Cole Sprouse were destined for bigger things. The adorable identical twin acting duo had a decent film career going already when they were given their own Disney Channel series in 2005. And when The Suite Life of Zach and Cody debuted it became an instant hit, propelling the 11-year-old twins to superstardom. They wasted no time in building their brand, capitalizing on their Disney success with a website called "Sprousezone" and even launching their own Sprouse-labeled magazine and boys' clothing line.

While the two blonde tow-headed tykes were perfect as a TV comedy duo, they simultaneously starred in several dramatic movies, showcasing their acting range. The Suite Life of Zach and Cody was the #1 show on Disney from 2005 to 2008, and when the boys grew out of their roles as the "twin terrors" of the Tipton hotel, producers at Disney saw no reason to end their run. Instead, a "sequel" series was created, The Suite Life on Deck, which saw their characters attending high school on a cruise ship.

It made perfect sense to continue the Suite Life series, as the gravy train was going way too strong to stop. By 2008, the brothers were certifiably wealthy, and in 2010 were the highest-paid actors on the Disney Channel. That year also saw them winning acceptance to New York University, though they waited a year to start attending. The reason for this was in order to finish The Suite Life on Deck, which ended in May 2011 with The Suite Life Movie. Fans questioned whether leaving the Disney Channel to study at NYU meant they were retiring from acting, but they confirmed that they intended to keep up their acting career post-university.

And they did not disappoint, as both have built successful film careers as adult actors. Most notably, Dylan has become both a restaurant and brewery owner in New York City and an impressive romantic comedy leading man, starring in Beautiful Disaster (2022) and it's sequel, Beautiful Wedding (2023).

Perhaps having each other to lean on throughout their life and career is what has kept Cole and Dylan Sprouse so successful, from child actor stardom to adult life and still acting. It seems like no matter what the situation, Dylan and Cole always come out on top.



## JAKE T. AUSTIN

In 2009, *Wizards of Waverly Place* was the number one TV series among American pre-teens. And one of the favorites from the Disney Channel show was the character of Max Russo, played by 12-year-old Jake T. Austin. Being the youngest member of the sitcom family, Jake's character was especially appreciated by the show's loyal fans. The son of a Polish father and Colombian mother, Jake speaks both English and Spanish, and is known for his convincing fake Australian accent. It turned out that 2009 was a particularly busy year for Jake, as he not only co-starred full time on "Wizards" but he also led the cast in two hit movies, *The Perfect Game* and *Hotel for Dogs*.

Jake's performance was especially acclaimed in *The Perfect Game*, where he played Angel Macias, the Little League baseball pitcher from Monterrey, Mexico. Based on real events, the movie tells the story of the boy who was not only instrumental in Monterrey establishing a Little League franchise, but he took the team all the way to the finals in Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, where he pitched what is known as a "perfect game". That means making zero mistakes throughout the game. That is an almost impossible feat, as evidenced by the fact that since his time (the 1950s), no other boy in Little League baseball has ever pitched a perfect game.

After four seasons on *Wizards of Waverly Place*, Jake left the show, becoming a full time cast member on *The Fosters*. But after only two seasons on *The Fosters*, Jake left the show and his character was played by a different actor. When asked about Jake's untimely departure, many who worked on the series talked about his difficult behavior on the set. When asked to elaborate, stories came out about him arriving late, or drunk, or hung over. He was said to have fallen into the party lifestyle, and for his part he has not denied that. He is on record as saying, "I fell into the Hollywood scene, started running with the wrong crowd, and made the mistake of not taking the work seriously."

While he hasn't had any major roles for over ten years now, in late 2024 he confirmed that he was coming back for the second reboot of *Wizards of Waverly Place*. He was notably absent from the first, which was called *Wizards Beyond Waverly Place*. Despite his absence on camera, Jake's character was said to have taken over their dad's sandwich shop and turned it into a hugely successful franchise, and he is now very rich. No episodes of the supposed latest reboot have been aired, so it remains to be seen if he will return to his most famous role. Fans certainly hope so, and hope that Jake finds more success in his acting career.

TITLE: Interview with Alexander Fresh -- Part 1  
AUTHOR: Zoomzoom4  
CATEGORY: Interviews

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ZZ4: Greetings to you, Alexander Fresh! I appreciate you taking the time to do this interview with us. Let me start by asking about your name -- "Alexander Fresh" -- what's the significance of that?

AF: "Alexander" is for Alexander Gould, one of my boy actor crushes. His most famous role was in the dark comedy series, Weeds. "Fresh" is for "fresh faced", a term I use that basically means "babyface", and describes what attracts me in boys. I am really happy about the name because it's my BL identity. Every time I use it, it reminds me that I am a boylover. It helps me embrace it each time.

ZZ4: Oh yes, I remember Alexander Gould in Weeds. He was a real cutie! Okay so you are fairly new to the BL community, right? You've been active for less than a year? But in this short time your efforts have been driven by a tremendous zeal. Would you consider yourself to be an activist?

AF: Yes, I am fairly new to the BL community as far as being active. I started to be involved last summer. And yes, I do consider myself an activist. Yet I could still do more, like politics, for example.

ZZ4: What was the primary motivation for you to get involved? Was there something specific that "triggered" you to take the plunge?

AF: I had started the process of coming out as a hebephile to my mother, and felt more accepted. Also, as weird as it may seem to some people, I really do believe there is a BL God, or a "Boy God". And they may have done something to steer me towards activism.

ZZ4: To clarify for our readers, a "hebophile" is attracted to those who are in their tweens/early teens, correct? Someone who is in the very early stages of puberty?

AF: Yes, exactly. My main attraction is to boys who just start to have pubic hair.

ZZ4: How did your mom handle this news?

AF: Very well. Perfectly, in fact. She reminded me to be careful not to get caught in anything illegal, but when I told her that I don't do anything illegal, she was very accepting.

ZZ4: And would you say this acceptance gave you a boost of confidence to venture into more activist-type things?

AF: Yes, I would say. Yet I think I also developed more confidence as time would pass and I realized I was accepted in the BL world. People like you gave me so much confidence.

ZZ4: Aww well I'm really glad to hear that. (Hugs) So tell me, what do you hope to achieve with your BL activism?

AF: To one day have a lower age of consent is something I would like to achieve. I would also like for publications like Fawnlet to be able to be sold with other magazines, and where it would be acceptable for someone to enter a store and buy a copy and not have other people look at you weird.

ZZ4: What would you say to critics who accuse us (MAPs) of trying to "sexualize" children, to rob them of their "innocence"?

AF: If they would simply take the time to hear us without judgement, they would understand we are definitely not trying to sexualize children. I am attracted to children, I don't deny it, yet I have never done anything inappropriate, and that in itself shows that love is bigger than (physical) attraction. I am sure many other boylovers are the same.

ZZ4: You said that you'd like to see the age of consent lowered. To what age?

AF: Depends how much society is willing to accept. To be honest, I understand that it will need an age, but I think the context is just as important. Every kid is different. I do believe something like an AOC of 14 would be ideal, with a clause that kids 12 and 13 can consent if they pass a test on understanding consent.

ZZ4: So, just how "out" are you in your everyday real life? Have you come out to friends? All friends, or just certain ones? How about work and/or school?

AF: I'm not out in everyday life. The closest I came to being out was when I had my YF, Zack. I never told him I was a BL, but I think he figured it out, as I gave hints.

ZZ4: You mentioned an interest in becoming a politician. I'm going to assume this is to benefit MAP and BL causes. Does that mean you would be "out" as a MAP when running for elected office? Are you really talking about being a fully out of the closet boylover politician?

AF: If I could be a politician, I would come out, as it would indeed be my cause. I would really like to come out now, but what keeps me from doing so is the danger aspect. It seems if people know you are attracted to children, even if you don't act on it, they will try to harm you. I have seen many times some T-shirts or messages with anti-pedophile slogans. Like, "Dead pedophiles don't re-offend." That kind of scares me, but I know I would have to be brave if I went into politics.

ZZ4: It is a scary prospect, I know, the idea of having to face not just prejudice and mistreatment but outright violence. It seems like the haters would try to ruin your life in every way possible, and I believe that's what has kept many MAPs from any kind of activism in real life (as opposed to from behind a computer screen).

AF: Yes, it is scary. The question I keep asking myself is, if my life gets ruined but my work helps advance the cause, would it be worth it? I think so, and that's why I would consider being out if I could be a politician, yet if I am not then I would need to find a good reason to come out, knowing that my life could be ruined.

ZZ4: Would you say that you've seen a certain level of complacency, or a "fuck it, I give up" mindset, among a sizeable portion of the community as a result of the tidal wave of hatred we seem to always be looking at?

AF: I don't think there is complacency in the community. I do think there are many individuals who want to achieve some things. But what can we do if nobody will listen to us? I personally want to achieve things, but the problem is, I can't succeed if the population doesn't listen, open-minded. For example, (as a politician) I would have zero chances to be elected on a "BL platform". Just because it is a BL platform.

ZZ4 I think a smart approach would be to make it a "human rights platform" that just happens to include MAP rights. The idea that a person can't help being born BL any more than they can help being born black, or Chinese, or whatever. And that to hold such a thing against them, and punish them for it, would be just as wrong as punishing someone for being born with green eyes, or being left handed, or whatever else like that.

AF: I like your approach and explanation of your human rights platform. Yet sadly, I believe that as soon as people would read the term "MAP", it would stall. The MAP hate is that strong.

ZZ4: You mentioned earlier that Alexander Gould is one of your boy actor crushes. I remember you wrote in Fawnlet about Cameron Boyce, who I am familiar with from the Grown Ups movies, where he played one of Adam Sandler's two sons. From what I remember, they were both very cute!

AF: Yes, Alexander and Cameron were both cute boys. I always liked Alexander but when he started puberty and had his shorter hair cut, he became so hot. I started loving him. I am so proud to have picked his name. Funny that he isn't related to Nolan Gould because that's another one of my crushes. Cameron was another name I considered, but I would feel bad taking the name of someone who is deceased, to use for a BL website.

ZZ4: So how about singers? Are there any boy singers or musicians that you like? What are some of them?

AF: I'd say a young Justin Bieber was the hottest. I sometimes talk about "Boy Goes", meaning boys being just so perfectly physical and face-wise. Justin fitted that, back then.

ZZ4: I agree about young Justin Bieber. He really was a gorgeous boy. Switching gears here, let me ask, what were your thoughts about sex when you were a child, if any?

AF: I was completely obsessed about seeing other boys' penises. But then at 12, I went into the showers after swim class, and there was an adult man naked in the shower in front of me. He seemed to just shower forever, was there before I arrived and I was ready to leave and he was still there. That kind of opened my interest to men!

ZZ4: You were not interested in men before seeing him? But you already had a thing for boys so strongly, that's very interesting. And so the man in the shower that day piqued your interest in adult males as well. Does that mean you also consider yourself gay at this time?

AF: Yes, I do consider myself gay. Yet it's all about penises. I feel nothing seeing men clothed. But men's penises make me feel so good. I could talk about them so much.

ZZ4: Do you think we are born as boylovers?

AF: Yes I think so. Yet there may also be other factors. For example, when I was about 14, an older man did sexual things with me. So it may have been a factor, but I believe I would have been a boylover anyway.

ZZ4: I would think you already had a proclivity for men (in addition to your thing for boys), and that both seeing the man naked that time in the shower, and your experiences with your adult friend when you were 14, put you more in touch with those particular feelings. Do you also have any feelings for girls, or women?

AF: I have feelings for some girls around puberty. I like your explanation about me having a proclivity for men. Feels good to realize it.

TO BE CONTINUED ...

TITLE: Boys Are From Saturn  
AUTHOR: Scott  
CATEGORY: Essays

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We have all heard of the the popular book, "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus". But to a boylover, there is a third planet in our sky: boys. To most boylovers, women are merely another life in this world; most boylovers are not attracted to women sexually, romantically, or generally in any way. I, however, cannot speak from that perspective; I have always been attracted to females, and I believe that I always will be. I could no more envision a life without a significant female than I could a life without a significant boy. Throw in the fourth (and most important) planet of Christianity, and get ready for some cosmic pinball, because all these different elements will need to be carefully interwoven to have any peace at all.

I believe that I am three things: I am a Christian first of all. I am a man second. I am a boylover third. I must strive to live at all times within my belief system. All of my actions must be governed by my love for Christ, by my love for my Lord's sacrifice, by the power granted me by the Holy Spirit. Second to that, I believe that I must live by my moral and social standards -- as a man. I must behave honorably and respectfully to all -- both male and female, adult and child -- who are in my life. Thirdly, I must love boys. I have no choice in that, or in the fact that I will also love some women. I must therefore love boys and women according to my other two priorities.

How does a woman fit into my boylove?

Women fulfill my love. They give me someone to protect, someone who can depend on me. Women are soft and delicate to my hard precision. They think relationally, while men think spatially. Our brains even work differently, yet they complement one another.

An adult woman can do for me things that I should never ask a boy to do. She can be strong in my moments of doubt, she can be a shoulder to cry on, and she can handle the adult part of a relationship that a boy is rarely ready for. She is ready for a long-term commitment because she understands what it means. I can be completely and deeply honest with her and she will possibly begin to grasp the true and unending nature of my love.

A woman will need me. She will need me to be strong for her, maybe need me to provide for her, watch over her, and protect her for the rest of her life. She will need to be held in my arms when she cries or when she wants reassurance that she is loved. She will want to hold my hand as we walk down the midway at the county fair ...

The Lord created woman from man's flesh. This leaves another hole in myself, in addition to the one that can only be filled with the Father. The other hole (and I am not sure if every person on Earth has this hole, I can only speak for myself) was left when He took my rib in the days of Adam and created the one special woman with whom I will spend the rest of my life. My love for her is undying, hopefully growing with time, but it will not change too much unless our relationship dictates it changes.

Ah, and now on to boys. I am lucky enough to have yet another hole inside.

I have a boy-shaped hole inside, one that is filled when I love a boy, but I must love boys differently than I love women. Boys are dynamic, moving, and changing. A boy is more immature and in the process of growing. Soon he will be a man, just as I was once a child and am now a man. I cannot expect from a boy what I expect from a woman.

A boy will look up to me, and he will need me to be strong all the time for him. A boy will want me to play with him one minute and leave him alone the next. He will want me to be consistent in my dealings with him.

When I love a boy, my love for him will remain strong but through the years its manifestations will change. When I love a boy, I keep my sexual desire out of the equation for the most part. Boys are often not mature enough to be able to enter into a long-term sexual relationship. I do realize there are always exceptions, but generally, boys cannot comprehend the depth, breadth, and longevity of adult feelings. So for the moment, I leave the sexual part of our relationship out of the picture.

As he grows, I will still love him but I must love him through his changes and maturation. I must love him as a person and that love must be unconditional. I cannot stop loving him or get mad at him for the inherent fickleness of growing up. I must love him enough to let him decide to continue the relationship. I must love him enough to let him suffer a little if he chooses a path that results in suffering. And though his suffering will hurt me too, I will let him understand the consequences of the actions he has chosen. Yet I will always be there when he needs comfort, if he needs a hug or someone just to talk to, or if he gets in over his head.

And personally, once he is in the older teen years, I will lose much of my feelings of sexual attraction to him. This will necessarily change the way that I love him. I will come to love him as a friend, as a young man. I will love him as Jesus loves all of us -- unselfishly. It is then that I will be able to separate my earthly love from the divine love I hold inside. And yes, I truly believe that I hold divine love inside, for I received it when I was born into Christ and crucified my old self. When that self was crucified, my old and earthly love died with it and was replaced with pure love.

Often this is difficult in practical life, I have met and befriended many boys, and I love them and they love me back. I do not hesitate to show my affection for them, without placing any sexual demands on their immature minds. The boys I love welcome this affection, and often they are more comfortable showing affection publicly with me than with their parents. Of course, it is a different nature of affection. I love them for who they are and for the physical beauty that I see in them. I love them for them with no strings attached.

But this love comes with a price, and I think this price reflects me personally more than boylovers in general. I meet many boys, but my life is very transient, so the number I stay in contact with is few -- far fewer than I would like. But again, that is the nature of boys and men, I think. Nevertheless, they and I both have memories of our times together.

Boys of all ages, I love physically. I have yet to decide for myself the issue of sexuality and acting sexually with a boy. Therefore I will do my best to abstain from sex. But for a boy that I am physically attracted to, it will always remain part of his beauty. However, any relationship I would ever even consider having with a boy would necessarily be governed by my religious beliefs. I will not go out and have casual sex with any particular boy that I find

attractive. As the Bible states, there must be a long-term commitment involved, and I will abide by the Lord's rules.

I believe that I have the best of both worlds in my attraction to both boys and women. I can have a marriage with a woman, and unlike many married boylovers, it will not be a marriage of convenience, a marriage of appearances. It will be she and I in love. It will also not be a marriage of deception and hiding on my part; my wife will know of my sexual attraction to pre-pubescent boys, and I will not marry her unless she is comfortable with it, and secure in my love for her.

But I will still have young friends. I know that I will be involved with boys until the day I die; it is in my blood and I have no choice about it (although I would choose to continue to be involved with them if I did have that choice). My relationships with them will necessarily be of a platonic, mentoring, non-sexual nature. I think that will free me to love them for who they are, unconditionally, to love them as Jesus loves them and as God loves them.



TITLE: Talking About Boylove  
AUTHOR: Various Authors  
CATEGORY: Features and Specials

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Boylove has an ancient and honorable history. Mentoring -- with a sexual component -- was considered essential to a boy's education in ancient Greece. The 19th century philosopher Schopenhauer described man/boy sexually expressed relationships as being of "universal nature and persistent ineradicability." Psychologist Wilhelm Siekel called them "ubiquitous."

-- Oren

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The life of the responsible boylover in our current hysterical society is, to say the least, difficult. Boys need older male role models and friendships, and it is up to the responsible boylover who encounters a seeking boy to construct and conduct such a relationship -- sexual or non-sexual -- so that it is as free as possible from danger or harm, and is beneficial to both the boy and himself.

-- Anyquestions

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Experience has taught us that stigmatizing and criminalizing voluntary and mutually desired man/boy contacts can -- and does -- cause unintended but very real and serious conflicts and trauma. If the current repressive attitude towards these relationships continues, we must ask ourselves what the negative effects will be on the generation of boys which is growing up now.

-- Dr. Frits Bernard

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When it comes to boys, we can all appreciate their smooth bodies, their beautiful eyes, their charm ... but to me it's their love. When a boy lays his head on your shoulder and gives you a hug, it's like the world stops.

-- Sir

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Loving a boy is to put him in the center of your life. It is always giving more than receiving. It is to accept when he does not want your gifts or your love. It is to worship, protect and to help him grow. This love can never hurt in itself, and it can help a boy develop into a man that can cope with, and succeed in, a far from perfect society.

Pojken

---

I can remember being in Amsterdam in 1989 and going into a bookshop selling boylove books, but even then not daring to bring any back to the UK. To make it worse there were some German guys buying lots of boy magazines without a care in the world. Okay for them, but not for me. Nowadays, some bloke taking me into a private room to see boy books would have the alarm bells ringing for the Dutch police.

-- BoysOwn

---

What boylover has never dreamed of a country, or of an era, where healthy, beautiful naked boys play freely in the streets, parks, and countryside, where they run up to their (older) friends to be caressed and cuddled, openly displaying their sexual excitement?

Who has not day-dreamed about houses where the handsomest of boys were at his disposition, where they could be picked out and would gladly unite their splendid naked bodies with his own in just the way he chose?

-- Dr. Edward Brongersma

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Boys are so beautiful because in my opinion their skin is so smooth and just beautiful bodies and faces are so nice -- not to mention privates. Their hair. Everything. Beauty at its best.

-- I Luv Boys

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Loving a boy is to put him in the center of your life. It is always giving more than receiving. It is to accept when he does not want your gifts or your love. It is to worship, protect and to help him grow. This love can never hurt in itself but it can help a boy develop into a man that can cope with, and succeed in, a far from perfect society.

-- Pojken

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Today's young BL would struggle to make meaningful YFs. Online friendships with boys through gaming are the only real avenue for them, and it's a poor substitute.

Currant BL

TITLE: The Pedo Hunter Phenomenon  
AUTHOR: Dragonlover  
CATEGORY: Informational

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When I say the name, "Chris Hansen", what do you think of?

Yes, he was a member of NBC's news team on "Dateline USA". But he also hosted a show called, To Catch a Predator, which lasted one season and covered twenty episodes. It ran from November 11, 2004, to December 28, 2007. This short-lived series revolved around following the independent watchdog group, "Perverted Justice".

Perverted Justice (or "PJ" for short) have arranged twelve sting operations. These operations mainly involved setting up decoys online, which were designed to attract adult men into a potential "relationship" with what the men think are underage girls and, in some cases, boys. Over time, the discussion will go on to talking about meeting up for whatever purpose. So the guy goes to the address the decoy gives him.

He goes in and BANG! He is confronted by Chris Hansen, who is accompanied by a camera and sound crew.

Mr. Hansen then tells the guy that it was all a ruse. Just to get him to come to this address to meet up for what he thinks is, potentially, sexual activity with a minor. Now in some cases, the guy has also sent pictures of his genitals to the decoy. Of course, that is -- according to the court system -- considered "distributing pornography to a minor".

The thing is, in reality, it was never a minor. It was an adult.

Now, this is where the question of ethics begins. Can a person be prosecuted for what potentially could happen? The fact is, yes. A pornographic image was sent online to a person who said they were a minor. If I say to a person I am angry with, "I am so mad that I could kill you!" Does that warrant an arrest? I expressed in an angry fashion that I could kill who I am angry with. Does that mean that I'll actually kill the guy? Of course not. We make empty threats all the time, either consciously or unconsciously. In a lot of cases, we don't even realize it.

Lies! That is what these sting operations revolve around. One or more people lie to someone else to trap them. It's a situation that should never be allowed to happen. We call that entrapment. The fact is, the police are allowed to lie to people. They are trained how to lie and deceive suspects to gain their trust, or better yet, a confession. When I say trained, I mean they take classes that are led by forensic psychologists and behavior specialists, etc. The purpose is to learn how to lie and manipulate someone into giving up whatever it is they want from their suspect. The suspect, however, is not allowed to lie to anyone in law enforcement. Not at all. I speak from personal experience here.

And so, law enforcement-led sting operations focusing on arresting potential pedophiles is considered an ethical thing to do. But, what about ordinary citizens with no law enforcement training or experience? What if they do sting operations? Well, this is a whole new set of circumstances.

Nowadays, it seems that with the advent of the Internet, virtually every household in the USA has at least one personal computer. I agree that people use their PCs to engage in some really terrible stuff. I get it. And yes, there are people who make poor choices in who they choose to talk to online.

Are these choices made with malicious intent? No, I don't believe so.

A lot of people get lonely and will chat to whoever. Yes, there are some people who choose to speak to underage people. Does that make them MAPs (minor attracted people)? Boylovers? Girl-lovers? Child-lovers? Most certainly so. And yes, in some cases meetups are arranged.

There is now a new generation of ordinary citizens who engage in sting operations. Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Alex Rosen. I will let you read his Wikipedia page. But in a nutshell, he is an ordinary guy. With a team of camera people, decoys and sound people, they set up adult men for meetups with what the man thinks is a minor. The meetup is arranged.

At the appointed day, time and place, Rosen shows up. He's essentially cornering the man into a discussion about the chat sessions with who he thought was a minor. Rosen has all the chat logs printed out and in hand. And, he has any images that were sent between the man and the alleged minor.

Rosen will introduce himself as Gordon Flowers, or something like that. Then he tells the guy that he is just there to talk about the chats that took place over the course of their conversations. He openly says that he is not a police officer, or anything like that. He just wants to talk to him about the chats and their legality. It seems like just a cordial chat, man to man.

But after Rosen feels that he's heard enough -- and his camera crew has recorded enough evidence to warrant an arrest -- he will say something about "fried pickles".

"Hey, do you know of anywhere around here that sells fried pickles? Man, I sure am hungry."

When the crew hears the code words, "fried pickles", they secretly call the police with all the details. Rosen will continue talking to the man, just shooting the bull. After a bit, the police arrive and Rosen drops the disguise.

"Hey, you're not going to talk to minors online anymore, right?" he says. "You're not going to download child pornography to your phone anymore, right?"

Then Rosen talks to the police, telling them who he is and what went down. He says he has the chat logs, and all the video and audio that was captured. In most cases, the police will arrest the suspect. In many of these cases, charges are filed. The guy goes to jail and then has to either endure a lengthy trial or enter a guilty plea. Either way, a good many cases see a conviction come from this. All because of Alex Rosen and his team of vigilantes.

This is a team with zero training or law enforcement experience. So, is this legal? In many cases, yes, an arrest and conviction occur. But in a few cases, the police arrive on the scene and read Rosen the riot act about taking the law into his own hands. And, as well as putting

himself, his target and law enforcement officers in danger. He is told not to do this again, and they let the target go. Rosen, who has just wasted his time, is very angry.

Let this act as a warning to anyone who chats online with minors. Please people, by all means exercise extreme caution, especially if you want a meetup. Yes, you could meet up with a really nice boy or, you could wind up talking to Alex Rosen. Or someone like him. His is definitely not the only group that does this. There are many groups out there just like this. Many of them are not putting their stuff online. They just go and do it, and in some cases blood is shed.

Please be careful!

TITLE: Book Review: Alexander's Choice  
AUTHOR: Alexander Fresh  
CATEGORY: Reviews – Books

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I just finished reading Alexander's Choice. Before I wrote this, I searched in vain to find out how to contact Edmund Marlowe. I hear some of you asking, "Why?" Simply put, I would bow to him and tell him how awesome he is. I know this book will mostly be judged by its content. I will get to that. But first, I need to acknowledge the quality of writing. It would be easy for someone to write a story with erotic passages. It could even succeed with the "excitement" factor. Yet, very few people could add enough storyline to make it good. With the excellent writing skills that Marlowe has, it becomes a masterpiece.

So, let's now go to the story. If you are like me, and the hero of a story must be perfect, you will be well served here. Alexander Aylmer is a bright, blond, 13-year-old student at Eton College. His vast knowledge is admirable. He is also as friendly as anyone could be. In addition, he's the most attractive boy at school. If you like your hero to be vulnerable, you can check that box too. It's one thing to have created the perfect hero. It's quite another to cause his evolution by finding a way for the reader to want to help him and feel deeply. Again, Marlowe is right on here. He has Alexander go through a series of tragic events that only bring him more sympathy while still managing to make the story ultra-realistic.

We all know someone who seems to be followed by bad luck through no fault of their own. That's Alexander. Without revealing too much, he will go through losing someone close via death. And then the betrayal by a close friend and pretty much everyone else, as he isn't understood. If you have ever wondered, during your youth, how society functions the way it does and not the way you think it should, you will relate to Alexander. And, with all the adults telling you that you just don't understand.

Some of you might wonder how big a part sexuality plays here. You might be happy to know that it is there. Yes, our hero has sexual feelings, and you will read about all of them. He will also have sexual relationships, which will be told with enough details to make most boylovers happy. But this will all flow perfectly well with the story. It's not just there for the sake of it, and you never feel that the story is taking a break to bring on the erotic stuff. But it's there and will bring excitement to boylovers who look for erotic passages.

By looking for information on Edmund Marlowe, I did see that many critics had given him bad intentions. Or, they pretended that this was an agenda to promote pederasty. The way I saw it, is that it's simply Alexander's story. The reader can listen to Alexander explain how he feels. Yes, there are intergenerational relationships, but it is brought to show you how it develops. It shows very well how the characters both react and, how they feel. Open-minded readers will get it. Others won't. I appreciated all the cultural and historical references, particularly the life at Eton College. You can feel the authoritarian ambiance and I believe it adds to the story. Again, the authority will challenge Alexander on a few occasions. The reader will feel sympathy for him having to get out of the trouble he is in, especially when he is unjustly accused of others' offenses.

There are many characters in this story. The main ones are Alexander, Julian, Damian, and Rupert. Alexander being the primary one, although I felt that a relationship could happen

with the other three. At different times, I wished that all three would get with him. That doesn't mean they will all stay nice during the whole story. I will let the readers decide how they feel about the end. All I will say is, again, Marlowe proved he is a great writer. Some may not like it, but I see it as Alexander being a true hero. He never fell from what society wanted him to do, even if the price he paid was major.

In conclusion, this book reminded me of some of the other works we were asked to read in sociology class in high school. Then we would have to debate it. This book would be ideal for that today, if any teacher or school was brave enough to select it. The historical facts show us how society evolved, and through the characters, it shows both sides of the medal.

TITLE: "I Wish You Were a Girl"

AUTHOR: Manstrupator

CATEGORY: Boy Moments

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One day I was alone with my young friend in the kitchen, cooking dinner, and the boy said to me, "You know, I wish you were a girl."

I asked him, "Why?"

He said, "Because if you were a girl, I'd marry you!"

I thought that was so sweet.



TITLE: The Story of Matthew  
AUTHOR: aboysXO  
CATEGORY: Creative Works -- Fiction

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Matthew was a blond-haired, blue-eyed 10-year-old. Calm, quiet, respectful, sensitive, and adventurous. He was also a practicing nudist. I met him a few days before his tenth birthday.

Matthew's mother actively sought out a suitable male companion for her son. She thought he was lonely and needed someone. It turned out to be me. The first time I showed up to take him out, his mother and two older brothers informed me that he was a nudist. He liked walking around in the altogether. Okay, I thought. I could handle that.

We went to my house where he was to spend the night. We talked about a lot of stuff. I did what was usual to see how he responded to certain things. How close one could get before he moved away. How he reacted to being touched and more. I found that I could actually get quite close to him, and he wouldn't shy away. I started with small touches. A pat on the back, on the shoulder, etc. He didn't mind being touched. These were all little signals he kind of picked up on.

Shortly after dinner and watching TV, he was on my lap. It was his idea. He was relaxed. Not at all tense and stiff. He leaned back into me, his head resting just under my chin. My nose and lips were in his hair. He smelled wonderful. That was about all we accomplished that first night. When I took him home the next day, he put his arms out and pursed his lips. He wanted a hug and a kiss. On the lips. Right in front of his mother. So I kissed him. Her eyes shot up some, but she said nothing. In times ahead, she would encourage me to, "kiss Matthew goodnight."

In those first days, we got to know each other better. Matthew loved being hugged and kissed. He loved being cuddled. He liked sitting on my lap. He liked doing that. He liked it a lot.

There were numerous times we would go just out of town or to the woods for a "nature" hike. He didn't seem to care if he was seen. But we were discreet and no one did.

I had a 1963 International pickup with a crew cab, camper shell, and Barden Bumpers. A literal tank. Once we were out in the woods and playing around in the camper shell, wrestling and laughing. I stopped for a few minutes, slightly winded from his energetic play. I just lay back, resting. He was right next to me sitting up. I'm very careful with that kind of play. I don't want boys to think that there is anything they have to do. Whatever it is that might happen, it has to be their choice. Not mine. Proceed or not.

One day he came to me and asked if I would buy him some girl's clothes. I had to ask him to repeat his request. I wasn't sure I had heard him correctly. But, that is what he said. So we went to the store and bought him a full outfit. Panties, a top, a dress, shoes and socks, etc. I made up this story about buying my niece a birthday present. I wasn't sure of her sizes, so I brought my son along because they were the same size. So he got to try the stuff on before we bought it. We went home, and he happily put it all on. We didn't tell his family about that. At his request.

I had explained to him, as best I could, about men who liked boys, and all about homosexuality and being gay. I asked him what he thought about all that. He said, "I think I'm gay." I think you might be, too. He was so natural. No hesitation. He just did it. He so obviously liked it.

And this is regardless of what the general population thinks about kids being gay. Whether they like engaging with adults, or about man/boy love, they can be gay. They do like the play, and boylove is a real thing. They may not yet be in full possession of the vocabulary to explain their feelings, but the desire is there. They do it because they want to and they enjoy it. This is shown to be true by the ones who did engage. Afterward, they left and went back to their parent's house. But they kept coming back month after month. Is Matthew unusual? Yes, he is. Rare? Yes. But there are still others like him out there.

Several months went by, and his mother was homesick for their hometown in a different state. They were going to move back. She asked me to move with them, but I had too much going to just leave. So they moved. We kept in touch for a while, but we eventually lost touch. I spoke to him on the phone maybe ten or more years later. I asked him what he thought about all of that now. He told me that he had missed me a lot after they moved. He also said that he really liked our relationship. And you know what? That made me feel good.

TITLE: Boy Humor  
AUTHOR: Various Authors  
CATEGORY: Humor and Jokes

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My friend was pregnant with her second baby. Her 5-year-old son stayed at his grandmother's while she was in the hospital. Imagine the situation when he got back home and there she was, his newborn baby sister. After two hours of observation, he asked, "So whose baby is it? Are her parents coming to pick her up, or what?"

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My son is three and a half years old and he's a very nice and kind boy. We're still in bed early in the morning and suddenly, he starts to poke me in the eye. I asked him what he's doing and why. He goes, "Daddy, I want you to become a pirate!"

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A couple of fourth-grade boys were asked a simple question: What question cannot be answered with "Yes"?

Their answer was, "Are you dead?"

Well, we can't argue with that!

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Yesterday while we were outside watching pigeons, my 4-year-old son said, "Dad, do you know why pigeons nod their heads when they walk?"

"Nope, why?"

"It's because they hear music in their heads all the time!"

---

Kids believe in Santa Claus up until a certain age. Sooner or later, they start to doubt if he really exists. My son has just turned 8 years old. Recently he asked, "Okay mom ... but who's buying all those presents and placing them under the tree?"

Trying to make him believe in a miracle, I answered, "The highest power."

He replied, "So, dad, huh?"

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The little boy came home from school and when walking past his mother's room, saw her on the bed rubbing her crotch and moaning, "Oh! Oh! I need a man, I need a man!"

The next day after school, walking past his mother's room, he saw her on the bed with a man laying on top of her.

So he ran to his bedroom, jumped on the bed and started rubbing his crotch. "Oh! Oh! I need a new bike! I need a new bike!"

TITLE: Nite Life -- Part 2  
AUTHOR: LtDreamer  
CATEGORY: Creative Works – Fiction

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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 new world of books and stories to read. Two of my favorite were the digital stories, the “Clan Short” series and “Comicality Shack Outback”. Both of these stories revolved around children growing up in a world where prejudice and acceptance are still increasing.

After reading the 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 the Comicality universe. There will be an occasional cameo appearance by some of his characters, but the story line is mine alone. Any resemblance to people real or otherwise is purely coincidental. I hope you enjoy this story.

## CHAPTER 3: The Night of Shadows and Secrets

One of the local Vampire blood bank suppliers had just harvested from a young female cadaver. I reluctantly agreed to purchase a supply. This type of feeding could have been better, like a meal meant for ravenous beasts rather than creatures woven from night’s very fabric. Like most of my kin, I preferred the thrill of hunting, the heady rush of the chase in moonlit alleys. The whisper of a heartbeat against the seductive silence of dusk. Yet tonight, necessity outweighed desire, and I had to relent to the vampire equivalent of fast food.

It was late, and the city hung in cool shadows, lit by starlight and the flickering glow of streetlamps struggling against the encroaching darkness. I found my thoughts drifting to Joey. The young boy had been a bright flicker of warmth in the chill of my existence. His innocent curiosity battling against the shadows of his past. He still slept most nights while I roamed beneath the moon. How I yearned to unlock the secrets hiding behind those hollow eyes.

The following night, I woke to the anxious flutter of my heart. I needed to see Joey early. When the twins, Taleasin and Zaos arrived with him, the energy in the lobby felt electric, magic crackling in the air. Madam Aelita sat beside me, her soft demeanor a calming presence. Joey sat between the boys, his small frame dwarfed by the cushions of the sofa, an island of peace in my realm of shadows.

As I watched him, an ache twisted in my chest. The twins' laughter rang out, joyous and light. But on Joey’s face lay a hollowness that tugged painfully at my heart. “Joey,” I prompted, “do you have any questions for us?”

He shook his head slowly, glancing from one twin to the other, his small hands fidgeting in his lap. His silence spoke volumes of the tumult within him. Finally, his green eyes flicked up to meet mine -- laden with fears I sensed but could not touch.

“Taleasin said you were a vampire. Is that true?” His voice was scarcely a whisper, fragile as gossamer in the night.

“Yes, Joey. I am a vampire.” The weight of those words settled heavily in the air between us. “This city is filled with many beings. There are elves, fairies, angels, dragons and many more. Most are kind, like you, and they won’t hurt you.”

He blinked at me, grappling with the reality of my words. Shadows lingered in the corners of his gaze, remnants of a past that had cost him more than I could fathom.

“Is my daddy dead?” A simple question that punctured the air. I nodded slowly. At my answer he drew in a small shuddering breath. “Good,” he replied. And my heart splintered at the quiet relief in his voice.

When the topic of his future arose, he hesitated before asking, “If I want to stay here do I have to change?”

“No,” Madam Aelita replied. “I am human, and there are humans here. You don’t have to be anyone or anything you don’t want to.”

Joey’s yawn punctuated the moment, signaling the end of our meeting. As he stood to leave, he approached me. Halting for a beat, he wrapped his tiny arms around me, softly murmuring, “Thank you.” The warmth of his embrace sent tremors through my being as I fought against the urge to pull him closer, to hold him tight, shield him from everything that had brought him into my world.

Once he left, the twins and I returned to the task at hand. I promised to help them with the scroll they had long sought after. They bubbled with enthusiasm as they debated the details of the scroll, their youthful exuberance infectious. But my peace shattered when a familiar voice emerged from the dark shadows of my office. A quiet rustle of energies that sent ripples down my spine.

“Word on the night winds says Elder Michael is preparing for a sun quest, having witnessed something truly terrifying during his last visit.”

I recognized the speaker instantly. “Ah, my best student returns,” I replied, a hint of warmth creeping into my tone. “But I sense you are still shrouded in shadows. It’s pointless to ask you to step into the light.”

“Indeed,” came the soft reply, as darkness coiled and twisted around him, revealing the golden orbs of his eyes. That familiar presence felt both comforting and foreboding as he stepped forward.

“Mister Amriel,” I said, “Unlock Comicality’s room for his use. The others should know he will be with us for as long as necessary.”

The fairy at his side nodded and vanished, slipping into the fabric of reality. I turned to my guest, studying him. “We are all seeking answers, are we not? Existence itself is a riddle, and without questions we drift like shadows in the void.”

"Perhaps," he replied, his voice echoing softly, almost hauntingly. "An insatiable thirst for knowledge. A need to understand the balance of light and dark, life and death." He tilted his head slightly, thoughtful. "And what of the boy? What answers do you seek in him?"

"I see so much pain in his eyes," I confessed. The promise I had made to protect Joey was echoing in my chest. "I want to shield him from the darkness that has haunted him. If we discover the origin of that darkness, perhaps he can find peace."

The shadows fluttered briefly around my visitor, settling back into the folds of night. "Then let us work together, my friend." His golden eyes glinted, and I felt a spark of hope ignite within me.

As he dissolved back into the inkiness that clung to him I understood. The night was a tapestry of intertwining fates. I swore to weave Joey's future into a brighter shade, to protect him from the terrors that lay ahead. And I would delve into the shadows to find the truths hidden beneath the layers of darkness.

For as long as the moon rose, I would guard our fragile light amiss the night's eternal shadows.

The flickering candlelight cast peculiar shadows on the library's ancient walls, lending an atmosphere of quiet mystery. I had found solace among its aisles. A sanctuary like none other for a creature of the night. Joey had settled into this realm of elves and scholarly pursuits, far removed from the throbbing chaos of his former life. The Elfin twins, Zaos and Taleasin, had become his closest companions. Their laughter mingled with the rustling of parchment and the shushing of researchers. They had a way of lightening my burden, even if their childlike curiosity often invited chaos. Today, an unsanctioned expedition into the heart of the library's labyrinth.

"Come on Joey!" Zaos urged, his emerald eyes shining with excitement. "There's a hidden door."

As they crept down the long forgotten hallways, a creaking sound startled me. I turned, clutching the hilt of my dagger beneath my cloak.

Nothing to be seen, yet dread swirled within. For without a word from the counsel I was bound to this library, a living book of enigmas. Waiting for the next chapter to unfold. And perhaps, the greatest mystery yet remained. Whether I would ever embrace what happened that night fully and continue wandering amid the tomes, forever a half-formed story in search of its ending.

#### Chapter 4: Shadows Between Pages

Several months have passed since the chaos that enveloped our home, the ancient library hidden within the fold of a thin veil between worlds. Life, in its unpredictable cadence, has settled into a semblance of normalcy. The scent of old books mingles with the crispness of magic, curling through the dusty air like tendrils of silk. Underneath the grand lobby, everything is restored ... though echoes of the past still whisper caution in the shadows.

Joey, a human boy thrust into our otherworldly existence, has adjusted remarkably well. His wide eyes have grown accustomed to the flickering lights of enchanted candles, and his ears to the strange, melodious chatter of my Elfin friends, the twins, Zaos and Taleasin. Despite our differences, the twins have taken to Joey as if he were a long-lost sibling. I often watch from the corner of the grand hall as they giggle and whirl around him like glowing orbs. So full of life, they may as well be woven from starlight itself.

It was a delightful surprise when we encountered Coran, the resident dragon, tucked away in his cavernous nook filled with shimmering scales and treasures hoarded from eras long past. Joey gasped with delight, prompting laughs from Zaos and Taleasin, as Coran wagged his oaken brows in response to the boy's astonishment. He chose to reveal his human form for the very first time. An elegant transition from dragon to dapper gentleman, complete with a tailored waistcoat and a knowing grin.

"What a peculiar little creature you are!" Coran chuckled, ruffling Joey's hair, an act of uncharacteristic affection for the dragon, who was often more brash and commanding. I stood behind, hidden in shadow, watching the unexpected bond between them form. My heart stirred with a mix of pride and apprehension. Joey, the awkward human with his turbulent past, was drawing strength from the very beings that I had considered my family for centuries. Yet, while he found comfort here, the Vampire Council's silence stung like frostbite.

No news came after the incident with Elder Michael. A conflict that served as a dark reminder of why fear was my constant companion. Was it fortuitous that the Council remained silent? Or was it merely a prelude to a larger storm waiting to break?

Life continued on within the library's twisted spires. A steady stream of scholars and seekers flitting through, intrigued by the labyrinth of knowledge that surrounded them. My nocturnal excursions remained a necessity. And every month, security insisted on sending more than one bodyguard into the night with me. I allowed it, though I knew that the real threat was far from my lust for blood.

"Next month, we return!" Zaos announced one twilight evening as he danced upon the polished marble floor, his brilliance a tapestry of moonlight.

"Yes, and we'll be bringing Joey with us!" Taleasin added, immersed in his excitement. I nearly dropped the tome I was reading.

"You cannot be serious" I muttered.

"Oh, but we are!" they chimed in unison, a symphony of mischievous delight. I knew their stubbornness well, they were as resolute as ancient stone.

"But a human at an Elfin Conclave? How could that possibly be allowed? It's been over a thousand years since the last one!" The words tumbled out before I could swallow the fear that twisted in my gut.

"That's precisely why it's so extraordinary!" Taleasin's eyes gleamed like shards of a moonlit lake. "We told them he's a unique human, the chosen one in a tale foretold! They couldn't resist such a narrative!"



What absurdity, a fit of laughter caught in my throat. Joey, the human chosen to step foot where none have tread in centuries? How had they managed such audacity? What indeed was his fate in a place where legends and reality intertwined like wooden fibers in a tapestry?

Yet, beneath my worry lay another sentiment, hope. The twins had always possessed courage and charm in abundance, weaving a tapestry of dreams where night creatures such as I seldom dared to venture. Joey's arrival at the Conclave could change everything. Perhaps it might resonate through the winds of destiny, a thread connecting us in ways I could hardly predict. But doubt still lingered in the corners of my mind, whispering shadows of uncertainty. If we mingled a human among our kind, what judgment would the council pass? What would the Elders think?

As twilight took its grip on the library, I went out on my monthly feeding expedition again. The guards adhered closely, keeping a watchful eye as we slipped through the alleys cloaked by night. My heart was burdened, yet my gaze remained steady and sharp. We descended into the heart of the city, where shadows lingered beneath the worn cobblestones, craving my touch.

Each time I feasted, an unearthly thrill coursed through me, yet with every drop drawn, the blackness within me stirred. After my meal, when the echo of my pulse mingled with the rhythm of life, I returned to the library and seated myself in the grand hall, bathed in crimson candlelight.

Joey was there, reclining on one of the plush couches, immersed in a tome thick with pages stained from ages long past. His brow furrowed in concentration, completely unaware of the world nestled beneath his skin.

"Need any help?" I found myself asking, my voice softer than usual.

He glanced up, surprise etching into his features. "You know about this stuff?"

"More than I care to admit," I replied, unable to suppress the ghost of a smile. After a few moments of silence where shadows entwined around us, he held out the book.

"Can you tell me about this?"

As I leaned forward, rectifying the misunderstanding between him and the forgotten past, I realized that monsters lived not in the shadows but in the stories we told. Joey, Zaos, Taleasin and Coran, each represented a facet of that story. A tale of friendship woven between ancient beings and a mere human boy. Set to embark on a journey that might just reshape our realms. With the promise of next month's adventure looming like a star on the horizon, a warmth enveloped me that felt almost foreign.

For the first time, I longed to step into the light, rather than remain ensconced in the dark.

The world was terrifying, yet brimming with the promise of something radiant. And perhaps, just perhaps, it was Joey who would breathe life into the beating heart of the library of shadows.

TITLE: From YF to Adult Friend  
AUTHOR: Tixania  
CATEGORY: Men and Boys Together

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I was a miserable child. My parents divorced when I was nine, and that hit me hard. Even though he was a violent drunk, he was still my dad. By 11, I knew for sure that I was gay. It wasn't "cool" to be gay back then, and when even your mother talks about "filthy faggots," it's tough. Then when I was 12, she married a man who despised me, probably because he resented having to raise another man's kid. And my mom always sided with him, and blamed me for the problems. She even told me that if he left, she would leave too.

So I was withdrawn and sullen. My grades in school were horrible. I'm shocked that I never got held back. I suppose my teachers sensed potential, and let me squeak through. My mother and stepfather weren't interested in my grades. That is, except at report card time, when I'd be glared at by my mom, and beaten by my step-father. Although neither of them bothered to help me, or even ask what was wrong.

I was suicidal: at only 12 I wanted to die. I got drunk for the first time at 12, and there's no doubt I was heading towards a bad end.

I turned 13 in December. Then on February 14th, amazingly enough, I met my adult friend. He was 27, was new on our street, and he had a dog. So, being a boy, I went over to see if I could play with the dog. He let me, and soon we started to talk. We quickly became friends. And by the middle of March, we were in a physical relationship.

And my grades improved. He told me that it was very important to do well in school. With his encouragement, I finally started to apply myself. He helped me with my homework when I had trouble. He'd explain things over and over, calmly and patiently. Never once losing his temper, explaining until he was sure I got it.

And I started to get A's! When I brought home a report card with two A's and two B's, the best grades I'd ever made, my step-father sarcastically asked if I expected a medal. But my adult friend was so proud of me that he went to the commissary and bought a cake to celebrate. For the first time in my life, I was truly happy. I was smiling so much my face hurt.

His efforts to get me to improve in school didn't end with my homework, however. He also taught me to love reading. We often read books and discussed them. That helped me to develop critical thinking skills, which helped me in later years.

He was so good to me: sweet, gentle, affectionate and loving. That part of our relationship made me realize that being gay wasn't gross and disgusting. Finally, I didn't feel like I was some kind of sick freak.

After a year and a half, he was transferred to a different base, and I never saw him again. The last night we had together before he left, I mostly just cried. I was heartbroken. I never really thanked him for everything he did. But I never forgot all the things he taught me. Because of him, I eventually went on to get a scholarship which paid for the bulk of my college education.

I am still grateful. He saved my life! If I hadn't met him, I would have ended up either dead, or as a drug-addicted dropout.

Fast-forward to four years ago. I met my C when he was eleven.

I was giving guitar lessons at the time but wasn't getting students who were interested in learning. I was pretty much determined to stop and spare myself the trouble.

That's when C emailed me.

We emailed back and forth a few times, and we got a feel for each other. I usually tried to do a video call with a potential student to get the chance to say no if something seemed off. I gave lessons in my home, so it was a good way to weed out the crazies. So we did one. And he was cute. Shaggy blonde hair, beautiful, deep green eyes, and a killer smile, the one he still uses to this day to get what he wants.

I didn't think much about it then, beyond the usual "he's cute" reaction. I wasn't expecting him to last any longer than most of my previous first-time students. We set up a day to meet and everything went well. He was cute, but smart, too, and he had a knack for the guitar. So he turned out to be a great student.

He started hanging around my place more and more often. He liked playing my guitars, and he liked my library. He enjoyed talking to me, and so we talked a lot. He'd be there for hours, then days. Eventually, he started spending more time at my house than at his. He'd be with me for weeks without even a call from, or to, his parents. They were just as happy with the arrangement as he was. C's parents were like mine. His stepfather didn't like him, and his mother cut him off emotionally when she became pregnant with her new husband's baby.

Nothing unusual happened between us the first year except for the cutesy little things. After he turned 12, it became obvious that we were developing deeper feelings for each other. We frequently watched movies together. Then one day, out of the blue, he was suddenly stretched across my lap in my recliner. Pretty soon, it became his favorite place, and we started watching movies even more frequently.

After he turned 13, things became even more obvious.

One day he kissed me. I was a little surprised that he was so bold, to be honest. We were very attracted to each other. We both enjoyed the intimacy we shared. But I think we were afraid that if we tried to change things, we might lose the special "thing" we already had. That was my worry! So his kiss caught me off guard, but I did return it. And it was fantastic, like the fireworks moments in the old sitcoms.

That started a new phase in our relationship. We became more obviously flirtatious. We'd hold hands. I'd put my arm around him and hold him close when we watched our movies. We kissed a lot more. I took him to Disneyland, with his parents' permission. He thought it was so amazing that we could hold hands strolling through the park, and not worry about what anyone might think. We even had an artist sketch us. He laughed until he cried when he saw that the artist labeled the drawing, "Father and son hit the park".

We ended up traveling to several other places that he wanted to see. The house from "A Christmas Story" was his favorite. And it was mine, too, because that's when we shared our first "I love you." It was an amazing moment because I had been thinking about saying it to him for a while. But he took the lead and said it first.

Eventually, he expressed the desire to take things further. I was a little resistant at first, but eventually, I realized that he was calling the shots, not me. And maybe that was the most appropriate way for things to be. He kissed me first, said "I love you" first, and asked for more in our relationship first. It almost made me feel bad that he was taking all the initiative. But at least I had the consolation of knowing that he was doing exactly what he wanted to do. It was painfully obvious that we both wanted to expand our relationship. I couldn't deny how I felt, and he never denied how he felt. Neither of us could hide the physical indicators that we wanted more from each other.

He'll be 15 in November. He's still beautiful and perfect. His hair is short now. He's taller, more muscular since he's a soccer jock, and more angular but still perfect.

He's made it very clear he's thinking of our future. He made me quit smoking, makes me exercise, and take vitamins. One day I was gone the whole morning. I came home to find him going through the cupboards and the pantry, getting rid of the food that was "bad for" me. We went to the store, and he picked out healthy alternatives, and I still eat them. I told him I needed to have one vice. He flashed that smile and said, "No, you don't. I want you around for a long time." He mowed lawns around the neighborhood to earn money to buy us matching rings. I was touched beyond belief by that. That ring is the only piece of jewelry I've ever put on and have never taken off.

No, it hasn't always been rosy. There's been a few issues we've had to iron out over the years, little things here and there mostly. But in the end, they always worked out.

It hasn't been the love story I used to dream about, but it's become the love story of my life. We watched the TV series called "The Last of Us", and when it came to the climactic segment in the hospital, he said, "You'd do that for me, wouldn't you?"

And I said yes.

TITLE: Good Men  
AUTHOR: Boiforever  
CATEGORY: Essays

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What does it take for a man to be a good man? What are the qualifications?

I'm sure everyone's answer will be somewhat different. Straight people will scream that gays and "sexual deviants" can't be good men, as if they are with no virtue whatsoever. I have seen the most noble things done by the most evil of all men. And I have seen the most noble of all men turn into trembling, pathetic cowards. I myself have been on both ends of that spectrum.

I believe a good man would never harm an innocent person. He would only harm those who threaten his family, his way of life, or the lives of innocent people. He cannot be incapable, because a good man has to fight sometimes. I believe a good man would never force himself, or his beliefs, on anyone. I believe a good man will stand up for who -- and what -- he feels is right. I believe that sometimes a good man will have made mistakes, learned from (and paid for) them. I believe it is a choice, a way of life, that comes from the heart. I believe that no matter what your religion or background is, you can choose to be a good man.

Can a pedophile, childlover, or a MAP be a good man?

Yes. Without a doubt!

I have traveled and visited quite a few boylovers, online and in real life. And I have to say that they are some of the best men I have ever known.

Straight people love to pretend that greatness is only reserved for the straight community. But let me say this, and I mean it: there is greatness in each of you. Your sexuality is not what makes you great, or a good man. Just like your sexuality is not what makes you evil, or a bad man. It's your mindset. That's what it all comes down to: **who** you are, not what you are.

Back in 1999, I was a boylover who needed to find others of like mind, who would give me support. And when I first started joining BL boards, I found that much needed support for who and what I am. Over time, I learned that there is nothing wrong with me, or with us (boylovers). What we are isn't some awful thing that makes us less than human. I learned that society is wrong about us. And that who you love has nothing to do with you being a good man or a great human being!

Ever since then I have always looked for opportunities to return the favor, especially in support of others. I want to do my part to help others like me, to help them see that they are not alone. We are not the evil monsters that society tries to make us out to be. We are good men. Some of us are even great men!

And you know what? I want the world to know this. I want everyone to know who we really are. Not child abusers, not child molesters, but loving, caring human beings.

TITLE: Buster's Blockbusters: Boy Movie Reviews

AUTHOR: Buster

CATEGORY: Reviews – Movies

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### VENOM 3: THE LAST DANCE (2024)

Cuteness: Scale (1–10): 5.5

A very touching movie. It features Leaf Moon , played by 10-year-old Dash MacCloud, who in my opinion is a total hottie, and a very good actor. There are some points in the movie where you could almost say true boy moments take place. Overall, I would watch it again.

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### DECEMBER BOYS (2007)

Cuteness scale (1–10): 8.5

I love this movie! It has Daniel Radcliffe (Harry Potter), and there's a mooning scene in it. Overall, a very classic coming-of-age boy movie. There are a few shirtless scenes, and the boys run around in some very short shorts. You could say I just love to give the 'ole bubble butt a good look.

TITLE: In the Hush of Twilight  
AUTHOR: DB1972  
CATEGORY: Creative Works – Poetry

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In the hush of twilight,  
he glides like a secret through the door,  
the laughter, the games,  
now echoes etched in corners,  
haunting silhouettes on the walls.

His joy was a spark,  
a flicker of brilliance on summer's last sigh,  
and now,  
the world folds in on itself,  
a tight ball of unremembered tomorrows.

I still hear his voice,  
a gentle tide, rising and falling,  
each word, a silk thread,  
stitching my heart to the heavens,  
mapping an absence  
too immense to hold.

With hands that once cradled stars,  
he sketched dreams on my palms,  
blue skies brushed with the gold of hope,  
before the cosmos  
decided it had need of him.

And I, left here,  
collect remnants of him like autumn leaves,  
crisp and amber in the dimming light,  
clutching the scent of him  
spring rain,  
the rush of summer  
everything he was,  
and everything he can never be.

So I stand,  
at the brink of this new existence,  
where love is both a cradle and a tomb,  
where each breath  
is a step  
toward learning how to walk  
without him.

Love does not perish,  
they whispered,  
but leaves its mark on our skin,  
a living ink,  
lingering in the silence  
between heartbeats,  
reminding me,  
he was,  
he is,  
and in my heart,  
forever will be.



TITLE: My Early Years -- Part 7  
AUTHOR: Jonny399  
CATEGORY: BL Reflections

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I am living with the Vancholies or some such name. Who can remember all that way back? Anyway, it is a foster home and I am young. My first impression is that it looks nice from the outside. The man and woman seem overly nice and this makes me a bit nervous. I am with my older brother, John, and my second oldest brother Taylor. My sister is living in a house about one block away. This home does not have enough room for all of us kids. We were given a tour of the house after the case worker dropped us off. There are, of course, all the normal things like a living room, bedroom, bathroom, etc.

Honestly, why does everyone think you have to be told where everything is? It is like they think if they don't show you all the rooms in the house that, somehow you will get lost in the many rooms and be gone forever. Anyway, we get to the backyard and there is a pond with a waterfall. It looked nice until I got close to it. Then I could see, it has the blackest water ever. I don't ever want to go NEAR that thing, not even close to it. That much I know. It must be a gateway to H. E. double hockey sticks.

They tell us, in very stern voices, that we are not allowed to go anywhere near it, because it is dangerous. If we fell in, it would suck us down and we would die. I remember thinking, you don't have to tell me. I knew it was a portal to H.E. double hockey sticks. They have a pool. It is in the middle of the yard, well away from the portal to H.E. double hockey sticks. It is above ground and we will have to climb a ladder to get in. It is almost taller than me.

We are then shown the basement. They have a couch down there, a TV, and some games like Chutes and Ladders, Candyland, and some older games. There's a laundry room off to the side, and it looked scary with all the concrete floors and a drain in the middle. There were pipes on the ceiling and it smelled funny. I was not sure why. In any case, I didn't like that room and didn't plan on ever going in there, at least not alone.

The next day we are all taken to our new school. It is a school unlike any I have seen in all my young years. From the outside, it seems the same but once inside it is all open, with only a divider between the classes. It was a very large room. This intrigues me and I'm eager to see how this works. As I follow the principal down the path, we come to an opening. In this space, there are about 15 or 20 desks. I am introduced and told to sit down.

There are voices and noises all around. For the first time in my young life, I feel at home. The noises and voices seem right at home in my head. I have no problem concentrating on anything I am given to do. Usually, I have to shush my thoughts and try to get them to settle down. Now, they are already overwhelmed. I can push them away as easily as I close a door. I am going to like it here.

The teacher had set up a screen at the front of the space. The lights are lowered and words are scrolling across the screen very fast. One by one, each of us stands up to read the words aloud. When it is my turn, I stand and get maybe three words out before they are gone. So I sit down, embarrassed. The little bit I was able to read was just too fast. After this, the

teacher tells us that is the average speed we should be reading at. Only a few kids were able to keep up.

Then we went for snack time. I was given 75 cents from the foster mom and went to the big machine and looked at it. All the colorful packages and the funny smells. I couldn't decide how to spend my 75 cents. The boy behind me was very impatient and scolded me.

"Just pick something already," he said.

I got skittish and since I had already put my money in I pressed a random button, and a package of nuts dropped down. I quickly scooped them up and retreated to a corner. I looked and saw that it was smoked almonds. To my delight, I loved them. They were so good! I could not believe it. I got them from then on.

I was told that there was a band I could join at the school. I was taken to the band room to see all the musical instruments. There were big ones and small ones. They were all shiny and had a smell like I had never smelled before. And all the kids seemed so smart. To see them holding the instruments and playing different notes was like a slice of heaven. To think that I could do all this, too!

But then it all came crashing down as they must have realized how young I was. They said, "Sorry but you can't join until next year." I was heartbroken. It all looked so bright and shiny and fun. And just because I was a year too young, I was being left out. I was always being left out. I'll never be old enough!

Later that day, at the new home, I went downstairs to the basement. We kids were not allowed upstairs unless it was meal time or bath and bedtime. I was playing pick-up sticks and was called to go to my bath. I got undressed and got into the bath, and the foster mother washed me from head to toe. I got out, dried off, and got into my jammies. I went to my bed and the foster dad came in and sat next to me on the bed. He had my underwear in his hands and asked, "What is this?"

I looked confused and with a question in my voice I said, "My underwear?"

"No, you foolish boy. This stain here." I looked where he was pointing and there was a poop stain on the back of my underwear.

My face must have been bright red and I think I started to tear up. I could tell he was mad. No one had ever shown this to me before and I didn't know what to think. I just sat there shaking and then he got a soft look on his face. He said, "Well it is only the first time, and I am sure we can correct it. Just be more careful and don't leave poop stains in your britches. Be sure to wipe extra good." Then hugged me and tucked me in.

He turned off the light but left the door open a crack and went away. I sat there thinking for what seemed like a long time. Was I in trouble or not? I do wipe every time. I mean, if I didn't then my butt would be all sore. So what does he mean to wipe extra good? I will have to make an extra effort to wipe more. That was so embarrassing. I feel weird and look at the shadows and hear strange sounds. My brothers will be here soon. They have an extra hour before their bedtime, and I am scared. But I am too afraid to cry or call out or anything. The foster father might be even more angry if I did that. So I'll just be as quiet as I can and bury my face in the pillow.

Eventually, I fell asleep. I never heard my brothers come in, but by morning there they are asleep in their beds next to mine. Mornings were pretty much boring. Breakfast, get ready for school, the usual. If I was slow I would get yelled at. If I spilled something I would get swatted on the butt. You know, normal things like that. We had rules that we were expected to follow. Only I kept forgetting just exactly what the rules were. So I tended to get into more trouble than my brothers. I don't know how they did it. They made it seem so simple and always knew just exactly what to do.

My new school was unlike anything I had ever experienced. I was excited about going there. The second day was like any other except that it had rained the day before. I was playing in a puddle, and a new friend was there showing me his homework. Well, as can be expected, I dropped it in the water. I felt terrible and tried to tell him that it would dry. I mean it was just water. But, no good. I had lost another friend. It was like whenever I managed to make a friend, I messed it up. Perhaps I should just resign myself to the idea that I would never have a true friend. Well, as Spock said, "It is illogical," (so don't worry about it).

The rest of the day was fairly exciting, except that I could not keep up with reading out loud. I hated that part. But when snack time came around, I got my smoked almonds and I was in heaven. I went home, well my foster home, and all was good. There was a basement that had a living room, and a card table set up for us kids to play games. I remember watching Sonny and Cher and was interested in the singing parts. But mostly we just played games. Games like pick-up sticks and Mouse Trap.

Then it was bedtime. As usual, I was put in the bath and had the next of many underwear inspections. I failed. My foster dad got mad and asked me if I ever even tried to wipe. I didn't know what to say. I just said, "Yes. I wipe all the time!"

He showed me my underwear and asked what that brown stain was. I didn't answer, just looked down at my feet. I was feeling awful. He yelled at me and told me to get in the tub. My foster mom would be in there in a minute. She showed up with a scowl and proceeded to wash me. I was sent to bed and remember crying myself to sleep. I thought, what am I doing wrong and why am I being picked on? My brothers never got the business. It was just me. They just hate me.

The next morning as I am getting ready for school, I can feel everyone looking at me. I just know my brothers both know. I am a poopy butt. I can't look at anyone in the face. This home seemed like such a nice home, and I wanted to be a good boy. I would have to try extra hard to have clean underwear.

Throughout the day I paid close attention to my butt. By the end of the day, I had forgotten about the whole mess. School is exciting and I feel like I can do the schoolwork. I am proud that I did well in my art class. I got a gold star. I rush home to show my foster mom. She is so proud of me and praises me. All is right in the world once again -- until bedtime. They are going out to a club or something and have ordered a babysitter. I am told to get ready for bed. There will be no baths tonight.

I get ready for bed and the dad walks in as I am getting undressed. He tells me he is so proud of my gold star. I beam at the praise. And then he asked me how I did on my other project. I just look at him confused. I didn't have another assignment. That was the only gold star I got. So I just say, "Huh?"

And he says, "Your underwear?" I get a sinking feeling in my tummy and want to run as far away as I can, as fast as I can.

But I am in my bedroom and the lights seem to be too bright. I am standing in just my underwear as he looks at me. I just stand there, not sure what I should do. I am not sure what is in my underwear, and if they are clean or not. He waits for what seems like forever and then says, "Okay. Well, let's have a look. Take them off."

I slowly pull them down and step out of them. He just looks at me and says, "Well, hand them to me."

So I bend over and pick them up and pass them over. My stomach feels like it is going to burst. Tears are forming in my eyes as I notice, even before I pass them over, that they are indeed stained. I'm thinking there has to be something wrong with me. I mean, my brothers never have this problem. Maybe I need to see a doctor. This is not normal.

TO BE CONTINUED ...

TITLE: Man/Boy Sex in Ancient Greece  
AUTHOR: Edmund Marlowe  
CATEGORY: BL in History

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The evidence from literature and art is unambiguous that in all the great civilizations where boylove was ubiquitous -- in ancient Rome and pre-twentieth century China, Japan, Persia, the Near East and North Africa, it was taken for granted that men usually consummated their love affairs with boys through pederication. Likewise, it was the same with boy slaves and prostitutes.

So far as we know, until the nineteenth century this was even the case in Christian countries that harshly condemned sodomy. A rare example of one leaving sufficient records for this to be certain is Renaissance Florence. So if we knew nothing about what Greek men did to boys (apart from loving them), the only fair guess would be that they did the same.

In at least one important respect, ancient Greece was different in its sexual etiquette to the other societies mentioned: the Greeks apparently considered it vulgar to discuss their sexual practices. The love affairs of men and boys blossomed in public, so the social circle of the participants naturally influenced the courtship.

But once a man/boy couple were lovers, what they did in private appears to have been left entirely to them -- and was not a fit subject for discussion. The problem this poses for us is that what they did sexually is not quite as clear as for other societies. Nevertheless, there are multitudinous scattered allusions (mostly in comedy), graffiti and evidence from ceramics to answer the question. They are enough.

Public discussion of Greek homosexual practices only began with Kenneth Dover's "Greek Homosexuality" (1978), still the most authoritative discussion of this subject. He presented copious evidence that pederication was widely practiced and often assumed to be the usual means of pederastic consummation. He summed it up thus:

"Homosexual anal copulation ... in Greek comedy ... is assumed, save in *Birds* 706, to be the only mode; and when Hellenistic poetry makes a sufficiently unambiguous reference to what actually happens on the bodily plane, we encounter only anal -- never intercrural -- copulation. So Rhianos rapturously apostrophises the 'glorious bum' of a boy, so beautiful that even old men itch for it.

Many more similar references could have been adduced. Though no serious scholar has contested this evidence, there have in the present century been increasingly vocal denials, mostly online, but, in at least one case, in print. To judge from their context, all or most of these denials seem to be made by homosexuals who abhor pederication themselves and wish the Greeks had too. It is these special pleadings, however poorly founded, that necessitate discussion of the question, since they have given rise to widespread misapprehension.

Two arguments are generally made against the Greeks having pedericated their boys. The first looks superficially plausible and so requires serious consideration. It is that a large number of Greek ceramics have survived which depict sex between men and boys. These frequently

depict intercrural intercourse (the man thrusting his organ between the boy's thighs), but very rarely depict pedication.

They also never depict fellatio (which the Greeks do seem to have looked down on) or manual stimulation of the man, so this argument logically extends to saying that Greek men never achieved sexual fulfillment with boys except intercrurally. It should also be noted that there are ceramic depictions of men pedicating happy-looking women, so any objections there may have been to pedication can only have concerned doing it to boys, rather than to the act itself.

The key to understanding this is to note something else which is never shown on the ceramics, extremely unrealistically and against the literary evidence: no boy's organ is ever depicted as aroused, even when being fondled by his lover with an obvious view to stimulating him. In contrast, men are often shown with erections. Explaining this explains too why pedication was not depicted despite being practiced.

The Greeks shared to some extent the worry of the Romans and others that willingly taking on the passive role sat uncomfortably with a boy's masculinity. The Romans, being practical, resolved the problem by prohibiting men from sex with their free-born boys, and pedicating their slaves instead. The Greeks, more idealistic, resolved it more delicately by maintaining a social pretence that boys did not enjoy the passive role and only put up with it for the other benefits of the love relationship.

Once one appreciates the gap between what was said or shown in public and what was actually done in private, it is easy to see how depicting boys being pedicated would have been an unwelcome reminder that they were being treated like women, and depicting them with erections in amorous encounters with men would have been an unwelcome reminder that they enjoyed their sexual role. Showing off indelicate truths by celebrating them on drinking-cups would surely also amount to hubris.

The other line of argument sometimes adopted is disingenuous and so easily refuted that it only mentioned here because it keeps cropping up. This is to cite instances of pederastic behavior that were clearly disapproved of and to claim or imply without grounds that they were disapproved of because they involved pedication. The various writings that advocate chaste relationships fall into this category, most famously Sokrates's speech in Plato's Symposium.

Xenophon's claim that Spartan law commanded lovers to keep their hands off their boys is another favorite for this argument. The supposed implication is that since "we" know pedication is reprehensible, it must have been this that the Spartans (allegedly) and others objected to.

But there are no grounds at all for such an inference. In every instance, what was advocated was love of the boy's soul to the exclusion of any expression of love of his body. Not a single Greek text even hints that intercrural intercourse was acceptable, but pedication was not.

In a yet more absurd vein, stories are sometimes recounted like that of Periandros tyrant of Ambrakia, murdered by his loved boy for asking him in public if he was yet with child by him. The hope is apparently that the reader will infer the boy's outrage over his implied pedication provoked the murder, rather than the humiliation of it being hubristically boasted in public that he was just like a woman for his lover.

In conclusion, there is abundant evidence that, despite exceptions and some misgivings about it, it was in fact commonplace for Greek men to actively and eagerly pedicate their loved boys -- and the modern arguments raised against this view are either based on misunderstanding or simply illogical.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: This article first appeared on the website, "Greek Love Through the Ages," on May 30, 2017, and has been re-printed here with permission.

TITLE: The Man Who Loves Little Boys  
AUTHOR: Curious 1  
CATEGORY: Essays

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The naked body of the male child is a work of art.

It is so beautiful as to leave men speechless.

I have known I desire little boys from my very first sexual thought. Growing up noticing boys, contemplating their beauty, and wanting to do things with them -- sexually -- since preschool.

Today, I am what you'd call a "little boylover" (an LBL). The "P word" seems loaded with so much unnecessary baggage for me, and so therefore I do not claim it.

I call myself a "boylover" because I am a man who loves boys. A man who wants to protect them and keep them happy and safe at any price. It's what I do.

Seeing happy, playful, satisfied boys has always been my greatest joy.

Little boys are special.

They are such unique and beautiful things, little exquisite examples of the male form.

Nothing makes me prouder than to wear the symbol for little boy lovers. I wholeheartedly accept and embrace the LBL symbol, especially for myself. It's who I am.

Eight-year-old boys are just heart-stopping beautiful and stunning little balls of kinetic energy. It's just very sexy!

I love little boys.

I love little boys !

I LOVE LITTLE BOYS !

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I

LOVE

LITTLE

BOYS !

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And I am very proud to say it.



BACK COVER