



Fawnlet

December 2025

Issue 10 : DEC 2025



New Year's Top Ten
Christmas Traditions
The 10-Year-Old Expert

*Merry
Christmas*



NOTATION

Fawnlet

Greetings,

It's that time of year again. The natural world is off to sleep. Or at least it is in the Northern Hemisphere. Below the equator, people are putting Christmas trees up in their underpants. What better time of year to release an issue of the world's premiere boylove magazine than this time?

Soon the world's OG child-lover, Santa Clause himself, will be forcing parents all over the world to remortgage the house to buy a Furby, or whatever it is this year. Please, join me, by putting on a funny hat and making a cup of hot whatever, and enjoy Issue 10 of Fawnlet.

-- Lost Merlin



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BOYS IN THE NEWS



by: aboysXO and Zoomzoom4

MICHIGAN MOTHER ARRESTED FOR CHILD ABUSE

The Pontiac woman allegedly left her three kids unattended inside an apartment that didn't have plumbing and was littered with rotten food, feces and more. She was charged with three counts of second-degree child abuse.



<https://www.wxyz.com/news/pontiac-mom-arrested-allegedly-abandoned-3-kids-in-apartment-without-plumbing-littered-with-feces>

VEGAS BOY SHOT IN ROAD RAGE INCIDENT

The two cars were both attempting to use the freeway's on-ramp at the same time, which led to a verbal altercation, which led to one party firing a handgun at the other's car, hitting the 11-year-old who was in the back seat.

<https://abcnews.go.com/US/11-year-killed-school-nevada-road-rage-shooting/story?id=127535644>

BOY FALLS IN THE HOUSATONIC RIVER

The bill is designed to protect missing children with Autism, and passed unanimously by the state House of Representatives, after the death of a boy in West Chester. It would create an emergency alert system for missing Autistic kids.



<https://www.cincinnati.com/story/news/politics/2025/11/12/ohio-boys-death-inspires-new-alert-missing-kids-autism/87232127007/>

GOOD NEWS: BOYS BELIEVE IN GENDER EQUALITY

The question is, will they still believe when they grow up and become men?

<https://www.theguardian.com/commenisfree/2025/nov/06/the-good-news-is-that-boys-believe-in-gender-equality-the-scary-question-is-will-they-forget-when-they-become-men>

BOYS IN THE NEWS



by: aboysXO and Zoomzoom4

TEEN BOYS BELIEVE IN MARRAIGE MORE THAN GIRLS

Or more specifically, teen boys believe that they themselves will someday get married, by a three to one percentage over their female counterparts.

<https://www.pewresearch.org/short-reads/2025/11/14/12th-grade-girls-are-less-likely-than-boys-to-say-they-want-to-get-married-someday/>

CANADIAN BOY TESTIFIES IN MURDER TRIAL

He recalled being restrained and locked in a room with his 12-year-old brother, who died in the care of Ontario pair Brandy Cooney and Becky Hamber.

<https://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/hamilton/cooney-hamber-milton-ontario-trial-9.6982064>

IMPRISONED FATHER OF MISSING BOYS TO BE RELEASED

The three Michicgan boys had been missing since 2010, and their father had been subsequently jailed. But after 15 years, he is finally set to be released.



<https://www.wxyz.com/news/john-skelton-father-of-3-boys-who-went-missing-in-2010-arraigned-on-murder-charges>



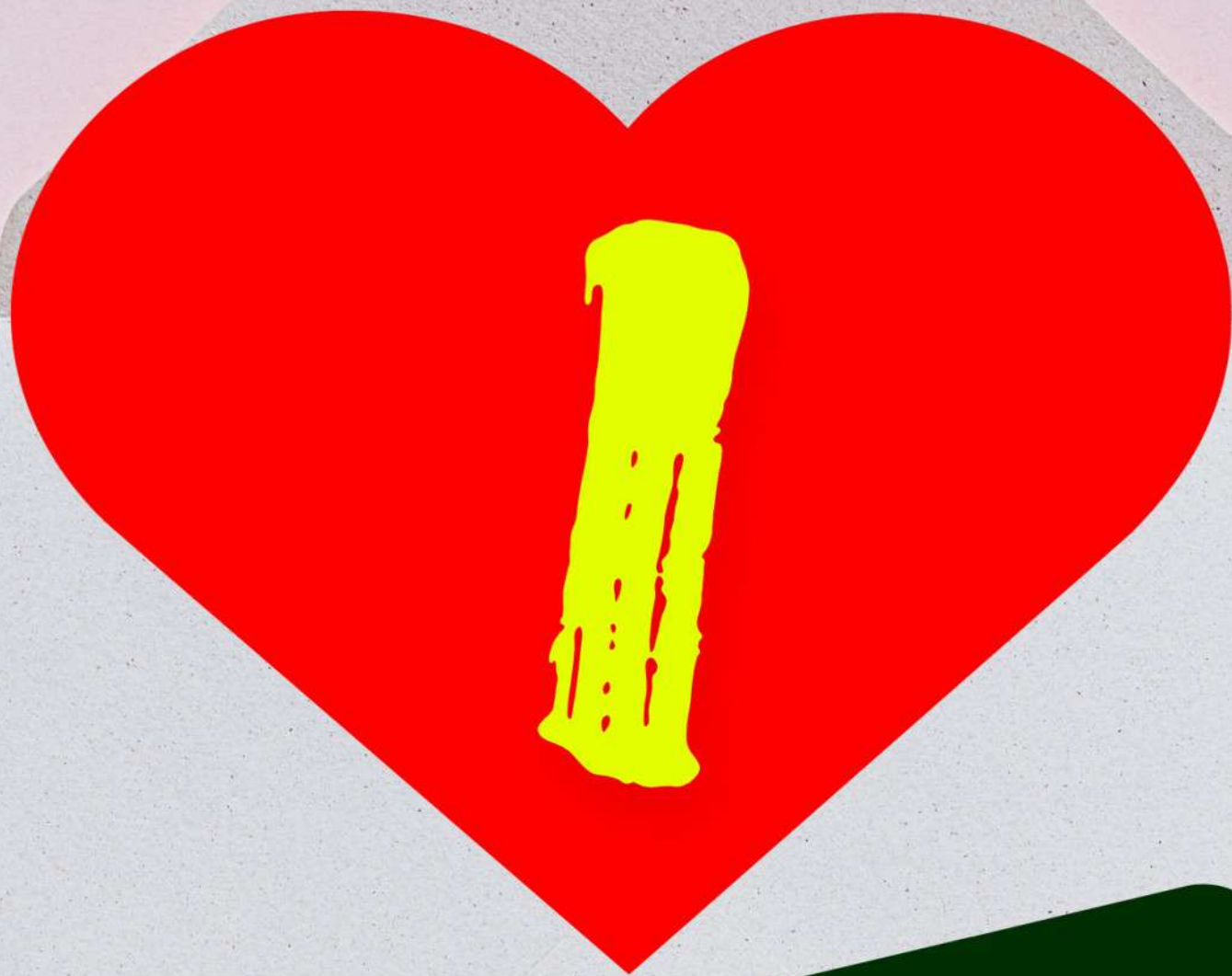
BOY MISTAKES ELVIS FOR ONE OF SANTA'S ELVES

The audience was left in stitches after a family mix-up caused the 9-year-old to come dressed as Elvis, rather than an elf, for his school Christmas play.

<https://www.goodnewsnetwork.org/boy-sent-to-christmas-nativity-show-as-elvis-instead-of-elf-after-family-mix-up/>



MERRY
CHRISTMAS



BOYS

by: TweenTeenBL

A Tribute to All the Boys of the World

Boys ...

What is it about them?

Is it their shy, yet playful personalities?

Their innocence?

Their rebellious behavior?

Some boys act all grown up.

Even though they are far from it.

Using swear words and acting too big for their age.

**What is it about boys that turns my head and catches my
eye?**

**What is it about them that puts a smile on my face and makes
my day?**

**What is it about them that makes my heart race or skip a
beat or two?**

**Maybe it's the expressions they make,
blessed with the beauty of their facial features.
Together with the color of their hair and eyes.**

Maybe it's their thin or thick
kissable lips.

Maybe it's the sound of their
laughter.

Why do I love them so
much?

Their really cute butts ...

Their innie or outtie belly
buttons ...

Their lovely boy nipples ...

The sight and touch of their
beautiful smooth skin ...

Their hugs ...

Their loving cuddles next to
you ...

They bring so much love
and joy into our lives.

I can't deny my strong
feelings of attraction for
them.

It would be like telling
someone to stop being gay
or straight.

I can't turn it off.

Because it's not a choice.

So again I ask ...

What is it about boys?

All I know is ...

I love them.

I am in love with their beauty.

Of which they fill the world.

Little boys ...

Tween boys ...

Teen boys ...

They are forever young and
beautiful.

What the hell is it about boys
that turns me on?

I am a boylover who is totally
in love with their beauty.

So I would say ...

The whole Boy Package.

BOYS ...

The love of my life.



by Wolfrunner

The 10-year-old Expert

My young friend went to camp in June, and I hated it. Hated it, because I was away from him for a month. But yes, he went. And it was a pleasant surprise that I was able to sign up to send him messages.

The thing was, in the Big Brothers program, you could send your "little" (meaning your "little brother"), or your camper, a message. Electronically, and it would get to him. But he would have to write back. As in, literally write. He couldn't get on a computer and send you a message back, he had to write a letter.

And then you could sign up for the package, and get pictures. Well they had groups, different groups. Like five or six different groups. And with Marky's group, they took like a hundred pictures a day. And he was there for thirty days, so that was three thousand pictures. And so I was looking through the pictures, looking through the pictures, every single day. Looking through the pictures to see what Marky was doing.

He was in three pictures. Three. Out of three thousand! And what was told to me, is that he was forced to be in two of them.

And so I told his mom, I was like, "This is aggravating as shit."

She was like, "Tell me about it."

"I paid money to see him," I said. "In pictures."

She was like, "Yeah, I did too."

So I asked his counselor: "Where the hell is he?"

The counselor said, "Well, he's either in the water or on the water."

As I said, he was forced to be in the two of the pictures. Turns out, he ducks the camera as much as he possibly can. The next time I wrote him, I said, "Your mom and I are paying money to see you in pictures."

"I don't like my picture taken."

I was like, "You little shit."

Well, this is when he was ten. So he was going for his North Carolina boating license. He took a test for his actual -- like any adult would do -- North Carolina boating license. And the first test he did not pass.

And his mom goes, "Oh damn, he didn't pass."

"Don't worry,," I said. "He gets to take it again, right?"

"Yeah."

I blow raspberries. "Don't worry about it."

And next thing we know ...

Because you can't tell Marky that he can't do something. That's why I just said, "Trust me. The next test, he will get it."

And the next test, after that, at 10 years old, he had his North Carolina boating license. Meaning, he could operate any vessel on a waterway in the state of North Carolina. Just like any adult.

A 10-year-old boating expert. That was my Marky. I love that boy so much.

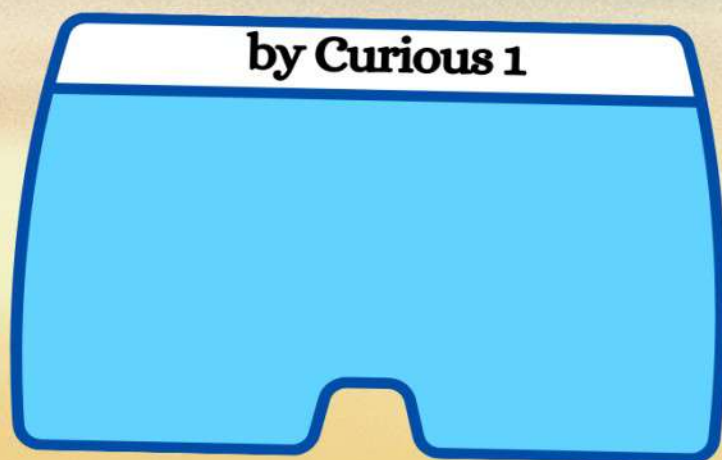




IT WAS MY FIRST TIME EVER



by Curious 1



I absolutely treasure my first gay sexual experience. It was priceless to me. I remember it fondly. It was not wrong. It was right.

When you think about it, were it not for a boylover, I probably wouldn't have really come out until I was at least well into my teens. But this happened when I was ten.

Though I had plenty of opportunities to play with boys my age as I was growing up, it took a 32-year-old man to tell me it was okay. That I wasn't wrong to want to play with boys and men. That gave me a word for it: I was "gay."

I knew exactly what I'd always wanted to do: to have a man to love.

When I think about it, Joyce, the babysitter, knew what I wanted. She brought it to me. And while she was gone with my 13-year-old brother, who knows, she probably had a talk with him and made him understand about me because when they got back I was able to openly be myself around Mike while my parents were gone.

Mike did me the biggest favor, though. He sat me down, brought me out, told me that it was okay and let me kiss him first.

What was I supposed to do, as a young boy?

What was Mike (the man) supposed to do?

He let me love him. He let me follow my own instincts. The pent-up sexual energy that spilled out of me that night for that wonderful few hours was absolute heaven! I finally had a male to kiss, love, cuddle and hold dear, something that was precious to me for that first experience. It was like finally drinking water when you're super thirsty. But also like I never had water at all until that moment. Yes it was beautiful like that.

I was 10, and a 32-year-old man offered me the same kindness that gay men offer to each other: love, cuddles, warmth, safety. The freedom to be ourselves. It has been my responsibility to pass all of that on. And though I have never had the reverse opportunity, I would consider it an honor and a great responsibility.

My mother called it "molestation" when I told her. Another word we all could do without.

But yeah, maybe it was -- since I molested him!

Here's what happened. My parents were in a bowling league for most of my childhood, amongst other activities such as golfing, and we had a babysitter I will call "Joyce".

One day my parents were going to Palm Springs, a couple hours away from where I grew up, for a day of golf and dinner.

That time Joyce, whom I think suspected that I was gay, (I mean how could she not tell?) brought a friend of hers -- Mike -- to "assist" her in the babysitting duties.

Mike was a dark haired, chubby 32-year-old man, very nice and personable, terrific smile, great sense of humor, charming, handsome, and very obviously (to my 10-year-old "gaydar" at least, if not to my brother or my parents) gay.

Joyce was always having to go to her house in Yucaipa for some reason or another, while she was sitting with us, and she would take us with her.

But this particular time, since Mike was there to assist her, she took my brother and they were gone for a few hours leaving me home with Mike.

After they were gone, Mike and I were talking about this and that and the other thing, when I noticed how he occasionally glanced at me.

You know the glance. The one you've felt a thousand times in various places, at school, the playground, everywhere. The glance you've stolen yourself. The glance that sets off gaydar worldwide.

It was becoming less and less subtle as the conversation went on.

Finally he said, "You know, I like you, you're cute!"

I blushed and thanked him, and then he said, "I bet you have a girlfriend, cute boy like you!"

My heart started to race frantically and I said, "Nooooo."

He said, "Oh come on, there are no girls at school who have a crush on you?"

I said, "Yes there is one, Melissa, but ..."

"But what?"

"Well she likes me, but we've never dated or anything like that."

"Why not?"

"Well," I said, "my best friend Kevin ..." I trailed off and just sat there staring outside for what felt like an eternity.

Mike finally got my attention, looked me in the eye and said, "You like him, don't you?"

My heart raced again. I blushed fiercely, thought about it for a second then said, "Well yeah, but ..."

He said, "Well, have you told him?"

My eyes I'm sure got as big as saucers and I simply said, "I can't ..."

Concern washed over Mike's face and he said, "Why not? He's your best friend. Does he like you?"

"Yes, he likes me. We've been best friends forever!"

Mike finally said, "Let me ask you something. Do you like boys?"

"Ummmm ..."

"And your best friend doesn't know?"

"Well, I'm sure he knows. We've never talked about it, but I think he likes boys too."

"Really? How come you've never talked about it?"

I said, "Well, I'm not sure about Kevin." Which was a lie. Kevin had propositioned me at least once at that point. Subtly, but the proposition was quite clear, hard to miss.

Mike thought about that for a second and said, "Wait a minute, am I the first person you've told about this?"

"Well, yeah."

"Really?"

I said, "I can't ... My family ..."

He said, "I know. Family stuff can be tough. So you've never ..."

He looked at me up and down, then finished, "... told a boy that you like him?"

"Noooooooooooo!" I blushed deeply.

Mike asked, "How long have you known?"

I stared out the window again, and said, "For a while now I guess. I've always wanted to tell Kevin, but ..."

Mike said, "Well kiddo, I'm glad you're finally telling someone."

And the conversation turned to how I, from an early age, always noticed boys in school and on the playground. I told him about some of my masturbatory fantasies, my experimentation with my body.

He listened intently.

When I'd finished, he said, "You've always fantasized about this?"

I nodded.

Then he said, "You know, you can play with me if you like."

God, that was THE moment of my budding young gay life!

"I can?"

He said, "Of course, it's what men do for each other. That's what being gay is! Please go ahead, play with me! My body is yours!"

It was the single most generous thing that anybody had ever said to me at the time. He laid back on the couch and offered me his body. I was the first to touch him, to kiss him.

It was heaven.

So natural, so right.

We loved.

It's what men do for each other.

Most of the rest can't be said here because we have to keep it G-Rated.

But I count what happened that night as some of the best, most fulfilling sex of my life. But it's important for me to say that we did kiss, we were making love, it wasn't just sex.

After that, my best friend Kevin and I kind of started to drift apart. I was in public school and he was in Catholic School, so that didn't really work out.

But I found another friend a year older than me, named Leonard, at school later that year. And because I was taught the rewards of being honest about who I was, I was finally fearless when I started noticing Leonard's glances.

Yes my friends, your fearless author finally summoned up the courage ... and I asked him.

Leonard became my buddy for the rest of middle school.

Just as an aside, Leonard was the first person that I topped. For personal reasons, that is important to my story.

Because Mike taught me
how to love patiently.

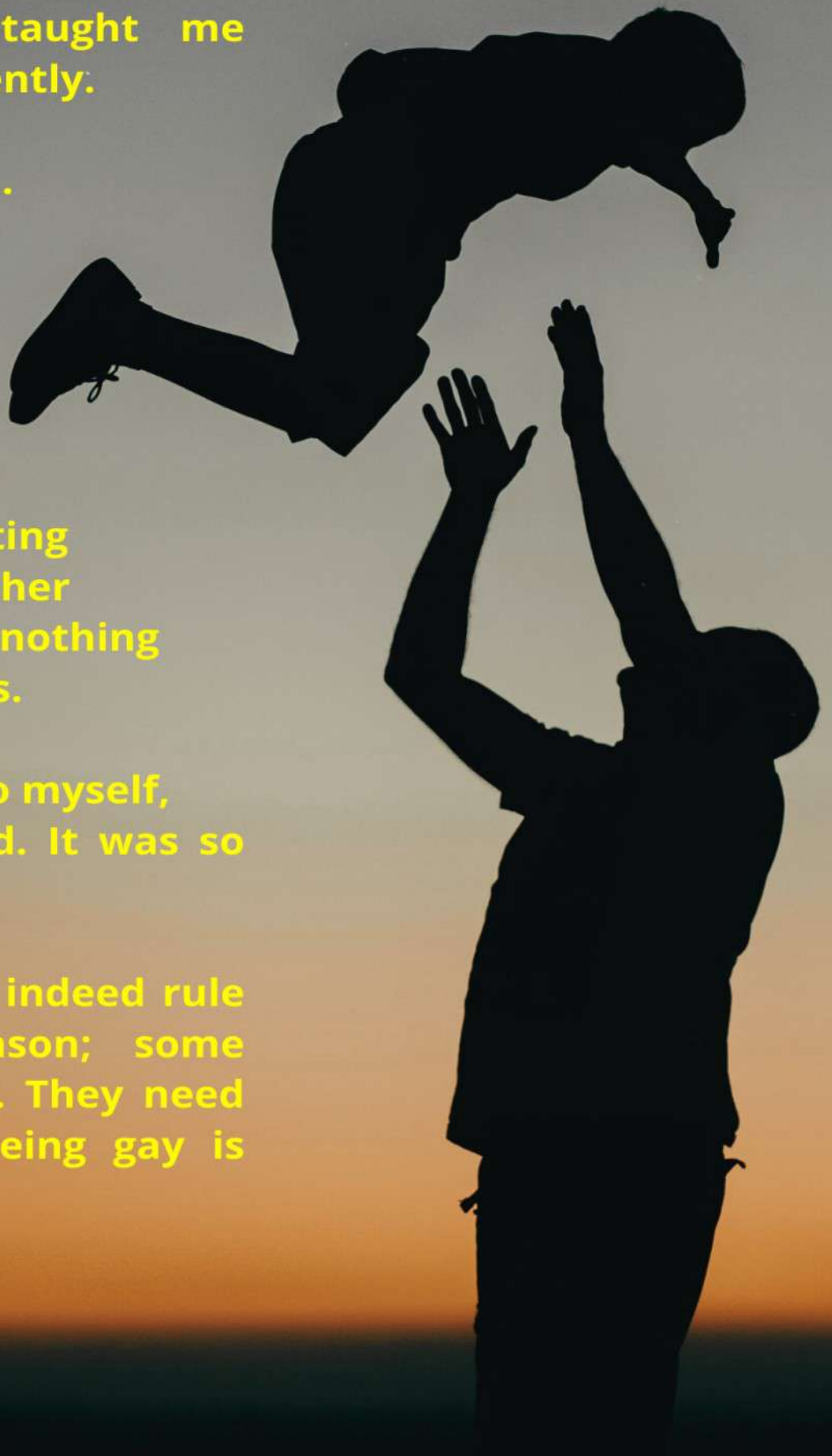
Like a gentleman.

I knew how.

The rest is often
kind of a sticky
story as Leonard
and I started getting
into drugs and other
things that were nothing
but trouble for us.

But I was "out" to myself,
and to the world. It was so
freeing!

Adult friends do indeed rule
for this very reason; some
boys need them. They need
to know that being gay is
okay.



Movie Review:

I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

by: Zoomzoom4



There's a scene about halfway through "I'll Be Home For Christmas" in which Jake has the answer to all his problems right there in his hands. A thousand dollars cash, which we had just won, and was his ticket to his destination. But upon hearing about what past contest winners always did with the 4th prize (give it away to the needy), Jake knew he had no choice.

And that's what we see in Jake, early on, an endearing quality in someone who the world considers to be a self-centered lout. And he knows how the world sees him, and he uses this quality to it's fullest, kind of like a scoundrel gladly getting his way through life by being a good-looking charmer.

"You don't care about anybody but yourself. You're a manipulator and a liar," says his girlfriend.

His answer:
"I am not a liar!"



This will definitely appeal to you if you like any of these things:

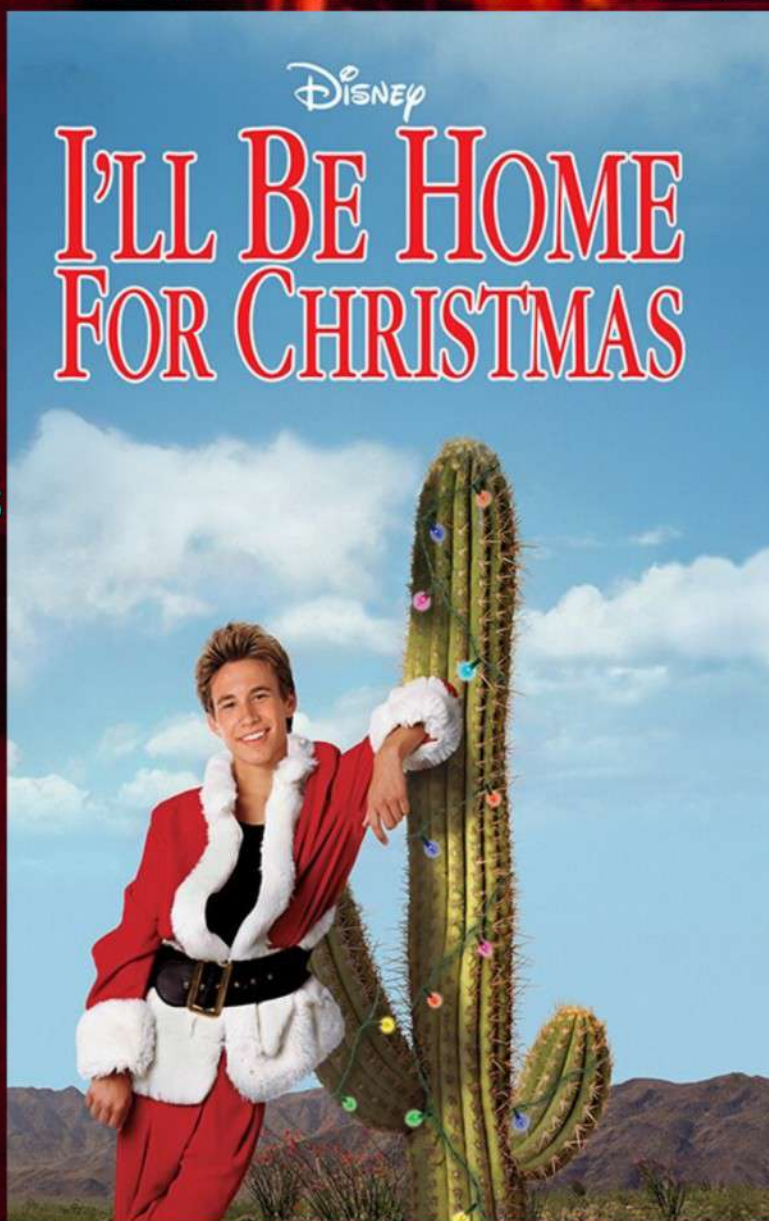
- * Road trip movies
- * Christmas movies
- * Jonathan Taylor Thomas



Because the entire movie is basically JTT in a Santa suit. Here's the set-up: Jake is off to college or something in California, and his family is in New York. His dad promises him that if he can get to the family dinner table by Christmas Eve at 6:00 PM, he will become the new owner of his dad's highly cherished red 1957 Porsche. Jake has dreamed of inheriting that car since he could crawl, so he's highly motivated to get there on time.

The movie also works as a love triangle story, with Jake's shallow and self-centered nature driving his girlfriend right into the arms of handsome and charismatic Eddie (or "the Ed Man" as he calls himself). But of course Jake is handsome and charismatic as well. How could he not be? He's played by the one and only "JTT" (as his fans call him).

This is the last of a multi-movie sprint done by JTT from 1995 to 1998, and works on many levels. Simple, fun, and easy to follow, just make yourself an eggnog, sit in your favorite chair, relax and enjoy the "JTT Christmas movie" as it's commonly known. Even if he's out of your AoA by then, he's still cute and enjoyable to watch. Can't go wrong with this one.





XMAS



XMAS



THE WANING



OF LOVE

by Arthur Lyon Raile

I

To love thee brings me sadness, for I know
each time the time will never come again --
that every moment brings the darker stain
of riper manhood. Liker as we grow,
Love stirs his wings, impatient to remain.

II

Each night of love from such a love doth part
thy forward-looking self. At each remove
from boyhood thou art further from my love,
though nearer to the knowledge of my heart.
Love joineth us the closer to dispart.



III

Then thou and I to younger arms shall flee;
but though, I think, in girlish form will find
what I, who know thee thoroughly, flesh and mind,
and never know another like to thee,
shall never compass, leaving thee behind.

Teaching Boys -- Embracing the Unpredictable

by brobandit



I see myself as a respectable male teacher, or as one student once put it, 'Teacher, you are a well behaved bad boy!'

Who am I, and what do I do? That is an easy one! I am an expat living in Asia, where every day I step into my classrooms ready to work my magic on the bright futures of young boys. Yes, you read that right — boys! I'm a male teacher at a prestigious private boys' school, where I have the privilege of guiding 2 different age groups (5 to 7) of over 6,000 male students.

The internet describes a teachers job that includes preparing lesson plans, educating students, assigning homework, grading tests, etc., but nobody looks past that. Too many boys grow up without a strong male role model, either at home or school.

Boys need good role models. Who better than a male teacher? I do not just teach Maths, English, Health and so on, but I also show my boys that it is perfectly fine to get emotional when they do well, or even just a random, "I love you, teacher," with a hug. Or even just as long as it comes with a high-five or fist-bump.

I have been blessed with the opportunity to connect not only with my students, but most of the boy students over shared interests such as sports, video games or even the latest superhero fad. Grow up? Me? Never!

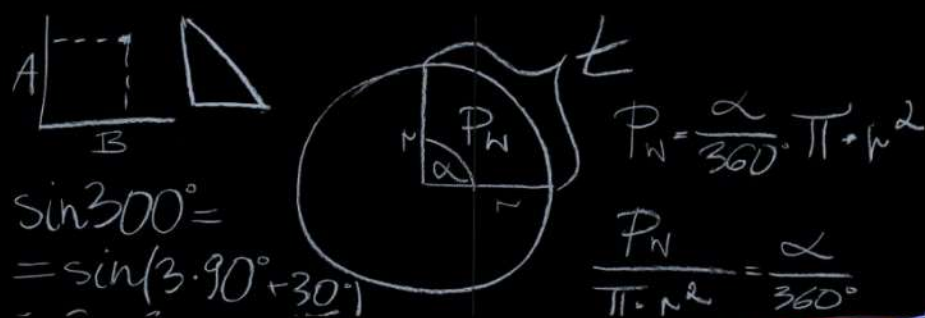
If someone had to ask me what is the actual purpose of being a male teacher besides teaching, I would answer with, "I am there to lead and show them it is okay to be smart, sensitive and a male all in one."

Of course, there are challenges, like getting them to sit still long enough for story-time without turning it into an interpretive dance performance or finding that one lost underpants that another boy is wearing because he liked it more than his.

Then there is the yearly month long Sex Ed 101 classes where sex education is not about learning; but rather a very informative look into how boys see the male body.

Comments range from 'mine is bigger than his' to 'I want my skin back', not forgetting 'Teacher is yours really big? I think it is.' and even sometimes a surprise show and tell in class. Then of course the innocent questions such as will it fall off if it gets played with too much and could I run out of semen by masturbating too much.


All in a days work, they say. Would I ever give it up for a career in banking? Never! My boy students are my life. I might seem angry with them half the time, but the truth is that I love them more than one could ever try to explain.





CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS

BY: DB1972



Our Christmas traditions solidified quickly, being mostly a combination of stuff I did as a kid, and stuff Cory likes. We listen to the 1959 album, "Christmas with Conniff" which has been the staple in my family from as far back as I can remember. We watch the 1984 George C. Scott version of A Christmas Carol. And we watch my most hated film of all time, A Christmas Story (one of my curious concessions to Cory, who adores it). And Cory looks sort of like a much cuter version of Ralphie, but even that is not enough to save the film for me!

Today is also Christmas Cookie Baking Day. So we will make a couple of different kinds, though not as many as my mom made. But definitely enough to make the house smell less like a frathouse and more like a gingerbread house. And we open presents on Christmas Eve in my family, so we will also get our swag tonight.

Of course, none of this was true prior to Cory's arrival. Before he came, I had stopped celebrating Christmas altogether. So my "Scrooge moment" was not a skeletal spectre pointing out my tombstone. No, it was an 11-year-old boy.





S&W CAMP PART 2

by Sammy BLaster

Now, I will tell you about my core group. My "four little men," as others called them. I guess every cabin has them but I can only speak for mine. They were: Billy, age 9, Craig, age 8, Scott B, also 8, and Scott S, nine.

I will say I had these four little guys for the first two years that I was a counselor, and they were my friends. After turning 11 they started going to an older camp down the road. I did keep Billy and Jimmy D until they were 12 because of their size. But Jimmy D was not one of this group that I speak of. If there was something that I felt needed a younger hand I let them take care of it. Like this one little guy that for the first week took showers by himself. I asked Billy and Scott S to go swimming with him and talk to him about showering with the other boys. It was a pain to walk between the big showers to the little ones every night. Long story short, he started to shower with the others and all was right with the world.

The Counselors took their showers later. As one took his shower the Counselor in the next cabin over would stand outside and watch both cabins as the boys played games. We would sometimes join the boys in one cabin so it was easier.

On the fourth night I had just turned off the lights and the boys were in their beds when a knock came at the door. One of the boys from cabin 4 asked if I would come help his counselor with a problem. I turned on the lights and told Scott S he was in charge until I got back. A boy had cut himself on part of his bed that was nasty looking. I helped with the cut on the little guy's leg but it was not as bad as he had thought. No stitches needed.

I walked back to my Cabin to find about all of my guys were sleeping including the one I put in charge. I woke Scott up and told him to get into his bed. It was at this time while he was walking away I noticed his bare butt walking away from me with only his night shirt on. I laughed to myself a little. I got over to my bed and naked, and this was a night I was confronted with a moral issue.

At about 1 AM, Jimmy D came to my bed and said he wet the bed. I got into my shorts and took him to the showers. He had no shoes on so I carried him across to the showers; well I had urine on me, so I stripped down and got into the showers with him. Yes I know it was against the rules but I did it anyway. I washed him and yes I washed everywhere he needed it. Yes I was aroused, to say the least. We did not speak of the issue my body was having, we just got washed and washed his underwear and my shorts. We dried off and I grabbed him and walked back to the Cabin, naked.

About half-way there, he started to laugh, saying it must look funny with our stuff hanging out. I told him that I love being naked and I would allow others to be naked, if they would be cool about it. Well I did not think of his bed and being peed in. Still naked, I stripped his bad and took them to the wash basin on the porch. I quickly rinsed them and hung them on the banister. The mattress had a plastic cover so it was fine.

I turned to see Jimmy beside my bed. I got him in the bed and hugged him to warm him up. I was still a little chubby and he asked about it touching him. I quickly tucked the sheet in between us and apologized for it touching him. We fell asleep very quickly. Soon after, my alarm went off at 5 AM and I turned over to see Jimmy D. in his all together. It was dark but I could see from the outside lighting that showed the way to the bathrooms. I did not turn away but I did put the blanket back over him in a minute or so. I wanted a cigarette so bad.

I got out of bed slowly so I did not wake him, and got on shorts and went on the front porch. I stood on the porch pulled out and urinated off the side steps. I did not hear Scott B walk up behind me. He said I do that at home all the time. He walked up to the railing and started to pee. I had a cigarette in my mouth but did not light it yet. He looked at me and said that is a bad habit. I said yes but it is my habit.

And with that, I lit the cigarette and took a deep breath. I was not attracted to Scott B. He was chunky. Not fat, but a little heavier than I like. He smelled the smoke and asked if I had seen his wrist watch. I said I had not seen it, but we could look when the other got up. With that he went back in and got back into bed. I do admit I looked in that room with 10 boys, and I remember thinking there are 20 testicles and 10 penises in my cabin -- and I am a BL. It was hard to put it all together but I walked back to the railing and jerked off at the sight of all the boys in the shower. This was the first time I consciously thought about it openly. I was so horny at that moment. I finished the task at hand and put out the cigarette. I washed my hands in the basin and returned to my bed. I uncovered my bunkmate and looked for a minute.

With my shorts still on, I let my eyes close for only about 20 minutes before I got up and started my way to the kitchen. I did not make it to the last step of the cabin when I heard a voice, "Can I come with you?" I looked back and to my surprise it was Lucas. He was not overly cute -- but he was a boy.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am going to get a cup of coffee. You want one? Come on."

We walked to the kitchen. I got him a chocolate milk and I started the pot of coffee that I knew all the Counselors would want in just a short bit. I looked down and could see that Lucas was definitely still a little boy -- from his leg hole being open.

I whispered, "Your boy parts are showing." He quickly looked down and fixed his seating position.

I said to him that I did not mind the view. I felt like such a pervert saying that, but part of it was liberating. He just laughed and said he did not mind showing, and opened his legs again.


Laughing again, he said, "I've seen you walking with Jimmy from the showers! Did you guys have fun?"

I said he wet the bed, and no we just got cleaned up and then came back to go back to sleep. He said in a not so bashful way that he would love private shower time with some of the boys, and possibly with me if I wanted some "alone time." He said you were naked when you guys got back and you made his bed and I did not mind it.

Lucas was more open but I never thought he was this open. I asked, "Would you stand on this table and strip for the boys?"

He said yes, and with no other prompting he got up on the table. Off came the shirt and down came the shorts. He was "boy" from top to bottom. His skin was very light milk chocolate. He was of Latin descent, I think. He was modified and was not bashful in anyway. His little "man" sprung to life. I am not going to lie, I was ready to pounce -- when I heard someone driving up the road.





He got down and put his shorts and shirt on as the Kitchen workers showed up in the back of the store room. They came up and we all said hello to one another. I offered them some coffee and with that they started to cook breakfast for the camp. I leaned over to Lucas and said I was going to have a mouthful of boy parts if they did not show up. He smiled at me and said, "You snooze you lose."

We walked back to the cabin to see who else was awake. Almost everyone was up and getting dressed. This is my favorite time: boys getting up and getting dressed. I went to Jimmy's case and got him some underwear and shorts and Lucas said out loud Jimmy spent the night with Sam and they were naked.

I looked at the group and said proudly, "And if any of you had a bad night, I would not turn you away either. Everyone has bad nights. Let's be nice and be mindful that none of us are perfect in every way."

Yep you know it! Scotty B. opens his mouth and said Mary Poppins is perfect in every way.

TO BE CONTINUED...



Take It From Me

by Coach Caddy

I'm writing this to pay my respects all the boys out there, just for because they are what they are: little human beings who deserve respect and love.

I am the coach of a group of pre-teen boys who do athletics. I can only say that this is the most pleasant and interesting job I ever had. I can teach them the different disciplines of athletics and they learn how fun and enjoyable sports can be. I learn a lot about how to treat boys, and how to effectively lead a group of young people.

I'm not a parent. I don't have kids of my own -- but let me suggest a few things I do regard as a good start in case you do have trouble with yours:

- * Listen to your son -- he does know quite well what's going on

- * Take him seriously!

- * Talk to him -- in case you did forbid something and explain in logical terms -- trust me, he will understand more easily. Maybe he does behave "little-kiddish" for a while but in the end they can work with what you said and accept it.

- * When it comes to male children, this is very important: don't just tell them when they did something bad. It's more important to let them know when they did something nice and good!

- * You do a very important job with educating and raising your son. Guiding a boy from birth, from him being a baby all the way to seeing him finally becoming a man. It's not primarily the job of the school or the sports team, its YOUR job!

And this is very important: look closely at the people your son hangs out with! If you think it is an "unusual friendship" (a big difference in age, or a great amount of intimacy, for example) developing, and you don't feel comfortable with it:

As long as your kid feels really (!) happy with it, watch closely what you want to forbid -- it could be a really good and supporting friendship for your 11-year-old son that you are about to prevent. And you don't want to do that.

An 11-year-old boy is the most wonderful and magical creature on the entire planet. So if you know one, treat him as such. The love you receive back from him is the greatest feeling a man could ever experience.

Boys: they are definitely worth it. Take it from me, Coach Caddy.



CELEBRATE
BOYS!



IBLD

international boylove day



Celebrate Boys!

IBLD

by boydazzel

December 2025

December is the season for gift giving and holiday cheer, the time of merriment and celebration. But as we celebrate the Yuletide spirit, we also celebrate boys. The happiness and joy that is brought into our lives from these little guys we love so much. That's right, it is also the season for IBLD – International Boy Love Day.

With the Winter Solstice comes the day that we, as boylovers, reflect upon what it means to love boys, and not only that but also the boys that we've been lucky to have in our lives. The boys who have shown us such immense love, friendship and camaraderie.

And the unfathomably enormous love and affection we have shown, in return, to these beautiful creatures that are the center of our lives, these wonderful gifts from God who we adore and cherish.

So on this International Boy Love Day, light a blue candle. Step back, look at it, and smile. Boys are beautiful. We love them, and can't imagine life without them. They grace the Earth with their beauty, and we are forever in awe of them.

Celebrate boys. Celebrate boylove. And celebrate life.

Happy IBLD to all of you!





PIOUS

by Abe Gelo

What would be the perfect boy?

Certainly for most this would be a boy who is dependent, needing affection, needing us, in all forms and means. And for most, around whichever corner he stands, they have found that boy and shared in his life. To be

To be the centre of the boy's world is a dream of many boylovers. And like the world and their tainted jewels, the boylover may seek to hold onto this most precious of jewels. It is the nature of the world, and boylovers are of the world.

Yet, those responsible in their nature, are pious. For it is only in the lives of a responsible boylover that you would find such acceptance and celebration of self-sabotage. For ultimately, holding the boy to heart, and having his love replenish the empty hallways of the past, would be the fulfillment. Yet that fulfillment is offered up as sacrifice to the just and righteous cause of responsible boylove.

To have a boy dependent ... and yet a responsible boylover seeks to resurrect a boy's confidence where it is lacking.

To have a boy so wanton for affection and to give it to him ... and yet a responsible boylover seeks to institute self-love enough to inspire the boy to follow the path of his dreams.

To have a boy so suffered that we play their saviour ... and yet a responsible boylover seeks to right the boy's life so as to banish all woe and grief.

What we want and what we do are enemies. For what we do would inevitably lead to negating the fulfillment of our want.

Pious and self-sabotaging. I, as boylover, want to be the center of a boy's world. Yet I, as responsible boylover, do all I can to make the boy whole and content. What I do as a responsible boylover directly overthrows what I want as a boylover. And yet I willingly do what is responsible, regardless of wining mind and aching heart. For although the discontent is temporary, the precious seeds I sow grow into proud Oaks of beauteous forests for all to admire. And therein lies my perpetual joy.

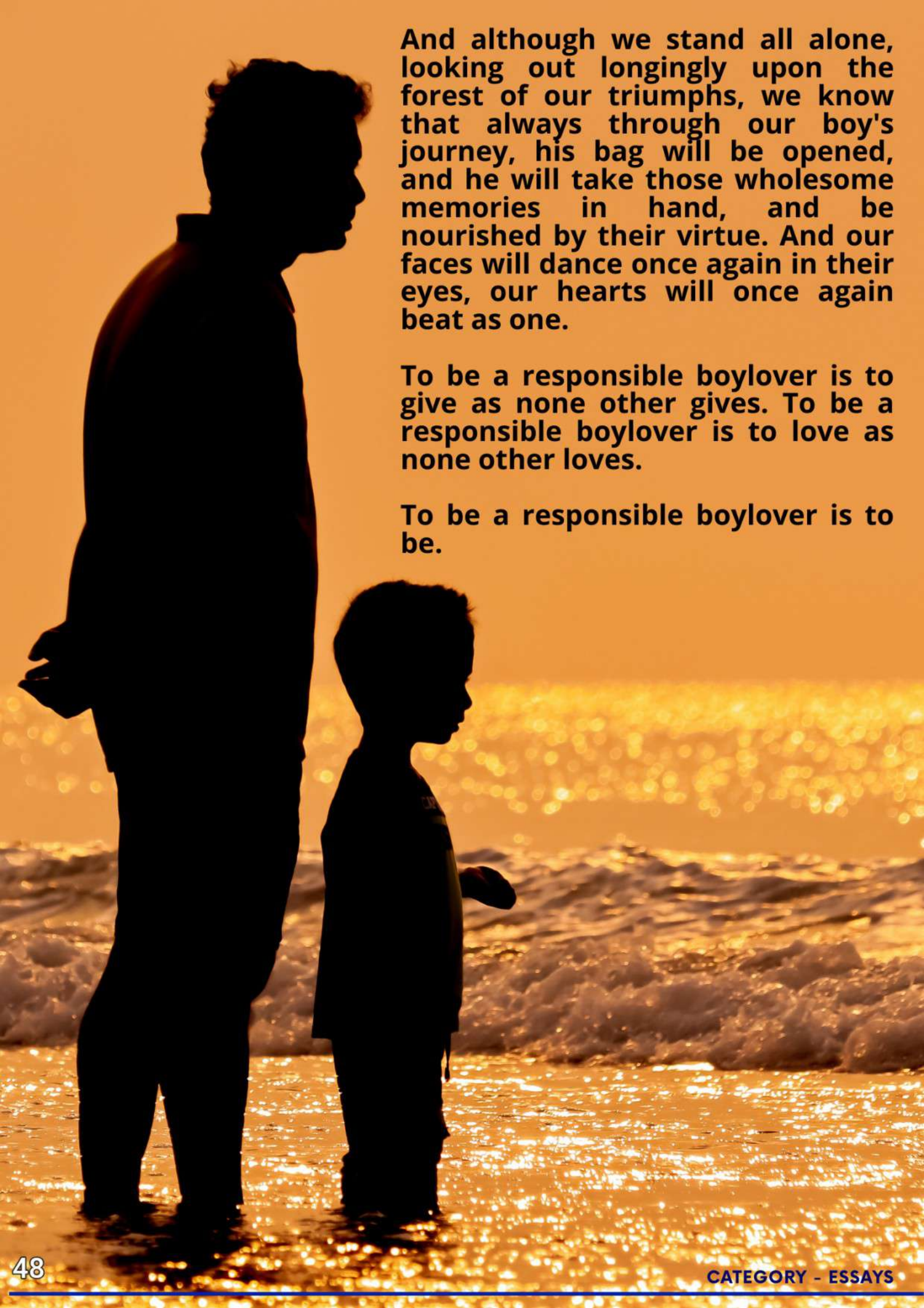
Were we of this world, would we not seek to keep the boy wanting us? To keep the boy insecure? To keep the boy damaged and woeful? For then our needs would be met by attending to our boy's needs, and we would find fulfillment. And yet, we as responsible boylovers do not do this. We cast our self aside. We become selfless. We give to the boy the greatest of gifts, which is not life measured against what we receive, but rather life measured against what we give.

And we give not the boy life, but that which is absolute in it's magnificence.

Love.

And so we unwittingly influence the boy so that he needs us less and less. And when the boy has built up his stamina and packed his bags of happy memories, he leaves us on the porch waving as he sojourns along life's road. And it is then that we know our success. It is then that we know our purpose has been served. It is then that we know we have become the responsible boylover.

And our reward is not fulfillment, nor the vaults overflowing with jewels, but rather one gifted smile from our boy as he looks back over his shoulder to admire us once more from the intersection of past, present and future.

A full-page background image showing the silhouettes of a man and a young boy standing on a beach. They are facing right, looking out at the ocean. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright, golden glow that reflects off the water and the wet sand. The man is on the left, and the boy is on the right, slightly in front of him. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

And although we stand all alone, looking out longingly upon the forest of our triumphs, we know that always through our boy's journey, his bag will be opened, and he will take those wholesome memories in hand, and be nourished by their virtue. And our faces will dance once again in their eyes, our hearts will once again beat as one.

To be a responsible boylover is to give as none other gives. To be a responsible boylover is to love as none other loves.

To be a responsible boylover is to be.

My Hot Little Cousin

by Spoohle

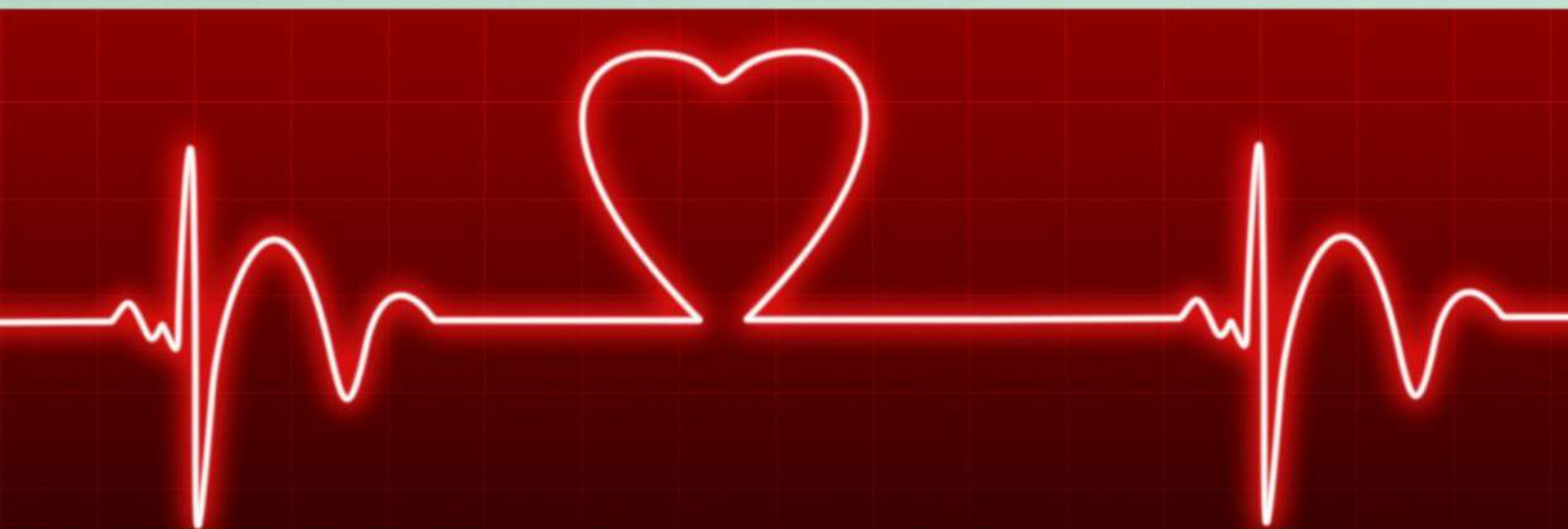


When I was in my twenties, my cousin, all of age 6, sat on my lap and told me he wanted to marry me. Everyone laughed, I blushed, and my dad commented, "Oh well, there's gotta be one in the family ... " (I wasn't out at the time).

Several years later I was up from the big city at a Christmas party with dad's side of the family, and I realized that the lovely adolescent lad running around with all the younger cousins I couldn't keep track of was him, now at the cusp of puberty, and between his devilish and provocative sense of humor and his cute butt, he definitely got my interest.

We were sitting on the couch together later and I was helping him code a webpage he was working on for school, and he said we should have a slumber party. Clearly the imprint was still there. If I had my wits about me, I would've invited him to visit me in the big city for a long weekend. Odds were definitely greater than zero that he would have jumped at the opportunity.

That interaction was enough to fire my imagination, and the possibilities alone together -- a campout, or in my tiny apartment -- provided late night and early morning wank fuel for years. He's a grown-ass man now, married, all that jazz, but in my head he'll always be 13 and delicious.



NEW YEAR'S TOP TEN

by Hajduk

- 1) Try, try again. And try again, and try again. Statistically, you will always fail more times than you will succeed. So just keep trying.
- 2) Every boy needs a boylover.
- 3) Be the AF to each and every boy you meet. Each and every boy. I used to think you couldn't be the AF of every boy in your life. Absolute bollocks! You can, and you must.
- 4) Be willing to kill for your boy. Not to die; dying is easy. But to kill. The default is to take no prisoners.
- 5) Respect goes to where respect comes from. No other way.
- 6) Never leave any question unasked to your young friends. Ever. Even repeat it -- not to excess, but be willing to repeat it.
- 7) Be forceful. Strength works. Doubts may be legitimate, but inaction and weakness never work.
- 8) Never surrender. Retreat if and when you really must. But never surrender.
- 9) Present battle every time you have to present battle. Logistics will sometimes be difficult. But excuses are cheap, while solutions are what separates the wheat from the chaff. And presenting battle, in this context, is itself victorious. And approaches us, as boylovers, to victory.
- 10) Do the above. Anything less is a disappointment to your own self, and betraying your higher nature.

Thanks for reading, and Happy New Year to all of my brothers and sisters in the boylove community!





H A P P Y N E W Y E A R

