



SHOWER TIME
TV BOYS OF THE
70s AND 80s
CUTIE ON THE BUS
LAST DAY OF
SCHOOL

And much more...



Issue 4: June 2024

FAWNLET NOTATION

Well, here we are, at Issue #4. It's amazing, isn't it? A whole year since Fawnlet began. And it's been a great year, I think we can all agree.

We here at Fawnlet are happy to serve the community, giving boylovers a platform to let their voices be heard. That's what it's all about. To bring news and articles and stories and opinions, things that are of interest and knowledge to the community. We are here to promote and enhance BOYLOVE, our illustrious orientation. Let us all work together to produce a more positive perspective of us, leading to a more tolerant reception from the world.

Enjoy this issue of Fawnlet that we've prepared for you, and remember to treat those we care about most with love and endless affection.

Thank you!

- aboysX0



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BOYS IN THE NEWS

by aboysXO, Zoomzoom4

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

ON THE ENDANGERED LIST

Described as "missing" and "endangered", a mother and her two young sons were finally located in Mountain View, CA. The father remained safe. It's unclear what their marriage or custodial situation is, regarding staying together or raising the boys.

YOU'RE GROUNDED: THREE BOYS ACCUSED OF ROBBING WELLS FARGO

Pint sized bank robbers so young the local media have dubbed them "The Little Rascals" have been shut down. Two of them were even turned in by their parents. Apparently, their allowance just wasn't cutting it.

TAMPA WOMAN POSED AS TEEN TO MEET (AND MOLEST) BOYS

Actually 28, she posed as a 14-year-old girl in order to meet young teen boys online. She is accused of having sex with several middle school boys, aged 12 to 15.

EDUCATION BOARD WANTS GOVERNMENT TO LIMIT PUPILS' ACCESS TO ONLINE PORN

The concern: that boys in school can now easily access hardcore pornography on their cell phones, and that the aggressive nature of this material is causing a marked rise in sexism and misogyny in the way young males are viewing and treating females. The head of the UK education board says the British government is not doing enough to address this issue.

GROW UP TO BECOME A NURSE: EVERY LITTLE BOY'S DREAM?

Pre-school teachers are surprised at the strong prevalence of gender stereotypes among children so young. They wonder how, with such little exposure to the world so far, these kids can have such firmly held notions.

Shower time

by Wolfrunner

The 10-year-old boy would get completely undressed in his bedroom, stripping all the way down to his underwear and past. His underwear was on the floor. He'd then be as naked as the day he was born. He walked right past me to go into the bathroom. Since Nate was the oldest, he showered first.

His two younger brothers, 8-year-old Jacob and 4-year-old Tim, were both getting naked also, in the same room, at the same time.

I was there mainly because I was Simon's friend. We became friends after he met me one time. My friend lived across the street from them. It was just coincidence that Susan was Lawrence's therapist, and my friend lived right across the street from her. So we crossed paths often.

I have to say that being in the Big Brothers program opened up the possibility of meeting numerous other boys. I met Simon because his mom was a therapist, and her patient was Lawrence, my "little brother" (the boy I was assigned to). Sometimes I would go to therapy with Lawrence. That's how his therapist's 10-year-old son found out about me. Except not directly. More like this: my friend lived across the street from them. And it was just coincidence that Sally was Lawrence's therapist and my friend lived right across the street from her.

I'd run into her and her boys, frequently. And her oldest, 10-



year-old Nate, took a liking to me, apparently. He was soon asking her if I'd be interested in doing things with him. He knew I was a Big Brother and was also "available" to do things with.

He knew I built stuff. His mom wanted me to take a look at her deck. So I did. I just happened to have tools to fix it, so I fixed it right away. The problem was that boards were coming up.

A couple of days later, she called me up. "Nate said he needs your help," she told me.

He wanted to know if I would help him to fix up a little playhouse they had in the back. He had the tools, his brothers liked to play in it, so he wanted my help in fixing it up.

So I went over there to see what it was. We ended up tearing it down because it wasn't fixable. So then I started hanging out, and doing things with him. And we got closer. Jacob, his little brother, the next youngest, also wanted me around. So I was at the house quite a bit.

That's how I was there for shower time. It could be just any day, a regular day, and they would go upstairs. His mom would say, "Get ready," and they got ready. They would go in their room and undress. Completely. And then they would line up outside the bathroom.

After one was done, the next one would go in. They would stand there and wait, naked. And it had to be timed, or otherwise they would spend all day in there. So once time was up, each boy would come out already in his underwear, fresh and clean and all boy. They'd take that stuff in there with them as they went inside naked.



Interview with BoiForever by aboysXO

aboysXO: Welcome BoiForever and thanks for granting this interview.

BOIFOREVER: No problem, good to be here.

XO: As the owner of Fawnlet, when Ethos ceased publication it was you that enabled the original staff to start this new magazine. What prompted you to do that? What would you say were some of the challenges you've had to face? How did you deal with them?

BF: Well, the staff and crew of Fawnlet were already very good at what they do. It would have been a total waste to not utilize their strength.

So far the challenges have been in finding content and keeping deadlines. With our staff capacity being limited, we do need a few more people.

I had decided to make Fawnlet after the end of Ethos. After seeing how the outside world feels about us, my purpose was to show the world that we we're not the evil people they think we are. Also, to be a voice to the BL community. And to let other boylovers know they're not alone.

How they hate us! And they have no idea that we aren't the monsters we're made out to be.

XO: You are a long-time member of the BL community. In this time, have you had any mentors, or role models perhaps, that you have looked up to?

BF: Absolutely, I started on Boytales in 1999. I got to be friends with some really great people. The Storyteller is one, Turkboy, a guy called Cactus Jack many years ago. And today it is people like Dragonlover, Dutch, and Boysrule - all great guys that I love dearly. Each has their own quirks but don't we all LOL?

XO: There's a bit of politics embroiling the BL scene these days. Can you speak to that?

BF: I hate politics of any kind, but then again I don't like too many rules and regulations. Okay, but I'm not sure what you mean by BL politics.

XO: I mean there seems to be some internal strife between various factions, boards etc. Is that a good thing?

BF: I don't think it's a good thing at all. We need each other more than we know. Too many BLs want to argue and have pissing contests over whose God or candidate has the bigger ding-dong. And IMHO we shouldn't do that! We have enough hate on the outside and I feel this only brings it into our forums and communities.

XO: Do you think boylovers are born, or made? Is it nurture or nature? Is it the same for both gays and heterosexuals as well?

BF: In all honesty, I don't know. I myself, have known I liked boys since I was a small child. I believe the events of my life, my choices, and my parents forged me into the asshole I am today. None of us asked to be this way. Damned sure none of us chose this. But this is what we are.

There's nothing wrong with being a boylover, pedophile, pederast, or whatever you like. I believe its only wrong when you use it to hurt someone else. Don't get me wrong. I'm pro contact, as long as it's not coerced or forced, but if you have to force it or coerce it then it is wrong.

XO: What benefits have you seen from boylovers having an online community? And what, if anything, would you say is bad or potentially negative about it?

BF: Well, I have seen many boylovers breathe a huge sigh of relief to know they're not alone. To be able to come and get support from other boylovers. Believe it or not, we make a difference in other people's lives just being there to listen. Or, to let them rant, even let them cry while we give them support.

Can you imagine how many boylovers we may have kept from suicide just because we were there to listen? I think when we're not fighting among ourselves, we can do a whole lot of good.

As far as negative, I've seen that too. I was actually party to a very negative situation once. My political views got the best of me and I ended up (getting) moderated on a BL forum. It escalated, and I said some things I shouldn't have. I ended up banned from two sites because of my actions on one, all because of opposing views.

I lost two people I thought were my friends but never were, I learned some very valuable lessons and after that I treat everyone better and stay away from political nonsense. Furthermore, I urge others to do so as well.

XO: Is there anything further you'd like to add, Boiforever?

BF: Only that I really appreciate the crew of Fawnlet: aboysXO, Zoomzoom4, Turkboy, Jamieboy, Dragonlover, Gary, and Lil Monster. You guys always put your everything into your work, and it shows as a great publication. I deeply appreciate the reader base. We would be nothing without you guys! So please! Let us know any way that we could improve.

If you'd like to help by writing or editing, that would be welcomed as well. Never forget you are not alone! What you are, isn't evil or wrong. Thank you all.

XO: Thank you, Boiforever.



TV boys of the 70s and 80s

by Zoomzoom4



Young boys ruled the early decades of television, as a predominance of sitcoms centered around fictional families, with the son nearly always having a leading role.

These youngsters became stars, propelled by their cuteness, charisma, and sheer boy power. The 1970s and 80s

were overall a good time for boys in pop culture, but especially on the tube. Let's look at some of the cuties who graced the TV screens of this era.

JACK WILD



While many boys on TV played typically suburban sons, Jack Wild was the sole spotlight taker in his series, "Sid and Marty Krofft's H.R. Pufnstuf." This show, featuring a humongous non-human whatchamacallit, was the hippy-dippy and very trippy Saturday morning staple for many kids in the early 70s.

Jack played a boy who romped around a magical land of dancing flutes and talking trees. Typically "far out" for its era, Jack played it all admirably straight as the only human among the wacky byproducts of Sid and Marty Krofft's imagination.

The show's popularity caused it to spawn a movie ("H.R. Pufnstuf" in 1970), with Jack even singing the main opening song. Notably, Jack was also a singer, and even had an album. This would make sense, considering that both the series and the movie "Pufnstuf" were musicals.

JOHNNY DORAN

Young Johnny had a good number of commercials under his belt when, only in the second grade, he was chosen to co-star in the feature film, "The Hideaways." The following year his success continued. He won the lead role in "Salty", a series about a preteen who moves to Nassau to live with his adult brother, and while there befriends a spunky sea lion named Salty.

An attempt to cash in on the popularity of "Flipper"? Maybe. But "Salty" was a winner on all fronts, with gorgeous location shooting in the Bahamas,



Running from 1974 to 1975, "Salty" didn't make much of a splash in its time. But decades later, the show found cult popularity in middle-of-the-night reruns. And Johnny went on to shoot another feature film, the Disney live action adventure "Treasure of Matecumbe" in 1976. He carried the entire film confidently on his 12-year-old shoulders, proving to be a strong lead.

However, the end of his career was nigh, as he failed to win the main role as the tempestuous preteen in the remake of "Captains Courageous." After that, there was only one more role in store for Johnny, and that was in the 1982 low-budget stinker, "Superstition." Allegedly a horror film, teen-aged Johnny gets lost in the bland cast, before his show-stopping death scene. It's an appropriate send-off to his acting career, as he gets literally cut in half trying to climb through a window. Being a haunted house, the window decides to close on him while he's halfway through it.

Goodbye, Johnny. Your star shone very brightly for a brief but wonderful moment. Today, Johnny Doran is doing very well, having built a highly successful law career in Phoenix. He still has fans, and reportedly he's very gracious to them. Who knows, maybe he will return to acting someday. Perhaps he will return to the Bahamas for "Salty: The Next Generation" where his character returns to the Bahamas as an adult, family in tow (with a cute son, of course).

ADAM RICH

Who could forget the boy on "Eight is Enough" with that unmistakable hair-do? Adam Rich played Nicholas on the hit TV series that ruled the late 70s. Enjoying a five-year run on ABC TV, Adam was so popular in the show that he became known as "America's Little Brother." This endearing term carried him far, as he appeared in several more shows after the end of his series. These included "Highway to Heaven" and "The Love Boat."

The beloved character of Nicholas Bradford, as played by Adam, was an icon of 70s TV. His unmistakable visage: the hair, chipmunk cheeks, goofy smile, was imprinted on the national psyche. "America's Little Brother" indeed. Along with his form fitting bell-bottomed pants, Adam had the look. This boy was the complete package. A style and presence that encompassed the time period, and a face that was perfect for lunch boxes.

Fans were stunned, in 2023, with the news that Adam had become the victim of a suspected drug overdose. Many even turned out at his funeral to mourn him, fortunately keeping their presence low-key and being respectful of the family. Gone too soon at only 54 years of age, Adam had in fact been struggling with drugs since his teens.



DAVID FAUSTINO

While all the straight guys of the late 80s were going cuckoo over Kelly Bundy, their BL counterparts were secretly drooling over her little brother, Bud. Played perfectly by David Faustino, Bud Bundy was the highly precocious 12-year-old son of a poor, hapless shoe salesman father. As would be expected from the Reagan era's trashiest TV family, Bud was oversexed (in his imagination) and always trying to get lucky - but never succeeding.

A veteran of show business, David was born in Hollywood and at 14 was quoted as saying that he'd never leave L.A. and that perhaps the only place he could possibly step off the plane without throwing up in disgust was New York. At 16, he purchased his first car with his money from work: a brand-new BMW.

Puberty was kind on him, fortunately, mainly due to a growth spurt that wasn't just late but absent. Growing no taller than 5'4" kept David looking youthful longer, something he was known for, in addition to a nearly award-winning "mullet" hairstyle for one season. Best of all, most BLs would agree, were the super tight jeans he wore in the early seasons, making jaws drop from coast to coast as he paraded his little bubble butt around for all to admire.



FRED SAVAGE

In 1988, America fell in love with this 11-year-old chipmunk cheeked cutie who made "The Wonder Years" an instant hit. The star of the show, through and through, Fred was, without a doubt, "the" reason to watch. His smile made you melt, his voice made you all warm and fuzzy, and his adorable personality made you straight out giddy. That was Fred's secret weapon: he made everyone happy, just by his very existence.

A wistful look back at the childhood of the show's adult narrator, "The Wonder Years" is set during the Vietnam War era, when he was in middle school. What could have easily been a nostalgia-by-the-numbers show, instead is a blast as we experience the past, all from the perspective of a preteen. Thanks to Fred's exhilarating performance, we're firsthand witnesses to all the highs and lows that a boy's life in the 60s can provide.

The show ran for about four years, during which time Fred also starred in "The Wizard", a big screen tale about a kid on a quest to win a video game competition. After puberty began, and the series ended, Fred's time in the limelight was coming to an end.

While he attempted several adult roles, nothing panned out for him. Especially, nothing came even close to the phenomenal start he experienced as a preteen. However, all is well that ends well in the world of Fred Savage, as he is now a very accomplished and in-demand director.

RICKY SCHRODER

If there was one boy who most personified the glamour of 80s boyhood, it would most definitely be "the Ricker." Already a star of the big screen, getting hired to lead the cast of "Silver Spoons" made 11-year-old Ricky Schroder a superstar. Excessively blond and impossibly cute, this child star was most at home in the spotlight, soaking up the adulation of the crowd. Already having starred in over 60 TV commercials by the age of 8, he dropped out of third grade to pursue his acting career, packing up and moving to Los Angeles with his mother.



Smart move, it turns out, as the tow-headed tyke starred in a string of hit movies before landing "Silver Spoons." There is no denying that this little blond kid came and took Hollywood by storm. He even made history as the youngest ever winner of the Golden Globe "Best Male Actor" Award at the age of nine.

"Silver Spoons" proved to be the perfect role for young Ricky, giving him a blank check to be himself and do it his way. As the son of an eccentric millionaire, "the Ricker" (as he often lovingly referred to himself) had Carte Blanche to make it a Ricky World after all. Assisted by his adoring friends and family, Ricky navigates the perils of popularity as a middle and high schooler. However, this streak came to a screeching halt with the end of "Silver Spoons" in 1987, leaving Ricky adrift in Hollywood. Meaning: unemployed. His days of gracing the covers of all those endless teeny-bop magazines were over, and it was time to become a serious adult actor. While countless child stars have failed in making this transition, somehow Ricky managed to pull a rabbit out of a hat.

Two things happened: he became "Rick" Schroder, and he co-starred in the mega-hit Western "Lonesome Dove", alongside Robert Duvall, Tommy Lee Jones, and other drama veterans. This display of, "Look, I can sit at the same table with them and be an adult, too," earned Ricky - sorry, I mean Rick - a ticket to a modestly successful post-child-star existence in Hollywood. His dramatic credits include hits like "24", "NYPD Blue", and the requisite made-for-TV film co-starring Judith Light.

Today, Ricky is a happily divorced father of four, living on a functioning ranch in Colorado. He is still worth millions, and stays busy dabbling in various projects and taking on beloved causes. One of them is the Real American Heroes Foundation, which he describes as "PBS for Patriots." While his modern life may be far removed from the whirlwind excitement of his early acting career, the truth is that Ricky will always be the little blond king of the early 80s, irresistibly lovable and always there with that boyish smile.

It's true: we will always love Ricky!



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BOYLOVE THROUGHOUT HISTORY - PART I

by John Stefan

Boylove already existed in the times of the Ancient Greeks. The poet Straton wrote:

When a boy is 12
I enjoy him
and when he is 13
he attracts me even more.

If you go for even older ones,
then it is not a game anymore,
for then, you look for one
who does it back to you.

No man was ashamed for his contacts with boys. Phidas, the great sculptor, made the huge statue of the supreme god Zeus and inscribed on the thumb of this piece of art, legible to everyone: "What a beautiful boy Pantarkes is!"

In all houses you could see vases and dishes with boy portraits, provided with the caption "kalos" (the beautiful one). Boys went to school when they were about 8. They had lessons under strict supervision, especially when they went to the "gymnasiums", the schools for physical education.

As from the age of 14, a boy made his entry into public society and was allowed to take part in public gatherings. Boys gained their first sexual experiences with prostitutes and other boys and older men. In Greek society, there was no taboo on homosexuality. There was the conviction that homosexual experiences would influence the building of boys highly positively.

In the city-state of Sparta, 13-year-old boys ended up in a system of age groups. It was common practice to regularly visit the "tent societies" of the older men, and the boy was expected to choose a "protector" with whom he entered into a sexual relationship. Legally, the "protector" was equal to the father, and he played a big role in raising a boy as a "full Spartan citizen."

These relationships were often long-lasting and only came to an end when the younger partner became the "protector" of another boy. At 20, a boy's education was

completed and he became a full Spartan citizen. Because male prostitution was getting out of hand, strict laws were enacted later on in relation to the contacts between men and boys. People looked askance at homosexual relationships.

In their essays about education, the well-known scientists and philosophers Plato and Aristoteles, boylovers themselves, argued that children should be kept far from unbecoming acts and utterances.

During the fifth and fourth centuries BC, it was necessary to protect school going boys against men who were too obtrusive. There was a taboo on sexual acts with children who were not sexually mature yet.

Perhaps the oldest story about the love between a man and a boy is the Greek myth about the god Zeus and the little shepherd Ganymedes. Ganymedes was the son of king Tros or Laomedon, and the most beautiful of all mortals. The supreme god Zeus sent his big eagle to earth to steal Ganymedes. The lad suffered this calmly, because he knew that he was the high god's favorite. He was appointed cup-bearer of the gods. They desired him strongly. He avoided the horny gods and found protection by the hard Zeus, who became mild as a result of the influence of the good, beautiful boy.

The Bible does say something about homosexual relations, but not about boylove. It is different in the Koran, which says that a believer will enter Paradise, where "youngsters whose bloom will never fade (eternally living boys) will go round among them to serve them, with goblets and mugs with streaming wine."



Yusuf ar Razi wrote in 916 AD: "More than a hundred times I made a pact with God that I would not have contacts with boys anymore. But the beauty of their cheeks, the growth of their figure and the roguish brilliance in their eyes made this impossible every time again."

The poet Abu Nowas plays a role in the Tales of the Thousand and One Nights and is always engaged with boys. "If only I have a boy, I can do without women," he said. During desert trips, with no women around, the Arabs had sexual intercourse with boys.

Turks and Arabs fought many battles against European nations, with the only goal to seize beautiful, white boys. There was a special slave market for them in

Constantinople (now Istanbul). They were raised then as true believers and were gradually given positions of confidence. The less fortunate ended up in boy brothels.

Abu Nowas too owed his fortune to the fact that he was a beautiful boy, with a handsome face and a smooth skin. He had served many men with his beauty and earned his money by this. Thus, he finally got acquainted with his teacher Waliba, a famous poet who discovered his little friend's talent and promoted it. Later Abu Nowas was chasing boys himself and plainly admitted this in his writings. He knew very well that what he did in his passion was regarded a sin. "People say: 'You have mended your ways.' No, by God, I have not. As long as I shall live, I won't be able to stop kissing beardless boys. Wherever I will go, I will see beardless boys coming to me. When I will die later, Lord, I hope that you will forgive me."

In China and Japan, the love between an older and a younger friend was taken for granted. For the Japanese knights, the Samurai, boylove stood far above the love of women. They kept shield-bearers and pages to satisfy their desires. The high Shoguns sometimes kept harems of no less than forty boys.

Both in Japan and China, boys in the theater were given roles of women, because women were not allowed on stage. It could happen then that boys kept on walking around in women's clothes after a performance and were paid for sex by men. Thus, the theaters acquired a second function as boy brothels.

When they were small, boys were sold to brothel keepers and trained to be young male whores. Up to the age of 30, young men in some Japanese regions were not allowed to have sexual intercourse with girls and women. That's why the boy brothel business was hardly able to meet their needs. The errand boys in shops were always available too. Not until the middle of the nineteenth century, these conditions came to an end. Knighthood disappeared, because there was a need of modern armament. A criminal law from 1871 forbade all sexual acts between people of the same sex, but secretly, there were still boy brothels.

In the Roman times, which preceded Western,



Christian civilization, homosexuality between citizens was forbidden by law (in other words, what people did with their slaves was their own business.) The emperor Augustus wanted to enforce this law more vigorously, while his poets cheerfully continued singing about the attractions of both boys and girls.

The most famous man/boy relationship from ancient times was the one between the emperor Hadrian (117-138) and the extraordinarily beautiful Antonius, which lasted nine years. When Antonius was drowned during a boat trip on the Nile, the grief of the emperor was so intense, that his subjects tactfully joined him in this. Statues of the deceased favorite arose all over the empire, and in some cities he was even declared a God.

The Satyricon (round the year 60 AD), by Petronius Arbiter, who lived under the cruel emperor Nero, describes a love relationship between the student Encolpio and the boy Giton, both living in the south of Italy. It is a relationship full of passion and jealousy, because a fellow-student of Encolpio's is involved too. During the first centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire (476), neither the Christianized society as a whole, nor the Christian theology in particular, were set against homosexuality. However, certain anti-homosexual laws lived on forever.

From the twelfth century on, there was an increasing spread of "homosexual themes" among all layers of the population. Even in sculpture, literature and, philosophy. People started to strictly disapprove of "sodomy" (homosexual acts) and stakes were erected for the ones who had committed "the lamentable sin."

During the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries, involving minors in all kinds of sexual relations was not hard to take. However, homosexuality was condemned severely. Around 1300 AD, one Arnaud de Vernouilles was punished for indecent behavior with several boys in the village Montailou (France).

In 1504 Arent Janszoon from Mechelen (Belgium) described how, a long time earlier, when he



"was a little boy and was playing in the street," he was called by one Jan Lyen "into his house."

"With fine and gentle words," Arent was laid down there in a room. And the text goes on: " ...having the above-mentioned requestor (= Arent) in the room, thus the master Jan himself began with the above-mentioned requestor and took the requestor's manhood in his hand, and thus pulled the above-mentioned requestor over to him, onto his body, but he, the above-mentioned requestor, could not say or declare at his departure, where he, requestor, left his manhood when he was with master Jan."

TO BE CONTINUED...





Love to you all!

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Modern Pederast Philosophy

by aboysXO

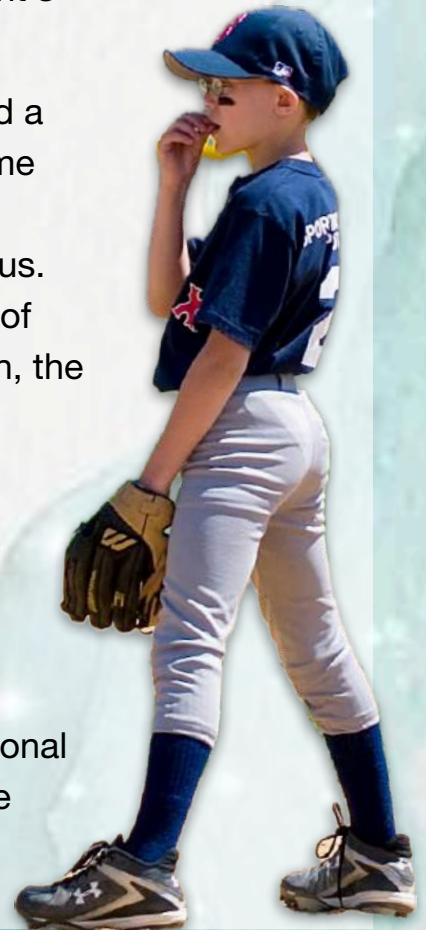
The following is a dissertation on the basics of Modern Pederasty. It is, yes, my philosophy. One that I have developed over a lifetime of being a boylover. But it is not just MY philosophy. I am far from being the only one with this perspective. Many more than one responsible Pederast has articulated, with variations, this thinking.

The term "Pederasty" denotes not just a set of physical and/or emotional attributes, but also a sexual/cultural behavior of Ancient Greece. The Oxford Dictionary defines "Pederasty" as sexual activity involving a man and a boy. Some definitions include anal sex as a requisite. While practiced by some, it is not an integral component. In fact, a general thinking is that this practice is degrading, especially for the recipient. I happen to agree with this assessment.

What is generally practiced today is Modern Pederasty, and differs in several aspects from the Grecian equivalent. Another assertion is that the men served as mentors to young boys for sexual favors. There is, at least, a partial truth to this. However, the contract is much more than that. What constitutes both love and physical attraction remains, fundamentally, the same despite the participant's sexual orientation or age.

There is, indeed, an inherent power imbalance between a boy and a man. There are instances in which the older partner may take some advantage of that situation. That certainly happens to varying degrees. Most are quite innocuous. Others are somewhat nefarious. The general perspective, however, is that the needs and benefits of the boy take priority. While the Pederast can expect consideration, the relationship is boy oriented as its functional basis.

In truth, and for various legitimate reasons, the man is generally the leader in the relationship. However, in a Modern Pederastic relationship, this is a somewhat titular position. Besides being of a physical nature, it is also a romantic, emotional relationship. There is true love between them. The interactions are engaged in as boyfriends, lovers, and partners. The same emotions and personal interactions follow general human behaviors regardless of the age or sex of the partners.



The relationship, as its operational basis, cannot consist of a master/slave, father/son, or "biological property" concept. This would be both unworkable and unacceptable, for both parties, and especially for the boy. This is, in fact, contrary to Modern Pederastic philosophy. That situation more closely resembles the nature of abuse.

Romantic and physical activities are certainly beneficial aspects of the relationship. However, that should not be, cannot be, its sole basis. The job of the older partner is to fully support the boy and to prepare him for the eventuality of manhood. This is an area which, in general, biological parents fall far short in. Parents and their children don't usually actually select each other. You get and are legally, and functionally, stuck with what you got. This is not so in a man/boy relationship. Either party can terminate the relationship at any time, for any reason.

A general thinking is that unless forced, coerced, or tricked into it, no boy would willingly engage in such a relationship. This is a ridiculous and unqualified assumption. And certainly self-serving. The fact is that this behavior is fairly widespread. It happens in all levels of society. Rich, poor, and in between. It's preposterous to think that every case so known, publicized, or unknown is the product of abuse, force, or trickery by a predator.

There is a natural affinity between men and boys. The way a boy feels about the man, and the man about the boy. There is a closeness that is tangible, and pervasive. The male/female relationship contains a degree, small or large, of inherent adversarial components. This is entirely missing in a Modern Pederastic relationship.

A common strategy in gaining someone's active participation and agreement is to get them to come around to the idea of their own accord. Help them to reach the right decision as though it was their idea. Why it's a good idea, to their advantage, to attend school every day. To bathe and wear clean clothes. Why certain behaviors are unproductive, etc. Giving a boy stern lectures and



harshly delivered orders only produces negative responses. That's not the way to respect your kid.

Give your boy respect and dignity, confidence, and self-esteem. Hear his voice. Ask his opinion, make him a part of decisions that are made, in planning activities, etc. Include the household chores. Amazing, eh? He makes the bed and picks up the detritus from last night. Takes out the garbage without prompting. "How do you get him to do that?" his mother asks. How indeed.

How can you expect someone to respect your priorities if you dismiss theirs so casually? Answer his questions as fully as you can and with as much information as he can absorb. Don't equivocate. Don't give a dismissive short answer. Teach him the word NO. If you are doing something he's uncomfortable with and says so, stop immediately. No problem. Respect of person. I can't emphasize enough the importance of this, and the effect it will produce.

You are not his father. You are his friend, his mentor, his fortress. He should be able to tell you anything and speak to you as one would a peer. He can even make mention of something you did, or are doing, that he doesn't agree with. "You were mean to that guy," or, "It scares me when you yell at other drivers."

If I want him to stay with me, continue to enjoy his love and companionship, then it would behoove me to do things that make him happy, wanting to stay. Alternatively, if he wants to stay then he will do things to please me, make me want him to stay.

The manner in which we treat our boys, the love and care we exhibit, will go far towards gaining the freedom and acceptance we so desperately need. We are not monsters.

See us as we are!



LUCKILY I WOKE UP by Coonigan

Poking a stick in a knot in a tree, why not
live in the land of the free?

Life could be worse I guess, I got found
out in a dream, this dark guy found
every thing that I try to hide, and the
police had it and I was just waiting
to be arrested and hauled off to jail.
Diabolical dream.

Luckily I woke up, and considered
removing my encrypted hard drive and
burying it in the bottom of the sea. Oh the
relief that would bring, to me.

But it would feel like I'd lost a best friend,
what would I do?

Do I worry? You can bet your life I do.
Like hiding a Jew from the Nazi crew.

All I need do is format that drive, but it's
one of the reasons I'm staying
alive. I've got to be brave not a slave to
the system, maybe I could hide
it in the toilet cistern?

I think I ought to think this out again.
I'm a bad one
and a bad one I shall stay.

Brother's Surprise

by Lil Monster

We had just returned home from my brother's football practice. It was a hot day and Mom sent us upstairs to get showered and changed before dinner.

We shared a room, two single beds with a gangway in between. I was standing in that gangway with my pants around my ankles when my brother came running into the room, startling me. He was wearing only his shorts and socks. Before I could react he pushed me and I fell back onto his bed.

"What the hell?" I complained. My lower legs were still hanging off the bed at the knee, and my pants were still wrapped around them. My brother launched himself onto me. He was sitting astride my chest and had my arms pinned under his knees. I was completely helpless.

"Get off me!" I shouted.

"No." His giggling, smiling face looked down at me. "Make me," he said.

I struggled to move my arms, kicked my legs. I was stuck. "Get off me!" I repeated.

He giggled, "No no no, not til I'm ready." He reached behind him and I took the opportunity to try to throw him off. He quickly grabbed my wrists and repositioned himself so I couldn't escape.

"Let me go!" I barked at him.

"Nope," he said, reaching again for something behind him.

"What are you doing?" I asked. He turned back to face me with a sock in his hand. "NO!" I shouted. I shook my head back and forth to escape the sock but he kept following my nose with it, giggling like a maniac.

"Smell it," he commanded.



I kept my mouth closed and kept moving my head, but it was no use. He could easily follow my face with it. I was smelling it whether I liked it or not.

Suddenly he stopped. The sock was replaced with his face bending down close to mine. Grinning, he said, "You want to play a game?"

"No, get off me you dick!" I shouted in his face.

"Aw, no fun, you don't even know what the game is," he said, still grinning like a nutter.

"I don't care," I insisted.

Sitting up, back straight, he was sliding his crotch toward my face. He said, "If you play I promise I will get up." His underwear-clad balls touched my chin and I tried to turn my head.

"Okay! What's the game?" I said, feeling desperate and resigned.

"You'll play?" he pressed.

"Yes, what is it?" I said, sounding like a whiny baby.

"I want you to smell both my socks and tell me which one is worse," he said, grinning again.

"No fucking way!" I proclaimed disgustedly.

"You agreed," he said, with a comically fake frown on his face.

"They smell," I said.

"You only smelled one, how do you know?"

He had a point. Either way, I didn't feel like finding out. "Please, let me up," I begged.

"Play my game!" he insisted.

"Fine," I said, defeated.

He giggled at me. "Okay, here comes the first one ..."

He put the sock under my nose. I took a quick sniff and then turned my head.

"No," he said. "You need to really smell them. I want to know if one is worse than the other."

I relented, letting him put it back under my nose. I take a few sniffs. "Okay."

He discarded the sock and started shifting around, producing another sock. "Here's the other one," he said, sticking it straight under my nose.

I took a few whiffs and realized that there was, surprisingly, a difference. But which is worse? Neither of them were better or worse, just different.

"Which is worse?" he asked, looking genuinely interested.

"Neither, they just smell different," I admitted.

"Smell them both again, I need an answer."

"No, let me up, you promised," I complained.

"You said you'd pick the worst sock, and you didn't."

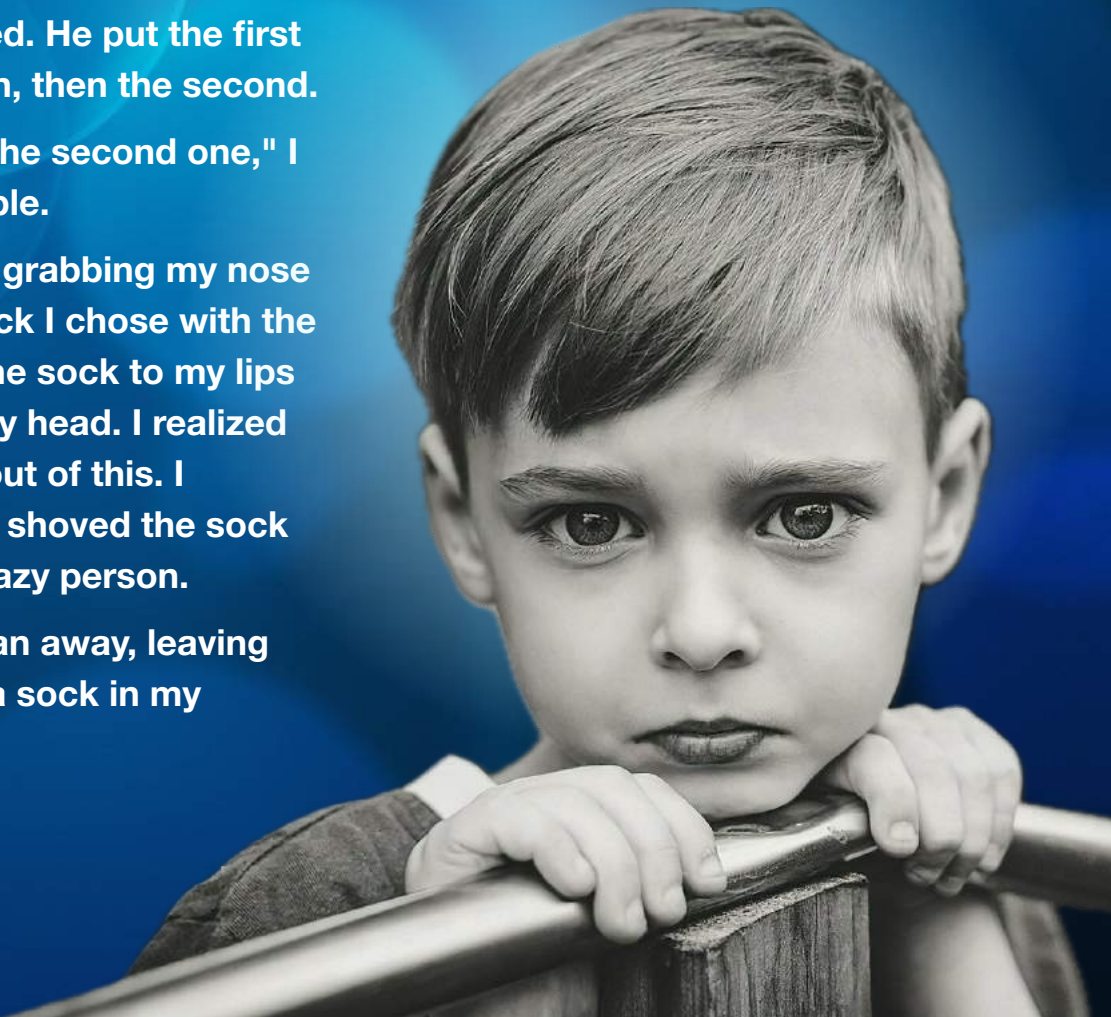
"Okay, fine. If I pick one, will you let me up?"

"Yes, I promise." He smiled. He put the first sock under my nose again, then the second.

"Okay, the worst sock is the second one," I lied. They were both terrible.

"Okay, open up," he said, grabbing my nose with one hand and the sock I chose with the other hand. He pressed the sock to my lips as I bucked and turned my head. I realized there was no way to get out of this. I opened my mouth and he shoved the sock in, laughing like a total crazy person.

Then he jumped up and ran away, leaving me lying on his bed with a sock in my mouth.



Cutie on The Bus

by Buster

Every day I take the city bus to the methadone clinic, and today was no different. At least, that's how it started. After about three stops, this little guy gets on the bus, sitting up front. I was closer to the back, but that didn't stop me from checking him out. I'm pretty slick. I was watching South Park, and I put my phone up in a way so that it looks like I'm just watching my phone - but really I'm cutie watching.

It didn't take long for him to catch me looking at him, but I didn't care. What surprised me was that he got up all of a sudden and went and sat next to me in the back. It's a bench seat, but still. And he sat down, but I could see out of the corner of my eye... that he was watching my phone. So I pulled my headphones off and made the first move. I turned to him and said, "Yeah, I'm a big kid, so yeah I watch a lot of cartoons," and laughed, and he laughed with me.

So we started talking and he saw my tattoos. I have several on my arm, most noticeably a large LBL tattoo, with the triangle light blue and combined with the Superman logo. That's the one he asked me about, so I just told him it's a gay pride tat - and that seemed to get to him. That's when he told me that he's 13 - about to be 14 - and he's gay (or bi, he said). Also, he's been homeless since age 10. That's when he went to his uncle's house, where "something happened" and he ran away.

He asked if I had a house and whatnot. We talked for about half an hour. I missed my stop, but I was fine with it. I told him that I didn't have a house, but I was looking for an apartment. I'm always at Evans Station, and he can

find me there. Anyway, I had to get off at the next stop or I would have been screwed. So I finally got off the bus.

I know that I could've "hooked up" with him, even though he was way out of my age of attraction. I would have so much loved to stay with him - he was very cute, looked like he was between 10 - 12 years old, and still had that peach fuzz OMG! I'm glad I am on probation, or I could have gotten myself into a lot of trouble. I knew he was legit by the way he dressed: holes in his shoes and pants. I wished I had some money, so I could have given it to him. Just our little conversation touched my heart. Maybe I'll see him again sometime.

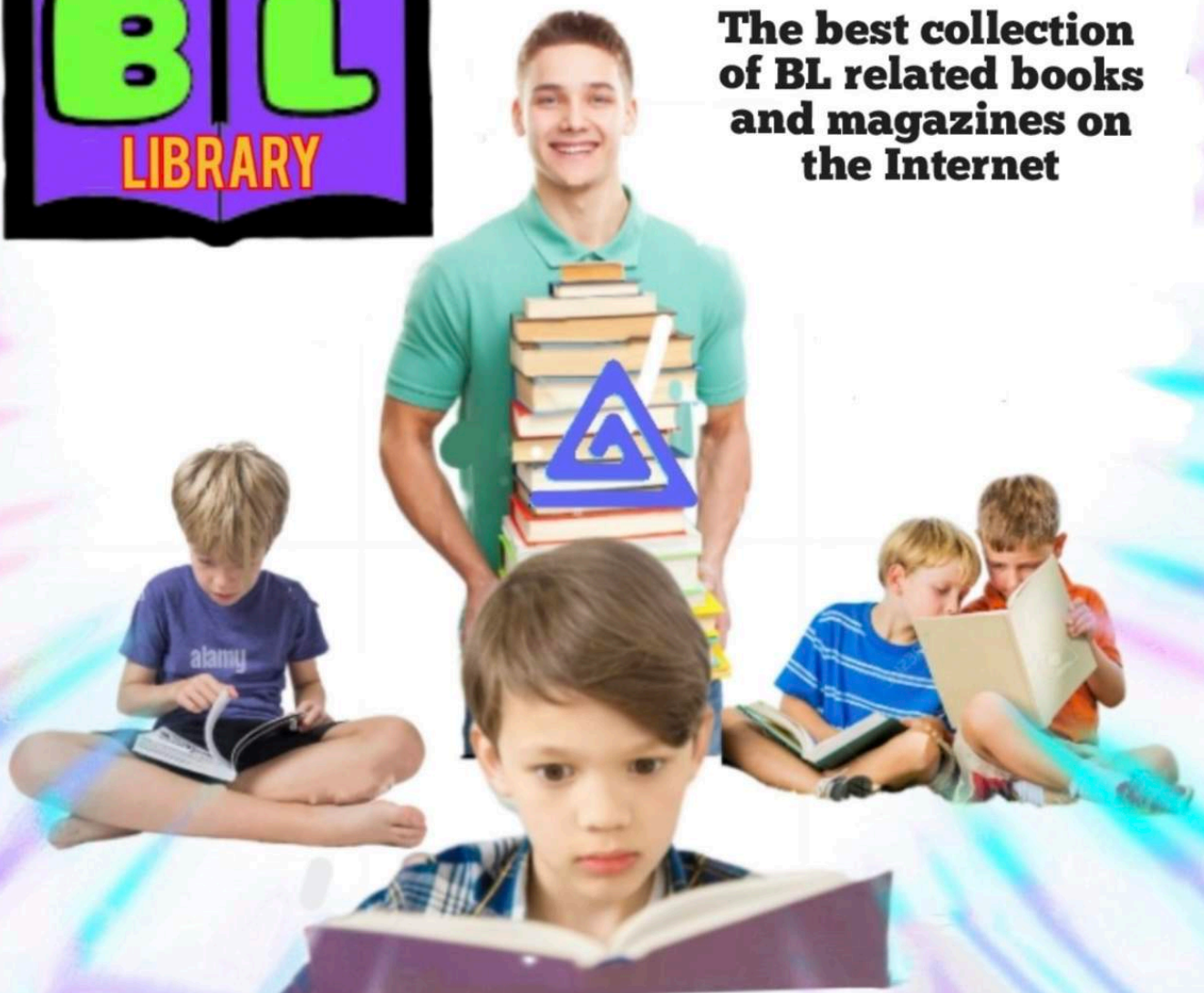
Hopefully.



Do you like reading about BOYS and BOYLOVE ?



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Mistakes Boylovers Make - Part 2

by Manstuprator

Nothing in this article is intended to assist anyone in violating any laws. As a citizen, you are obligated to obey your local laws. The following is for informational and educational purposes only.

It's no surprise that too many of us make mistakes which lead to arrest and conviction. Boylovers sometimes do things, or have things done to them, which leads to their being investigated. What happens during the investigation will often determine whether the boylover will be arrested, put on trial, and convicted. If you are a boylover, this article may be the most important thing that you ever read in your entire life.

MISTAKE #6: Keeping incriminating evidence on one's computer

There are several kinds of incriminating evidence a boylover may keep on his computer. These include:

- pictures of boys, whether legal or illegal
- copies of e-mails from other boylovers
- copies of boylove-related materials (such as boylover magazines, etc.)

There exist strong encryption programs that (if used correctly) prevent anyone from accessing certain materials on your computer - TrueCrypt (which has now been re-branded as CipherShedexternal link), for example. Using such encryption is legal in most jurisdictions, but not all.

If a boylover has any kinds of incriminating materials like those mentioned above stored on his computer - and the information is not encrypted - then he should never take his computer in for repair, unless he removes the hard disk first and replaces it with an "innocent" one.

MISTAKE #7: Being too obvious about being a boylover

Many boylovers have attracted unnecessary attention to themselves. For example, neighbors may notice



boys visiting a boylover's home, without an obvious reason for the boy to do so. The neighbors may then report their suspicions to the police. Boylovers should assure that any boys visiting them have an obvious (and valid) reason to do so - for example, offering tutoring to boys, having boys do yard work, etc.

MISTAKE #8: Staying in the kitchen when it starts to get too hot

Many boylovers have had the opportunity to move (and leave no forwarding address) when the situation seemed to be becoming dangerous to the security of the boylover. Usually the boylover does not wish to lose what he has in terms of employment, friends, etc.

But the boylover should keep in mind one very important thing: if he is arrested (or even just investigated) he will probably lose all those things anyway. If convicted, he will lose all those things and much more.

Many boylovers have "cut and run" when problems seem to be developing, and therefore have avoided further problems. Some have even left the country (while they still possessed a valid passport - remember that your passport will be confiscated, and your name put on a "stop" list if you are under investigation, so you will not be able to leave the country).

MISTAKE #9: Sharing semi-legal or illegal things in e-mails

Any boylover doing this is inviting very serious trouble.

MISTAKE #10: E-mailing several boylovers from the same e-mail account

When you have sex with someone, you are (in terms of disease exposure) having sex with everyone else that person has sex with. This is also true of e-mail. If you e-mail more than one other boylover from one single e-mail account, then if your e-mail is investigated, all the boylovers you emailed to from that account will be investigated as well.

Keep a separate e-mail account for each boylover you correspond with. Use separate passwords for each account. Keep the names of the e-mail accounts in an encrypted file (along with the passwords). WinRar allows strong password encryption of files - use it!

Don't share your bad luck (if you are investigated) with every other boylover whom you know!

Never use the same e-mail account for real-life personal affairs that you use for boylove-related activities!

You also can encrypt your e-mails using PGP software on your own computer.

MISTAKE #11: Giving out personal information on the Internet

If you are a boylover and you post your personal details on the Internet, this is very dangerous. Your life as a boylover and your life as "an ordinary citizen" should always be kept completely separate on the Internet. Nothing posted on the Internet should ever connect the boylover's identity to his real-life identity.

MISTAKE #12: Not surfing safely

The Tor browser bundle (when used correctly) allows one to surf safely. There are other services available to "anonymize" your surfing. Some are more effective than others, but it's important to remember that the boylover is never really, truly anonymous, especially if he pays for the service in a way which discloses his real-life identity.

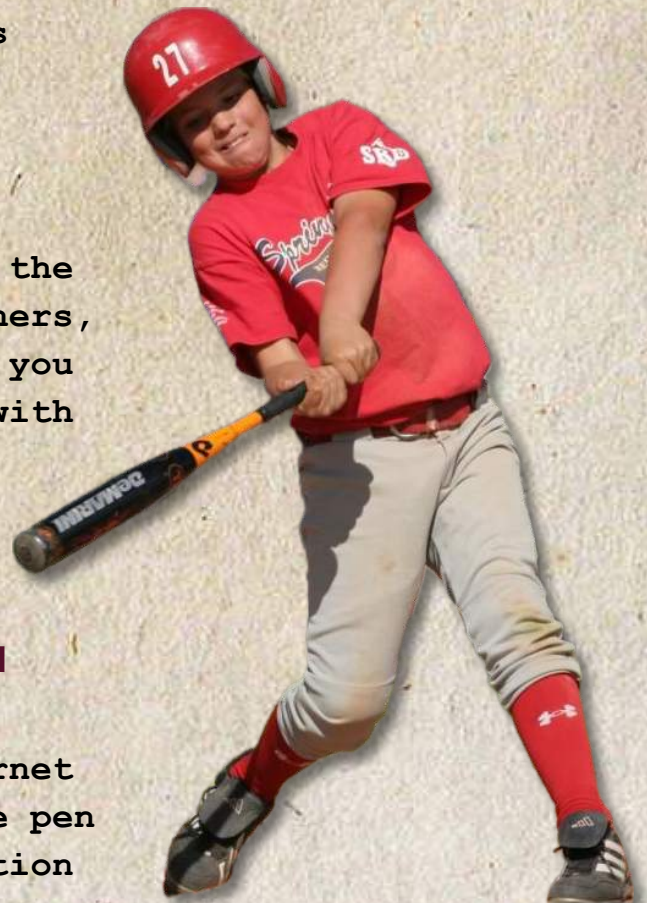
MISTAKE #13: Surfing the Internet for boylove information in a public place

If you are in public, and the screen of the computer you are using is visible to others, then someone may report you if they see you are viewing/downloading anything to do with boys or boylovers.

Always ensure that no-one can see what is on your screen!

MISTAKE #14: Being careless with boylove-related materials

Forgetting a USB "pen drive" at an Internet café or a university library - where the pen drive contains boy pictures and information



about the boylover - is an almost certain way for the boylover to become the subject of a police investigation. Other materials (diaries, notebooks, etc.) containing information about boys and the boylover should be guarded with one's life! "Losing" these sorts of things, again, is almost certain to start a police investigation.

Also, anything even slightly incriminating in the materials mentioned above will give the police an excuse to get a search warrant. Your home/car/etc will then be searched, your computers/cellphones/storage devices/etc will be confiscated, and if anything even slightly illegal is found, you will be prosecuted!

Always keep copies of important information which you have stored on your computer somewhere else (for example on a pen drive hidden outside your home, and password protected.)

To get your computers/mobile phones/etc back after a search means hiring an expensive lawyer. It may be cheaper, easier, and better to just forget them. That is why you need copies of important information stored in a secure place, including the address book information from your mobile phone.

During a search, the police will also trash your home, and leave it a complete mess. They can legally do this. Police have also been known to steal expensive items during searches. You should always keep a record of all your expensive items (a photo of them, and the receipt for purchase) because then you can get a bit of revenge by filing suit against the police for theft. Perhaps one of the officers will then even lose his job! It is only a small compensation for the big trouble they caused you, but at least it is something.



Little Ballers



35 100

My Early Years - Part 4

by Johnny399

The water is warm, and I am facing him. He takes the soap. Not bothering with the discarded wash cloth, he starts to wash me, explaining everything to me as he goes.

"The trick is, get plenty of soap in a lather and really work it in. That way you get extra clean in just one pass," he explains. He is washing my arms up and down and all through my fingers. He is taking special care with each of my fingers, cleaning each one individually. He then does something very strange, he sucks on my fingers.

"Why are you doing that?" I ask, truly confused.

"I am making sure you are completely clean. I can tell by how you taste," he explains.

When he gets to my penis, he slowly rubs the soap in his hands and washes my penis up and down, just like he did my fingers. Then he starts to suck my penis as well.

I pull away and say, "I think that is clean." I have to stop him from doing that! It's gay, and I can't be gay! But, why then, does it feel so good, I am thinking?

He looks up at me and says, "Okay," and continues to wash my penis. I like him doing this to me, but I know that I'm not supposed to. I try to think of something, anything except what is going on to try to get my penis to calm down, but it's no use. My penis is sticking out, and I am ashamed and excited all at once.

It's not like this is the first time I have had a hard on. But it is the first time I have had it with a man touching me. Sure, I have seen boys with a hard on, but that was different. He is so hairy and big. I am closing my eyes out of sheer embarrassment, and a small sound wells up from deep in my tummy. He says something, but I do not hear what he is saying. I want this to stop, and I want this to keep going. I want to say something. I want to say nothing. I am thinking I'll tell him that I like that, but the words won't come out of my lips.

He finishes and hands me the soap. He asks, "Was that okay?"

I don't say anything, just stare at him. I am not sure what to say. "Good boy!" he says and tells me I am going to get my first star. He hands me the soap and I start to wash myself to show him I know how, but he says, "No, practice on me, so I can make sure you are doing it right."

"Okay," I say quietly. I start to wash his arms, just the way he did me. I move on to his hands and look up at him and see he is smiling, so I must be doing okay. I keep going all over him until I get to his thing. I decide to skip that part, as I am sure he knows I know how to do that.

He says, "Keep going, you are doing fine." I hesitantly touch his penis and he makes a noise. I stop in alarm; I know I have done wrong.

He seems to be reading my mind and tells me, "It is okay, keep going." I feel his thing under my hand and begin to wash him up and down like he did to me.

"Do I have to taste it like you did me?" I ask, scared he will say yes.

"No, not if you don't want to. You can learn that in a later lesson." I am relieved and start concentrating very hard, as I want to get this right. He is telling me to wash faster, up and down, and so I start to go as fast as I can. We are making quite a splash and it occurs to me why he wanted to use his bathroom. Ours is small and we would not both fit in the shower at the same time.

When he says stop I stop and watch with fascination as some white stuff comes out. I almost jump back not wanting it to get on me.

"Did you just pee?" I ask him with a confused look on my face. I have heard of stuff coming out, jizz, is what everyone calls it, but have never seen it before.

"No, it just means you have done a great job!" he tells me. "You just got your first star, and I think you will get even more stars in the next few months."

He quickly finishes washing himself and washes the rest of me. He gets out and dries off while throwing me a towel. "Get dressed, the lesson is over for today."

As I am getting dressed, well my underwear is all I have with me, he says, "That underwear is dirty, don't put it back on. You can get a clean pair from your room. And remember, do not say anything about this lesson to anyone ever, do you understand?"

I would never say anything to anyone! "I would just die if anyone found out," I assure him.

"You will have to be faster in the shower, otherwise we will have to have more lessons, do you understand?" he says as he winks at me.

I say, "Um-mm okay. I will." Then I go back to my room. After getting a fresh pair of underwear, I climb into bed and pull the covers over my head.

I thought about what had happened, and wondered if I should tell anyone. I want to tell someone, but who would I tell? And what would they say or think of me? It's not like he hurt me, he just taught me about taking a shower the right way and what's wrong with that? Anyway, I sorta liked it, but it was wrong, everyone says it is ... oh this is all just so confusing.

And Bill is not gay, he's married! But does this mean I am gay? I will have to ask Bill later. Right now I just want to sleep. I plan on talking to Bill a lot in the next few days. I think I have finally found someone that I can ask all the questions rolling around in my head. I drift off to sleep and have dreams. I can't quite remember, but they had something to do with a school and a bath.

When I wake later in the day, there is a lot of noise outside in the living room. I get up pull on a pair of pants, a shirt and head out to see what is going on. There are social workers and kids going to and fro. "What is going on?" I ask.

"Everyone is getting moved to another dorm," is what I am told. "Go pack all your stuff up and get ready to move."

"Why, what is wrong?"

The lady who is in charge says, "The mother and father got called out of town on an emergency. We have to go somewhere else. There is room at one of the other dorms."

I head to my room and wonder where I will be and, hope Bill will be back soon. I see Quintin, and wait until I see him leave before I head back into the room to start packing. At least I won't have to put up with him anymore.

I look for my brothers and see them standing against the wall. So I head over there and wait with them. I ask them what is going on and get the same story, so it must be true. Oh well, it was bound to happen sooner or later. I always get passed along, either back to my folks or another family. Either way, who cares? It's a good thing I never really get to know anyone, makes leaving so much easier.

I briefly think I would have really liked to get to know Bill better. But, it doesn't matter. He left me just like everyone else, didn't even say good bye. I feel sad, but not too sad. I

sometimes wish I had a family to call my own instead of the rent a family I have become so used to, but that will never happen.

We went down the long hall to the other wing and into another apartment. This was the same layout: kitchen, followed by the living room and three bedrooms along the wall. This new place was dirty and unkempt. There were dishes on the counter and food here and there. There was just a sofa and a chair in the living room. Clothes were everywhere. There was a TV but it was small and it didn't look like it had a remote.

I was in the third bedroom with John. Steven was assigned to this room as well. Quintin was assigned to the second bedroom along with my brother Taylor. There was one other boy, Tim. He was the real son to the Weatons, the mother and father of this dorm/apartment. He slept in their room. My room was dingy and had no sheets on the bed, only a dirty blanket.

Mr. Weaton gave us each a top sheet and a bottom sheet and said it was up to us to keep them clean. We still had chores here, but no one checked to see if they were done. There was no chart or stars, checks or red X's anywhere. They had dinner each day at 5 PM and if you missed it, you were on your own to find something to eat.

I could take a shower or bath any time I wanted and no one timed me. If I decided to skip a shower then I did. The Weatons did not really do anything except dote on their spoiled brat; he thought he was God's gift to mankind. He could do no wrong.

I found out later that their bedroom was really another apartment that was very nice. It was kept clean and was a real home. We were not allowed in there unless called in. I didn't mind as I was used to it anyway.

Quintin started right off to give me a hard time, but John stood up for me and threatened to kill him if he even laid one finger on me. He shrunk back right away and said, "I was only kidding," and, "I would never hurt Peter, we are buds."

But he looked scared. He didn't try anything again if either of my two brothers were around, but when I was alone I was terrified.

Quintin told me then that he was a member of a gang. I think to impress me more than anything, but I was not impressed. I didn't really care if he was or not. This seemed to anger him and he threatened me that if I didn't watch my attitude he would get his gang to kill me and my stupid brothers.

This scared me like nothing else. He was only a few years older than me, but to me he seemed to be a hulk of a boy. I kept my distance from him and his "gang." I look back on it now, and know there was no gang, but back then it was as real as the sun coming up in the morning.

The days went along as they do and I got more used to the place. We had no one to look out for us and we were pretty much on our own. We still had meetings, but they were just once a week and if we were busy, we could skip them. They only talked about what was expected of each of us. The same each week, with very little change.

I think it was in this time frame that I discovered "Star Trek" on TV. I fell in love with that show and Spock was my hero. He was never sad or lonely, he never got angry or hurt, he was perfect. I wished with all my heart that I could be a Vulcan like him. I tried my very best to suppress my emotions and it worked, until that fateful day.

I had just gotten home from school and was alone in the yard just daydreaming when Quintin came up from behind me and pushed me so hard I fell forward and skinned my knee. He was yelling at me that he had had enough of me. I got mad, more mad than I could ever remember. I shot up to my feet so fast that Quintin jumped back, I was all over him punching and shouting, kicking and really throwing up a lot of dust. He was doing the same. I don't know what I was doing or thinking.

He punched me in the face and I went down and that is when my brother John came around the corner. I was on the ground crying and holding my nose.

He took one look at me and tackled Quintin, and he put a whooping on him like I had never seen before. Someone had called Mr. Weaton and he was there to break up the fight.

Quintin was on the ground on his back and my brother was on his chest punching him over and over again. Mr Weaton pulled John off and was almost hit himself. He grabbed John with both arms and had to struggle to get him calm. Quintin was just laying on his back crying and holding his stomach.

TO BE CONTINUED ...

SNAKE THEORY

by Hestenia



I recently read somewhere about the "snake theory," in relation to boylove, and was surprised to find that none of my fellow BLs have heard about this. So here's the gist of it:

Allowing a young boy to have a relationship with a pedophile boylover is like exposing the boy to a danger, like a snake.

Yes, the jokes about exposing a boy to a "snake," I know, and haha, but seriously... think of it in literal terms. A snake might behave for a moment while it slithers around. But you know at some point it is going to strike. And hurt the victim.

So in the view of an uneducated person, a non-boylover, the "pedophile" is just a ticking time bomb until his "urges" get uncontrollable. And you, as a parent, are wondering just how long it will be until his urges get the best of him, and he acts on his impulses.

And hurts your child.

Right?

That is the theory. I personally disagree, and quite strongly, but wanted to share it with readers, nonetheless.



Last Day of School

by Dragonlover

As a fourth grader, and after five years of school, I had grown adjusted to being in school five days a week, six hours a day. Yes, I was quite a late developer in that area. I was a bit of a “mama's boy.” I cried and wailed for my mother for the first month of kindergarten. As the years went on, I got better.

For third grade, I only wept a few tears on the first day of school. For fourth grade, I didn't weep at all. Why? Because the year before, I met two boys who became my best friends. I was very happy to find those two boys, Paul and Robert. “Paulie” and “Robbie.”

Teachers in school called us the “Three Musketeers.” My teacher's name was Mrs. Murphy. Mary Jane Murphy. She was a very sweet and patient older woman, typical of the school teacher of the day. But, we all loved her. And by all, I mean the whole class! All thirty-two students. Mrs. Murphy was very sweet, fair but firm. She would applaud good schoolwork, but very fairly punish those who misbehaved or skipped homework assignments. She even let me, Paulie and Robbie have our desks pushed together. We respected her enough not to take advantage of her kindness, but loved her all the same when she would let us just sit and chill.

We came to class in 1978. We endured the first day of school. We made it through the annual Halloween best costume contest and a small parade through the neighborhood. We were being oohed and aahed by neighbors standing on the sidewalk watching us. We got through the Thanksgiving holiday, Christmas and New Year's Day, 1979.

We had spring fun for Memorial Day. And then came June. As the days progressed, the weather warmed up fast. We had the classroom windows open, letting in the smell of fresh cut grass, setting off Paulie's hay fever. It was funny to hear and see him sneeze madly every time Mrs. Murphy tried to teach her year-end lessons. We then helped her take down the room decorations, exposing fifty-year-old walls that held decorations from the 1930s and before. As I took down my wall's decorations, I wondered about those students who were in this very classroom during wartime. I wondered what they looked like, how they dressed and acted.

Before long, the walls were bare except for some very old and beat up bulletin boards. As we packed the decorations into one last box, Mrs. Murphy had us all go back to our seats. She stood at the front of the room and raised her arm for silence. We quieted down.

“Children, thank you so much for your help with stripping the walls. I do appreciate it. And, I have a bit of an announcement. As of June 16, 1979, that will be your last day of school. It will be my last day of school as well,” she said. We looked confused.

“Well,” she went on, “what I mean by that is, you guys are my final class. I am retiring. After thirty years of teaching fine students like you, I am retiring. Will I miss teaching? Yes, I will. Will I enjoy my retirement? Absolutely.”

We all looked and felt a bit sad, but we also were focused on June 16. And before we knew it, June 16 finally arrived. Me, Paulie and Robbie sat at our desks and chatted among ourselves. Paulie was bragging about going to Disney World that summer. He asked me and Robbie to attend a bit of a post-fourth grade sleepover at his house the next weekend. We both accepted, of course, but that's a whole other story.

We were all watching the old clock on the wall as it slowly approached 3:00. Mrs. Murphy tried in vain to get our attention, but gladly gave up. She had seen twenty-nine last days of school in her career. She knew it was useless to even attempt getting our attention.

And then, 3:00 arrived. The last bell rang and one of the school secretaries came over the loudspeaker to wish us a great summer. As per our classroom rules, we, as quietly as possible, lined up at the door. Paulie was in front of me and Robbie was bringing up the rear.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw something that I had never seen. Mrs. Murphy was dabbing the corner of her eye with a tissue. I turned to look at her. It was then that I saw tears. Real tears from a teacher who was ours for just those nine months. But she was the teaching profession's teacher for thirty years. The profession was indeed losing a beloved soul.

I nudged Paulie and Robbie to get their attention. I nodded towards Mrs. Murphy. Their faces went from gleeful and joyful to one of shocked surprise. The aides in the hallway were gathering students for dismissal, walkers first, then bussers. But, we three stayed behind. We didn't know why, but we stayed.

“Kids, it's time for you to go home. And have a great summer. You deserve it,” Mrs. Murphy said.

The three of us looked at her as she was trying to hold back tears. Oddly enough, I was getting a lump in my throat, too. I looked at Robbie and Paulie. Robbie, the guy who we counted on for a good gag or practical joke, had trembling lips. Paulie, a sweet kid who had the soul of a saint, had tears running down his cheeks.

“You three,” Mrs. Murphy said. “You guys are among the best students I've ever had the pleasure of teaching. I hope that you can take what I taught you and take it with you to use throughout your future. I am very proud of the three of you.”

We believed her. We DID feel special. And to be called special by someone like her, someone with her decades of teaching experience calling US special. I was touched. We all were, I could tell.

“Thank you, Mrs. Murphy. I think I can say for the three of us that we were very happy in your class. I actually looked forward to school. For being in the room with Robbie and Paulie, AND, just being here with you. We love you.” I broke down in tears and sobs. Hell, we all did, including Mrs. Murphy. Just like on a TV show or movie, we dissolved into a big group hug. Yeah, very sweet, I know.

We eventually had to leave. Buses were pulling out and the students who walked to and from school were already a good distance from the school, anxious to start their summer vacation. I couldn't blame them.

So, the three of us finally left. The three of us walked, holding on to each other. I was slightly older than Paulie and Robbie, so they just wanted to hang on to me, for physical and emotional support, even if we didn't speak a word. At the exit of the school, we shared in one more big hug and sob session. We wiped our eyes and noses on our jacket sleeves.

“You guys coming to my party on Saturday?” Paulie asked us.

“Yeah, I'll come. Nothing better to do. Are we playing cards?” I asked.



“Sure. I have other games too. You guys can meet my little brother, Chris. And I have this other friend from a different school. His name is Todd,” Paulie said.

I brightened with a smile. “Chrissie and Toddy,” I said, giggling.

Paulie was laughing. “No, no, please don't call them that!” he said in a full laugh.

“Robbie, Jimmie, Paulie, Toddie and Chrissie! The five musketeers!” I yelled.

And, with that, our summer vacation officially started.

Fast-forward to 1999. I was sitting in jail feeling sorry for myself. My cellmate had the newspaper. I asked him if I could read it. He handed it to me. I was browsing entertainment, sports, local news. I then came across the obituaries. It hit me.

Mary Jane Murphy

1918 – 1999

I quickly scanned it to make sure it was my fourth grade teacher. Then I saw it.

She was a long time teacher for so-and-so school. It WAS her. Emotions welled up. I was stirring. All those memories came flooding back in all at once. But, that said, I was left remembering all the great times I had when I was there.

As I sit here writing this out, I remember the last time I tried finding those guys.

Using their names I tried using people finders, Facebook, Instagram, etc. I couldn't find Robbie. I did find Paulie. He was deeply involved in the Disney theme parks. I looked at his Facebook. It said that he was married to his long time lover, Michael. They lived in Florida, but they were currently in India helping to put together a Disney amusement park.

It is now, 2024. That was forty-five years go. I will never, ever forget those guys. From second grade to fifth grade, those guys helped me stay sane. I did the same for them.

Did I like them? Yes.

Did I LOVE them? Yes, I did. I still do.

I'll quote something from the last scene of the motion picture, "Stand by Me":

"I never had any friends later on like the ones I had when I was ten. Jesus, does anyone?"





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Funnneeè!!

The priest angrily asked the altar boy standing at the pew, "Now, be honest, lad: are you secretly drinking the holy wine?"

The boy remained silent, and that made the priest even more angry. He snapped his fingers in the boy's face.

"Hey, I'm asking you a question! Can't you hear me?"

"No, sorry, Father. I can't hear anything from over here."

"What do you mean? You're just two steps away!"

The altar boy said, "Tell you what, let's switch places and you'll see what I mean..."

They swapped places, then the altar boy asked, "Hey Father, did you enjoy your camping trip last weekend with my best friend, Billy?"

The priest thought for a moment, then said, "You know what? You're right! You really can't hear anything from over here!"



REALTALK WITH REALME: BEING SEEN

by Realme

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We all want to be seen. We all want to be recognized for the individuals we are and be accepted for our unique traits. Being recognized is fundamental to human happiness. "Be yourself," is common advice given to children.

Not always easy to follow, but smart in the long run. If you put on a false front, it can be damaging to the soul.

I learned this early on. Growing up bisexual in the time and place I did, I had to hide that part of myself. I was fortunate in that I was "straight acting," unlike some of the more stereotypically queer men in my town, who couldn't hide it. They got persecuted relentlessly.

Fear of rejection, fear of assault, and fear of AIDS kept me only dating women except for some occasional cruising in the nearby big city. But as I matured, I realized I was being false to myself and began to mention to people that I was bisexual. That lost me a couple of friends, but I realized they weren't really friends anyway. No real loss.

But still I am invisible to many. Last week I was at my favorite bar where I met a flamboyantly gay man who had just moved to town. Let's call him Gene. We were having a pleasant conversation (no flirting) when we were joined by a woman I knew slightly. This woman immediately got interested in Gene and started talking about how her teenage son was coming out and if he had any advice for him.

Needless to say, my ears perked up at the mention of this young gay man, although he was above my age of attraction. Perhaps I could help someone with something I never got help for.

I began to contribute to the conversation, mentioning that I was bisexual so that my advice would be taken seriously. She listened politely, but was obviously far more interested in what the more overtly gay man had to say. She later took his number and not mine. It was like she didn't see me.

Bisexuals get this a lot. We're often considered "not queer enough" or "still half in the closet." Queer and straight people alike often dismiss us. The B in LGBT feels like it's printed in lower case.

It's even worse for childlovers. I'm bisexual with kids too, and there's no coming out for people like us.

Or is there? Is there a way of being seen without being persecuted and rejected?

I've talked in this column before about a few little ways to move out into the public sphere as a pedophile. One is to participate in forums or contribute to magazines like this. Sadly,

every name is an alias and everything is hidden behind a wall of VPNs and Tor browsers. We only get to be seen through a cloudy window that cannot be opened.

Another way to be seen is to stand up in the comments section in social media whenever someone is slamming childlovers. We can tell it like it is and try to educate the populace. But for the sake of your mental health, don't look at the replies. You already know what they'll be. It's the silent ones, the ones that read your post and go "hey, that's me" or "hey, that's my loved one" who you are really speaking to. Maybe you can make a little bit of change.

But for your own safety, you comment and run, and you do it anonymously through a secure connection. That's being seen for a fleeting moment while wearing a mask.

Then there are the artists, like the photographer Jock Sturges with his alluring black-and-white photos of children on nudist beaches, or Joaquin Sorolla with his paintings from a century earlier showing nude children frolicking in the sea, sunlight shining on their glistening, tanned bodies. Both of these men depicted their subjects with a childlover's eye, and yet most of their admirers look at their work while saying pleasantries about "naturalism" and "color scheme" and "composition" while missing the whole point. These artists are seen by millions, but how many truly see them?

So what do we do? Resign ourselves to a life of playing pretend with everyone around us? To being a stranger to the world, growing old without anyone ever really knowing us?

No. The solution is right in front of us, and we've been staring at it all our lives - the object of our affections.

Kids have an amazing ability to sense things about other people. Perhaps because they're so open to the world and haven't succumbed to a lot of the social conditioning adults have, children look at other people with their eyes open. No adult has ever noticed I was a childlover. Plenty of kids have.

Take Soccer Boy. I've written about him before. A lovely blond boy who is a good friend of my niece's. I met him when he was 10 and have known him ever since. He was always flirty with me, making excuses to wrestle with me and giving me these long, searching looks. Always when my niece was absent. It never escalated into anything illegal, but the flirtation lasted for a few years until he started dating girls. I got the impression that he was tempted to try something. My rule, however, is to never initiate anything. That has to be the child's choice.

He never plucked up the courage, or perhaps he was content with flirting. I don't know. What I do know is that any time we were alone, he would get up close to me

and give me that look that said, “I see you.” That was the best part of our whole friendship.

Then there was Basketball Girl. She was on my niece’s basketball team when they were twelve. I always went to cheer my niece and admire the other long-legged young girls racing back and forth across the court.

Basketball Girl caught my eye. Taller than the others, with lovely legs and a developing chest framed by long, curly black hair, I was entranced by her. Soon I was cheering her too. She noticed.

Sometimes when she made a basket, she would look right at me in the stands, see me clapping and smiling, and smile back at me, blushing a little. My heart would melt.

Neither Soccer Boy nor Basketball Girl ever said anything to my niece. These moments were our own, a private chemistry between just us. That confirms that they knew what was going on and to speak of it would break off that connection and perhaps get me in trouble.

These two young people, and a precious few others, recognized me for what I was. There was never any illegal contact, and yet they gave me something no illegal relationship could ever do.

They saw me.

The very thing that is our problem is also our salvation. Be kind to kids. Notice them. They will look into your eyes and see right through them into your heart and soul. Let them in. They will give you what you really need, emotionally and spiritually. You might not get the physical contact you crave, but you’ll get something far more valuable.

You’ll be seen and validated for what you really are.

So what happened with the new gay in town and my female acquaintance? The next week I was at the same bar and they came in. She introduced him to everyone as, “my new gay friend.” Not “Gene” or “my new friend,” but “my new gay friend.”

I stopped feeling bad about her not seeing me. I’d rather remain unseen than be a fashion accessory.





Thanks for reading!

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