



LOVE OF A BOY

Introducing

**THE BOYLOVE
LIBRARY**

BITCOIN BASICS

And much more...



Issue 3: March 2024

FAWNLET NOTATION

Wow, Issue 3?

It wasn't all that long ago, we arose like a phoenix from the ashes of a previous magazine. Isn't that a metaphor for the BL community as a whole? We boldly go where others have definitely gone before. The youth we admire does the same.

And so we carry the torch for a while, that which we are proud to be doing. We keep the hope alive that what we are doing now, will make a difference to boylovers in the future.

Having said that, let me stand aside and allow you to explore. Welcome to Issue 3 of Fawnlet Magazine.

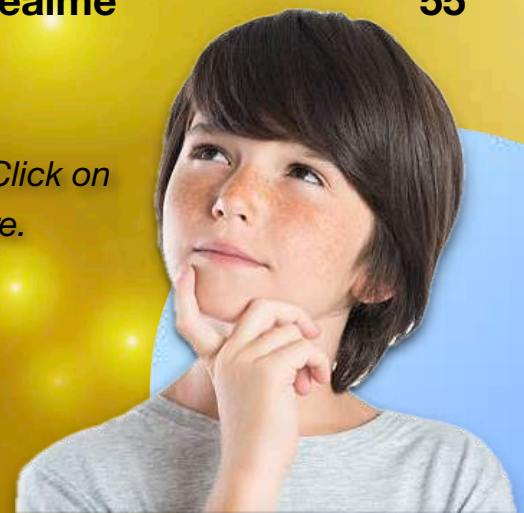
-- Lil Monster



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BOYS IN THE NEWS

by aboysXO

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

EATING DISORDERS INCREASINGLY COMMON AMONG BOYS

While it used to be common knowledge that only girls struggled with their weight and maintaining a positive body image, now that belief has been smashed with the new statistic: hospitalization of young males due to eating disorders has jumped over 400% since April 2002.

MOLESTER PLEADS GUILTY TO DRUGGING BOYS

Against an onslaught of evidence, including pictures and videos of the unconscious boys performing sexual acts with him, this man pled guilty to drugging and sexually assaulting four boys inside his Massachusetts home.

PIZZA DRIVER RESCUES BOY IN FROZEN LAKE

The driver for Hungry Howie's said he was loading the pizzas into his car when he heard a boy crying for help. He looked and saw the 12-year-old flailing about in the middle of the icy pond, trying to stay afloat. He called 911 and also jumped in to save the boy.

STUDY LOOKS AT IMPACT OF SOCIAL MEDIA ON BOYS

While 92% of teens report going online "constantly" a new study seeks to find out how boys, especially, are being influenced by social media. This is compounded by studies showing that boys as young as 6 - 8 years old are having body image issues, affected strongly by the images they see on social media.

HOUSE FIRE EXPLOSION KILLS TWO BOYS

When the house caught on fire, the two adults managed to escape, and tried to save the boys - but they couldn't. Neither could the rescuers. It was a very sad ending to a bad situation.



HE SPENT TWO YEARS LIVING ALONE

Now 9 years old, this boy lived for two years alone in his flat after his mother left him to go live with her boyfriend. How he continued to bathe, feed and clothe himself, plus attend school, for two years on his own, is the subject of national wonder in France.

THE BOYLOVE LIBRARY

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As you can imagine, much has been written about boylove. Indeed, much has been written about boys, as well. You might be one of those boylovers who "found" themselves after reading *Loving Boys* by Dr. Edward Brongersma. Or maybe you want to read some of the novels reviewed in *Ethos Magazine*, where man/boy love is central to the story.

And speaking of *Ethos*, perhaps you want to read the magazine's fourth anniversary issue. Or an issue of *Modern Boylover* magazine, or *PAN*, or any other BL magazine, for that matter.

The good news is that now all of that, and more, can be found in the Boylove Library.

Boys, boyhood, boylove, and boylovers, all span across the entire range of media: from books to magazines, audio podcasts, educational videos as well as Hollywood films dealing with boys and boylove.

It's all archived in the largest collection of boy-related media on the planet. Everything all in one place - at the BL Library. No account needed, no password, feel free to come and browse the books, magazines and everything else. It's all here: everything you remember, and everything that's all new.

The Boylove Library - The most comprehensive repository of BL and boy-related material on the Internet.

boylove-library.com



FAWNLET

ISSUE 3: MARCH 2024

LOVE OF A BOY

by JamOne

Becky and I kinda knew each other in passing back in high school, but now we are like brother and sister. Her husband Ben is a great guy and knows me well. Both trust me without a doubt.

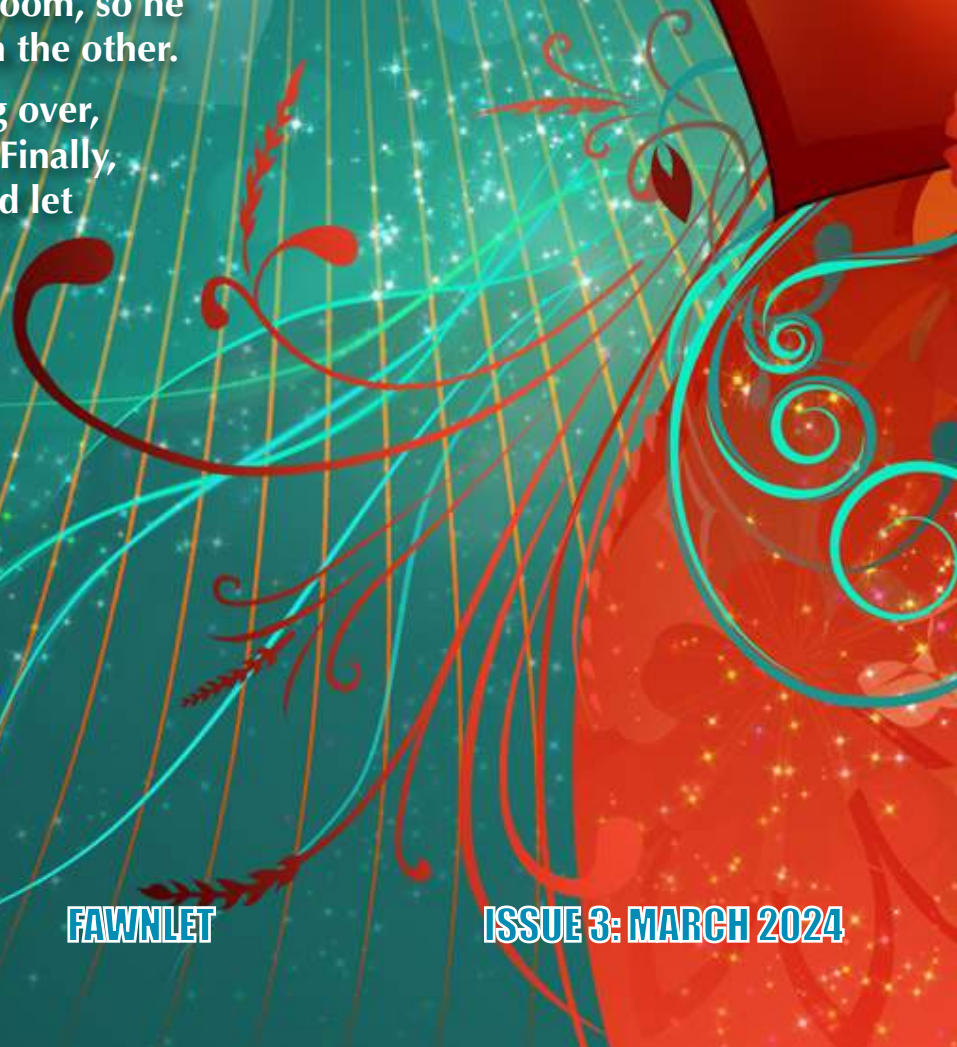
Trevor and I have hung out alone together several times. I even took him to the zoo without his siblings and gave him his much-needed one on one time. We have been camping, he stays over at my place and more.

I so badly want to try something but my better judgement kicks in and nothing more than hugs, cuddles, and kisses on the head. Which he loves, or so he says, and his mom and dad both know about and find cute.

Anytime he spends the night, or we go on an overnight excursion, he always wants to sleep with me and cuddles right up next to me. I spent the night for a week at my grandparents because my apartment was being fumigated. He was with me. They have a day bed in the spare room, so he slept on the pull-out and I slept on the other.

However, he kept crawling, rolling over, and throwing his arm around me. Finally, after the fourth time, I stopped and let him snuggle up next to me. It is a passion and love I that I cannot explain, and he seems to want to be with me and cuddle me all the time. He will even sit on my lap from time to time.

He is 10 now, so at the age where a lot of that stops. His mom finds it cute and adorable that he is so attached to me and thinks it is awesome that he can have a great older role model.



Jeremy

by aboysXO

I had lived there for several years. A large, older home divided into studio-type apartments. It was a secure building with a locked front door. When a visitor came, they had to buzz your apartment to get in. There were eight apartments on two floors. It was mostly middle-aged men, with a couple of women now and again. In all this time, there had never been a child living there. There was one bathroom for each floor. A shower, a toilet, and a sink.

I was surprised when I heard that a young single mother was moving in with a child. That was all the information that I had. I was busy the day they moved in and completely missed the event and seeing the new tenants. A couple of days had passed, and I had still not seen them, even though they were right across the hall from me.

I was home and watching the news on CNN. It was a little after four o'clock in the afternoon, a Friday. My buzzer went off, and I picked up the handset. "Yes?" I wasn't expecting anyone.

A voice on the other end said, "Can you help me? I lost my key and can't get in!" Not wanting to let in some random stranger, I went to the front door rather than buzzing them in unseen.

Standing on the porch with a backpack was a young boy. He looked to be about ten or eleven.

"You must be the kid who just moved in with your mother," I said. He smiled and nodded his head. So I let him in and went back to my place and went in.

About twenty minutes later, I had to pee and headed towards the bathroom. The kid was sitting cross-legged on the floor with his back to their apartment door. He looked up as I came out and our eyes met. I went and quickly took care of my business. When I came back, I said, "What's going on? Why are you sitting out here?"

He said, "I lost my key, I can't get in."

"Where's your mother," I asked.

"She's at work," he replied. "She won't be home until eleven-thirty." It was now five o'clock. Six and a half hours until she got home. Wow.

"Can't you call her?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I don't have a phone, and she can't leave work anyway."

"You can wait in my place if you want," I said.

He looked at me for a few moments, trying to decide. Then he stood up and said, "Cool. Thanks."

He came in, glanced around, and looked at me questioningly. I pointed to a chair and told him to sit down. He shucked his backpack and sat down with the pack at his feet. He had

on what I would call school clothes and, indeed, he had just come from there. I happened to know that this was the last week of school. Summer break was about to start.

He asked me if I had anything to drink. "Water, milk, lemonade, and Pepsi," I said. "Or," I said, "how about milk and cookies?"

He smiled and nodded his head emphatically. I had to smile. Boys are always hungry. Especially for sweets. I got him the milk and a plate of cookies. He devoured them like he hadn't eaten all day.

"My name is Stefan. What's yours?"

He said, "Jeremy." I stuck my hand out and he shook it. His hand was small and warm and soft. I held on to it longer than I should have. Nice hand. He had collar-length medium-brown hair and light brown eyes. They were very clear. He stood maybe a little over four feet tall or so. Height and weight are proportionate. Maybe seventy pounds or so. A very nice-looking boy, for sure.

He said he was in the fifth grade and had just turned eleven two weeks ago. Wow, I thought. Fortune was smiling at me. We talked for quite a while. Once he got started, he told me everything about his mother, school, and more. He never knew his dad. He and his mother were all alone. No other family. He wistfully told me a dad was one thing he wanted so badly. But his mother didn't date and had no boyfriends. He was kind of little for his age, and smart. Subsequently, he was bullied at school and had few friends. How extremely sad.

Being a boylover, I sort of had the habit of rating boys for cuteness. He was a ten in my book. I liked him. Not just his cuteness, but his personality too. We were getting

along. We were connecting, and he seemed to like me as well. I know about boys. Outwardly friendly and smiling, this boy was hurting inside. I could see it, feel it. He was desperate to be liked. And, I liked him. As we went along, it dawned on him that I did like him. He even said, "You like me, don't you?"

I said, "Yes, Jeremy. I like you a lot."

He kicked his legs a bit like kids do and told me, "I like you too! Can we be friends?" Oh yeah, buddy. We definitely can, I thought to myself. Damn. This was moving fast. I was going to have to feed him. After some consultation, we decided to order pizza delivery with dessert. It was all so natural, so easy. I felt as though we had known each other for a long time.

After dinner, we put on a movie, of his choosing, and settled back to watch. After several minutes he was standing next to my chair with his hand resting on the arm. He was just looking at me, then the TV, and then back at me. He started to speak, stopped, stammered, and then spoke again. "You wanna watch TV together?" Oh. Really? I looked into his eyes, he was gazing back. I got it. I patted my leg and said, "You want to come up?"

He reacted so quickly! The next thing I knew, he was on my lap. Before he settled in, he kind of half-turned to face me and hugged me. I hugged him back. I could smell his hair, the smell of a boy. The softness of his cheek, the fineness of his features. It was very arousing. Was he throwing himself at me? It was all I could do to keep from caressing his cheek with my lips. Kiss his lips. Too fast, too fast.

He turned back around and laid back with his head on my shoulder. I put my hand on his forearm, gently caressing it, the back of

his hand. With his other hand, he grabbed my hand, pulled it across him, and intertwined our fingers. Without even thinking, an automatic movement, I kissed his cheek. All this time he'd said nothing. Neither had I.

We stayed like that throughout the movie. When it was over, I discovered he had fallen asleep. Damn. I'm falling in love with you, Jeremy. But I didn't say it aloud. A little after nine o' clock. Soon his mother would be home.

He didn't awaken as I carried him to my bed and laid him there. I removed his shoes and covered him with a blanket. I kissed his cheek before returning to my chair. My gaze returned to him time after time.

Almost eleven-thirty. I cracked my door, so I could hear when she returned. When I heard her return, I went out into the hall to speak with her. I invited her in, and we spoke for many minutes. I told her most of what had happened. Well ... I failed to mention some parts. She thanked me profusely for helping him. She checked on him. He was sleeping peacefully. His breathing was shallow and slow.

"He looks more relaxed and peaceful than I've seen him lately. I almost hate to wake him," she said. Bravely, or foolishly, I said he could spend the night if she wished.

"Thank you," she said as she gave me a peck on the cheek. "I work swing shift, so I won't be up until noon."

"No problem," I replied.

She left and went back to her apartment. A moment later, she returned with his pajamas. He halfway awakened as I undressed him and slipped him between the sheets. I skipped the pajamas. He raised his arms a little and pursed his lips. Oh, gawd. I kissed him.

When it was time, I undressed and got into bed next to him. Sometime in the night, he had moved right up against me, one arm across my chest. I was afraid to move. He finally opened his eyes. He looked at me quizzically. I quickly explained what had transpired while he slept.

I discovered that he liked to play wrestle and tickle fight. We did that for a while before we got up.

It was the start of a friendship that lasted for three years.



A VALENTINE

Edmund Edwinson

**My love is a flower in bloom
Of his sweet youth so fair,
My love is a bonnie lad
With sun-glint in his hair.**

**My love is a lilting song
Gladdening all who hear him;
My love is an Oak-tree strong
For all who may need him.**

**My love is a lark that soars
To the Heavens above;
My love is a boy who pours
To my heart his sweet love.**



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MISTAKES BOYLOVERS MAKE - PART 1

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 #1: Talking to the police

The vast majority of boylovers who are convicted of so-called "sex crimes" live in the United States. The U.S. constitution guarantees that all people have the right to remain silent. This right may be waived. Waiving this right is the single biggest legal mistake a boylover can make.

Answering any questions from a police officer, aside from giving him your name and address will, under the law, mean you have automatically waived your right

to remain silent. You lose the right to remain silent if you do not use that right immediately at the start of an investigation. You will lose the right to appeal on the grounds of "not incriminating yourself" if you have waived your right to remain silent.

In some jurisdictions, you are legally required to give your name and address to a police officer when questioned. Other jurisdictions do not require this. Other than giving one's name and address, there is absolutely no necessity to give any other information to a police officer.

Many boylovers have accepted a law enforcement officer's "invitation" to go to the police station for an "interview." The police have no legal right to require a person to accompany them to the station unless the person is placed under arrest. The police have no legal right to require a person to talk to them. Any person can decline to be interviewed or to talk to the police.

A person may think that by declining an invitation for an interview with a police officer that they are somehow admitting to the police officer that they are guilty of some kind of crime. This is not true.

People have a natural inclination to want to "explain" things. The police know this. So the police create situations where they encourage boylovers to "explain" things to them. Most boylovers have great difficulty resisting the temptation to try to "explain" things.

The police use a number of very successful techniques to encourage the boylover to "explain" things.

To encourage boylovers to talk, police may:

- appear to be sympathetic: "I'm sometimes attracted to younger people, too."
- use the "good cop, bad cop" technique. One officer berates and threatens the boylover. After the boylover feels threatened and confused, another officer takes the role of the "good guy" and appears sympathetic. Most people fall for this trick.
- suggest (and this is a lie) that they just would like some information, or would just like to clear a few things up. Nothing "bad" will happen to the boylover if the boylover provides the information.
- threaten the boylover by saying, "We can make things really bad for you, if you don't talk to us." Unless you are placed under arrest, this is not true. The police, by wanting to talk to you, have shown that they suspect something, either about you or someone you know. The police are going to use any information they acquire from you to further their investigation. By giving information you will only make things easier for them and worse for you.

The simple, but not necessarily easy, solution to the above problem is just to refuse to speak at all. Refuse to answer any questions. This means to just keep one's mouth shut, with the exception of the following words:

"Am I under arrest? I would like to go, and if I am not under arrest then I am going to leave now."

The boylover should say absolutely nothing else. Eventually the police will become frustrated, and they will let you leave. But this may take several hours, and require the boylover to maintain his resolve and his equilibrium, no matter what the police say.

One technique suggested by (if memory serves me right) the ACLU, is to stare at a point on the wall, and imagine seeing a sign that says, "The police are not your friends! Be strong! Do not talk to them!"

Always remember that admitting your attraction to boys is perhaps the single most serious mistake that a boylover can make. Many "crimes" that a boylover can be charged with involve the intent of the so-called



"perpetrator." Not the act, but the intent.

Never admit to a police officer that boys are attractive. You may be tricked into making this statement. You should just never talk to the police. Period!

For example, two different people may happen to touch a boy, in exactly the same way. It need not be the boy's genitals that are touched. It may be something as innocent as placing one's hand on the knee of a boy seated beside you.

The first person does this "innocently." He is not a boylover.

The second person, a boylover, foolishly admits to the police that he found the boy to be cute/attractive/sexy, etc.

DING DING! The boylover is now guilty of having touched the boy "for sexual gratification." Once a boylover makes the admission that a boy was attractive to him, game over. The boylover has "confessed." He will be found guilty when brought to trial, without any other evidence necessary. There is absolutely no way to defend oneself in this situation. Case closed.



MISTAKE #2: Allowing police to enter their home without a search warrant

Police must have a valid search warrant to enter your home or your vehicle. No boylover should ever allow an officer to enter their home or search their vehicle if the police cannot show that they have a valid search warrant. Never!

MISTAKE #3: Believing what the police say

Police will lie to you. It is perfectly legal for police to lie to you. It is the job of the police to try to detain those who violate laws. Police will say anything to make you believe that you are in a hopeless situation, and that you have no choice but to give them information or to "confess" your "crimes."

One of the tricks police use on boylovers is to claim that, "The boy already told us everything, so you may as well talk." They use the same trick on the boy, as well. Most probably, the boy will not have "talked." Think about it. If he had, there would be no need to interrogate the boylover any longer.

Or the police will say to the boylover, "Well if you truly love him, you wouldn't want him to go through all of the court or questioning." Right. The fact is, they will do all of that regardless, if they deem it necessary.

Remember: it is the job of the police to investigate and obtain information. But it is NOT your job to help them to do this. The police must find evidence that they think will prove you are guilty. Until then, you are, supposedly, presumed to be innocent. You must keep your mouth firmly shut! You should not be talking to them, at all.

MISTAKE #4: Trusting the wrong people

Boylovers are natural prey for the predatory police, or for vigilantes. If you are suspected of being a boylover, the police or vigilantes will often try to trick you by having someone attempt to become "your friend."

Their goals are to:

- Get you to admit to them your sexual attraction to boys
- Obtain the names of boys whom you are friends with
- Obtain incriminating evidence from you -- e.g. pictures of boys which are either semi-legal or illegal

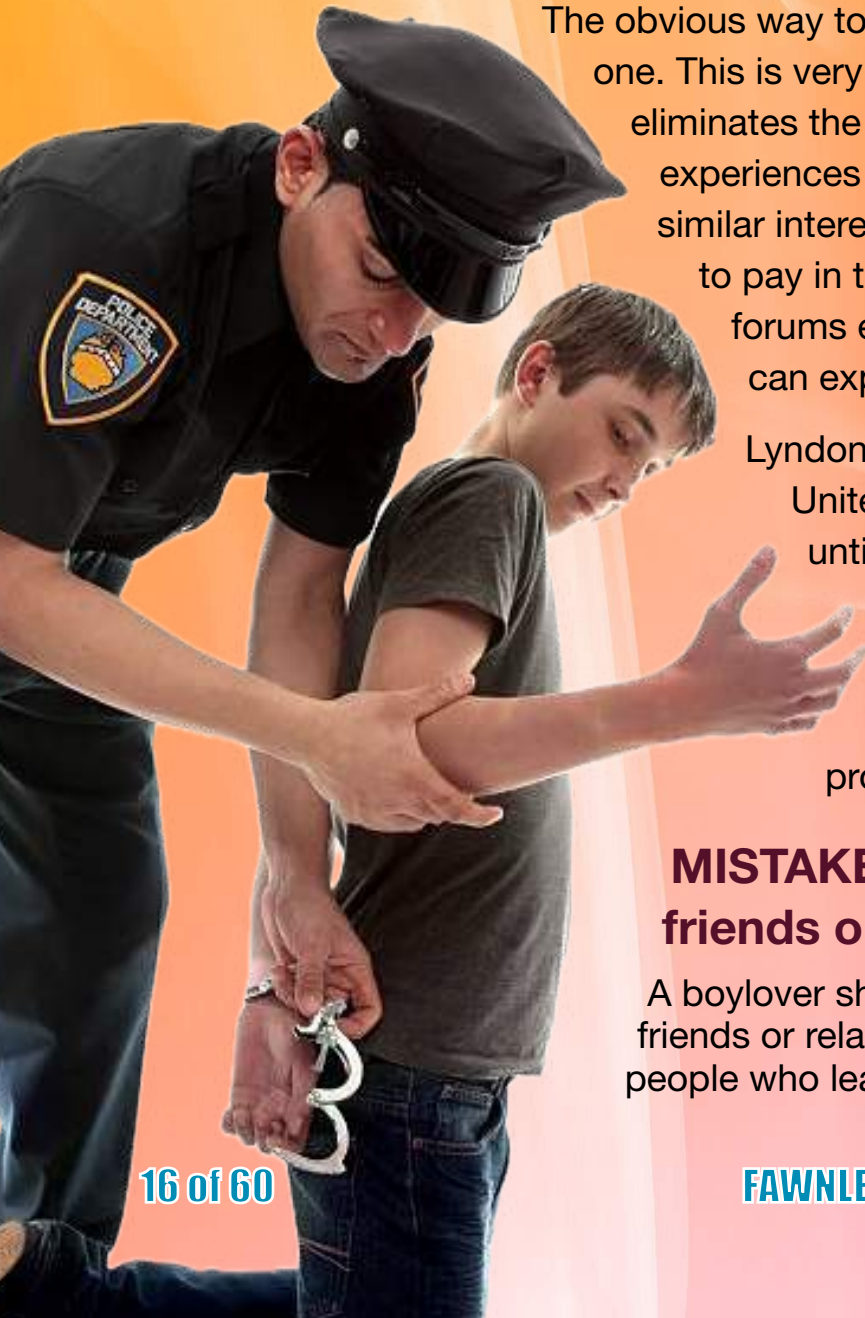
The obvious way to avoid these problems is to trust no one. This is very difficult for most people to do, and eliminates the opportunity to share one's feelings and experiences with others, especially others with similar interests. But this may be the price one has to pay in today's world for being a boylover. Still, forums exist on the Internet where boylovers can express their feelings.

Lyndon Johnson, the late president of the United States, said: "I never trust anyone until I have his pecker in my pocket."

Cruel as this may sound, the fact is that if you can hurt someone worse than they can hurt you, then they probably will not try to hurt you.

MISTAKE #5: "Outing" oneself to friends or relatives

A boylover should be extremely careful when telling friends or relatives that he is attracted to boys. Many people who learn that someone is a boylover



mistakenly assume that this means the man is a "walking time bomb" and at some point will inevitably go on to molest a boy. This is not true.

Some people will consider themselves to be "Good Samaritans" by reporting boylovers to the authorities. Even mothers have been known to turn in their sons to the police "for their own good." A boylover should always, discretely, discover the attitudes and beliefs of others towards and about "pedophiles" before ever disclosing that he himself is one.

Even if a boylover is very careful, and "outs" himself only to someone whom he can trust, the possibility exists that the person may then share this information with others who cannot be trusted. The boylover may then be reported to the police by this "third party."

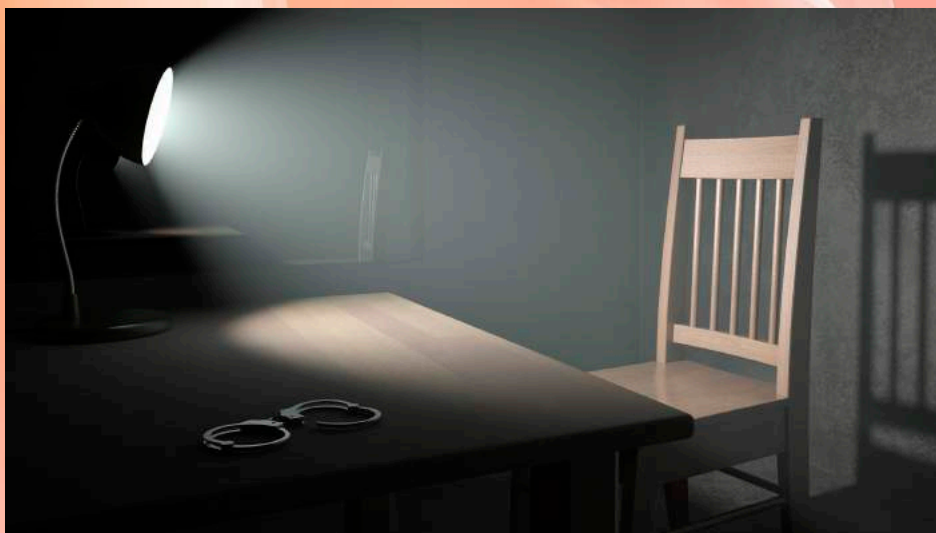
MISTAKE #6: Contacting the police when a known boy commits a crime

The police assume that no "normal" adult other than a family member has, or should have, any contact with boys. Therefore, if the police discover that a man has had any contact with a boy, the man is assumed to be a "child molester."

If a boy whom a boylover has any contact with, either long-term or casual, commits a crime in which the boylover is the victim, it is most commonly theft. The police will interrogate the boy. They usually will not stop interrogating the boy until they can bully him into incriminating the man. Note, this is whether or not the man is a boylover, and whether or not the man has engaged in any sexual activity with the boy.

The boy will be given immunity from prosecution for the crime he had committed in return for implicating/testifying against the boylover. It may be difficult to lose a large sum of money, or to have one's car stolen. But contacting the police is very likely to create very serious problems, and cost much more money in the long run. A boylover should not expect "justice" in this situation.

TO BE CONTINUED...



PRIVILEGES GAINED (AND LOST)

by Wolfrunner

My young friend Marky loved playing video games.

That is, when he had his privileges. We also enjoyed hanging out together, again, when he had his privileges. The problem was that he was always doing something. Getting himself into trouble, and losing his privileges. There was always a reason. His grades, his attitude. Among other things.

On this occasion, after having lost his privileges for such a long time, it was a major thing for him to regain them. His mom told me that he had regained his privileges. I decided we were going to celebrate. I went out and got the game he wanted, got snacks, and we were going to make a night of it. Play his game, eat junk food.

So I got to his house, and I was like, "Hey, I got a surprise for you. Now that you got your privileges back..." and his mom laughed.

"How long do you think that lasted?"

I was standing there, with the game and the snacks, and I looked at him. I was like, "You little turd."

In the time since I had gotten the news that he was free again, by the time I got to his house he had already screwed it up. "Look at this! I bought the game you wanted to play. I got some snacks for us, thought we'd have a little celebration. You got all your stuff back. And you can't last five minutes!"

So much for that little party. We had to wait a week or so, before we could finally do it. But I was like, "You little shit..."

Keeping track of his privileges was a head-spinning affair, with that boy.



SICILY 1982: A SHORT STORY – PART 2

by Realme

I have to admit that I was of two minds about returning. While I liked Marco, he could be crude and annoying. Plus he was selfish with my time, not letting other boys spend any time with me. In my visits to other Italian villages I had always enjoyed the company of two or more local boys. He turned fourteen over the summer, and looking older than he did he was already at the upper edge of my age of attraction. By the end of next summer he would be fifteen. Plus, a boylover friend had mentioned southern Greece was a fine place for people like us. I'd always wanted to see that country and a change of scenery might do me some good.

But all through the academic year, something nagged at me. It was the way he had asked, the slightly desperate way he clung to me. Under that rough exterior was a sensitive boy who had found something with me, and didn't want to lose it. So the next June I found myself heading back to the village.

I spotted Marco on the beach that very first day. He was playing football with some friends as I strolled along. I noticed him before he saw me, and was dismayed but not surprised at what time had wrought on his body. He was a good four inches taller, his body filling out, and the voice that shouted as he played had grown deeper.

Then he caught sight of me, and his face lit up like a child half his age. He cried out my name and rushed over.



“You came back!” he said, as he gave me one of his strong bear hugs. Then he stepped back and punched me hard on the shoulder. “Good to see my English faggot again. Let’s go. This game is boring. Did you bring the motorcycle?”

We walked away from the game, moving through the dunes toward the seaside road where I had parked the hired bike. As soon as we were out of sight of his friends, he fell into my arms and gave me a gentle, warm hug. I kissed the top of his head, covered in those same luxuriant black curls I remembered so well, and inhaled his scent. And all my doubts fell away. Yes, he was getting older. Yes, he was still crude and pushy. But he was Marco. He was my boy and I loved him. And underneath all that bravado he loved and needed me.

That summer was a repeat of the last, made

more serene by the knowledge on both sides that this was not a fluke, that this was something both of us cared about.

That is not to say that Marco didn't keep up his front. He gaped at girls any chance he got, and I noticed that they had begun to coyly return those looks. I wasn't the only one to appreciate his rough handsomeness. He also called me "faggot" more often. Every time after one of our wrestling matches he would remind me that what we were doing was just "playing around" and that someday he would have a girl for the "real thing."

This saddened me. Of course, I was used to this from some of my previous young friends. Most grew up straight. I didn't like having my face shoved in it, though. But then he'd give me that wily grin and say some joke or start wrestling with me again and everything would be better.

As the end of summer approached once again, I felt compelled to ask a difficult question.

"Marco, do you want me to come back next summer?" He looked surprised by the question. The pause he took in answering wrenched my heart.

"Well... sure, if you want."

"Of course I want to. I'm asking what you want."

He put on his bold face. "Yeah, you should come back. I'm good to you, right?"

"Well, yes. It's just that you might have a girlfriend by then."

I didn't think that very likely considering how conservative these small villages were, but I wanted to know where his feelings lay. Plus, and I feel guilty admitting it, I was less physically attracted to him than before, and I knew that another year of growth would put a barrier between us.

"Bah! So what if I have a girlfriend, or ten girlfriends. We can go riding on your bike and go have fun in the cave and then I fuck them after." Introspection was not one of Marco's strong points.

So we said our goodbyes and I spent another academic year torturing myself with thoughts of Marco. I cared about him, and I did enjoy his exasperating company, yet there was the changing physical element and my friend's ecstatic reports about the pleasures of Greece.

In the end, I went back to the little fishing village in Sicily. What decided it was that I had made a promise. If I wanted to believe what I told myself -- that I liked being a mentor to these boys, that the attraction was as much emotional as physical -- then I needed to keep my promise to Marco. I decided that if I met him and found things between us greatly changed, I could always head off to another small town on the island and start anew.

That first day back in the village had me all wound up tight. I got there late in the evening, was greeted warmly by the old widow who rented me the cottage, and settled in.

I headed out into town but everything was already closing for the night. Only the tavern was open, and I would not find what I sought there. A few teens lounged in the square. Marco was not among them, and I felt too shy to ask them where he might be.

The next day I was in for a rude surprise. I went for a morning stroll on the beach to admire the young swimmers and perhaps bump into my young friend. I did bump into him, but he had changed. Everything had changed.

My young friend had become a young man. He was almost as tall as me now, with broad shoulders and stubble on his chin. But even worse, he was walking with an Italian girl his age, hand in hand. She looked like a city girl, with a nice sun dress showing more leg than any village girl would ever dare to, or be allowed to. I had seen some wealthy families from Rome or Palermo on my previous visits. She must have been from one of them.

Marco saw me the moment after I saw him. From a hundred meters apart, our eyes locked. His face registered shock, then embarrassment. He turned, leading the girl in the other direction.

I returned to my cottage, crushed. A couple of hours and a bottle of wine later, I heard a knock on the door. I opened up. Marco stood there.

“Phew!” he said, waving the air in front of his face. “You started the party without me.”

“So did you,” I snapped.

He walked in, even though I hadn’t invited him. I closed the door and stumbled over to the sofa, landing heavily. He sat down beside me. There was no hug like our last reunion.

“Are you mad at me?” he asked. The hurt, vulnerable look that came through those rough, near-manlike features reminded me that he was still part child.

“No,” I sighed. “It was bound to happen sooner or later.”

“Yeah, she’s hot. I told you I’d get a girl!”

“Yes. Yes, you did.”

He nudged me. “She leaves in two weeks. We can hang out then. We can go to a restaurant or the beach.”

But not the cave. Not a rural picnic. I hung my head. “I don’t think I’ll be here in two weeks.”

“I want you to stay,” he said. “I like hanging out with you. It’s just going to be ... different.”

I felt like an idiot. Just because he wasn’t my young friend anymore didn’t mean he couldn’t be my friend. Before I could find the words, he spoke again. “I’ll come back tonight. Take a shower and don’t drink anymore. I have a surprise for you.”

He said this with such a twinkle in his eyes that I asked, "What is it?"

He punched me in the shoulder. "If I told you it wouldn't be a surprise, you silly faggot. Just be ready."

The rest of the day was spent in a mixture of eager anticipation, self-reproach, and depression. I had lost Marco. Time had done its evil work. But he still cared for me, that much was obvious, and here I was only thinking of myself.

I resolved to stay the summer. Even if we never visited the sea cave again, I could spend time with him. Get to know the man he was growing into. I would give him what friendship and guidance I could. I'd sacrifice a summer of my own pleasure for his sake. I owed him that much, and more.

I did not expect the sight that greeted me when I opened the door to his knock that evening. Marco stood there, grinning that naughty grin I knew so well. That much, at least, hadn't changed. Standing next to him was a younger boy with a book tucked under his arm.

I recognized the bookish boy Marco had saved from the bullies two years before, now grown into a willowy 12-year-old of captivating beauty. He gave me a shy smile.

"This is Angelo," Marco said. 'Angel' in Italian. How appropriate.

"Hello, Angelo," I said, my throat going dry.

"You can speak to him in English," Marco said. "He wants to practice. He's the best in his class. The best in the whole school. He wants to go to the university in Palermo when he grows up."

"I want to be a professor and write books," he said in English.

"You said that very well," I replied in English.

"I told Angelo all about you," Marco said. Everything? I looked at Angelo. Although it was hard to tell in the dim light against such brown skin, I could have sworn Angelo blushed. He smiled a little and looked at his feet.

"Anyway, I gotta get going," Marco said with a wave. "I have a big date tonight." Marco gyrated his hips to show just what he hoped to get on that date, and then strolled off into the night.

Angelo giggled. "He's funny."

"He's wonderful."

We stood there for a second, neither of us sure what to say next. "Want to come in? I have some Cokes in the fridge."

"All right." He entered, surveyed the living room, and sat on the sofa. I went and retrieved a pair of Cokes from the little fridge in the kitchen and returned.

“Thanks,” he said as I handed it to him. His face was narrow, to match his slim body. The skin was perfect, not a blemish or a trace of hair except for some light fuzz on the arms. And those eyes ... big brown, soulful eyes that looked at me with open interest. “Aren’t you going to sit down?” he asked.

“Oh, right.” He was sitting in the middle of the sofa, so I sat at the end. He did not move over to give me more room. Our thighs almost touched, and when he lifted the bottle to his full lips, his smooth arm brushed mine and sent tingles through my body. We sat in silence for a time. I could see Angelo’s lips moving, as if he was practicing how to say something in English. His smooth brow furrowed in concentration. He wanted to get it right, make a good impression on the foreigner. Then he turned to me.

“Marco says you like to go to the ruins. So do I. I know all of them. I bet he hasn’t shown you some of the ones I know.”

“I’d love for you to show me.”

“Sure. We can go on your bike. Marco says you always hire a really cool bike. But tomorrow let’s go to the beach.”

“I guess you’re a good swimmer. All the boys in this village are.”

“Not as good as Marco,” he said with obvious admiration. Had my young friend found himself a young friend?

“We can practice swimming just like we’re practicing English.”

“Yes,” I agreed. He gave me a look out of the corner of his eye, and blushed. This time I was sure of it.

“And after swimming I can show you a place no one knows about. It’s a cave.”

My heart did a flip-flop. “I’d love to see this cave with you, Angelo.”

Marco’s voice called from the distance, his proud Italian words drifting in through the open window. “I’m good to you, aren’t I?”

I smiled.

“Yes, Marco. You have always been good to me.”



BUSTER'S BLOCKBUSTERS: BOY MOVIE REVIEWS

Loin (2016)

Movie: 7/10

Cuteness: 5/10

This movie was great! It was very touching. And I found it amazing to see what such a young child could go through. With Sunny Pawar who was 8 years old in 2009. Based on true events.

Trash (2014)

Movie: 8.1/10

Cuteness 5/10

I loved this movie, although it's more for the teen-boy lovers. I liked how these boys, aged 14, stuck together through everything -- even with the cops chasing them around. My favorite actor was the boy they called Ray. He was cute for an older boy, and the way he did things to help his street brothers was adorable. The money he stole to do so was sad, but what he did to repay the debt was superb and very thoughtful. With all the things that the boys faced, all the corruption in Rio slums, when asked why they stuck with it ... "Because it was the right thing to do," is the true innocence of boyhood. It just never fails to amaze me how boys work and do things through life.



A Kid Like Jake (2018)

Movie: 8/10

Cuteness 7/10

I absolutely adore this movie. It's about a family that is forced to come to terms with the possibility that their son Jake might just be transgender. A shame, since he's totally cute as a boy, and in real life. He's what they term, "non-gender conforming." This means that he plays with dolls and likes to wear dresses and such. Jake was played by Leo James Davis, age 5 at the time of filming. His acting was very good. Now at 10 years old, I can't wait to see what new films he might in. The movie was based on true events.



Invasion of the Soccer Boys

NIGHT PRACTICE



My Early Years - Part 3

by Jonny399

That evening at dinner, Bill asked everyone at the table, "What is one thing you learned in school today?" This took me completely by surprise. I was not ready for a test and I could not think of anything to say. I was waiting my turn and trying to think of something to say when Bill called me out.

"Peter, what did you learn today?"

I had a blank look on my face, and the only thing I could think to say was: "Well I learned that just because the school is called Strippling Elementary does not mean you have to strip."

I had just finished when I realized what I had said. OH MY GOD! Everyone at the table burst out laughing. I was red faced and looked down at my empty plate.

Bill calmed everyone down and said, "Let's say grace." As we ate he told me he wanted to see me after dinner. Everyone made a groaning sound and someone said, "You're in trouble now!"

I got a sinking feeling. I had really messed up this time. Quentin whispered to me, "You better keep your trap shut or I'll shut it for you!" and kidney punched me when no one was looking, just to emphasize the point.

After dinner I knocked very lightly on Bill's door. If I could knock soft enough that he wouldn't hear me, I could just go to my room and hide under my bed. He called out, "Come in, Peter." How did he know it was me, I didn't even say anything?

I walked in and he said, "Shut the door and take a seat." I sat there with my lower lip trembling. I tried to stop it, but it was no good. He just looked at me for the longest time. I was sure he was going to start yelling and throwing things. He would then take me over his knee and give me a good spanking. Thinking about all this made me start to cry, although I kept it inside.

"Peter, Peter what are we going to do with you?" he asked in a kind voice that made me look up in surprise. "Who told you the rumor that you had to strip at school?" he asked.

I stuttered and said, "No one."

"Come on now, out with it!" he said, more firmly.

I told him, "It was on the bus, I overheard another boy saying that was why the school was called Strippling." I hoped he was buying this lie. If he questioned me any more, I don't think I could come up with another one so quickly! Quentin was waiting in "our" room.

He just made a noise like, "hmm," and changed the subject. He asked if I was having trouble with the set amount of time I was given in the shower. I shrugged my shoulders and said, "It wasn't enough time and besides, who times showers anyway?" in such a low voice he had to ask me, "What did you say?"

"Nothing," was my response.

"Well, we have to do something about this don't we?" he said.

I responded with, "I guess."

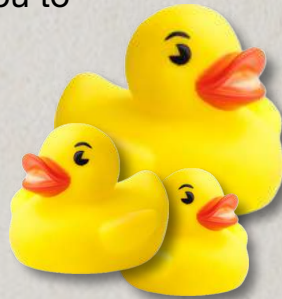
He asked me, "Who taught you to bathe?"

"No one, I just know."

"You really don't know," he said. "Because if you did, you would have plenty of time to shower in the

amount of time I give you. Tomorrow you are not going to school, I am going to call the school and tell them you are sick. We are going to have a class on how to properly bathe one's self," he stated firmly. "I don't want you to be embarrassed, so we will tell no one of this!" he demanded. "Now off to bed and remember you are sick in the morning."

He opened the door, and I left thinking what had just happened? Is he really going to teach me how to bathe? That's silly. He probably has a book for me to read, like those baby books on how to go potty. This is going to suck, but at least I get out of school. I will pretend to be interested in the "lesson" and answer all the questions correctly, and it'll make him



happy. Maybe I can skip washing my hair everyday to save time or just wash half of me, that should shave a few minutes off my time.

Quentin almost pounces on me when I close the door, "What did you say?" he scowls. I told him the same story and he gets a gleam in his eye and says, "You better have! Otherwise," and makes a fist and punches his other hand. I stayed awake late that night, thinking. What did Bill mean by that, and when will Quentin strike again?

The morning comes early and I start to get out of bed and get ready for school. Then I remember that I am supposed to be sick. I take off my pants and get back into bed.

"What do you think you're doing?" Quentin asks.

"I'm feeling sick today. I'm going to stay home," I reply, in hopes he won't ask anymore questions.

He gets a look in his eye and then he says, "Good idea," and takes his pants off and climbs back into bed. "I am sick too!" he says cheerfully.

Bill comes in to check on us. "What's going on in here?"

"We are both too sick to go to school," Quentin says, and makes a fake cough.

"Is that right?" Bill says, and feels Quentin's forehead. "You don't feel warm. What's wrong?" he asks.

"My tummy hurts," Quentin says in a fake hoarse voice.

Bill then feels my head and proclaims that I am burning up. "Quentin, get your ass out of bed and get ready for school. If you miss the bus, your ass is mine for the next week."

After Bill leaves, Quentin says to me, "I don't know what game you are playing but I don't think for one second that you are sick. How did you make your forehead hot?"

What could I say? I was in no way going to tell him I'm about to be schooled in the fine art of bathing. So I said the first thing that came to mind. "I used a hot wash cloth," I proclaim.

He looked skeptically at me and was about to open his mouth again when Bill yelled from downstairs that he had two minutes to get down there or his ass was grass.

"This is not over," Quentin said as he rushed to get dressed and run out of the room. "I will get you."

After everyone was off to school, Bill came to my room and knocked lightly.

"Come in." I said, in a hushed voice. I was thinking if he doesn't hear me, he'll think I am asleep and just forget the whole thing. He hears me, opens the door and sits on Quentin's bed.

"How are you really doing this morning?"

"Fine," I said, not sure what he expects me to say.

"Did you have breakfast?" he asks in a nice voice.

I see this as a way to buy some time, so I said, "No."

He says, "Come to the kitchen and I'll fix you something."

I get up and start to put my pants on but he says, "Don't bother. After we eat, we will start your lesson."

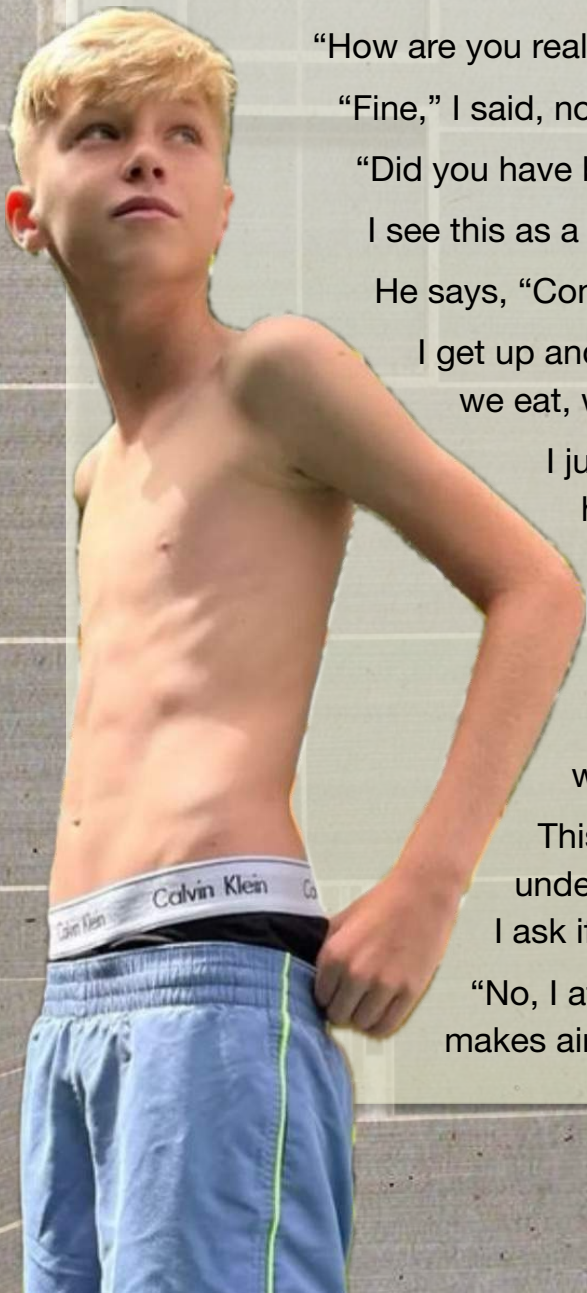
I just gape at him and say, "Okay. Umm is there anyone else home?"

"They are all gone and Cathy is out of town on business," Bill says, with a slight smile on his face. I wonder just what he is thinking.

I head down the hall to the kitchen, in just my little tightie-whities, and sit at the table.

This is weird. I have never sat at the table in just my underwear. He gets the fruit loops down and pours me a bowl. I ask if he is going to eat.

"No, I ate with everyone else while you were sick in bed." He makes air quotes with his fingers around "sick."



I slowly eat my Fruit Loops. Funny, but I always liked Fruit Loops before. Now they taste bitter, for some reason. Maybe the milk is going bad.

I finish and take my bowl to the sink to wash it and put it away. I can feel him watching me, and I'm afraid I am doing something wrong. Great! I think. Now I'm going to get a lesson on how to wash dishes.

He leads me down the hall to his bedroom. "Where are we going?" I ask, telling him, "The bathroom is down there."

"We are going to use my bathroom. I need to show you how a bathroom is supposed to be kept," he said.

He holds my hand as he leads me into his bathroom. I notice that he leaves the door open as he sits down on the toilet. He is eye level with me now.

"Okay, lets get started. What is the first thing you do when you take a shower?" he wants to know.

"I guess I turn on the water?" I'm not sure if that is the right answer.

"No, you silly child, if you want to be fast you must get undressed first," he corrects me.

"That way, when the water is warm you are ready to get in."

Okay. Check.

"What do you do next?" he presses on.

"Well, I guess I get in and wash myself," I say slowly.

"Well, get undressed and show me," he commands.

"You mean now, in front of you?" I ask, confused.

"Look Peter, think of it like this ... it's just a class, like at school, except we are the only two who know about it," he explains. "I don't think you want everybody to know that you don't even know how to take a shower, do you?" I don't say anything. "And besides, we are both men. We have nothing to be ashamed of, do we?" he asks with a soft voice.

"No," I mumble.

"So what are you waiting for? I can see why it takes you so long to take a shower."

I slowly pull my underwear down and turn on the water, making sure to get it good and warm.

"Good job, now what is next?" he asked again.

"I get in and start to wash myself," I manage to say.

"So far, so good. Go ahead, show me," he demands.

I step into the shower and look for the soap. "I don't see any soap," I say.

"Ahh! That's right. If you would have taken the time to see there was no soap, you could have saved all that time before you got in. You should have gotten the soap first," he says softly. "Now get out and lets do it again."

As I step out I slip and he grabs me around the waist to stop me from falling. His hand ended up right on my thing. I grab the wall and steady myself, and feel embarrassed.

"Are you okay?" he asks me.

"Umm, yeah," I say as I struggle out of his grip.

"Okay, here's a towel. Dry yourself off," he says as he is watching me.

As I dry myself off, I have time to think. Well that was not so bad. I guess we're finished for the day.

"Okay. Start again," he commands.

I go through the whole thing again and this time before I turn on the water I ask, "Where is the soap?"

He says, "Good , but not perfect. You should have checked for the soap before you got undressed."

I start to get dressed but he stops me, "Never mind, the soap is in the hall closet," he states. "We don't have all day."

"But I can't go out there naked," I complain.

"Nonsense," he says. "There is no one else home. Just go get it, and be quick about it."

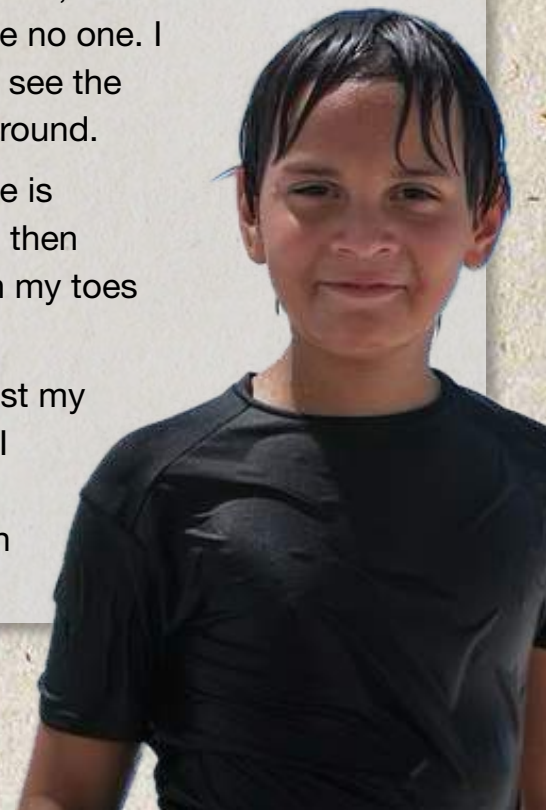
I stand there for a few seconds, not sure what I should do. He turns me around and swats me on the butt and says, "Go on."

I jump a little and run out the door to the hall closet. I look around to be sure no one is there.

I am feeling very strange as I stand in hallway completely naked. But, I think I am actually enjoying this. I look once again around and see no one. I open the closet door very slowly, wanting to savour this feeling. I see the soap right on the shelf in front of me. I take it and drop it to the ground.

"Oops," I say, and bend over to pick it up. I pretend that someone is watching me. This feels all wrong and all right at the same time. I then decide to look to see what is on the top shelf. I have to get up on my toes to reach it.

I can't quite see so I jump up really quick. My balls bounce against my legs and I jump a few more times. All I see is some extra towels. I decide I might need an extra. I have already used the one I have. Bill will probably tell me to go get a fresh one anyway. I decide on



a red one in the far back of the closet, on the top. This gives me a chance to jump up some more. Why does this feel so good?

I can't reach it and I almost decide to take the one right in front of me. I think maybe I need a chair from the dining room. I look around once again to see that no one is there and walk to the dining room very slowly. This is really fun. I go to the other side of the table and get the chair that is the farthest from me. I pick it up and walk back to the hallway. I lift the chair up over the table even though it would be much easier to just carry it around the table. This just seems more like a game than anything else.

I walk back to the hallway and set it down with exaggerated softness as if it might break. I climb on the chair and look to the top of the closet. I see the red towel and quickly grab it. I stop and look from on top of the chair, turning around as I do. No one is there.

When I look back to the bedroom I just came from, I see Bill looking at me. He is smiling. I am embarrassed and quickly get down and head back to the bathroom.

Bill says to me, "You forgot something?" I stare at him. "The chair. Take it back to the dining room."

"Oh," I manage to say, turn, and pick it up. It's no longer fragile and I hold it by it's back. I cover my boy parts, which by now are standing out as much as Bill's are. I am sure I am as red in the face as that towel I just got. I return the chair and walk towards Bill with my towel in front of me as a shield. As I pass Bill he gives me another swat on the butt and I jump and let out a yelp.

"Do you take your time at everything you do?" he asks.

I say, "No, I just couldn't reach the towel and had to get a chair." I know it's a lame excuse. I can't think of what else to say. I make my way to his bathroom feeling very strange. I have never been naked in the hallway or the kitchen. It was a little bit fun, but I can't admit this to myself. What kind of person likes this kind of stuff? I am just doing what I am being told.

"Okay. So you got the soap, now what?" he is drilling me now.

"Now I get in?" I question him.

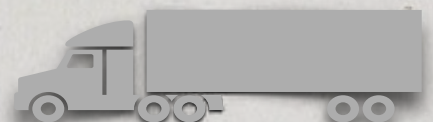
"Not so fast. Where is the shampoo?"

I quickly look around, and when I don't see it I say, "The hall closet?"

"Yes, you forgot all about that. I can see you are going to need lots of instruction. Has any one ever showed you how to shower?" he asks in a disgusted tone.

"No, not like this." I shudder.

"It's high time someone did," he claims. I quickly run out to the closet not even bothering to look if anyone is out there or not, grab the shampoo and return as quickly as I can.



“Okay now, into the shower with you!” he says as he gently pushes on my butt. He watches me as I start to lather the wash cloth. “STOP! You are doing it all wrong!” he is almost screaming.

I freeze, scared of the harshness in his voice. He says, “Here let me show you.” He takes the soap and the washcloth and is about to start, but he drops the soap and says, “shit!”

He reaches in and ends up getting soaked, which makes me laugh. He eyes me and says brightly, “It is kind of funny huh?”

“Yeah,” I say between laughs.

“Okay, wise guy! Lets do this another way,” he says, and begins to undress.

I stop laughing. “What are you doing?”

“I am getting in with you,” he states. “I am already soaked and you really need help in there.” He says this in a genial but firm voice.

I watch wide eyed as he takes his shirt off and removes his pants. When he gets down to his underwear I turn away and look at the wall. He takes my head in his hands and tells me to look at him. How am I supposed to learn if I won't watch him doing it the right way?

So I watch him, fascinated that he would get undressed in front of me like this. I didn't see him doing anything different than I do when I get undressed. When his underwear came off my eyes got really big.

“Haven't you ever seen a man's penis before?” he asks, curious.

“Umm, no. Well, my dads once but it was not like yours.”

“What makes mine different?” he asks, surprised.

“It sticks up. My dad's was -- well, it didn't stick out,” I try to explain.

“Do you know why it does that?”

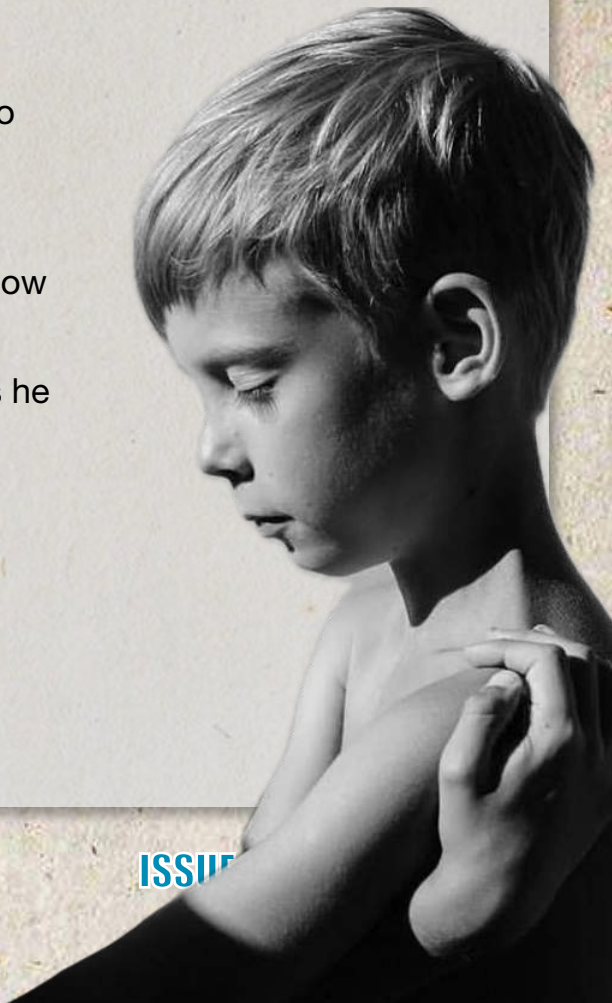
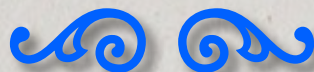
“It just does sometimes,” was all I could think of to say. I know why, but there is no way I am going to tell him this.

“Yours is doing the same thing right now, right?” he asks as he points to my hard-on.

“Umm, I guess ...” I say, embarrassed.

“Then it's okay. Lets get into the shower!”

To be continued...



LEARNING TO DRIVE

by Dragonlover

There comes a time in a boy's life when he wants to learn how to drive. We want to from the first time that we ride in the car with Mom or Dad driving. You're watching what foot pedals they press down and let up. You watch when they use their turn signals and windshield wipers. By the age of ten, you are fully confident that you could drive the family car with no problems.

By the time you are fifteen, you are asking the Department of Transportation at what age you can get a learner's permit. To your excitement, they tell you within the last six months since your fifteenth birthday. I was born in November, so that meant that I could apply for a learner permit in early May. I was on cloud nine!

So, I approached my mom. My dad had passed away in 1983, two years before this. So she had to learn how to drive. That task was dealt to my older brother. I asked my mother if she could take me out to teach me to drive. She told me absolutely not! She said she didn't have the time, nor the patience to do that. So she called my Aunt Peggy and handed me the phone.

"Hi, Aunt Peg, it's Jim. How are you?" I asked.

"Hi, Jim! It's great to hear from my sister's youngest boy! How are you, darling?" she asked me.

"I'm fine. I have a favor to ask. Do you think you would be able to teach me how to drive? Maybe over weekends or days off? I checked, and I'm old enough to get my learner's permit," I asked.

"Well, well well! Fifteen, huh? Young, but old enough to learn how to drive. Seems like yesterday I was changing your diapers!" she cackled out a laugh. My face was red.

"Yeah, so do you think you could teach me? Please?" I asked.

"Okay yes, I'll try teaching you to drive. But you better be careful with my BMW! It's only two years old, but that's my baby," she said. She also said she'd see me on Saturday afternoon. I hung up, ecstatic.

"Mom! MOM!! Aunt Peggy said yes!! And the VERY best part? I'll be a fifteen-year-old guy driving a two-year-old BMW! YES!!" I literally was jumping in excitement.

Saturday came, and my Aunt Peggy showed up in the BMW. I got in the passenger side. "How much did you pay for this car?" I asked with genuine curiosity.

"A gentleman never asks a lady how much something is. It's not proper," she said.

"I'm sorry. Just excited, you know?" I said. "I know. Believe me, I know," she said.

It was a fast lesson. We started out just driving around in an empty parking lot. I apparently did well enough with that, so she drove us to a side street. We switched places. I drove down the street and followed her instructions.

Then, it happened. I made a U-turn. A U-turn I shouldn't have made. She didn't tell me to do that. I did it on my own. And almost got us into an accident. YIKES! So, yeah. My Aunt Peggy very loudly and succinctly resigned her position as a personal driving instructor.

Apparently my little stunt scared the daylights out of her, so that was that. My mother thought about hiring a licensed driving instructor. But as she researched, she knew we didn't have that kind of money to pay for each lesson. So she called my brother and handed the receiver to me.

"Hey Jack? It's me, Jim. How are you?" I asked.

"Good Jim. Work's been busy. How have you been?" he asked.

"I'm OK. Hey, I asked Mom about learning to drive. She said she can't do it. Do you think that maybe you can teach me to drive? Maybe over the weekends or something?" I asked.

He let out a loud sigh. "Yeah, I suppose I could. Saturday good for you?" he asked. "Yeah, sure is!" I said. He said he'd see me on Saturday.

Saturday morning came and we took off. His truck was a 1983 Ford pick-up. It was an automatic transmission with power steering and power brakes. Yeah, those things are pretty basic nowadays, but back then, they were options.

I am happy to say that my brother had the patience of a Saint while teaching me to drive. He didn't freak out at the least little mistake like Peggy did. After three weeks of instruction, Jack felt that I was ready for the test.

As a present for my sixteenth birthday, my brother drove me to the police barracks for my driving test. I had aced the written test; passed it 100%! So now, the last stage. Driving on the street, not with my brother, but a state police officer. He was nice enough. A big guy, maybe 6' 5". He gave me some very simple instructions and I carried them out without question. If I made a mistake, he was very gentle and patient as he corrected me. And, I PASSED! The examiner handed me some paperwork and told me to go to the desk, hand the officer that packet, and comb my hair. Because I was having my license photo taken today.

About thirty minutes later, I had my license. My brother tossed me the keys to his truck. "You drive! Home, James!"

Remembering that story really does make me feel good. That was all in 1985. Here it is, 2024, and I am fifty-four years old. Its memories like that, that we hold near and dear to our hearts. Mom passed away in December 1995. Aunt Peggy followed suit in October 2002. My brother, as far as I know, is still with us. I haven't spoken to him since 1999; many of you know why I have lost touch with my whole family. But that's a story for another day.





INTERVIEW WITH THE STORYTELLER

by Zoomzoom4

To commemorate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Boytales, we sat down with The Storyteller to reminisce about the ups, downs and all-arounds of the longest-running BL board on the Internet today.

ZOOMZOOM4: So how long have you been personally active on the Internet?

THE STORYTELLER: (laughs) Since 1996.

ZZ4: And how did you find out about the BL community online?

TS: I just searched and found -- and saw it, Boychat. It was on there. And it was fixnet, but it was in Oregon, it was the original Boychat, the very first one started by Casper. It was the very first online BL community in the world.

Boychat all it is, is a threaded bulletin board. And you couldn't create an account. There were no accounts. Each time you went on there and posted, you had to put your name in. There was no way to verify who you were, you could put anything in there. You had to put your name in, and there were no avatars, there were no accounts. There was no way to know if you were you, people just replied to the bulletin board -- like writing on the wall.

ZZ4: And as far as boards as we know them today, like Boy Moment or Paradise Mountain, you didn't really have that kind of thing back then.

TS: Because mine was the first.

ZZ4: Okay, so without any example to follow, how did you know how to make it? What did you have to guide you?

TS: I'm just a computer guy. I wrote HTML and I knew that stuff, so I created it.

ZZ: Did you have a lot of early success when it first came out? Or was it something you had to build up to?

TS: When it first went online, there was hardly nobody there. And then all of a sudden, after a couple of weeks or a month, I went on there and there were thousands of people!

ZZ4: Wow. What happened?

TS: They had listed my site on Boylinks. And BAM! Everybody came to Boytales.

ZZ4: Oh yeah. That'll do it.

TS: And also because ... I had a community, with accounts. You can create an account, set up a profile, and you can chat and you can PM. You couldn't do that on any of the others.

ZZ4: So up until Boytales in 1999, like from '95 to '98, all we had were those threaded, text-oriented places like Boychat.

TS: Correct. AND there was only one. Only Boychat. That's it.

ZZ4: But a lot of people were on Usenet, though, at the time. And the newsgroups.

TS: Well that's a whole different thing. Usenet, that's the newsgroups. That is not a chat, that's not the same thing.

ZZ4: I know but I'm saying that's where a lot of boylovers had their first experience online.

TS: That's where they first started trading pics and posting, yes, it is.

ZZ4: But as we moved into 2000, and especially 2001 and '02 and '03, the boards

are what became the standard way to engage in the community.

TS: I'll tell you what, Zoomie. I'll tell you what. Boytales was it -- besides Boychat. And people didn't want to post on Boychat -- well, they did -- but you couldn't tell if someone was who they said they were. And there was a lot of fighting. When Boytales first came up there, on Boylinks, I had thousands of visitors. It was packed.

And people tried, they wanted -- everyone wanted to be an Admin, everybody wanted to tell everybody what to do. And I wouldn't let them. And they got mad. And so they went off and started their other boards.

Do you know that almost every other board -- with the exception of two or three, one or two in Germany or what-not -- all of the others, all started on Boytales? Patrick, and Ghouldrool, all those people were all members of my board. And they wanted their own because I wouldn't let them take over.

ZZ4: So you found out that a lot of people were power-hungry.

TS: Of course! That's the way BLs are. They don't have any power in their own life, so they have to try to exert it some other way. And so they wanted to take over, and they spread shit about me, lies. I hardly ever even posted, but they're all, "Storyteller does this, Storyteller does that"

How the hell can I do all that when I hardly even fucking posted?! Anyway, they all went off and started their own boards. Ghouldrool and all of them, the boards they started -- and this was way, way before Enchanted Island or Paradise Mountain was even thought of. Fifteen years before.

ZZ4: I remember a couple of those boards. I wasn't a member, but I knew Patrick and I remember that was his whole world.

TS: Patrick yes, and RJL, and all the people that had all those boards -- all spun off from Boytales. Boytales was the original. I can prove it, because I've had the domain name since 1999. None of the other boards today can claim that. None -- except Boychat. None of them.

ZZ4: Off the top of my head the oldest one I can think of today is Boyland Online, which is German, and that goes back to 2007, I believe. So yes, it's old. But still nothing compared to Boytales.

TS: Nope.

ZZ4: And were there different incarnations of Boytales? Like how many boards go through phases. The original one that started in '99 ... didn't that go off in 2004 or somewhere around there?

TS: No, BT has been online, constantly, until about three years ago. I was off for a year. Other than that, it's never been shut down. Never stopped for more than, like a couple of days, or a week, while we moved servers.

ZZ4: What would you say has been the biggest change you've seen, from those early days until now?

TS: Oh, probably just the evolution of the software. So Boytales originally started out as a "threaded" thing -- like Boychat -- but it had accounts. Then I went to phpBB, and then myBB, and then I went to Invision. I've had Invision, I've had Discus, I've had them all. PhpBB, myBB, I've had -- well of course now I'm on vBulletin. Which is the most powerful, and as you know, we just moved to version 6.

Boytales is now the most powerful boylove community in the world. What I have ... there are blogs, there are albums, there are -- it is capable of doing like Facebook, you know,

online communities. It is the most powerful board in the world. It's just, nobody uses all that stuff.

ZZ4: I know what you mean. A lot of capabilities, and seems like it's going to waste.

TS: Exactly. Exactly. Um, what do you call them? What's Facebook, that's a ... ? A social media site. It's like a Facebook, or a Twitter, it has all that capability. I could post articles on there ... it has articles, blogs, albums, forums, private messaging, it has everything.

ZZ4: Well I know that Boytales doesn't have the chat box, though.

TS: Oh, the chat box is nothing! That's just a piece of Ajax you can stick on there. I could stick that on there easily. That's nothing. That's -- that's just like an IRC chat. That's easy. I just don't want to bother. Because then nobody will post.

ZZ4: But also maybe that caters to a different type of member, who's not so big on posting but loves to chat.

TS: I could stick a chat box on there in twenty minutes if I wanted to.

ZZ4: Going back to the early days of Boytales, when several people left to create their own boards, did you then notice an exodus of members?



TS: Oh yeah. Oh yeah, because there were cliques. There were little groups, and people would go off and they would take their cronies with them. You know what, does that make sense?

ZZ4: Well that's so common, we see that a lot in the community.

TS: Right, and it's still happening today. Hey Zoomie, listen. You know as well as I do that one board has it's own group, and then another has it's people. Now those two are fighting -- or don't like each other. Or that was the case. You know, there's always something. The board wars, and the rivalries, are epic. They've never stopped. Never stopped.

ZZ4: So does that discourage you? Or do you think that's just par for the course?

TS: Oh I think they can all go to hell. I was the first one out there, and I'll be the last one out there. Zoomie, I've been on there for twenty-five fuckin' years. Twenty five years! There's a lot of people on the boards who weren't even born when I started.

ZZ4: That's true. Twenty-five years, and should we assume you're on board for twenty-five more? I bring this up because I remember you shut down recently. Closed. It was supposedly the end of Boytales.

TS: Well you know why I stopped, Zoomie? Turkboy and I were the only two posting on there. We were just talking to each other. For months on end, it would go where there were two posts. Now there's a little bit of activity again. This time I'm just going to leave it. We've got a few good members now.

ZZ4: Oftentimes you'll see where it's just five or six core posters keeping a board alive. For every topic, it's always the same group of people replying. But that's not so bad, I think. At least it's something.

TS: Yeah, because when somebody stops by they can see that at least there's some action. Oh and by the way, Zoomie, you know that when Boytales first started I had thousands of stories on there.

ZZ4: Yes, I was wondering about that. What happened to all the stories? All the boy tales?

TS: You know what? I'll be honest. I reformatted my hard drive one day and I forgot to back up the site. And I lost it all.

ZZ4: Oh no!

TS: And I'll tell you when that happened. That happened in 2007.

ZZ3: Okay. Well it's been a while.

TS: Or 2006. Actually it was 2006. I got a new computer, and I was moving the hard drive, and I put the new operating system on before I backed that folder up, and it got wiped.

ZZ4: Oh shit ...

TS: Hey, nobody's perfect. It happened.

ZZ4: Right. But since then, have you tried to build up a new collection of stories?

TS: Nope. Nope, they're all gone. I worked on -- I got them off of Nifty, and I had people writing for my site, and I wrote my own stories, and I got-- they're all gone. Too many things happened, my-- you know. I just won't go into it.

ZZ4: I understand.

TS: Listen, Zoomie it's been twenty-five years. (laughs) What can I say?

ZZ4: So even after losing the stories, you kept the name, regardless. "Tales." Even without the once-mighty story collection.

TS: I just renewed "Boytales.com" for another eight years. No one is getting that site. Do you know how many people have offered me money? Do you know how many people have offered me twenty grand... for "Boytales"?

ZZ4: Wow! But you won't give it up.

TS: No way. That site is mine until I'm dead. No one will get that fuckin' domain name. Ask Turkboy if I'll ever sell Boytales.

ZZ4: Speaking of Turkboy, he's a very good member.

TS: He's the Number One. He is the only friend I have left.

ZZ4: How long has he been a member?

TS: 2006. April 2006.

ZZ4: 2006 ... wow! That's eighteen years.

TS: Do you remember Nukesheep?

ZZ4: No.

TS: Nukesheep was on from 2001 all the way to 2006, and do you know what happened to him?

ZZ4: What?

TS: He started playing World of Warcraft in 2006, and he lost everything. He lost his job, he lost everything.

ZZ4: Because of a video game?

TS: That right, because he just played World of Warcraft all the time. It took over his life. All of a sudden, he stopped coming. He created a lot of the board stuff for me, and when I couldn't rely on him, I decided to learn it all myself. So I did.

ZZ4: He was your Webmaster, or main Administrator?

TS: Well I knew most of that stuff, but he did a lot of modifications because I was lazy. But I've always been the System Administrator and the Server Administrator. Ask Turkboy, I can do anything with that board. Anything.

ZZ4: So now you're the number one technical person there. You don't turn to someone else, don't depend on anyone to run it all for you.

TS: I'm the only one. No, I control the server, I have the domain name. Well back in - way back when, well I've done pretty much everything for twenty years. Everything.

ZZ4: I would think after all that time, you would learn it.

TS: Oh, absolutely. Absolutely. Plus I'm the system administrator at my job, too. Networking, and Linux servers, and what not. Oh yeah, oh yeah. And Zoomie, the reason why Boytales has lost the database, the reason we don't have posts going back ten, twenty years is because I've changed board software, and the servers have shut the site down.

ZZ4: Oh they have? The hosting service?

TS: They said, "You're violating our terms of service." And so they shut it down. And so I have to-- And I don't get the back-ups, so I don't, you know, I don't-- they just lock me out. So I have to start all over again.

ZZ4: How many web hosts have shut you down over the years?

TS: (laughs) At least a half a dozen. Or more.

ZZ4: But you've persevered. You're still here. And it helps to have good moderators, especially in the galleries.

TS: Oh yes. Well I bitched at Brayden for posting that boy from CP, that one kid. I had to go find it and take it down. Turkboy didn't know who he was, so he didn't know he was a CP boy.

ZZ4: The picture you took down, wasn't CP. It's not that particular picture that was posted, but other pictures the boy has done.



TS: Correct. Correct, you are correct. Yes. And we have to do that, Zoomie. We have to do that. Because if he is part of a "porn series" then we have to disallow. We have to. For legality. You know, U.S. Code Title 18. I can recite it to you, verbatim.

ZZ4: You know it verbatim?

TS: I know it verbatim. And I know the international law, too. And the Geneva Convention on protection of the rights of the child, I know them all.

ZZ4: And at this point in your career I would think you've seen it all.

TS: I can't even tell you how many times customs, the FBI and law enforcement has looked at my site. Hundreds of times. And they've never found anything breaking the law.

ZZ4: Have you ever been personally harassed? And I assume you've never been raided, or anything liker that. You've never had any troubles with the law because of your involvement with this?

TS: Nope. No. Never. Never.

ZZ4: And aside from the board activities, you've never made any of the more personal missteps that boylovers tend to make.

TS: Right, well no, I don't involve myself with minors. (laughs) That's just suicide.

ZZ4: And speaking of minors, I know you limit what people can say on the board.

TS: Absolutely. No, we don't allow sexual conversations involving minors, at all. I know that.

ZZ4: Nor do you allow minors on the board.

TS: Correct, correct. Because you have no way of knowing who they are. They could be LEOs.

ZZ4: Have you ever had to ban anyone, because you suspect they are not who they say they are?

TS: Dozens of times.

ZZ4: How about if you suspect someone is law enforcement?



TS: If I know they're law enforcement I leave them alone. But if I think they're impersonating a minor, or if they're talking about sexually explicit things involving a minor, then I ban. Immediately. But I have no problem with law enforcement, they can join all fuckin' day long, I couldn't care less. Listen, if they want to, they can get to the server and they can get all that anyway. So it doesn't matter. I could care less if they join. They can listen to everything they want.

ZZ4: So there are members on there right now who are law enforcement?

TS: Sure, but they don't care anymore. What's there to see? A couple of old fogeys talking about the weather. What the fuck do they care about that?

ZZ4: But early on, they probably showed more interest.

TS: Oh yeah. Oh yeah. I'd say ten or fifteen years ago, it was really hot. Also remember, in the past Boytales has had the largest gallery in the world. 500,000 pictures we had on there at one time.

ZZ4: You're talking about the Boytales Mega Gallery? Yeah, you put a lot of effort into that, I know.

TS: I've still got it. It's just that you can't put it up anywhere because it's like thirty gigs, forty gigs, you know.

ZZ4: Isn't it supposed to be that big? Like where the sky's the limit, by design.

TS: Yeah but you have to understand something. There are three different levels of servers. There is a shared server, which is what we're on. There is a VPS, virtual private server, which gives you your own piece of a server, and then there's a dedicated server. When I had the Mega Gallery, I had the money to get a dedicated server. We had the whole machine, and I could configure it any way I wanted to. The server itself, I had root access and could do anything I wanted. It was mine.

ZZ4: That must have been awesome.

TS: But that was back when I could pay \$150.00 per month for a server. I can't do that now. A dedicated server is a lot of money.

ZZ4: Okay, we've come to the end of our time. Are there any final thoughts? Anything you want to leave us with?

TS: Yes, there is. What I believe, and what I want -- and I think all the other boards want this, too -- what I want is for the board wars and competition to stop. I want the entire BL community to, instead of fighting with each other, come together as one. And all share and be friends, you know? Help each other. Be friends. Don't ostracize and try to take each other's members. Let's all come together.

ZZ4: The Storyteller, we appreciate that. Thanks for the interview, and thanks for twenty-five years of Boytales.





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E.S. James



BITCOIN BASICS FOR BOYLOVERS

by **Velociraptor**

Bitcoin is a decentralized digital currency used to buy goods and services and receive payments. Boylovers can benefit from Bitcoin because unlike Paypal or a bank account, opening a Bitcoin wallet is free of charge and it does not need approval of any authority. This allows for boylover groups to accept donations or sell services or goods without the need for a payment processing company like Paypal rejecting the application and/or keeping records.

An example of a boylover group taking advantage of Bitcoin is Free Spirits, an NGO managing BoyChat and BoyWiki, two online boards for boylovers. They have set up a fundraising page listing a public Bitcoin address where to send and receive Bitcoins via the Internet, something that in the old days was done with a PO Box and cash inside.

How Bitcoins are good for boylovers

Anybody can set up a Bitcoin account for any cause. Bitcoins are more anonymous than credit/debit cards or Paypal. Bitcoins can not be seized if you store them offline.

How Bitcoins are bad for boylovers

It takes a considerable amount of time and effort to read and understand how Bitcoin works. Although hard to track, Bitcoins are not 100% anonymous. Bitcoin is associated with illegal activities by the media. It's easy to steal by crooks if you don't know what you are doing. The exchange rate is very volatile. You should never keep Bitcoins for too long.

Ways to manage Bitcoins

There are two ways to store and manage Bitcoins. The most private way is to download an offline Bitcoin wallet like Armory to your computer and install the software. With it you will be able to create a Bitcoin address and wallet within minutes.

The Bitcoin address can be posted online and people, copying and pasting, can send you Bitcoins that are then stored and, encrypted, in your wallet inside your computer.

The second way to store and manage Bitcoin is using an online company like Coinbase. It has the advantage of not having to store anything on your computer and being accessible from any device, but the trade off is less security and having to provide identity documents to open an account. The documents must be in the form of a scanned copy of your passport, bank account verification and mobile phone SMS codes.

How to send Bitcoins

If you buy something with Bitcoin, like an email account, or if you send a donation, you will need to have your wallet loaded with Bitcoins. There are two ways to do this. The first one is if somebody previously sent you Bitcoins as payment for something you have provided.

The second way to fund your wallet, and the one used by most people, is to convert real money into Bitcoins. To do this you need a Bitcoin exchanger. Usually you pay them with a credit card, Paypal or bank wire and they transfer the Bitcoins to you. The caveat is that to comply with money laundering regulations, Bitcoin exchangers like Cex.io and Coinbase must ask for proof of your identity. Therefore the payment will only be pseudo-anonymous.

Your identity will be hidden from the person or company you send Bitcoins to. If law enforcement wants to know who is behind a payment, they can track it down.

They will need a Bitcoin forensics expert and time for that, both of which are not unlimited. It makes their task more difficult and far harder to track down than Paypal or a credit card.

You can also mine your own Bitcoins. But, that it is not cost effective due to electricity prices. It is extremely hard to make any significant amount of Bitcoins in a short time with a single computer.



How to convert Bitcoins into cash

If your wallet is full of Bitcoins after you have sold goods or services you should exchange them for a different currency. You risk a devaluation that will wipe out your assets, or win an increase in value that will make you rich. Holding too many Bitcoins is not wise, it is like playing Russian Roulette.

To convert Bitcoins into hard cash you will need the services of an exchanger. This means your real identity will be known. If you convert Bitcoins into, for example, €50,000 Euros, tax authorities will be notified of a big transaction taking place. If you can't provide documents showing where those Bitcoins came from, it will not end well for you.

You might decide not to convert Bitcoins into cash, and buy services instead. This will save you from having to use an exchanger and the commission they charge.

Other ways to buy and sell Bitcoins

You can arrange for a physical meeting with somebody to buy or sell Bitcoins using LocalBitcoins.com but there have been dealers arrested in the past for money laundering. Check to make sure that it is legal where you live.

You can also use a Bitcoin cash machine to buy and sell bitcoins without an ID but there are few around the world.

Conclusion

Bitcoin is a great currency for any boylover NGO that wants to avoid discrimination from financial institutions and be able to raise money without worrying if the bank director is going to like what they do or not.

For the average boylover, Bitcoins are useful to buy an encrypted email account, VPN services and the like, it adds an extra privacy layer. You can find Bitcoin laundering services around too, like Bitlaunder. For a small commission they tumble your Bitcoins around before returning them to you so that tracking the source is extremely hard or impossible. I don't know the legality of the service and there are no guarantees. You really have to trust them, because if they keep your Bitcoins there is nothing you can do.

Be very cautious with Bitcoins because charges can not be reversed if a company refuses a refund. Be cautious too about storing your Bitcoins online.

A few years ago an exchange called Mt. Gox suffered a hacker break in, stealing millions of dollars and forcing them into bankruptcy. Many customers lost all of their money, so try to keep as little Bitcoins as possible stored. Buy and spend on a need to have basis and you will be safe.



Little velcro monkey boys

by Weyland

Velcro Arms

Rocket Boy and Ground Control are out the door and halfway across the small lawn before I turn off the car. It's been a couple of months, yet they won't wait the few seconds it would have taken me to walk to their front door. They need to be touched, to be picked up, nuzzled, acknowledged. By the time we get inside their house, I'm the only one touching the ground. They weigh nothing at all.

Minimum required small talk with their mother. They're pulling on me. If I dared to show how much I hungered to throw them around and gather them up, I would be pulling them just as hard. But I play it cool. We grown ups have to chuckle at their eagerness. Their obvious impatience to have me all to themselves for a thorough pounding. I dole out just enough disrespect to pass for normal.

Then they drag me into the back room, where they're allowed to do the serious wrestling. We last only for a while. There are two of them, and they're both seven. I'm decidedly not. Once I get tired, I know somebody's going to get hurt. I call it off, enticing them with visions of the zoo, the park, the science museum. No sale. They would rather go nowhere, and wrestle all day. Though, of course, once we go somewhere, they won't want to leave.

Molesters Everywhere

Back in the living room, more detailed plans to discuss with their mother. Later on, the twins will tell me about the scary old man across the street. He's the one they know to stay away from. He likes to trick children into going over there. "So he can do things to them."

"Do you know any children who he's hurt?" I asked.

"No."

"Wouldn't he be in jail if he had attacked someone?" No answers. All they know for sure is that he likes to watch kids playing, for hours if he can.

That's sufficient for an entire neighborhood to frighten their children. Maybe he likes to watch them playing because it's deeply embedded in our souls, this need for children and adults to draw energy and inspiration from each other.

No, he must be a rapist. It's the simplest explanation. And one that doesn't require the parents to think about the time when they'll be old, their children grown and gone. They may have to survive on the scraps of youthful energy they can see from across the street, through the curtains. Regardless, of course the old man is a monster.

But for now, mom is telling me that the boys have never been in the men's locker room at their pool. She's worried. It's because there are a lot of developmentally disabled people who use this pool. They tend to be a little "grabby" with boys in the locker room. Of course, she's never seen this. She has no evidence of this happening. No reason to think the boys would stand for it. Maybe she's just freaked out that they might see a naked man, a sight she's been able to protect them from for seven years.

But she wouldn't know a real pedophile if he were standing right in front of her, dangling her son by his armpits, gently swaying the boy's legs from side to side while nodding seriously and offering assurances that he'll watch them like a hawk.

Meanwhile, across the room, Ground Control has come up with a clever solution to the dilemma of how to pick up his Pokémon cards from the floor as instructed. And, all the while, not letting go of his precious styrofoam staff for an instant. He bends over, clutching the staff sideways with his stomach. He gathers the cards, taking only the tiny steps that this position allows. Who else but a young boy would think of using his abs as a third hand? Who else would be able to pull it off?

Crash Into Me

Waiting in the sun, the boys climb on me and sit on either knee. They were pressing their backs into my chest, my arms around either waist. As we talk, the sun melts them. They seem to form to me, and I to them. I bury my nose in Rocket Boy's hair for a moment, and draw him in. He's sweaty now. The flavor has changed.

Rocket Boy has a surprise for me at the fountain. Come a little closer. What could it be? He puts his shoulder into me and forces me toward the cascading water. I weigh three times what he does, so of course it's an uneven fight! It could go either way, but inch by inch he prevails. Finally, I'm trapped against the metal slab, freezing water soaking me.

Rocket Boy relents, exhausted, to escape now that the deed is done. I scream, "You little bastard!" I chase him down, laughing, scoop him up, and carry him back for the inevitable retribution. His legs wrapped around my waist, I use one arm to hold him up while the other lowers us slowly against the metal slab. Finally, I crush him with my chest, and he shrieks at the cold water streaming over both of us.

All around us, children and adults play in the fountain. They are apparently unconcerned that a pedophile is making love to a 7-year-old boy right in their midst. And why should they be?

Time stops for the three seconds that I hold him against the wall, then it's time to start the game over. We repeat as necessary, until I feel I have to give Ground Control equal time. After all, he was kind enough to hold my camera out of harm's way so I could get wet.

Looking at the photos later, I'll find that there were lots of cute shirtless boys all around us at the fountain. But at the time all I see is Rocket Boy.

Little Simba

What better way to dry off than to chase pigeons around in the sunlight? I ask Rocket Boy to hold on for a second and tell him, "You know, the pigeons aren't enjoying this as much as you are. When they fly away from you, they're wasting energy that they could be using to find food to get more energy. So it makes their lives a little more difficult and exhausting for a while."



He considers this, and you can see the wheels turning. And he gets it. Presented as an engineering problem, as a matter of inefficiency, he understands. He nods his head, and starts finding ways to run around without attacking animals.

Strangers at the Pool

"If you see someone who talks funny," Rocket Boy cautions me, referring to the disabled guys we might run into at the pool, "you should stay away from them, 'cause there's something wrong with them."

"Well, maybe," I reply, "if they're talking funny it just means they have trouble talking. It wasn't so long ago you and your brother had trouble talking, but people didn't run from you."

Unlike with the pigeons, this time he's not buying it. His expression tells me that I'll probably get a clue sooner or later, but it's not his job to take me there.

In the pool, RB is an encyclopedia of rules. He can go in the big pool by himself because he passed the test. GC can only go in the small pool, or in the big pool if I'm with him. It's okay to dive off the side over here, but not here. You can't run anywhere. He's completely at ease with the rules.

I can see him gliding through his school years, a favorite of teachers. Eager to learn all he can, not too bothered by the structures. It's not that he's been beaten into submission, it's just that he seems to understand the social contract already.

He knows that the grown ups who run the pool are charged with keeping him safe. He fully expects this protection and good will from me, and from most adults. Just not the dirty old men or the ones who talk funny.

Back in the locker room, still ungrabbed, the boys take thirty-minute showers. We fight with water and soap, fling our swimsuits around as missiles. Finally, Rocket Boy gets out to admire himself in the mirror. He knows he's beautiful. I join him and remark on how good-looking we both are, but he turns away, suddenly modest. "I don't want you to see my privates."

"My dear, I've known you since you were three hours old. Trust me, I've seen everything." Still, as he wishes, I leave him alone at the mirror.

Ground Control, meanwhile, has found a way to cause havoc even in a shower. After several warnings, I take him out before he's ready. But he didn't wash his hair yet, it's not time. I kneel in front of him and explain that I'm not going to let him cause a huge mess, and it's time to go. He throws the towel over his head and sulks. I chase him around and poke at his face through the towel until he has to laugh.

We get to the front door only to find that we've taken so long in the shower that everyone has left. The community centre is closed, leaving us locked in. We fantasize about swimming all night, and getting dinner from the candy machine. Unfortunately, the door is not too hard to figure out, and we're soon free.

Back home, their mom has gotten a much-needed nap. She's managed to straighten up the house in the blessed absence of her boys. We catch up on the day. I apologize for losing one of

Rocket Boy's socks somehow. She gives me some Rice Crispy treats for the road, and I head out.

The boys who were all over me for most of the day are now indifferent to my leaving, already absorbed in other tasks. The edge has been taken off their neediness. Now they take me for granted, which I suppose is a good sign. I vow to myself that it won't be another two months away.

The Thin Blue Line

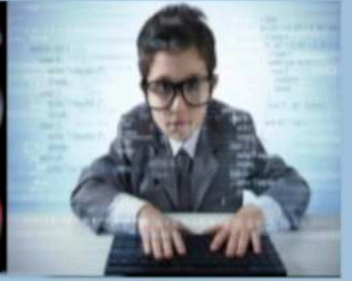
Bless the little monkey boys who have no one to fill their Velcro arms. No one to make them weightless for a moment, or crush them against a fountain, or fall for their tricks over and over. No one to solemnly hear them out when their sense of fairness is insulted, or to feign interest in their Pokémon, or to ask them to think like a pigeon. No one to make them the centre of the world for a few precious hours.

These children are everywhere, and it breaks my heart to think of them.





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THE BL EXPERIENCE: A PRO-C PERSPECTIVE

by **Social Philosopher**

The following is a generalized discussion of man/boy relationships from a Pro-C perspective. This discussion has been presented before. All of this is purely general in scope. Everyone does not have the same experience. For example, if the statement is that boys between the ages of nine through eleven begin to chew bubble gum to stick in their belly buttons, it should be understood that some may begin at seven and/or continue through age fourteen. A silly example. The discussion is based on personal experience, the experiences of other boylovers, their relationships and general statistics. When presented previously, others have reported similar experiences.

The bane of the BL experience is that it is of a transitory nature. It doesn't have long term potential. It may last a few weeks, a few months, or even several years. There are certainly relationships that have lasted for many years, but that is statistically uncommon. It is more common for the friendship to have longevity, but without the physical aspect.

There are several reasons why this is so. The needs and benefit to the boy are always of primary importance. There are times in a boy's life when having an AF is wanted, needed and of great benefit to a boy. In time, a boy will outgrow that need. He will be ready to go on to the next phase of his life.

Additionally, is the Age of Attraction of the man. That is, both emotionally and physically. Boylovers are attracted to boys within their AoA. When the boy matures physically and starts to become a man, the attraction wanes. The man may always love that boy, but boylovers love boys. Not men.

My specific AoA is nine through 14, roughly. Preferentially ten through twelve. These are prime boys. Why that is so is as follows. While I might agree that a five-year-old is cute and adorable, being Pro-C he is not a candidate for my affections in that manner.

The predominant reason is one of intellectual understanding and emotional readiness. Were I to develop such a relationship with him, it would be without his full understanding of what is really going on. In effect, I would be using my adult persona to gain his cooperation. I do not think that is at all ethical.

For me, an acknowledgment and understanding has to be present. I must explain the relationship, its ramifications and consequences to gain actual consent. That is generally above the pay grade of a five-year-old.

One of the important aspects is identity. In early years, a child's identity has yet to become distinct from that of his caregivers. It is daddy / mommy / me. Developing a separate identity "I" generally begins by seven or eight and is more or less established by age nine. You can reason and discuss with a nine-year-old in a manner you cannot with a five-year-old. They are more able to understand, appreciate and enjoy physical attentions.

You might think that a boy involved in such a relationship is either gay or will grow up to be gay. There are certainly gay preteens. Boys who recognize their orientation, perhaps without the vocabulary to express it. However, it is not true that any boy so involved is either gay or will grow up to be so. For example, I know of one who was the willing and amorous partner of an AF for two years. He loved it all. It was something he needed at the time. He is now in his 50s, has been married for quite some time and has four children. This is not unusual.



My expectations are that by the age of fourteen or so a BL relationship is no longer required or attractive. And, by that time, they are too manly for me. My job is to prepare this boy for his eventual manhood. To teach him and provide valuable

knowledge and experience he will need. He will also need to know that this will happen. A time will come that he no longer needs me in the same way. While I will always love him, as a man he is no longer physically attractive. This is something that must be understood. Not a week before he turns fourteen. Okay, you aren't cute anymore, I'm getting a younger boy. That would be cruel, to say the least.

A BL relationship, while containing many of the same responsibilities as that of a father, is entirely different in scope. A primary difference is just that relationship. Generally speaking, you don't either choose your father or your son. You get what you get and are stuck with it in a legal and biological sense. One chooses his AF or YF. No boy has to stay with me that doesn't want to, and I don't have to suffer a boy I can't get along with.

I am not his father. We both know that. While discipline and a steady hand is necessary, to do so as a parent would be unacceptable. If I want him to stay, then I need to do things that will make him want to stay. Alternatively, he needs to do things that make me want him to stay. A two-way, mutually beneficial street. That's how it works. He doesn't want to be treated like biological property, and I don't wish to be treated as his father. In many ways, an AF can adequately replace a father. A father can never replace an AF. He is not a trick. He's the little partner.

You can't expect a kid to consider and respect your priorities if you fail to respect his. If you want him to listen to you, then you must listen to him. More than once I've been told by a mother. "He says you listen to him, pay attention to him."

I am a pederast, not a child molester. A boy, treated with kindness, respect and dignity, will respond in a very positive manner. Boys that skip school will attend regularly for their adult friend. They will bathe, take out the trash. Help around the house. Being given their dignity and respect, they learn to respect others.

This is what I think it means to be a pederast, a boylover. How we behave, our methodologies and principles are of utmost importance.

The world is watching.

THE DANGERS OF ASSUMPTIONS

by **Realme**

I've always been interested in how different communities, living in radically different realities, can mesh together in the same space and not interact at all, or sometimes even be completely unaware of each other.

Take homeless people, for example. Those of us who are more fortunate will often pass by without even looking directly at them, and few of us know what their lives are like.

That other reality, however briefly glimpsed, makes us uncomfortable and perhaps a little fearful of meeting the same fate. And homeless people have little interaction with the mainstream population except for the occasional charity worker or police officer. So the large and growing number of homeless live side by side with the mainstream population, and the two barely interact at all.

It's the same, of course, with boylovers. We are an invisible minority, assumed to be "normal" by everyone around us, while we make the same assumption about them.

Two populations, making the wrong assumptions. But making the wrong assumption can be dangerous. I've spoken before in this column (back in the days of Ethos magazine) of how every summer I visit my brother in another state. He lives near a large skate-park and the first time I passed by there and saw all the lovely boys, shirts off in the summer sun, I decided to take up skateboarding. It's been a highlight of my summer ever since.

On the second-to-last day of my latest summer trip, I had enjoyed a good skating session and decided to take a walk in a nearby nature park. I'm attracted to men as well, and it looked like a good place for cruising. I don't usually try to pick up men in public places, but I had a lot of tension to relieve after all those skate sessions with the boys!

**But then
he gave
me...
*The Look***

The nature park is down a suburban path where a gate leads to narrow trails that meander through thick woodland obscured by underbrush. It looked like the perfect place to cruise, although I never tried to pick up men there.

Men who cruise are another of those hidden populations. Many people aren't even aware that guys do that, and would be shocked to learn that some of the familiar parks and public restrooms in their area are locations for anonymous hook-ups.

Like many hidden populations, we have our own signals, our own codewords. You get a sense for who's looking and who is just enjoying a stroll through the park thinking about what they're going to cook for dinner. I've become an expert in telling the difference and have never guessed wrong. A good thing too, because if I hit on the wrong guy I might get a punch in the face!

As I approached the entrance to the nature park, I didn't think anything of the ten-year-old blonde boy sitting on his bicycle at the entrance. Of course, I looked at him and enjoyed his trim little build and slim legs, all accentuated by his red soccer kit.



But then he gave me *The Look*.

No, he didn't just look at me, he gave me *The Look*.

Every cruiser knows *The Look*—the direct eye contact, held for far longer than anyone otherwise would. The slight smile. The motionless body fixed in your direction. This kid was doing all that, and as I walked past him to the entrance, his head moved along with mine so we could maintain eye contact.

Nothing was said. Cruisers never say anything at first.

I entered the gate into the park. My head was buzzing, and my heart hammered in my chest. Had I just seen what I thought I saw? If it had been a grown man, I would have never doubted it, but this kid was ten.

My mind went blank. I had no idea what to do. I walked

for a bit along the path as it ran straight from the gate. After about ten yards, it splits in two. The right-hand path goes a bit further before also branching in two. You can either continue straight, or take a sharp turn and disappear out of sight behind some thick bushes. I stopped at this intersection, turned, and looked back.

He was still there, looking into the park.

Looking right at me.

I stared for a moment, and then got nervous and moved along the path heading to the right and behind the bush. There I stood for a few seconds, trying to slow my heart rate and think straight. If he had been a man, there would have been no doubt, but this was a boy. I had to tread carefully, both out of respect for him and also for my own safety.

Plucking up my courage, I moved back along the path until I was only partially hidden by the bush. Now I could see his bright red soccer kit through the greenery. He was still in the same exact spot. I couldn't see his face, but I was pretty sure he was still looking into the park. I was also pretty sure he could see my own white t-shirt through the greenery.

I stood there for what seemed like hours, but was probably only ten or twenty seconds. Neither of us moved.

I wanted to step out onto the path again, make eye contact, and nod toward the path for him to join me. A clear invitation. Something that would break the uncertainty I felt. His reaction would answer my question about his motives.

But I didn't have the guts. I took the safe option.

After a final look at that half-obsured red football kit, I took a deep breath and went on my way.

I barely saw the winding path or the lovely trees to either side, and barely heard the birds singing on the branches. All my thoughts were on the tantalizing interaction I had just had.

And then ... the sound of a bicycle on the path behind me. I turned around, shocked, just in time to see the little boy speeding along on the path toward me. Before I could react, he shot right past, went around a bend, and was gone.

I stood there for a second, unbelieving, then started walking down the path again at a faster pace. Would he be waiting for me deeper in the park? It couldn't have been an accident that he took the same path. There were two other options than the one he chose, both wider and flatter, better for bike riding.

As I walked, I began to doubt. Maybe I was just creating stories in my head, like I always do with a cute boy. I could be misinterpreting his actions to fit my own fantasies. I walked across a narrow wooden bridge spanning a stream, telling myself I was being foolish.

And then he rode back up the path. I had to step aside so we didn't bump into each other on the narrow bridge.

"Hey," I said in a friendly voice.

"Hey," he replied, equally friendly.

He sped past and was gone.

To say I was stunned would be an understatement. I knew from previous walks that the path continued for quite some way and then branched off a couple of times. There was no reason for him to backtrack so soon.

I stood on the bridge for a time, wondering if he'd come back, but he never did.

So I continued my walk alone, wishing I had made my desires more plain and knowing that I had done the right thing by not doing so. Had he come here to cruise, just like I had? Did the eye contact, the body language, and him picking the same path as me really mean what I thought they meant?

It was impossible to say. I had made assumptions based on my desires, colored by my original intention for going to the park. I was in one world, one reality, and he was probably in a very different one.

If I had nodded for him to join me, how would he have reacted? Most likely, he would have been freaked out and pedalled away, perhaps to tell his parents about the strange man trying to lure him into the woods. All I would have accomplished would have been to scare a kid and endanger my freedom.

This is something we always have to keep in mind as boylovers. While we say we want to put the needs of the boy first, it's easy to get carried away by our own emotions. We owe it to the kids to NOT make assumptions, to err on the side of caution, no matter how frustrating that may be.

I continued my walk through the park, taking many different paths and hoping to see my boy again. He didn't reappear. I passed a few other adults, joggers, dog walkers, and a few lone men. I didn't even look at the lone men. While I was still trying to process the emotional storm I'd just been through, grown men held no appeal for me.

At last, I headed out of the park, taking a path that crossed into an open field before leading to the exit.

Up ahead in the distance, I spotted him, a little blonde boy in red soccer kit pedalling like mad in the summer sun. He was gone in an instant. I never saw him again that day or the next when I returned to the park hoping to bump into him.

Good luck to you, kid. At your age, chances are you weren't cruising. Or maybe you were playing with the idea. Maybe looking into my eyes and speeding past me were the only thrills you dared enjoy. Maybe you weren't ready for more than that. If you do go further, I hope you stay safe and only meet good men who will put your needs first.

I'd be happy to be that man if I see you next summer.

I'll be going to that park regularly.

You can count on that.





Fawnlet 

Thanks for reading!

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