



ISSUE #1 - JULY 2006

# Welcome to the first issue of Modern Boylover Magazine!

The magazine is finally here. Its publication is a community effort, and I wish to thank everyone who participated in the early stages of the project. The community spirit plays a continuing role, since all material for the magazine has been and will be provided by the members of Boylover.net.

I hope that you will enjoy reading the magazine, but also that you will enjoy making a contribution to it. By the time the first issue is completed in early July, I hope that it will serve as a substantial reminder of this time in the community at Boylover.net.

All the best, SimbaLion

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Logo design by flints. Cover photo provided by WinglessBird and chosen by the members of Boylover.net. Cover design and web publication by Cyborg

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## Category: Features and Profiles

### Title: “An Interview with Edward Bear”

This interview with Edward Bear, an early and prominent member of Boylover.net, was conducted in May and June, 2006.

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SimbaLion: Why does the Winnie the Pooh story resonate with you? Recent members might be particularly interested to see you discuss the special relationship between Christopher Robin and “Edward Bear.”

Edward Bear: It's not that complicated, really. I selected “Edward Bear” as my screen name simply because it's associated with pleasant childhood memories. But yeah, of course I find it touching that Christopher has a special relationship with Edward/Pooh. Everybody in the Hundred Acre Wood knows Pooh is Chris's fave, and they're okay with that. I also relate to the period in Christopher's life when he comprehends that adult responsibilities loom, and he won't be playing with Pooh forever.

SL: There's an old debate: are humans born wild (therefore requiring the civilization that society brings), or are they born into a state of innocence (therefore requiring that they resist the temptations of civilization)? Our contrasting notions about children - that they are wild on one hand, or innocent on the other - have their roots in this debate. In your view, are humans innocent at birth, or wild? And thinking of boys alone, do you prefer innocent boys or wild ones - and why?

EB: What do I look like, a freakin' intellectual or something? Umm...I guess I lean more towards saying they're wild rather than innocent. The horrible things people do to each other are intrinsic to their nature, not learned. And yeah, that applies to kids. Given the choice of a wild boy or an innocent boy, I'd go with wild, perhaps even troubled/damaged. Not because I want to fix him; just so we could be troubled/damaged together. But even better would be a transcendent boy. Of course, that's an extremely rare quality that generally comes with age.

SL: When you talk about being troubled or damaged, are you making an individual observation, or do you think that every boylover's attraction to boys is based on some trauma that he or she has experienced?

EB: Oh, definitely a personal thing. I don't subscribe to any particular theory about such things. I think life is remarkably random.

SL: Describe your own process of coming out to yourself as a boylover. For example: did it happen at an early age, were you in denial for a period of time, have you ever told anyone who knows you in person?

EB: I first became aware of my attraction to boys when I realized that I liked Mike's prepubescent body not for what it would become, but for what it was. Most of us in that 8th grade lockerroom were sprouting hair, and Mike's smooth body was superior to ours in my eye. But I didn't instantly accept my attraction. I hoped I'd outgrow that. It was hard enough being attracted to boys, but I figured it was better to be conventionally gay than a pedophile.

When I was in college, I discovered the stunning nude boy portraits by Otto Lohmuller. Those images made me feel less perverted. They were so tasteful and noble, and they helped me take some pride in my unusual attractions.

Still, it's not something I'd reveal to other people. I'm a private sort of person. I'm not eager to tell people what brand of shampoo I use, let alone the fact that I want to suck a smooth 3-1/2" boner.

SL: What brand of shampoo do you use?

EB: Oh, I can't recall the name. I'm sure you've seen it though. You know, it's that one with the picture of a smooth 3-1/2" boner on the label.

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SL: What do you find most promising or rewarding about an online community devoted to boylovers, and what do you find most frustrating?

EB: The best thing is just being able to say stuff you never could before. When I got my first car, I liked being able to say out loud the stuff you can't say on the bus: “damn, look at that guy...I bet he looks good naked”. Or whatever. Same thing here. Just feels liberating to be pervy with other pervs.

The worst thing? I see a lot of peer pressure to be pure and wholesome. It's ridiculous.

SL: The credo for Boylover.net is “support and fellowship.” Are there ways that the board might better fulfill this mission?

EB: Umm...free blowjobs for new members? Oh, I dunno. Seems like that's a personal thing, not a staff matter. I mean, essentially there's as much Support & Fellowship here as the members want to create. And we each decide independently how much we contribute to that pool of Support & Fellowship. Certainly there are some systematic strategies that could enhance the mood of the board, but I think it's better to let things evolve on their own.

SL: You have been a member of the board for a long time, and were once on staff. What are some of the most significant changes that you have observed in your time here?

EB: The obvious thing is the high turnover. Some members form the foundation, and they're always around, or at least they stop in from time to time. But for the most part, it's safe to assume that the member you treasure today will be gone tomorrow...or you'll be one who leaves.

On a less personal level, another profound change is the gradual evolution from a discussion board to more of a general resource for boylovers. Some consider that an improvement. I don't.

SL: Why would a pure discussion board be better than a site that proposes to be a general resource for boylovers, and what are some examples of this resource trend?

EB: Primarily because resources are limited, and we should focus first on making bl.net work as a discussion board before adding the fluff. Examples of the "general resource" model include the gallery and darkroom, the games and contests, the pretty backgrounds, the support staff to help you if another member hurts your feelings, the endless spam topics (like the crap that SimbaLion guy posts).

SL: Looking far into the future, will there ever come a time when attraction to boys is not ostracized? What factors give you hope or fill you with pessimism in this regard?

EB: Your question presupposes I care what direction humanity takes. For the most part, I'm just dragging my sorry ass through this world. I guess you could say I feel like an outside observer in all this, like a cosmic anthropologist.

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SL: Describe one boy for whom you felt great affection. Under what circumstances did you meet, and what do you remember most about him?

EB: I don't associate with boys. I just admire them from a distance.

SL: You once famously declared that there are times when you want to be a boy's bitch. But aren't you understating things? Are there truly any circumstances where you wouldn't want a boy to be "the top"? Don't all boys make you want to be submissive?

EB: Well, sexually speaking, I like the role reversal of allowing a boy to dominate me. And given the ethical requirements of sex with minors, that works well. You know, gets you off the hook somewhat, ethically speaking.

But what if the boy wants to be dominated? What if he wants to avoid responsibility...like if he wants a man to tell him to do the things he really wants to do but lacks the courage to initiate. For example, Jimmy might desperately want a blowjob from his older friend Eddie, but he feels guilty about it, so he hopes Eddie will "seduce" him.

Anyway, outside the realm of sex, a boy might want a mentor to look up to, and it's hard for a man to fill that role when he's wearing the boy's underpants on his face and doing the boy's chores.

SL: You are known on the board for having wide-ranging sexual interests. But are there particular fetishes or desires that seem totally foreign to you, or make you say "Whoah - let's not go there!"

EB: Oh yeah, absolutely. Scat, TV/TS, and pain.

SL: We all have a top ten list of favorite masturbation fantasies and scenarios. What's one of yours?

EB: Umm...I wrote my first erotic story last month. Can I post it? No, I suppose not. Okay, then let's go with this instead: Andy comes to realize his bratty little stepbrother Brian is actually getting to be really hot. Furthermore, Brian's friends are really hot too. Then one day...

SL: Is it possible to be a boylover and not have a specifically sexual attraction to boys?

EB: Well, there has to be more to it than just a paternal affinity for boys, or what's the point of the category/label? But I suppose any attraction that sets somebody apart from mainstream society could be considered boylove. It could be an asexual romantic attraction, for example. I don't think the mentoring thing cuts it though, since that's not inherently different from what society encourages (it's a distinction of degree only).

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SL: You don't seem to like holidays much. Why is that?

EB: Mostly because they're arbitrary. For example, New Years Day is just a day we pick at random. It means nothing. If we really want to use a particular day to celebrate a new beginning, the obvious choice would be the winter solstice. If you need an excuse to party, what could be better

than toasting the sun's return? Another reason I hate holidays is the obligation that accompanies them, particularly Christmas.

SL: Earlier you spoke about the effect that Lohmuller's paintings had on you, and your board name is an homage to Winnie the Pooh. Are there other artistic works - literature, movies, whatever - that resonate with you in a special way?

EB: Movies: L.I.E. The theme of loss and abandonment hit me hard. Gattaca : My life is a lie, and not just because of the boylove thing. I don't belong here, and every day I face the fear of being discovered.

Novels: The Stranger: Indifference and resignation are manifestations of enlightenment. Wise men know that nothing matters. Demian: Romanticism doesn't much suit me any more. I take a more literal approach to things now. But this was an important book in my formative years. Great Expectations: The beginning. Tale of two cities: The end.

Children's Books: The Little Prince. I feel I've outgrown such treacle sentimentality, but there was a time when that story impacted me. I still have a copy that means a lot to me.

Paintings: Blake and Dali are twits, but there's no denying their work has left a mark on me. No, I don't mean a tattoo.

Poems: Too many to list, but especially Gold Mouths Cry, by Sylvia Plath.

SL: If heaven exists, who do you want to be waiting for you when you arrive?

EB: I'm agnostic, and I've never lost anybody close to me, so... Maybe Mike or one of the other boys who I felt a special unspoken bond with... you know, those boys who we think back to and wonder if they had these same feelings when we were growing up together.

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## Category: Features and Profiles

### Title: Boylove in the 1960s: Rose Bowl Party Boys

By Blake Blewitt

At the time, this was the best of both worlds.

There I was, standing near the 40-yard line at the Pasadena Rose Bowl, the scene of many historic football games, watching a high school friend accept the cheers of 30,000 or so after completing an hour-long performance with a popular musical group.

It was early in the Era of the Beatles and Kenny (not his real name) looked tired and worn, so much so that he'd drop his instrument and move on to something else not too many months later.

We were there -- a dozen or so of Kenny's friends and classmates -- to experience a special moment.

The 1960s were different, much different, than 2006, but some of us haven't changed much.

Me, for example.

Memories of the concert itself are hazy, though pictures of what happened later, first outside one of the lower-level dressing rooms, then at a large get together, are as vivid as if it was last week.

No, it wasn't the glitter of a Hollywood party, the presence of some well-known people, or even the free exchange of drugs that took place. For me, it was seeing a half dozen or so beautiful young boys, all between the ages of 12 and 16, all looking right in place with the other young people, though all had been hired, it turns out, to make sure everyone had a good time.

By then, a dozen or so years after my first sexual experience with another preteen boy, I was in my 20s, and I knew what I liked. For that matter, so did Kenny, though I doubt he had anything to do with having those boys there.

As a young freelance journalist, I had been able to obtain a media pass, giving me access to the field, to the backstage area, to the dressing rooms, to the party, and it turned out to be the first of many similar experiences over the years of writing entertainment and sports.

I noticed everything, too, particularly the boys who had been brought in to line the stage area, to make noise, to look good for the cameras, and, with my pass, I stayed close to the action.

Thirty minutes or so after the concert, I left the dressing room, having completed a couple of interviews, and spotted a couple of the boys. I stopped, asking them how they enjoyed the show, my thoughts and my eyes somewhere else.

One of them, probably about 13 with long hair, I found particularly engaging, and I made arrangements to look him up at the party. As I left, I noticed he was following me, so I ducked into a nearby restroom. There, I looked at him even closer, watching him as he stepped to the urinal. It was a beautiful moment -- and is still a beautiful moment. Later, I had put down my notepad and I was just another fan, fitting in, enjoying my first real post-concert party, moving freely, my press badge drawing attention to myself, my eyes looking for preteen and teenage boys. My new friend cornered me, offering me his telephone number, and offered to introduce me to his friends. I told him to let them know who I was. And he did.

A blonde walked by, noticed by press badge, and started a conversation. He offered me marijuana, and I accepted. Soon, he and I were off on our own, in a large restroom.

After that, there was another dark-haired boy, similar in build, and the procedure was much the same -- small talk, a wink, a tease, and a walk to some out of the way area.

The party eventually ended, but my life as a boylover, as a pedophile was continuing.

The boys, I'm sure, went in different directions.

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## For What It's Worth... -letters to b.matt

Dear b.matt,

Hmmmm. Wow. You go through your life, believing that things will always turn out the same. You begin to give up on hoping. You give up on optimism. Ultimately, you begin to pull away from anything that could even potentially hurt you, because you get so used to pain as the ultimate outcome. Walk out on the tightrope, and you'll fall on your ass. Eventually, you get to the point where you believe you'll end up on your ass EVERY time you step out onto that wire, just as strongly as you believe that night follows day. Its axiomatic.

I was there. Right up until my friend and I talked tonight, I was there. Even with my life going as well as it's been going for the last five months, I realized tonight that "the fear" was STILL there. All I had succeeded in doing, on my own, was hiding it in some dark chasm back there somewhere. But the fear was STILL there. Who displaced it? A humble little boy, with short hair and a chipmunk laugh.

So far, so good, right? Here's where it gets complicated. Every once in a while, he displays very sexual tendencies. Allow me to explain. Often times, when we're all hanging out, I carry him on my shoulders. More often than not, he has a RAGING hardon while he's up there. Sometimes he jokes about it, sometimes he doesn't say anything about it at all. A few weeks ago, he asked to see my digital camera. Now, he knows I can take motion video with it because I've taken videos of him and his friends rollerblading, etc. So he asked me how to take a video. I showed him. He ran out of the room for a few minutes, and came back. Smiling, he handed me the camera. When I played back what he'd recorded, I discovered about 30 seconds of "doodle" footage. I deleted it immediately. Since then, I've seen him naked a number of times (either because I was shown, or because I happened to see) either way, he's made no effort to shield himself.

Anyway, you know all this already from my last letter. I asked you, what's happening here? Had these just been examples of a boy being a boy? Was he simply basking in the attention? Or is there something bigger, and my blind self is looking right past it? You told me there was more to it. You told me you thought there had probably been issues in his past, but I didn't want to believe it. I had to find out for myself.

I am sworn to secrecy about many of the things he has shared with me tonight, so I won't repeat them here. But I really doubt that you even need me to. You have already guessed what he shared. This evening, we talked for over three hours, and I discovered more about him than some friends discover over a course of years. We cried together. We laughed together. We hugged. And during all this, a new door in our friendship swung stealthily open.

My friend was not the only one to share secrets. We also talked about me. In fact, I "came out" to him, and he took it surprisingly well. I chose my words carefully, hopefully conveying to him that he has already given me more in the last four or five months than I could have asked for in a lifetime. Nothing physical happened, even though he is convinced that he is - 1, ready, and 2, wants to share it with me - but all I could do was to divert. I just told him that I'm not sure if I am ready. He did not appear to be even slightly upset or discouraged by this. In me, I hope he's found someone who loves him for who he is. Someone who is infinitely happier just for knowing him at all. Someone for whom he doesn't have to be the fastest, strongest, or smartest. Or the most willing.

At some point, he fell asleep in my arms. I carried him to bed, and there he is. Mumbling and twitching every now and again. A beautiful little man who was forced by events beyond his control to mature beyond his age.

I will sleep on my air mattress on the floor. And I have no doubt that I will sleep better than I have in a long time. Because the fear is lessening. And that little dude sleeping four feet from where I sit, writing this letter, was the one to vanquish it.

How do I ever thank him for that?

Anyway, all my love,  
Thankful AF

Hello TAF,

This is indeed a complicated situation you've found yourself in, but a beautiful one at the same time. However, before I go on...I want to quickly touch on my feelings about the physical aspects of this relationship. Here is my advice to you on that, even if you didn't ask for it.

It is all too often that a young friend thinks sex is the reason why relationships last, but true or not...you must find a way to convey to him, that physical things do **not** need to occur for love to be present. You must make it clear to your friend that the love in the relationship is unconditional...that having sex will not make you stay around, that having sex will not make you love him more, that having sex is simply not a necessary thing. Love is absolute. Love precedes sex. Sex, though a physically wonderful thing, only compliments love...and for a person who has been shown something different in their past; only time can lead to a true understanding of what **real** love is.

Based upon this - based upon what you have hinted to me about your conversation last evening - I don't think any sort of sexual relationship with your friend would be healthy for either of you. Once something sexual has been linked with love in a young person's past, it cannot be undone



with words, only time. It must be shown, and it must be shown for years, not months.

There is a great deal of confusion that comes along with the incitement of an inappropriate sexual relationship in one's past. Sex becomes the reason for love, when it should be the other way around. What he needs now is to feel true love for the first time, and you can give that to him. You, alone, are in a position where you can demolish, once and for all, the bond of necessity that has formed in your friend's mind, which has sadly linked sex to love.

Okay I'll move on, I'll try to answer **your** question - "how do I ever thank him?"

It seems to me that you already have! Bear with me...

I'm not sure if you fully understand the nuances - the little things - that have already come to pass...which are allowing this little man to be comfortable falling asleep in your arms! Especially after all he's been through. I don't really know if you truly comprehend the entirety (the depth) of the trust - the peace - you have given him! I'm not convinced that you completely realize how awesome he feels right now, how much fear you are taking away from HIM! remember - the physical nature of **his** concept of your relationship...the "maturing" so early...the "playfulness" and "comfort" he exhibits on a daily basis; these **are** all defenses, and a defense mechanism is (at it's root level) a way to cope with fear. But to fall asleep in someone's arms!! That is something which defies defense. That comfort is true, and **you** have given that to **him**.

So, about you...

He has given you the same, no? There is a beauty there which must not be overlooked either. There is a brotherhood forming which is so much more than a mere friendship. I can see it. You can see it. It is something for which you each thank each other, in your own ways, each day. You don't need to give him anything more in thanks than this, than what you are! Be you...and allow him to **truly** be himself. That is all either of you need (and/or want) right now, I think.

About your fear...

There is a good chance it will always be there - hiding, lurking, waiting - but what you have developed, now, are the tools to cope with it! as your love for your YF has evolved...as you have moved further and farther from your own comfort zones - the zones I think you may have lived in as a boy who, in your own mind, was never good enough to be loved - you are moving closer and closer to believing, rightly, that you **ARE worth love!** While your friend can show that to you...you have to show it to yourself first...and **that** is what I think is happening here. You are starting to feel things for **YOU**.

Listen...

Whatever becomes of your time with the little murmuring, twitching bundle of joy (four feet to your left) just remember that you are both growing together in this, and though you may at one point, sadly, grow in different directions...you will always have these experiences to hold you close where it really matters most - in your hearts. Now that...is beautiful!

I wish you both the best, dear friends, as I know that the best is what you both deserve!

With much love, and many hugs...

Always and forever,

-brian

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Dear b.matt,

**My life has taken a 90-Degree turn in the last month, and it has impacted me very much. From grades 8-12, I've been living a lie and I still am. I dated chicks to impress my parents and to mislead them from thinking that I am gay. The reason they would be thinking that is cause of my childhood which is another story on its own. My first couple weeks on BL.net was the most comforting feeling; knowing that I'm not alone in this world. I have been encouraged by many members "just to be yourself" and not care what others think - "IF your family doesn't accept you for who u are, then that's their problem," and I have gotten a lot of other advice along the same line. Although this advice is very helpful, it's just not as easy as it sounds. I love my family so much, I need them to continue loving me. I just don't know if they would accept me for who I am. They told me their opinion on gays. Sometimes I wish I never came across this site. I would be thinking that there is just something wrong with being gay and me. And I would be trying to fix it by going out with a girl. I'm just so in denial of it all. And hate myself for being this way. An East-Indian dude once told me "I wish I was white, life would be so much easier" I just laughed not knowing how he felt, but now I do. I wish I was just straight cause life would be so much easier. I need my parents now, I need them to know who I am. Should I tell them I'm gay? I'm so lost right now.**

Sincerely,

**Out To Myself**

Hello OTM,

First, I'd like to share something which I think is very important, before I go and give out any advice. I think I'll give you a little background about me. Not as an answer to your question (that will come later) just so that you can know where I'm coming from - though hopefully, some of this story will relate to your life...maybe not. See, the thing I want to emphasize right away: everyone's life is different, and though there is defi-

nately some general advice that can be given about “coming out”...I’d really like you to understand where the advice is coming from.

My closest friend was a boy I’d met in the second grade - we did everything together. We played on our computers, listened to music, swam, skied, biked, watched movies (believe me I could go on here) but the important things that we did: we cried together, we felt joy together, and... we did ‘that’ together...once. it was true, it was overwhelming, it was beautiful, and then it was gone; washed away by the misunderstandings of a city completely engulfed in religion and falsified morality. My religion, my morality, my life, was my friend...or at least it was that one night when everything made sense for a change. Even then, my heart knew I was gay...but my brain didn’t know what “gay” was yet.

In the middle of the august before my freshman year in high school, I received word that my friend’s father was to get a promotion; that is to say... they were moving. I waved goodbye to the first boyfriend I never really had. I’ve never seen him since but he still holds a piece of my heart.

On with the story...

At some point during my first year in high school, I wound up in depression, and consequently, in therapy. Part of my therapy was a relationship with my high school girlfriend (for a twist...she wound up being a lesbian) and it was the most horrible four years of my life. My therapist thought it would help to have someone to share my thoughts with, so he played matchmaker. I endured the relationship...partly because I wasn’t really sure what I wanted, but also because I was ashamed of the fact that I wasn’t attracted to her. I endured the relationship for the longest year of my life; I just didn’t want to endure life anymore.

In June of my sophomore year (the summer I turned 16) I carved a scar into my right wrist. It was the biggest mistake I have ever made, and I only wish I’d have had the courage to tell my family what I was feeling...to “come out”, if you will...to end the hiding and the running. I’m not sure what would have happened, but at the least it would have stopped the secret that was slicing me from the inside-out. Instead, I kept quiet. I was forced to continue with the “therapy” until I graduated high school.

Looking back, I can’t be sure what would have happened if I’d said something; being gay (at least back then) was akin to being a criminal. Would my therapy have gotten even more intense? Or would they have understood? I guess that is the point I am trying to get at here, and I’ll continue on with it in just a minute: you never really know what the reaction will be when you “come out”. Nevertheless...here was mine...

I finally came out to my parents when I was 20 years old, and it was probably the most difficult conversation we’ve ever had. Better yet, it was the most difficult **process** we’ve ever endured together.

**Ignorance** - I can still remember their first question; “so, does that mean that you wear women’s clothes?” - Clearly this was going to take a little bit of explaining...

**Shock** - “you mean you’ve had sex with men?” - getting closer, I guess...

**Tears** - “our son is one of THEM!!!?” - I’m not sure if they still feel this way, to be honest...

**Anger** - “why has god done this to our family?” - Religion is irrational sometimes; anger almost always is...

**More Tears** - “we will always love you anyway.” - Anyway? As if I’d committed some type of crime for being who I was? I think this was the part that hurt me the most, but finally...

**Acceptance** - “you are our son, gay or not, and we only wish you would have told us sooner.” - In the end, my realization was that my parents only wanted me to stop hurting...to stop hiding.

Over the years we’ve talked more and more, and it has become obvious that they knew I was attracted to boys all along, but not that I was gay... they wouldn’t have understood that term. In fact, I sometimes wonder if they ever have. I’ve tried to show them over the years, but they have their own beliefs. In the end, **my** realization was that my parents only wanted me to stop running. The one thing I definitely know today: I should have talked to them about my feelings for boys my age; maybe things would have turned out differently. Maybe not. I’ll never know. I guess there’s a moral of the story though - sometimes the alternatives suck no matter how we cut the rainbow.

Okay okay okay, I know. This is supposed to be an advice column right? Not a memoir? I guess I’ll get on with it then, but you may not like what I have to say.

OTM, I cannot (and **will** not) tell you that you should (or shouldn’t) come out to your parents. It is your choice and yours alone - but know this: it **WILL** be as difficult as you think it will.

The first thing you **must** do, is to consider the worst possible outcome. Would they hurt you? **Could** they hurt you? Could they disown you? Would they put you in therapy to “straighten” you out? Could things get even harder for you than they are now? Then...you have to decide “why” - what are your reasons for telling them about your sexuality? What do you hope to accomplish? Each reason can have it’s own negative (or positive) outcome. Whatever your goal is, the fact remains that you may never realize that goal. You cannot control someone else’s reaction to a situation, no matter how hard you try - all you can do is be ready for it.

In the end, I would give this advice (I told you it was coming). If you are wondering whether or not you should come out...maybe you should just keep wondering. You have time. You see, you are not going to change! You are who you are, and that is a wonderful thing to be, but not everyone feels that way. I waited until I was definitely ready; not just ready to come out, but ready for the worst possible reaction. True, I didn’t get beaten, disowned, ignored, but I could have...and it was something I had accepted; something I was willing to risk at 20. The real question, here, is where do you stand with yourself?

Honesty is a beautiful and horrible thing. It may provide a tremendous amount of pain, but it may also provide a feeling of peace, acceptance, and the deepest love you'll ever know...the love found in truth. You simply can't know until it is said - but at that point, all you can do is accept the ramifications...whatever they may be.

Whatever you decide, I'm here.

With much love, and many hugs...

Always,

-brian

For What It's Worth...

...is a gay and youth-friendly advice column by b.matt, answering letters from you!

**Send Questions to b.matt via PM**

## **Category: Boys Sports, Activities, and Recreation**

### **Title: My Easter Weekend with the Football Boys**

Each Easter weekend, many football teams make an annual pilgrimage to continental Europe to play in various football (soccer) tournaments. I made the pilgrimage myself in the past, and this year was no exception. When I was a teenager, though, I used to go to play the game, but this time, I went to treat and fix the players.

3 teams - that's nearly 50 players - set off for the epic 30-hour trip. Literally 10 minutes into the trip, I was called into action because one of the 14 year olds decided to cut his finger on a can of Coke. So with plasters at the ready, I quickly patched him up!

Nothing noteworthy happened until the ferry, when we seemed to have a bout of seasick players. There wasn't much I could do except come out in sympathy sickness with them, with 3 of us sharing a toilet bowl and taking turns vomiting. I have heard of hot bunking but hot puking was a sight for sore eyes. But I didn't mind as I was sharing the bowl with a thirteen year old and a 16 year old. A picture made in heaven.

On arrival, the hotel rooms were allocated and I was lucky because the treatment room (which also doubled as my bedroom) was situated in the same floor as the players. I was the only adult on the floor.

The first night not much sleep happened - that's because the boys had a mini riot, and a 30 boy game of hide and seek. I decided that the best thing for me to do was to have an open door policy. Every few minutes I had knocks at the door, with inquisitive players looking at my equipment - Ultrasound machines and massagers (you dirty minded people LOL). But I digress.

The hide and seek was in full swing and I was the face of total innocence. I had one boy hiding under my bed, another in the toilet behind the shower curtain, and another managed to get into the wardrobe. How I wanted to join the game but couldn't resist telling the wee white lie that there was no one here.

The following day, the football tournament began in earnest. I was trying to spend most of my time watching my little brother's team play, but to be honest, I didn't see much of the ball. I only saw players in shorts - not only our three teams, but also the nearly 100 other teams. I was in Boy Heaven.

During the games, I treated about 8 players on the pitch, but I knew my work would begin once the day's games were over and all the players were back at the hotel.

As soon as I got back, my wee bro asked if could I give his legs a massage, as they were so sore following all the games. I gave him a 20 minute massage and then was astonished when his two friends also asked for them. Word leaked out and I was inundated with requests - a total of 42 back, quad, hamstring and calf massages over the next 3 days, and that was it. I physically could not do another one. Despite constant requests from the players, I had to say no.

I was in total Boy Heaven. The joy of helping the young teen players will be embedded in my mind forever. This was the first time I have been away as a non-player, but I can assure you that it won't be my last.

Roll on next Easter. I can't wait!

## Category: Boy Fashion

### Title: “Queer Eye For The Straight Boy”

Okay so I was thinking what can I do to contribute to the launch of the Modern Boylover Magazine’s first issue. And it hit me. I love clothes. I love boys. Why not write an article about boys’ fashion? In this article I am featuring three different designers. They are Ralph Lauren, Abercrombie and Gap. In this issue I am focusing more on the casual style. It ranges from jeans and t-shirts to shorts and polos. Now I realize some of you may not consider polo shirts to be very casual but I plan on writing the next article about formalwear. Now to understand some of the terms in the article, I should explain that Polo is a company and also a style of shirt with two (sometimes three) buttons.

The first designer I’m going to talk about is Ralph Lauren. This guy is a fashion icon in the world of designer clothes as most of you already know. I would venture to say that his designs inspired a lot of the other designers we have nowadays. Now, I am somewhat biased towards him because I love his clothes and after this write-up I think you will be able to see why.

The first thing you will notice about Polo clothes is the bold use of color. And we’re not just talking your grays, blacks and blues. He uses a somewhat daring approach to all clothes he makes by incorporating pinks, purples, and oranges into his styles. This is part of what makes his line of clothing stand out in the crowd. Not to mention the little horse on his clothes that almost everyone knows about.

His polo style two-button short sleeve shirts are the original “polo” shirt. In his summer collection for boys size 8-20 come in 9 different colors.





They also come in 15 different colors for the little guys. The beauty of these shirts is that they go with any type of pants/shorts. The lads can tuck them into a slick pair of cargo shorts to school or wear them with a nice pair of khakis to church.

Polo also makes some stylin t-shirts for the boys as well. He has taken full advantage of the fact that designer t-shirts are back in a big way.

To sum it up, Ralph Lauren is a classic designer that has modernized to make some of the hottest threads available for boys. There is absolutely no situation the lads could come up with where he couldn't wear something made by Ralph Lauren. Whether he needs something to wear to summer camp or to a wedding, Polo is more than capable of hooking him up.

The next designer we're gonna dive into is Abercrombie and Fitch. To start off, Abercrombie is the kids' line of clothes and Abercrombie and Fitch is for the grownups. As you could probably guess, it is named after its two founders. More recently they have added a premium line called Ezra Fitch. This is the most dressy of the A&F lines in both the kids and adults styles. But, let's face it, this article is not about the grownups.

Abercrombie has quickly become one of the most popular symbols in the fashion industry for younger people. From their humorous t-shirts to their distressed jeans, Abercrombie has something for everybody. Well, everybody willing to fork over a premium price for clothes. It's common knowledge that you don't go to Abercrombie for great value and low prices. You go for the name and style. And for the boy who wants it all, there is no better designer than A&F. They are most certainly a trendy designer who lives on their name.

But if you don't have an issue with paying top dollar for clothes, they do have very brave designs, especially in their jeans. For starters they are one of the few designers that make low-rise jeans for boys, girls too but who cares. Abercrombie is well known for their distressed and faded-out jeans and now they have them in their boy's line too. Now, Abercrombie's jeans will not appeal to everyone because they are more than just blue jeans. They are a fashion statement. A&F doesn't attempt to cater to everybody and their jeans are a prime example of that. But let's face it; low-rise distressed jeans look hot on boys. I mean who doesn't like jeans that show off a boy's best assets.



Their most popular style of jeans are the Saranac in both Low-rise and bootcut designs. They come in three different washes and go great with a muscle tee or a button up shirt.

Another style of jeans they offer is part of the Ezra Fitch line. They only come in slim-fit bootcut style and are quite pricey. The only difference is that they are made of pre-washed material for a softer feel.

Abercrombie's muscle T's are practically an icon. They range from simple logos to humorous sayings. They have a variety of colors and logos so there's bound to be something for any boy.





Last on the list are there polos and button-ups. Both of these also come in muscle fit only. So, unfortunately the heavier lads probably won't find anything for them. Abercrombie makes much use of stripes in both their polos and button-ups. They use mostly thin stripes in the button-up shirts and both thin and thick stripes in the short sleeve polos.



Last on the list is GAP. I don't have as much on them as I do Polo and Abercrombie, but here it is anyway. GAP clothes are definitely lower priced than both Abercrombie and Polo and are still high quality and cute as hell. Gap is more into casual clothes for boys. T-shirts and shorts fill the bill here.



Anyway, I hope you have enjoyed the first edition of Queer Eye For the Straight Boy. If you didn't enjoy the writing, I hope the pictures made it worth the read. I welcome any comments, questions, suggestions, etc. To address these issues please send me a PM letting me know it's about the Queer Eye article.

## Category: Youth Member Reflections

### The Appeal of Blogs

By Lostboi989

Well, first off if you don't know me, let me introduce myself. My name is Jesse, and I am a 17 year old gay teen, and I also have a blog. Now simbalion asked me to write this article, a teen's perspective on the appeal of blogs. So that's exactly what I am going to do. Maybe it will show those self righteous "child advocates" that there really is nothing wrong with these places, as long as you know some general internet safety things. Alas though, the odds of them reading this short article are probably slim to none, and they will probably think I have been brainwashed by someone to write this! But that's a different subject, so onto the right one!

First off, what is a blog? Google defines it as "A blog is basically a journal that is available on the web. The activity of updating a blog is 'blogging' and someone who keeps a blog is a "blogger." Blogs are typically updated daily using software that allows people with little or no technical background to update and maintain the blog." Inside that definition is one of the main lures of the concept of blogging. Which part? The part about how anyone even with little or no technical background can make one. Yep, that's right. All you need to know how to do is type. And there are tons of blogging websites out there, so you can probably find one that's just right for you.

At the moment I am pretty sure the most popular and active one is myspace.com. With over 90 million people on it, one can safely assume it would be quite popular, and due to this immense popularity, it is the one targeted the most in the world of "BLOGS ARE NOT SAFE! DO NOT LET YOUR CHILDREN HAVE ONE!" Why has this happened? It is actually quite simple, and it also a great example of why everyone thinks pedophiles are bad people, and only want to hurt and molest children. There have been a bunch of things that happened, with people who have had a myspace. There have been child abductions and rapes, even murders. Teens have gone out and murdered their parents, kids have been bullied, beaten up, and some even killed because of content on their myspace. But you have got to ask yourself one question. Is it really because of myspace?

My answer is simply, no. Let's look at some of these so called problems. Child abductions, rapes, murders, etc. The people, who commit these crimes, are people who would commit them regardless of seeing someone on myspace. If they do not like someone on myspace, they will go out and commit the same atrocities in their town. Sure, a myspace could "tempt" a person like this, especially if the child they want to do this to has posted revealing or provocative pictures. In most cases, the children who have been victims of these crimes have posted personal details, such as home city, their school, first and last names, etc. Now on their own, a normal person couldn't find them, sure if they have the city, they can fly there and look at every person till they find the one they like. But that is impractical. If you add the person's first and last name onto the combination, it becomes easier. They go on the internet, and a few searches later they can probably have your home address. Of course, they won't know when their child is home, or people are with the child, so it may not be safe unless they stalk them outside their house, wait for them to leave, the abduct them. To me this is impractical, but yes it could be done, and it has been done on myspace.

Now if you add the whole thing of which school you go to, which Myspace encourages, then BAM. Anyone can find you and get you. If they aren't in your city, and they are really obsessed they would prolly fly there, and then they just wait around you're school, wait till you're alone, and if their motives are to kill you...well then your dead. Simple as that. There is no greater threat than someone who wants to commit a murder, because they don't care if they get caught, they get thrills from committing such crimes. Some even derive sexual gratification by murdering people. It's about power, and the power they have over their victims.

But really, does this have to happen? I am not going to blame the parents here, yes the parents should tell there kids some internet safety things, but I can't blame them if they don't really. Because in this day and age, I am pretty sure at least 50 percent of parents out there have unwanted children, a result of being drunk at a party. And they don't care what there kid does. But if something happens to said child, they instantly become caring. Why? Humanity's inner, I guess, need to be "famous" or "popular". Every incident I seen, the parent ended up on talk shows, like Oprah or whatever saying how "Oh Myspace killed my baby! \*cry\*" or something to that effect. It's pathetic, you don't take the time to tell you kids "Don't post personal info online" and yet, they do and you blame the website? It's exactly what happens to pedophiles, one bad pedophile rapes and murders a child, and then ALL pedophiles are going to rape and murder children and are therefore are bad, horrible people. It is exactly what happens on blog sites, or if a kid shoots up his school, they blame T.V. or video games. Society does not like taking the blame for anything, and if more people started taking responsibility for their actions, it would be a step towards a better world.

And everything that happens on blog sites is preventable, as long as people try and be SAFE.

Now that I have gotten the issue of why everyone thinks they're bad out of the way, let's discuss the issue of there appeal. I mentioned that there are lots of kids whose parents don't care about them, who don't have any friends, are "loners", no matter how hard they try; everyone thinks there a "freak". Whether it is because there gay, the way they dress, whatever. They are outcasts, and anytime you have a community as large as Myspace, that has people from all over the world, you WILL find people like yourself, people you can relate to, friends, potential "replacement parents" if you will. And this is why they are popular, because kids who are neglected, or not popular or whatever, can find a place they are accepted. That is the main lure of blogs. But there are a few others.

Say you're a teen, and you're in a band, and you have dreams of hitting it big, and becoming famous. Myspace for example has record executives, talent agents, etc on that site daily scouring for the "next big thing". And if you make a blog for your band, upload a few songs, a bio, and all that jazz. And if you're good, you might just hit it big. This alone appeals too many teens and kids, especially ones who may not come from very rich families or whatever. The prospect of having millions of dollars, touring the world, being loved by all, and getting all the sex you could ever dream of is a dream of A LOT of teenage and even younger boys. The younger may not want it for the sex though. Even girls have them, to try and launch solo careers or perhaps girl groups like The Pussycat Dolls. Tons of girls would love to be the next Britney Spears, or Madonna or anything. And Myspace is a tool to potentially help launch these careers. People even use it to post videos of them, to try and launch acting careers. The possibilities are almost limitless, when you have a large community of people.

Television shows, celebrities, magazines, political people, they all have blogs. Why? To promote there music, or movies, or T.V. shows, to get more people to buy their magazines, etc. People will blog about current world issues and there views, to attempt to perhaps make a small change in the way people think. The more popular you are, the more influence you can have on the general world.

Even kids, who are popular, have lots of friends in school, come from "money" etc, have blogs. Because they want MORE, humans are greedy in nature, some aren't yes, but lots are. I mean if you have money, you will want more money so you can buy more stuff, better stuff, whatever. So by them having a Myspace, they can make even more friends, maybe strike a record deal, or an acting deal and by doing so make even more cash. It's a popularity game, and it is played by many people. Some come there to just have a sense of what having someone who cares about you feels like, some come to make themselves even more popular, some come there to blog about why them having money and being popular sucks, because of all the pressure they have on their shoulders.

Blogs are a form of stress relief, an outlet for pressure, a place to vent, etc, for many people. If you're a BL, you can go to a blog site, set up a blog in 5 minutes, and u can vent your frustrations for society into your words, and no one can stop you. It's free speech, and you can say whatever you want. And you WILL find people who can relate to you. I am pretty sure, if you add up all the members of every blogging site out there the number has go to be way over 500 million people blogging every day, so you will definitely find people that are like yourself.

Of course, not everyone likes Myspace, I prefer Xanga myself, much easier to use I think. There is a newer one that is being heralded as "the new Myspace" because its daily sign ups per day are beating out Myspace. It is MyYearbook.com. I never use it myself, but I heard it is pretty good. Then you have Blogger.com, you've got tagged I think it is, a simple Google search comes up with thousands of results. So if you have an interest in anything odds are you can find a blog site or someone else's blog that you can read, tailor made to suit you.

Of course there negative sides to blogging as well, and I shouldn't end this article without listing a few of them. For one, it can become so much of an addiction so to speak, that it can lead to serious problems. This doesn't happen to lots of people, but there are some that become so connected to the online friends, to their computers, that they become addicts, and it is all they want to do, and if someone they consider a good friend says "I don't like you anymore" they can get horribly depressed and even suicidal. People like this though aren't too common, in the big picture, yea it happens quite a bit, and the news only reports the bad stories, they never report good stories; whether they're about blogs or boylovers or the gay community or whatever. If a guy rapes and murders a boy, it's instant news and proof that all pedophiles are bad, horrible people. But on the other hand, if a pedophile loves and nurtures a child, and helps them become a more stable and productive member of society, it is never reported on, ever. Same with blogs, if a kid kills himself over an online girlfriend, instant news. If a kid overcomes depression, and finds joy in life and will to go on, through his online buddies, no one ever hears about it. As a result of this, even good things can be taken from kids and teens lives, a parent

could watch Oprah, see how blogs are “bad”, confront their child, ask him if he has one. If he does, they tell him to shut it down. And if this blog is helping the kid cope with stresses in life, he will probably say no. Then the parents, thinking “Our kid is gonna get abducted by a pedophile!” will remove his computer access and it could be very bad for said child.

So if any child advocates or anything are reading this, why don’t you look into the interests of kids, and not your on selfish agendas? I mean, all you’re doing is ruining children’s lives. Whether your taking away there freedom to have a blog, removing them from there adult friend, sending them to some kind of camp to cure them of being gay, whatever. Stop caring about just yourself, and think about the kid’s please and thank you. Otherwise, you’re just as bad as the people you accuse of harming the kids.

That’s all for now, maybe this sheds some light on a teenagers view of the whole blog phenomena and some other issues. To sum it all up, blogs can be used to find acceptance, launch careers, have friends, be you, to do whatever you want, and know there are people out there exactly like yourself. And I think they should be used as a tool to help kids who are depressed, or scared about what people think about them or anything. Because they can help, far far more than lots of people currently think.

That’s the end people. Hope you enjoyed my views and feel free to pm me or add me to msn if you wanna talk about any of it more, I’m open to intelligible conversation if you wanna discuss anything I wrote.

Thats all for now folks

Jesse

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## **Category: Boy-related Travel**

### **Title: All Together For the Beauty of Boys: Billy Elliot in London**

There is a place in London where people can openly be boy lovers for the better part of three hours, every day but Sunday and twice on Thursdays and Saturdays. It is a bit like when people, in medieval days, found sanctuary from oppressors. This place entices 1,500 people at a time, not counting the acolytes.



Liam Mower as Billy Elliot



The devotees face a proscenium where a beautiful little boy runs down the central aisle, climbs up on the stage and, whilst sucking on a lollypop, sits on the floor to watch an old newsreel.

As the newsreel fades, a male chorus sings a hymn of devotion, courage and loyalty, as a lithe prepubescent boy runs about as the pretty little small boy sits on a woman's lap.

A ritual dance ensues, with little girls twirling about and skipping as the 12 year old boy settles down to sing a verse of the hymn:

Take me up and hold me gently  
Raise me up and hold me high  
Through the nights under darkness  
Will come a day when we will fly  
And although we've been rejected  
And although we've been outcast  
We will find a new tomorrow  
When we come to rest at last  
And we will stand there proudly  
And we will never walk alone  
And we will be returned  
Back to our home.

Next in the ceremony, the boy who sang in the chorus creates a mime of a boxer, complete with leather headgear, huge boxing gloves and short shorts that allow us to see his strong, but still boyish legs. He joins Small Boy and Tall Boy and a boyfriend in a series of press-ups, cute little bottoms in the air.

The boy named Billy creates a funny little impression of a boxer afflicted with spells of arm wiggling, a cranking motion and jaw juts and pull-backs. His feet shuffle artfully until he is struck and falls.

All exit, with the Small Boy jutting his bottom on an angle and declaring the boxing master a "wanker".

A bevy of ballerinas explode on the altar stage flitting about in pink leotards and tutus. The ceremony queen orders them about and creates an encounter with Billy, where she ceremoniously feels of his body as he is in a frozen arabesque. She recites what she touches, in the manner of a litany. Leg, tummy, chest and as she cups his pretty face, they duet the word: Chin.

A song and dance cautionary tale is spun by a wrinkled old woman who tells of the horror of marriage to a fool. Members of the chamber chorus posture to emphasize her protestations to the large group of parishioners.

The chamber choir members don police and coal miners' uniforms for a rondo intenso. Ballet girls twirl madly as the choir spews a recitative of obscene insults.

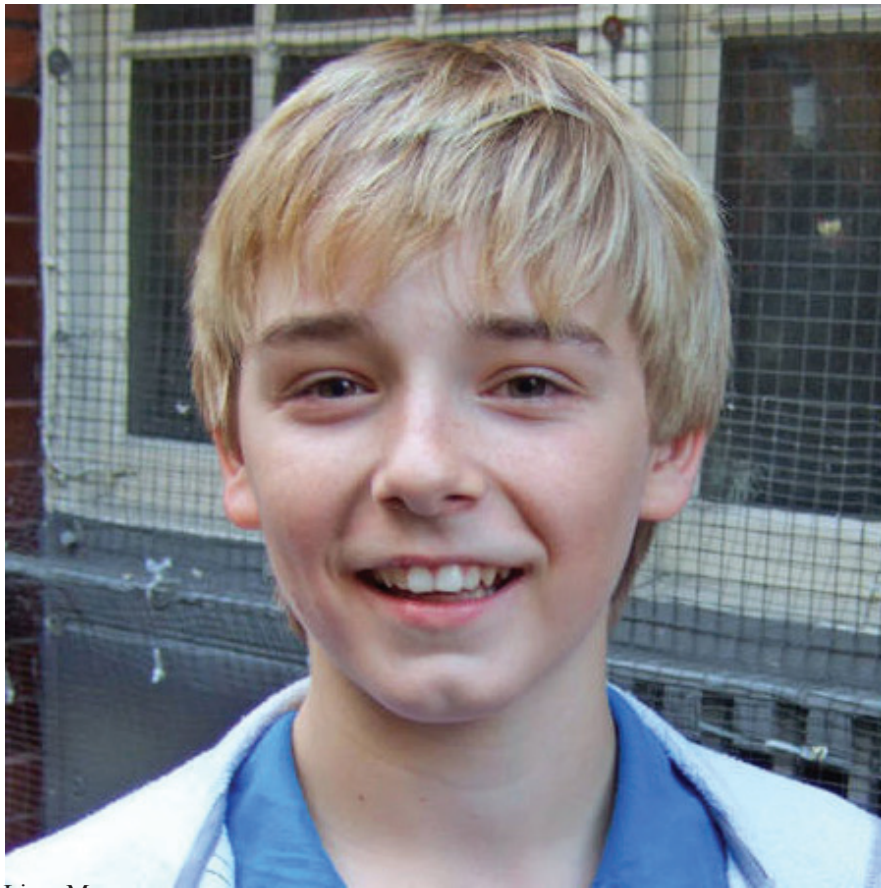
They exhort us to feel a sense of commitment, singing:

Solidarity, solidarity,  
Solidarity forever!  
We're glad to be working-class  
Solidarity Forever.

The choir vanishes leaving us the lovely twelve year old Billy to visit his boyfriend, Michael.

Billy pulls out a bedroom, with Michael wearing a dress. Billy looks at the cute boy, arching his back and posing suggestively and pretends to be shocked.





Liam Mower

The ceremony proceeds with donning of all sorts of frocks. Michael applies lipstick to Billy before they perform a sacred dance to proclaim inclusiveness and tolerance. They don tap shoes and sing:

Is it sinful if you're blue  
To cheer up the place?  
What is wrong with dressing up in satins and lace?  
Get some earrings, some mascara, heels and a fan.  
Pretty soon start to feel a different man!

What the hell's wrong with expressing yourself?  
Being who you wanna be?  
Will anybody die if you put on a dress?  
Who the hell cares if your blushers a mess!

Billy  
Start a new fashion, buck all the trends

Michael  
Emphasize in-teg-rit-eeee  
Cos what the hell's wrong with expressing yourself  
For wanting to be me.

Billy  
What the hell's wrong with wearing a dress?  
Being who you wanna be.

Michael  
Who the hell is it you try to impress?  
All you have to do is learn to care less.

Start a new fashion. Buck all the trends  
Billy, sing something to me  
What the hell's wrong with expressing yourself?  
For trying to be free.

If you want to be a dancer dance  
If you want to be a miner, mine.  
If you want to dress like somebody else  
Fine, fine fine

It's not a big statement. It's not a weird act  
Just a good idea at the time  
We'll not complain about your boring life  
If you'll just leave me to mine.  
If you want to be a dancer dance  
If you want to be a miner, mine.

Everyone is different  
It's a natural state  
It's the facts it's plain to see  
The world's grey enough without making it worse  
We need individuality!  
Cos what the hell's wrong with expressing yourself?  
What we need is in-div-ual-ity.

The dance is joyful and replete with sweet banter between two cute friends, while part of the choir spin around and dance as huge dresses.

Next there is a meeting between the boy, Billy, and his mentor who helps him see his dead Mum. They share sentiments of love in song, reassuring the boy about his dedication to dance.



Ashley Lloyd, George Maguire, James Lomas, Brad Kavanagh, and Leon Cooke

Tableaus of conflict pull the young boy in many directions, relieved by a celebratory dance with the piano player and the dance instructor, called Born to Boogie. He is lifted up, in a symbolic gesture of love, by the piano man. Billy expresses his elation in a giant back flip off the upright piano.

Anger at the boy expressing himself in dance, showing the glory of his lithe body, makes his father and older brother humiliate him by placing him on a table and ordering him to dance.

Billy ends the first half of the ceremony by expressing his extreme anger and sadness in an Angry Dance, with facile and intense tap dancing. He screams his rage and throws things at the menacing police, leaping upon one of the riot shields. He writhes, making his beautiful body flex and twist in despair.



Subsequently, Billy casts his spell on a council by singing and dancing in a presentation called Electricity. A symbolic exodus occurs, with Billy joining in the audience, sharing tearful goodbyes.

A resurrection happens as Billy leads all the choir in a happy dance that causes the boy lovers to rise in applause, signaling their universal commitment to the happiness of boys and their right to be themselves in life choices and relationships.

Happy chatting happens, just outside the doors of the ceremony hall, where boy lovers can express the joy they feel from experiencing the ceremony with the children and older celebrants.

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## Category: Creative Work

### Title: “How to Write a Boylove Story”

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I’ve been writing stories now for well over 5 years and I’ve been asked a number of times, “Miguel, how do you write a good Boylove story?”

My reply is always the same. “Take a boy moment and go from there.”

Does a boy moment in itself make a good story? Well, that depends on how long that moment is. If it is something that happened over several days, it might but if it is just a fleeting incident, it probably won’t in of itself.

For a short boy moment, start there then let your imagination go to expand on it. Let the readers get a feel for you and the boy. We boylovers always want to know what boys look like, so give a good description of him. If you decide to describe him streaking across the hall from the bathroom to the bedroom in his all together, don’t say your 8 year old young friend has a 4” flaccid tool waving from his body. We all know that’s just not going to happen.

Nothing turns off a reader more than an exaggerated penis on a young boy.

Tell about what you did during the day and don’t forget to add dialog. Conversation between the characters can make or break a story. As in real life, a dead conversation can kill even the best written story.

One thing that I get asked more and more is “Should I have a sexual encounter included in the story?”

That is a difficult question to answer. In my career, I’ve done both. One answer I give is “Does the scene relate to the story?” If it’s filler and it detracts from the story, the answer is no, especially with younger boys.

My suggestion to new writers is leave the sex out. Short stories are only about 10 to 20 pages long and if you have a vivid enough imagination combined with a good boy moment, you won’t need it.

The hardest thing I’ve found to do is to wrap the story up and bring it to a conclusion. There have been times I’ve seen the end of my story I’ve just raced through things as if I were in a race missing important details and creating questions. Take your time. If this will be the last time you will see your young friend, when he leaves will be the end of the story.

But, if on the other hand, he is now a part of your life, you can wrap up the story by giving a short glimpse into the future by maybe taking his life through high school or college and then on into a career. If after you have finished that story you still have questions, so will your readers.

The one thing I tell people is this; find yourself a good proof reader/editor. A good editor can help take a so so story and make it a great one. Listen to his suggestions and don’t be afraid to ask questions.

Usually editors are authors themselves so they have mastered the tricks of the trade. As for me, I learn something new just about every time I write a story.

So come on, take a boy moment or a even a scene you remember from watching boys and cultivate it into a boy love story.

One final note here, make sure your readers know your stories are fictional works and not real life events. If there is a sex scene, you do not want to say this is a true story.

Good luck and I hope to see you in The Studio.

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## Category: Creative Work

### Title: "Radio Boysmile"

Dear Johnny,

*first of all, I am very grateful to you for the honor and the permission that you gave to me for making the translation of your so wonderful and extremely touching story about Harky !*

*Although, I have never met our so dear friend Harky personally, he found a very big place in my heart, and became a part of my life now ! Therefore, I consider that this great story must have a place of honor in our Story Sky !*

*I wish also to express many words of admiration and thanks to our so dear friend Waan, who made a wonderful English verification and style-correction of this great story.*

*Thanks to his magical and superb "finishing touch", this story belongs now to the ever best what can be found in the English literature !*

*Much thank dear Johnny for this brillant juwel !*

*Each time, when I read this so extremely sensible story, at each time again, I cannot retain my tears, and I cry !*

*I love you dear Harky, and I will pray for you Mate ! [Angel]*

Elvin



**Radio Boysmile, a story by Johnny van Driel, translated by Elvin**

Although the doctors had assured me that my illness was entirely healed, I continued feeling that nagging pain around my stomach area from time to time as always. It felt better and the razor-sharp twinges announced themselves less frequently than before. As it was explained to me, I was still wrestling against the impact of the radiations. I had to accept that this would be a process that should slowly decrease. I still had a number of bad dreams left from the impressions of shaving my pubic hair and the region of my abdomen. The fact that my hairs were disappearing more and more was not important because they would grow back later. However, if that was not the case, nobody would see anything missing anyway. I had the choice to shave it myself but I stipulated that I preferred to observe how a nurse removed it. Afterwards a fixed position was marked on my body to indicate the area the radiation had to take place. A map was constructed to spot only the area that must be irradiated. I realize now how nervous I was at those moments, even with consideration for all the support I received from my parents. I had to undergo the last part all alone. There could be no-one with me to take away that fear. But this was over now and I was back at home, starting my recovery.





At first I spent a lot of time in bed but at this time I was beginning to do more activities. The dangling of my legs while sitting on the edge of my bed and my first steps on the cold floor felt as a pure release and a newfound freedom. I was now able to walk without support, to walk to the window. I enjoyed the street scenes which took place in front of our house. I smiled at seeing the pedestrians bustling around hastily. And I said a curse when the children, playing in the street, disappeared too quickly from my view. I could most especially enjoy the fleeting moves and happiness of those cute and sweet little friends. Their visions in life seem so carefree, so rich in promise. Totally unlike my own expectations, ever changing to the opposite of these freedoms. However the day was approaching that I could come back into the street. I knew it would not be long before I had the possibility of playing soccer with many of my little friends. I had sworn that that day would come rapidly.

It was about two in the afternoon that I was suddenly waked. The doorbell had impatiently announced for the third time that there was a visitor. Momentarily, I heard my mother's voice in the corridor. "Har. Your mail order has arrived." She knew I did not appreciate being called "Har", but some time ago she explained to me that the abbreviation of my name is merely a fond way of saying it, not because of saving time. "Harrie, my name is Harrie". I muttered, somewhat irritated. I quickly put on my slippers from under my bed, draped my dark morning coat over my shoulders and opened the door of my little room and looked down towards the staircase below me. I saw four large boxes in the corridor waiting for me.

"Can the postman bring it upstairs?"

"He left already, Har. If you cannot do it, then you will have to wait until Papa is at home".

They say, patience is virtuous but I had no time for such wonderful patience today. I had saved up for a long time to have enough money for this. I had collected all the money that I received and it was such that now I could make a good investment of it. I did not like buying junk. When I buy something it must have good quality. First I dreamed about a digital photo camera, but afterwards, I changed my mind when I saw a wonderful advertisement in the newspaper about a HiFi dolby surround system. I had also read the specifications and cost of installation. I knew this purchase was justified. A dream would become a reality.

I don't remember how much time it took me to bring up the boxes, but nevertheless, I succeeded. However, I was tired afterwards. But it was satisfying to be able to do this heavy work without the aid of others. I opened a box in which I expected that a guide-book was hidden. After that, I relaxed on my bed to study the instructions as good as possible. Small connectors and little cables and all the other things were present. Half an hour later I was very busy connecting the whole system. I got a little place in my book cupboard for the amplifier and the receiver. I separated the loudspeakers provisionally on the floor. Next weekend I would ask Dad if he would help me fix the clamps to the walls. For now though, and as soon as possible, I wanted to hear the sound of my amazing speakers.

Everything was soon together. The wires had been connected in a flash of time and I also had no problem attaching the antenna. Everything was apparently put together right. I said some solemn words while switching on the power. I smiled when the first sounds streamed into my room. I said, "From now on, the music hall is open." It was a true pleasure to hear. From all sides musical sounds vibrated. The man presenting the program seemed to be actually in the center of the room. I quickly found my favorite program and tried singing the words of Eminem.

*"I'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you"  
"I never meant to make you cry, but tonight,"  
"I'm cleanin' out my closet"*

*"I'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you"  
"I never meant to make you cry, but tonight,"  
"I'm cleanin' out my closet"*

I had a special feeling for that tune. I loved my dear "Ma" so very much, but deep in my heart I knew I could never make her happy. I was not able to love girls. It would never be possible to show her a daughter-in-law. Nor even to eventually show her my lovely children, unless someone could invent a type of radiation which could change me. I never believed such an invention was possible. Moreover, I thought there to be nothing wrong with having relationships with younger friends, to play with them, to cuddle them. I was a boylover and I was proud to be so.

Now, more and more I began to fall into dreams due to the sounds of the beautiful music, its beat, when suddenly, I heard a voice talking. I had the impression that the tuner was incorrectly adjusted, like two radio stations blending together. The talking part became louder and louder. At first I could not clearly understand the words then momentarily, it sounded hard and clear.

"Good afternoon. You are once again tuned to radio Boysmile".

What the hell was radio Boysmile? I had never heard of this radio station. Obviously it was an amateur using the same frequency as my favorite music station. I tried to adjust the reception with my remote control, but it was incomprehensible. Radio Boysmile could not be stopped and continued his sounds in triumph.

I shouted, "Go to the devil!", but the guy presenting the program was probably deaf because he continued speaking.

"We now bring you the latest news, and after a word from our sponser, we will switch over to the studio where Jimmie will do a quiz with someone in your neighborhood.

Beep, beep, beep. Then the resounding voice of a boy.

“This morning, an heroic ten year old boy prevented the crime of a little group of schoolboys stealing in a supermarket. He swiftly warned the manager who then handed these naughty children over to the police. After questioning the schoolboys they were allowed to go back home.”

I made a frown with my eyebrows. “Now, what was this for, silly news?” I expected to hear news facts eventually concerning an imminent war in the middle-east or about a catastrophe somewhere in the world. But this news was deviating with no relationship to the news that I usually heard.

Beep, beep, beep.

“In a small town in a nearby country, a thirty-six year old teacher is accused of refusing the sexual approach of one of his pupils. The parents of the boy submitted a charge against the man at the police station and then he was arrested. The teacher risks a maximum of six years in prison.”

I tried to understand what was happening. This must be some inconceivable joke perpetrated by a friend that knew I was a boylover. But how did he achieve a connection with my receiver? Really, I could not imagine how he did it. In any case, he must be a brilliant technician. But amongst my friends, which of them had such a technical skill?

Beep, beep, beep.

“In our capital the creator of the largest AF-society of our country was honored for his wonderful works, receiving the title of ‘Knight’. The Queen praised his great idea and spoke about the many successful attempts that he had organized, to bring a young friend in contact with an older friend. Moreover he received a large sum of money for his highly valued successes. The Knight then transferred this to a special account for needy children in poor countries.”

I had little thinking time when the tune of Radio Boysmile sounded, extremely hard and more than three times from the speakers. Immediately afterwards followed a number of publicity messages and I was again astonished. The first commercial had been dedicated to an intimate little day of fishing, wherein the older friend with a snorkel, had to stay underwater, each time attaching a fish to the hook on the line of his little friend.

The second announcement entertained the listener with a very pleasant explanation about a sun protective oil, which had to be gently rubbed on the back of a cute eight year old little boy. The background of this commercial was enhanced by many sounds of the beach. Finally there was an announcement of Chips-Eating Day, being organized by an elementary-school teacher. Afterwards the tune, Radio Boysmile, played again.

“Now we switch over to the studio where Jimmie, in the radio broadcast ‘Active life’ will present a quiz with a well-known person from your neighborhood”.

“OK, well, yes”, I mumbled but I continued to listen with full attention.

Now the boys voice again, saying, “Good afternoon. This is Jimmie. Your host. Today, we have a special guest for our quiz. A guest from a country dominated by a totally different ideology concerning the term ‘Boylovers’. We are filled with curiosity, wishing to hear the stories that our friend from another continent may tell us. Hello Harrie. You are on line. Harrie? Harrie?”

It would however, be highly incidental if todays selected guest has the same name as me. I listened but all was silent now.

Hm. It is obvious that the connection is not yet entirely optimal. I’ll try it once again. In either case, we will start out playing some music on request. Harrie, are you there?

“Who I?” I mumbled aloud.

“Ah, our guest is consequently really online. A cordial welcome in our ‘Active life’ quiz, in which we present and talk some more with a well known person from your area.”

“Am I really online. Am I really talking with you now?”



My question apparently sounded very surprised because the youthful announcer laughed warmly at my confusion.

“For sure Harrie, you are with us now. First, tell us a little bit about yourself.”

“I am ill.”

“We know that. Fortunately you are getting well. Once again you will be able to do everything expected of an older friend. Hunting boys. Within a short time, certainly?”

“Yeah. Something like that. But it is forbidden here. If they discover that you are in love with little boys here, then life becomes very difficult for us.

“Have you a little friend?”

“In former days, yes. Back then my friend Lucas came frequently to visit me, a gentle and cute boy with freckles on his face.”

“Aha. Mr. Harrie has good taste. Does your YF still have contact with you?”

“No, unfortunately not much anymore. He has moved.”

“Tell us how much time you must serve as punishment in your country, if you ‘consumately hug’ with your little boy-friend.”

“It’s difficult to say. I don’t know. But I think it is about six years, perhaps even longer.”

“Even if your little friend agrees with this?”

“Yes. It is all the same. It doesn’t change the fact. Sex is sex. The older one here is always held responsible for his actions.”

Again there was laughter on the other side. For God’s sake! It was obvious. The quizmaster thought it hilarious that such a primitive mentality was possible. It lasted some little time before he had himself under control, before he stopped his laughing. During all this, I quietly listened and I wondered why I was selected to play a role in this exceedingly strange and marvelous situation.

“For us, in our country, it is absolutely illegal if you do not accept the propositions of a ‘little friend’, a hell of a difference.”

“I have heard that in your news. Is that really true?”

“Sure, believe me. Those more lucky and rich, even pay for a boylover at home for the education of their child. For poor people there is an extra health insurance service for the family doctor to give them a reference card for a short visit to the AF-organization.”

“Then, in your opinion, sexual contact between an older individual and a minor is not detrimental?”

“You are a funny person, Harrie. No, we consider the idea of such contact being detrimental, as total bull.”

“Well, I await your explanation.”

“Do you know that the first sexual contacts between children mostly happen between congeners of the same sex?”

"I have read of it, yes. But I don't see the comparison, what do you mean?"

"Every individual, small or large, has sexual needs. The elder person teaches their children everything. At school, associating in sports, during work holidays, and there are still more examples. Therefore, we do not understand why the presence of the elderly should suddenly be less welcome when it concerns sexual education. How can a 'touch' be suddenly prohibited?"

"It concerns the balance of power within a relationship."

"They have deceived you with a lot of nonsense, you know. Can you imagine a more beautiful gift, than when an Adult Friend cares so much for his little friend, that he then loves him. So much so, that he wants to become a child again, himself. That's heaven. That's the highest sky."

"That may be possible, but here in our country it is certainly not the case."

"Don't the psychologists in your country understand that disturbed children may regain a lot of self-confidence from such a relationship? A boy-lover is the single correct medicine, against the solitude of these children."

"That's my wish... that they would understand that. But unfortunately enough... can I ask you an indiscrete question?"

"You may."

"Do animals, free in nature, also make a distinction between heteros, homos and paedophiles?"

"I don't know."

"I am certain that my theory about this is right, but once again, I ask you: Is my question and idea correct about this?"

"Yes, I think you may be right."

"Great. At least this is beginning already. Look Harrie, the animals in nature with pedo-sexual feelings have a function. They watch over the offspring whenever the parents go hunting and don't have enough time. They give the little cubs sufficient attention, so that these little friends will not miss their parents so much."

"But always needing attention and love and only to be expressed in sex?"

"A good question! But you just try to imagine: I have learned from books that cuddling in your country is allowed. But why should that suddenly stop when a child reaches puberty? When the appearance of such a child changes, just because he becomes larger? Nevertheless, his desire to be touched remains the same, doesn't it? Perhaps that feeling is further reinforced because of the difficult period he must assimilate. A young boy has not yet developed enough self-confidence in his own short span of life."

I was now silent and so was the boy-voice. Between us... there was only a dead silence for a moment. I attempted to escape into the idea that I was only talking to a child. In all his views, ideas and expressions, the depth of his maturity echoed. He also seemed to be very well informed about the mental and psychological feelings of a little boy.





“How old are you now?”

“I am twelve.”

“But you already know so much about all these kinds of things. How is that possible?”

“By the time one is my age, we are already educated in all the possibilities of our sexual behavior. We also get a lot of intensive lessons about all this in school, and thereby it is especially taught us that an older friend must always be entirely open for all our needs and desires.”

“Wow! What a great country. It would really be my dream too, to live there.”

“Oh yes, you certainly could have had many little friends here. And... your voice sounds so very, very nice.”

“Thank you.”

Now Jimmie interrupted his radio program for a few minutes of a short ‘music-on-request.’ During this time, he contacted me in a private and very careful manner.

“Harrie, you have done really good in the beginning of our quiz. Our number of listeners has now grown to a record height. I am curious to know how you will do afterwards, during the real quiz. A couple of simple questions, no more than that.”

“This is totally incredible. I have never heard of a Radio Boysmile. For Heaven’s sake, where do you come from?”

“Maybe I shall tell you more in later days, but for now, I have no time for this. When the music finishes, we have to continue with our quiz. As soon as the music stops, we must continue.”

Together we listened to a boys-choir sing a tophit of Eminem. Although their voices rang out in a highly professional and artistic way, it was nevertheless a persiflage. After the end of this beautiful music, Jimmie came back online.

“In the meantime we shall get acquainted with Harrie, a boylover from a totally different world, wherein the ideal of paedophilia deviates far away from our own views. As much as we are enjoying this interview, time now forces us to get started with the first of our quiz. Are you ready, Harrie?”

Momentarily, I gulped. I had to admit that I didn’t believe bit of what was said. Nevertheless, it was all so crazy beautiful that I would be stupid to ignore the quiz-game. I would participate at Active Life and I shall win it also...

“Harrie, are you still online?”

“Yes, and I am ready for the quiz now.”

“Here comes question number one. Pay attention please.”

In the background, the rattle of a drum resounded, becoming louder and louder. The rattling developed into a crescendo. Suddenly ending, I heard Jimmie scrape his throat.

“Harrie. Should your YF ask you what you would like to receive on AF Day, what would you ask for at that time?”

“AF Day? What do you mean?”

“It is something like Father’s Day, but its a day for older friends, instead.”

“Now, this is surely not a difficult question at all. I would like ten thousand hugs, nothing more.”

“The answer is... (the loud rattle of a drum resounded)... correct!”

“And Pierre? What has Mr. Harrie already won at this time?”

“Mr. Harrie has won an annual subscription to our radio guide, our truly valuable periodical. If Mr. Harrie gives us his address, we will then send it to him, completely free of charge.”

“Wow! Great. But now we still have to select another question for the carousel of questions. Choose a color, Harrie. Today, is your day. So, it’s your good word that is important now.”

“Green is okay for me.”

“This is certainly an excellent choice. Green is the color of security. Each green traffic-light guarantees that you may continue driving. And you can also continue to drive in our “Active-life quiz”, if, you gave the right answer to our second question. Again, pay attention.”

With the rattle of a drum, the tension again grew more and more. When it finally stopped, all I could still hear was a light noise remaining on the connection. Afterwards, Jimmie continued speaking.

“What would you do if you had a little friend, and you discovered suddenly that he also has another older friend.”



“It depends on the situation, but I think that I would tell him that he could go to the other older friend if he wishes it. But if he would like to return again, then he is of course always welcome.”

“Without grudges?”

“Yes, without grudges. Whenever I really do have a little friend, at that time, I would love him so much that I could not very easily go against him to become angry.”

After these words, the quizmaster Jimmie, asked the jury, “And Pierre, what do you think of this? Has Mr. Harrie answered this question correctly?”

“His answer is only partially complete.”

“Oh, it would be quite regrettable for our friend from such a strange land, so very different, to miss a holiday for two at one of our splendid beaches if his answer is not correct. Is it perhaps possible to do something for him?”

“Of course we can do something for him. For the reason I have already explained earlier somewhere that, although the question was not complete this answer is now a good and correct one.”

Festive trumpet music played now. For it was the first time in my life I had even won a prize, let alone a large prize.

I was greatly enthusiastic and very excited with happiness after this wonderful triumph, I was breathless, as I had always felt before that I was born to be lucky.

“Stay online with us Harrie. We will play some music-on-request again, afterwhich, we will come back to you.”

I should have known. This entire Boysmile was a show, is nonsense, deception and fraud! A second radio station was wrestling for the legal right to his own frequency, repressing the joyful sounds of the child-choir, that was bringing another song of Eminem. Momentarily, all the sounds of radio Boysmile were completely faded and I was again listening to my favorite radio station. I was disappointed, terribly disappointed. I jumped into my bed and as I gazed at the ceiling, I softly pronounced a curse. My imagination had betrayed me. Of course, I had only been dreaming. Now my illusions were all gone.

Suddenly I heard the doorbell.

“Harrie. Come see who is at the door for you. It is Lucas. His mother brought him.”

A short time later I heard a thundering noise on the staircase and very soon afterwards, I saw my sweet and cute Lucas. He leaped into my arms. His entire body was trembling with enthusiasm and immediately he sat comfortably in my lap and put his arms around my shoulders. He put his small head to my breast, pressed his lips to my cheek, and kissed me at least ten thousand times.

“Wow man. I missed you so much,” and I cuddled him.

“We are coming back to your neighborhood. My father can not find work at the new place in the city. But he can go back to his old job again. Just one short month to wait, then we are together again.”

I laughed, I was so happy.

Now this was truly a gift from the lottery. I was no longer interested in the so-called sublime gift of Radio Boysmile. My little friend was with me, once again together, this must be the most beautiful moment of my life. This was an absolute certainty.

“Oh yes. I have to give you the mail too, please. Your mother gave it to me when I came in.”

He set the mail down beside me on my bed. I had never gotten so much mail as now and I was curious to know where everything came from. First I opened the large green envelope. I expected my usual letters but...

It was the affirmation from Radio Boysmile, that I had won a prize. A ticket for two, to a very sunny beach in an exotic paradise. In this same letter, I also found the flight tickets for this wonderful holiday. My heart was now singing joy and happiness that I had already dreamed of, that my friendly sweet little Lucas and I would soon be traveling together. I wondered how it would feel to rub my little friends back with the sun-oil publicized on Radio Boysmile.

“and this?”

Lucas pointed out to me an illustrated magazine that was folded double in a large addressed paper wrapper.

“Gee, what’s that?”

“Shall I open it?”

“Okay, you can do it.”

“Oh. Is it a radio guide, or something like that, from Radio Boysmile? Yes, strange. I have never heard of that radio station.”

I have. Well, if you wish, read me what kind of programs they have.”

Lucas opened the booklet and read with a clear boys-voice the announcements.

“Wow, great. You can also see them on television. Is this a new station or what?”

“Yes, Lucas. That is a new radio station, but I think that I am the only one that can receive their transmissions.”

He said, “that’s sad for me.”

“But isn’t it true that after you move, you can always come look at their programs with me?”

“Fantastic, that’s good. May I stay over here and sleep with you again also, if it is okay with my mom?”

“Of course she will permit it. She always let you stay with me before.”

“Then I think it should still be okay with her.”

The next minute, a fatigue suddenly overwhelmed me and I fell into a deep sleep, with Lucas in my arms. He watched over me like a precious jewel. And after I was again awake, he asked me with his soft and sweet voice, “Did you have a dream?”

“Oh yes, Lucas. I dreamed that you and I were together on holiday... only you and me, ...deliciously together on the beach.”

“If it were real, would we really go together, then?”

“Of course, we are going together, I have it booked for us already. Just as soon as I am completely cured, we will go.”

## Category: Creative Work

### Title: Four Poems

1.

I  
still  
have feeling  
for you  
is it silly  
that I have  
is it  
so silly  
I still think of you  
you are only boy of ....  
and I am the man  
that is silly  
that have feeling for you

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2.

If I am  
who I am say  
then I am lying  
I dont know  
who I am lying to  
who I am  
I am not  
then I am lying  
but who for  
you  
only lie to yourself in  
the end  
not as am I  
if

-----

3.

Back to happiness  
just old happy me  
are you back  
I seen you back  
I seen you  
got hidden again  
not behind the smile  
but in happiness  
as you enjoy  
life  
with love  
with back  
back to happiness

-----



4.

Why do you  
hate us  
why do you speak of  
anger and violence  
and threaten us  
what did we do to you  
what did the world do to you  
what did my children do to your children  
what did my words or my action  
to you  
why do you hate us  
but you so full of hate  
that you just hate  
you only hate us  
because you dont know nothing  
but hate  
hate is weapon  
of anger  
glass  
tower

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For all the boylovers  
out there  
I dedicate these verses

Jamie aka justoldhappyme

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## Category: Creative Work

### Title: Remembering Daniel

Morning

In the early hours of the day...  
the light comes softly,  
and climbs into bed with us.  
There is softness in the sky,  
as morning slowly pushes away the dark,  
as your body beside me makes me shiver.!

There is softness,  
your skin against my fingertips...  
I am breathless,..  
watching the wonders,  
morning-light and... you.!

I breathe in your smell,  
the first sunbeams licking into the room,  
you stir,  
not awake,I find you closer still,  
you press yourself to me.

Your head on my chest,  
the blanket around us,...  
the sun is playing in your hair.  
Eyes fluttering open,  
a soft moan,...  
you hide in my arms.!

As the day begins.

\*

Touch

Breathless,  
still shivering from your touch,  
again I feel the need  
I had wanted to leave behind.

Breathless,  
and out of words,  
out of time,  
and out of my mind,  
I shiver.

Breathless,  
I find you,  
curled around my heart,  
your lips,  
shivers.

The sweat between our bodies,  
as I lick the saltiness,  
the softness of your skin,  
flexing, quivering

until

the shivering stops.

\*

Your hands,  
touching my skin,  
left burn marks.

You held  
the fire in your hands,  
that burned away my sins.

I did not take  
your innocence,  
you gave mine back to me.

Holding you close,  
you made me  
come to my senses.

In your eyes,  
I finally...  
Saw:

Myself..!

Demian  
TAK © 2006

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## **Category: Creative Work**

### **Title: The Bat-Boy and the All-Star**

#### **Chapter 1 - The Contest Winner**

Mark is a shy boy of 11 years. His favorite sport is Baseball. His favorite team was the local minor league team, the Beavers. His favorite player was their all-star First Baseman, Carl O'Brian.

In May the team ran an essay contest. The prize was to be the team's Bat-boy or girl for the month of July. Mark got right to work on his essay. He wrote a heart felt essay on why he wanted to be the winner. His essay was about how he saw every home game since he was little and how badly he wanted to meet Carl O'Brian in person. He decorated the essay with hand-drawn pictures of the team logo and of O'Brian in action. When he showed his parents the results and they were very proud. They wished that he put that much effort into school and reminded him of it. They let him mail the essay with the condition that if he won, they would only let him be the bat-boy if he did well on his exams.

Mark studied harder than ever and waited impatiently for the announcement of the winners. The day the winners were announced was on June 20, just after his 5th grade final exams and five days before his 12th birthday. He went with his dad to the ball game and fidgeted all game long. Finally, during the 7th inning stretch they announced the winners.

They started with the 5th prize winner and slowly made their way up the list to the Grand Prize. Mark was getting very nervous with the announcement of each name. They gave each winner time to get down to the field where the announcers were. They then began to announce the Grand Prize winner.

"If your name is Mark Hayes, come on down." Mark was so shocked. He didn't move right away. His dad jumped up to hug him and practically dragged him down to the field.

When he made it down to the field, he was brought over to the microphone. He couldn't believe it. Here he was on the field and the crowd were on their feet, applauding for him.

"Are you certain that you are Mark Hayes," The announcer joked?

"Y-y-y-yes sir." Mark replied.

"Well Mr. Hayes, congratulations, and to bring out your prizes here is your favorite player, Carl O'Brian."

Mark was so nervous that he clung to his dad. Carl brought out an official uniform for Mark to wear as the bat-boy, an autographed baseball, a \$2,000 scholarship check and the essay that Mark wrote.

Carl came over and knelt down in front of Mark. "Well, it's about time I met my only fan." He said jokingly as he mussed Mark's hair and then placed a team hat on his head. Mark just stared in shock. Carl grabbed Mark's hand and shook it. "Congratulations, Mark, here is the uniform you will wear for the next month." Carl said as he placed it in Mark's arms. Mark continued to stare in awe.

After Mark received his prizes he was brought over to the Beaver's dugout and was congratulated by all the players. He was brought into the clubhouse where he met the team's owners who asked if he would like to be interviewed by the media. After a while he relaxed and agreed to do it.

When he met with the media, Mark proudly wore his new Beaver's uniform shirt and cap as he answered questions. As usual the media tried to find ways to make the story sound ugly. They all accused Mark's dad of helping him with the essay. Carl spoke up and told the media, that he had personally read the essay and it could not have been written by an adult.

Carl O'Brian was becoming infatuated with Mark. Carl is a boy-lover. He has worked hard to cover up his feelings. Many times he's wanted to grab one of the boys looking for his autograph and hug and caress the boy while signing his name. He was very concerned about what might happen with Mark being around him for an entire month. To him, Mark was the cutest boy to ever enter Beaver Stadium.

Mark, just short of his 12th birthday is 5 feet tall and 95 pounds. His hair is brown and is cut in the Mushroom style. He has piercing green eyes and, to Carl, the cutest button nose.



## Chapter 2: Mark's First Day as Bat-boy

June 25 was Mark's 12th birthday. He was surprised when they told him to report to the stadium at 9AM. The game was to start at 1PM but they needed the time to teach him and there was work to do before the players arrived for a pre game warm-up at 11AM.

Mark was also worried that his parents forgot it was his birthday. With all the rushing around to get ready there was no card or even a kiss from his mom. Little did he know what they were planning to do after the game.

When Mark and his dad arrived at the stadium, they went to the security office to check in. They took Mark's picture and gave him a pass to show so that he'd be allowed through the gate. They then went to see the clubhouse manager to get Mark set up. After the clubhouse manager explained Mark's duties, his dad had to leave and the clubhouse manager escorted Mark to the dugout to get the team's equipment set up.

As they prepared the equipment the players started to arrive and do their warm-ups. Carl came over to Mark and asked if he wanted to toss the ball to him. Mark emphatically said, "YES!"



Mark was in heaven. Most of the other players were either ignoring him or growling orders at him. Carl O'Brian made him feel very comfortable.

By 12PM the stands were starting to fill up and Mark went about his duties. He had to make sure that the bats and balls were not lying where a player could trip on them and that their helmets were in the right cubbyholes.

At 1PM, the announcer started telling the crowd who was playing today. After he announced the players, he then introduced Mark and asked him to come out and wave to the crowd. Carl seeing that Mark was a little scared picked him up and carried him out to the field and got him to wave.

The game went quickly. Mark worked hard but had a lot of fun. The Beavers beat the Iguanas. This was their first win after a seven game losing streak. Mark helped the clubhouse manager clean up as the players showered. Mark then went in to change. Carl was sitting in the clubhouse and talked to Mark as he changed. Carl had agreed to be the one to keep Mark busy as they prepared the post game meal in the other room. They had arranged to have Mark's family and friends come and give him a surprise party.

Carl, of course, agreed. This gave him a chance to be alone with Mark. He tried hard not to make his feelings obvious as he talked with Mark. The boy's sweet pre-pubescent voice was music to his ears. Carl was falling in love with this boy. Mark was finally relaxing and feeling comfortable to open up and talk with Carl.

After 20 minutes Carl got the signal that they were ready in the other room.

"Are you ready for the post game meal?" Carl asked.

"Yes, but I don't want to eat too much. With today being my birthday, my parents will take me out to dinner."

"That's OK the players and I will probably eat it all before you have a chance." Carl joked.

They walked in together. The players were milling about, eating and talking about the game. As soon as Carl announced their arrival he turned to Mark and said, "Happy Birthday," as his family and friends came into the room and the players came over to congratulate him. Mark was so excited, and he almost peed in his pants.

A huge birthday cake was brought over. It was in the shape of the Beaver's logo. There were twelve candles. Baseball players are very superstitious and would not allow the good-luck candle that would have made thirteen.

Mark had the time of his life. He forgot about his worries and enjoyed his time with Carl. Nobody, not even his parents have ever given him the time of day the way Carl has. He went home exhausted but the happiest he's ever been.

### **Chapter 3: The Good-Luck Charm**

The home-stand was six games long. The Beaver's had won all six. This was after their seven game losing streak. The players had taken a real liking to Mark and were beginning to attribute their winning streak to his presence. The team asked Carl to talk to Mark's parents about taking him on the road trip.

When Mark got the news from Carl, he all but begged on his knees to his parents to let him go. Mark's dad was concerned because neither he nor his wife would be able to get off from work. When Carl came over, he told Mark that he needed to discuss it privately with Mark's parents. Mark went to his room and waited very anxiously.

Carl spent almost an hour convincing Mark's parents that he will be well-taken care of. Mark's dad, being a Lawyer, insisted that Carl sign papers making him Guardian Ad Litem while Mark was out of town with the team. Carl signed the papers without question.

Carl went up to Mark's room. Carl teased Mark by not telling him right away. Mark was jumping around begging Carl to tell him. When Carl did finally tell him Mark jumped into Carl's lap and almost kissed him. Mark was so excited and Carl was in heaven.

On the trip mark could hardly sit still. Most of the players were sleeping in their seats. Carl also wanted to get some more rest. He threatened to tie Mark to the seat.

After the game, which the Beavers won, they checked into the hotel. Carl's usual roommate agreed to share a room with another player so that Mark could stay with him.

When it was time for bed, Carl began to undress. Mark went into the bathroom to do the same.

Afterwards, they crawled into the separate beds and said their good-nights.

Carl was suddenly awoken by a heavy weight on top of him. He smiled to himself as he realized Mark had come into his bed. He rolled slightly and cuddled the softly snoring boy.

Carl said to himself, "This is going to be the best road trip ever," as he dozed back to sleep.

## Category: Boy Moments

### Title: Passing Through

While messing around on the skateboard, one of the neighborhood kids walked by, stopped, and then remarked, "You skate funny!"

"What do you mean?"

"You put your feet at both ends of the board."

"Is that wrong?"

"Uh...I guess not"

"Then why is it funny?"

"Cuz nobody else does that."

"Why be like everyone else."

"Cuz if you're not, then people'll think you're weird!"

"So?"

"You don't care what other people think of you?"

"Is there any reason I should?"

"Why do you always ask questions?"

"Because asking questions is a lot easier than answering them, and besides, by asking questions its just possible I might learn something."

"Like what?"

"How will I know until after I've learned it?"

"Dude! You're too much!! I gotta go. Bye!"

"Take care."

And off he went.

There is a commercial with the slogan, "Think outside the bun!", and its probably the most ignored slogan in history.

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