



BL.net Top Ten

Things you want the world to know about boylove!

-BL.net Members-

The Origins Of BoyLove

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Unspeakable Evil

-Ganymede-

Your Favorite Boy And Why

Collection of boy pics and what makes them so perfect

-Gallery members-



Creative Work

-POEMS
by THLP

-Utopia in my Mind
by frankhernandez

-To Love You
by 420Guy

-Making the Cut
by Pantherion

quitsilver

Modern Boylover Magazine is a semiannual publication written by the members of Boylover.net. The magazine appears each January and July.

If you have questions about the magazine or would like to leave a comment or submit a letter to the editor for publication, please contact entertainment@boylover.net. Letters to the editor may be published in a future edition of the magazine. If you are submitting a letter to the editor, please provide a nickname that we can use in the event of publication (for example, "Nick in London," "Boylover from Tokyo"). Where possible, messages about a specific article will be forwarded to the original author of that article.

The publication of this magazine is a community effort. Special thanks everyone who has participated to this point. The community spirit plays a continuing role, since material for the magazine is to be provided by the members of Boylover.net.

With pride, Underdog

FEATURES AND PROFILES

The Origins of Boylove	4
What We Want The World To Know About Boylove!	6
The Power of a Hug	9
In the Arms of an Angel	26

BOY MOMENTS

A Day at Work	7
---------------	---

CREATIVE WORK

Making The Cut	13
Remember	16
The Great King	16
Utopia In My Mind	17
My Favorite Boy Photo and Why	18
Corey Gets Molested	22
To Love You	25
Dreaming Wonderland	39



Magazine layout by Vanitas. Logo design by flints. Cover photo provided by SimbaLion and chosen by the members of Boylover.net. Cover designed by WigginBoy. Original concept by SimbaLion. Organisation by Underdog. [▶ magazine.boylover.net](http://magazine.boylover.net)



Modern Boylover Magazine is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-No Derivative Works 3.0 License. [▶ creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nd/3.0](http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nd/3.0)

If you share this work or selected content from it, attribution must be made to Modern Boylover Magazine at [▶ magazine.boylover.net](http://magazine.boylover.net). Additional permission is granted to translate the magazine and its contents into languages other than English, as long as the other provisions of the license are followed. Questions about the license can be directed to entertainment@boylover.net.

Modern Boylover Magazin uses images from sxc.hu, morguefile.com, aboutpixel.de, pixelio.de and photocase.com (photocase.com photographers: page 2f HessenJense, page 8 KingofPorn, page 16 davjan, page 38f crashed.life).

The Origins of Boylove

by Ganymede

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the “Unspeakable Evil”

In the darkest, filthiest corners of Cyberspace lurks Uncle Roger, the Ultimate Predator and perpetrator of the Unspeakable Evil. Few of Uncle Roger’s disgusting ilk mate with women, and yet these vermin have consistently infested every culture of every age. The historic inability to eradicate the Ultimate Evil suggests that it is firmly grounded in human genetic code. And not only human. The big question, however, is how could a gene which focuses a man’s lust on little boys at the expense of fertile females, improve its chances of duplicating itself in the next generation? Evolution is a slow process. Paedophilia is just one of countless examples of human emotional baggage which made sense tens of thousands of years ago, but only complicates our lives today.

*“Being a male chimp
is a bitch.”*

One aspect has to do with dramatically improving survival odds of the Vice’s little victims. Hunter-gatherer societies rarely rise above the subsistence level. It just wouldn’t make evolutionary sense, even if the orphaned child is a close relative. Look at it this way: your own child carries half of your genes; your orphaned nephew only a quarter. Would the genes that make you choose saving a nephew’s life over that of a son or daughter be favoured by natural selection? As with most useful adaptations, Natural Selection has done the thinking for us. Useful genes govern our behaviours through feelings. It

wouldn’t be far-fetched to suggest that human children possess an inborn ability to recognize potential “Uncle Rogers”.

What advantages would an adult male derive from spending his reproductive years romancing young boys rather than trying to inject his genes into a fertile mate of the opposite sex? In our ancestral environment, competition for females was fierce and the losers often paid with their lives. Chiefs and other high-status males often monopolized dozens of women, leaving many low-ranking men perpetually horny. Among the chimps, only the Alpha Male - “the chief” - is allowed to have sex with females in his pack. In short, being a male chimp is a bitch. Faced with such a fierce and potentially deadly competition, wouldn’t it make sense for some males - especially the geeks and the losers - to evolve the means of spreading their genes without women? Here is how the ingenious mechanism worked: Uncle Roger has the hots for little boys. When an opportunity arises to “adopt” his nephew, Johnny the Orphan, the horny old goat gleefully agrees to share his meagre food, ramshackle hut, and lice-infested bed with the little Adonis. In return the Predator gets a little love, a little sex, and a fairly decent chance of preserving a quarter of his genes for posterity. Yes, nephews, nieces, half-brothers, and half-sisters carry about a quarter of your genes. From the standpoint of natural selection, helping them survive is in your genes’ best interest - especially if you don’t have children of your own (who carry 1/2 of your genes). Yes, yes, Uncle

Roger could always try out for conventional fatherhood. It is just that, considering his overall geekiness and unattractiveness, his chances of success aren't all that good. So, rather than joining fifty other male Neanderthals in chasing after Momma Yolanda's big udders and vaginal yeast infection, the sneaky Uncle Roger serves his procreational duty by licking the smegma off his prepubescent nephew's hairless stiffy.

Where is the guarantee that the next cutie-pie orphan who comes knocking on Uncle Roger's door is his nephew? What if the eager victim is totally unrelated? All human genes are paired up in so-called "alleles". Some genes are dominant, others are recessive. Let's say that a paedophilia gene evolves through a random mutation in one of the parents, but the gene is recessive. A corresponding "heterosexuality gene" remains dominant. This means that the paedophilia gene is not manifested in the parent and is passed on to the children without ever manifesting in any of them. Both have to be carriers of one heterosexual gene and one paedophilia gene, which are paired up in an allele that governs sexual orientation. Let's say the two carriers have four children. Statistically, one of the children would carry a pair of two heterosexual genes, and turn out heterosexual. Two other children would carry one heterosexual gene (which is the dominant one) and one paedophilia gene (which is recessive). These two children will also turn out heterosexual (because the heterosexual gene, being dominant, completely cancels out the effect of the paedophilia gene with which it is paired). However these two children will also be carriers of the paedophilia gene. Finally, the fourth child will have a pair of two recessive paedophilia genes, which, in the absence of the dominant heterosexual gene, finally manifest themselves. The fourth child is Uncle Roger.

Some of the genes governing sexuality have probably evolved to be activated by certain environmental triggers, and will remain dormant in the absence of those triggers. If there indeed is a gene (or a combination of genes) responsible for precocious childhood affection and sexual attraction toward Uncle Roger, then it is likely to be triggered by such events as loss of a parent, hunger, and/or neglect. So consider this scenario: Uncle Roger, being a geek and a loser, can't support more than a single boy at a time. However, there are two orphaned brats competing for his cock: his grotesquely ugly nephew (1/4 of his genes) and his drop dead gorgeous first cousin (1/8 of his genes). Whom would our aesthetically-discriminating Predator choose as his little catamite? Right! Uh-hum! Case closed.

Yes, paedophilia evolved as an indirect way for losers to save their genes from complete extinction. The brutal process works largely through violence, pain, suffering, deceit, and death. It doesn't care about your happiness. Its goal is to inject your genes into the next generation, and if suffering will accomplish the task most effectively - then suffer you shall!

If you want happiness, you have to discover it yourself.

THE BL.NET TOP TEN

What We Want The World To Know About Boylove!

- 10 That we shouldn't be scorned for our feelings when we hold onto them for the kids sake.
- 9 That we want to help boys, not hurt them!
- 8 That we're not the "monsters" they're used to seeing on TV.
- 7 That it is natural and each generation has its quota of boylovers.
- 6 Not all pedophiles are child molesters.
- 5 To show a boy that he can be loved by a man and that does not make him gay.
- 4 Most boys need men who love and understand them.
- 3 Boylove is a sexual orientation, not a sickness or a disorder.
- 2 To give boys guidance and wisdom, and help them to grow up to live long and healthy lives.

As a community we share as much diversity as the planet; we come from every walk of life, culture, age, religion, gender, sexuality and backgrounds. We are not of one mind, opinion, race, creed, practices or behaviors. The actions of some do not speak for us all. We share many of the same ideals and principles as the rest of society with one separating factor: we are boylovers; known by many names and labels, but our reflection is also yours... and with the fellowship of our community, for all those who love, honor, mentor, protect and care for boys, their own and others, we welcome you as a part of the boylover community – for it is more than attraction that makes up the sum of who we are.
- 1

Statements contributed by 420Guy, Dr Hugs, DJ Krispy, ellipsis, Heebie, Nathan Tull, Richard045, SecksyCeeJay, thelittlehappyprince, tsukasa & Wadad. Voted on by members of Boylover.net in December of 2007. Signed by Heebie, summerMartin, snakebitten, 420Guy, tsukasa & yu_guy73.

A Day at Work

by frankhernandez

It was a day, just as boring and routine as any other. I was just standing at the podium at my job waiting for something interesting to happen, when a young boy of about 8 years old walked into the lobby. He was running all over the place with anticipation of the movie he was about to watch. His mom purchased him and his siblings some candy, a couple drinks, and a bag of popcorn. She handed one of her daughters the bag of popcorn.

The girl then decided to drench the contents of the bag with butter. After that, some began to drip from the bottom of the bag. The young boy looked at it and commented for his sister to raise it so he could get a better look. Before she had a chance to say anything, he licked the bottom of the bag to stop the butter from dripping any further. He looked up at me and exclaimed, "Butter, butter, I love butter!!" I couldn't help but smile at the kid's excitement over so small of an event.

After a bit more dancing and chaotic running, his other sister and mother joined him and sister in front of the podium. They handed me the tickets for their movie, I tore the tickets, and handed them back to the little boy. He said "Thanks" and started to walk away but before he could get too far, he turned back. He looked at me and smiled with his snaggle tooth and proclaimed, "Merry Christmas". It was well before Christmas, so the comment caught me a bit off guard. After a bit, I looked at him, smiled and said "Thanks, you too". He turned around and wildly ran to catch up with the rest of his family and they went off to watch their movie.

Just as he was happy about the butter, so was I happy about running into him. The interaction of a young boy made my day and I will forever remember that smile.



The Power of a Hug

by Dr Hugs

I picked my name in part based on the benefits of hugging that are proven through research. I hope to hug many of you in the future, but more than that I want to spread the news about the good that hugging does.

[From this website on Hug Therapy. <http://eqi.org/ht.htm>]

The effects of hugging are quite substantial, it includes:

- Makes people feel less lonely
- Helps people overcome fears
- Builds self esteem
- Slows down aging
- Help to curb appetite
- Decreases insomnia
- Offers a healthy alternative to alcohol and other drugs
- Is ecologically sound
- Energy efficient
- portable
- Fills up empty places in our lives
- Keeps working after the hug is released (more on that later).



“Hugging is all natural. It is organic, naturally sweet, no pesticides, no preservatives, no artificial ingredients and 100 percent wholesome.

Hugging is practically perfect. There are no movable parts, no batteries to wear out, no periodic check-ups, low energy consumption, high energy yield, inflation proof, nonfattening, no monthly payments, no insurance requirements, theft-proof, nontaxable, nonpolluting and, of course, fully returnable.

Various experiments have shown that hugging can make people feel better about themselves, positively affect children’s language skills and IQ, and help improve the mental outlook of the person who is being hugged, as well as the hugger.”

So you may ask why all these benefits come from hugging? Let’s look at the research....

[From the National Institute of Health, 2000]

“At the center of how our bodies respond to love and affection is a hormone called oxytocin. Most of our oxytocin is made in the area of the brain called the hypothalamus. Some is released into our bloodstream, but much of its effect is thought to reside in the brain.

Oxytocin makes us feel good when we’re close to family and other loved ones, including pets. It does this by acting through what scientists call the

dopamine reward system. Dopamine is a brain chemical that plays a crucial part in how we perceive pleasure. Many drugs of abuse act through this system. Problems with the system can lead to serious depression and other mental illness.

Hugging releases oxytocin and decreases cortisol levels. In fact, touch in and of itself does the same thing.

Oxytocin does more than make us feel good. It lowers the levels of stress hormones in the body, reducing blood pressure, improving mood, increasing tolerance for pain and perhaps even speeding how fast wounds heal. It also seems to play an important role in our relationships. It's been linked, for example, to how much we trust others."

In fact, people who receive more hugs have higher oxytocin levels. There are many animal studies that indicate higher oxytocin levels related to touch. Alternatively, people with increased stress, depression, and anxiety have higher levels of cortisol. High cortisol rates have been linked to a wide variety of health problems. So in the end, it's better to have higher oxytocin levels and lower cortisol levels.

Hugging releases oxytocin and decreases cortisol levels. In fact, touch in and of itself does the same thing. So when I looked at the research there were many studies on the benefits of massage as a form of touch. You might be surprised at the findings.

Following a month of two chair massages per week, the massaged adolescents became less aggressive. Diego, M., Field, T., Hernandez-Reif, M., Shaw, J., Rothe, E., Castellanos, D., & Mesner, L. (2002). Ag-

gressive adolescents benefit from massage therapy. *Adolescence*, 37, 597-607.

Massage therapy reduced anxiety, depressed mood, salivary cortisol (stress hormone) levels and body dissatisfaction and increased dopamine levels in women with anorexia.

Hart, S., Field, T. Hernandez-Reif, M., Nearing, G., Shaw, S., Schanberg, S., & Kuhn, C. (2001). Anorexia symptoms are reduced by massage therapy. *Eating Disorders*, 9, 289-299.

This study showed positive effects of parents massaging their asthmatic children including increased peak air flow, improved pulmonary functions, less anxiety and reduced stress hormone (cortisol) in the children. Parental anxiety also decreased. Field, T., Henteleff, T., Hernandez-Reif M., Martinez, E., Mavunda, K., Kuhn C., & Schanberg S. (1998). Children with asthma have improved pulmonary functions after massage therapy. *Journal of Pediatrics*, 132, 854-858.

Autistic children's attentiveness and responsivity improved after touch therapy.

Adolescents with ADHD rated themselves as happier and were observed to fidget less after massage sessions. Also, teachers rated adolescents receiving massage as less hyperactive and as spending more time on-task. Field, T., Quintino, O. & Hernandez-Reif, M., & Koslovsky, G. (1998). Adolescents with attention deficit hyperactivity disorder benefit from massage therapy. *Adolescence*, 33, 103-108.

This study investigated the effects of touch therapy on three problems commonly associated with au-

tism including inattentiveness (off-task behavior), touch aversion, and withdrawal. Results showed that touch aversion decreased in both the touch therapy and the touch control group, off task behavior decreased in both groups, orienting to irrelevant sounds decreased in both groups, but significantly more in the touch therapy group, and stereotypic behaviors decreased in both groups but significantly more in the touch therapy group. Field, T., Lasko, D., Mundy, P., Henteleff, T., Talpins, S., & Dowling, M. (1986). Autistic children's attentiveness and responsivity improved after touch therapy. *Journal of Autism and Developmental Disorders*, 27, 329-334.

Chronic Fatigue Syndrome immediately following massage therapy, depressed mood, anxiety and stress hormone (cortisol) levels were reduced. Following 10 days of massage therapy, fatigue related symptoms, particularly anxiety and somatic symptoms, were reduced, as were depression, difficulty sleeping and pain. Stress hormone (cortisol) also decreased and dopamine increased.

Field, T., Sunshine, W., Hernandez-Reif, M., Quintino, O., Schanberg, S., Kuhn, C., & Burman, I. (1997). Chronic fatigue syndrome: Massage therapy effects on depression and somatic symptoms in chronic fatigue syndrome. *Journal of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome*, 3, 43-51.

Depressed adolescents were given a 30-minute back massage was given daily for a 5-day period to hospitalized depressed and adjustment disorder children and adolescents. Compared with a control group who viewed relaxing videotapes, the massaged subjects were less depressed and anxious and had lower saliva cortisol levels after the massage. Field, T., Morrow, C., Valdeon, C., Larson, S., Kuhn, C., & Schanberg, S. (1992). Massage reduces depres-

sion and anxiety in child and adolescent psychiatric patients. *Journal of the American Academy of Child & Adolescent Psychiatry*, 31, 125-131.

Diabetes following one month of parents massaging their children with diabetes, the children's glucose levels decreased to the normal range and their dietary compliance increased. Also the parents' and children's anxiety and depression levels decreased. Field, T., Hernandez-Reif, M., LaGreca A., Shaw, K., Schanberg, S., & Kuhn, C. (1997). Massage therapy lowers blood glucose levels in children with Diabetes Mellitus. *Diabetes Spectrum* 10, 237-239.

HIV adolescents show improved immune function following massage therapy.

Natural killer cells, CD4 cells and CD4/CD8 ratio increased after one month of massage therapy for adolescents with HIV. Diego, M.A., Field, T., Hernandez-Reif, M., Shaw, K., Friedman, L., and Ironson, G. (2001). HIV adolescents show improved immune function following massage therapy. *International Journal of Neuroscience*, 106, 35-45.

Massage therapy decreased diastolic blood pressure, anxiety and cortisol (stress hormone) levels in adults with hypertension. Hernandez-Reif, M., Field, T., Krasnegor, J., Theakston, H., Hossain, Z., & Burman, I. (2000). High blood pressure and associated symptoms were reduced by massage therapy. *Journal of Bodywork and Movement Therapies*, 4, 31-38.

Massaged adults showed 1) decreased frontal EEG alpha and beta power and increased delta power consistent with enhanced alertness; 2) math prob-

lems were completed in significantly less time with significantly fewer errors after the massage; and 3) anxiety, cortisol (stress hormone) and job stress levels were lower at the end of the 5 week period. Field, T., Ironson, G., Scafidi, F., Nawrocki, T., Goncalves, A., Burman, I., Pickens, J., Fox, N., Schanberg, S., & Kuhn, C. (1996). Massage therapy reduces anxiety and enhances EEG pattern of alertness and math computations. *International Journal of Neuroscience*, 86, 197-205.

Migraine headaches. Massage therapy decreased the occurrence of headaches, sleep disturbances and distress symptoms and increased serotonin levels in adults with migraine headaches.

Hernandez-Reif, M., Field, T., Dieter, J., Swerdlow, & Diego, M., (1998). Migraine headaches were reduced by massage therapy. *International Journal of Neuroscience*, 96, 1-11.

Multiple Sclerosis. Massage therapy decreased anxiety and depressed mood, and improved hand strength, self-esteem, body image and social functioning in adults with multiple sclerosis.

Hernandez-Reif, M., Field, T., Field, T., & Theakston, H. (1998). Multiple Sclerosis patients benefit from massage therapy. *Journal of Bodywork and Movement Therapies*, 2, 168-174.

The moderate pressure massage group reported the greatest decrease in stress.

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. Massage therapy decreased the anxiety, depression and stress hormone levels (cortisol) of children who had post-traumatic stress disorder following Hurricane Andrew. In addition,

their drawings became less depressed. Field, T., Seligman, S., Scafidi, F., & Schanberg, S. (1996). Alleviating postraumatic stress in children following Hurricane Andrew. *Journal of Applied Developmental Psychology*, 17, 37-50.

Pressure. Three types of commonly used massage therapy techniques were assessed: (1) moderate massage, (2) light massage, or (3) vibratory stimulation group. Changes in anxiety and stress were assessed, and EEG and EKG were recorded. Anxiety scores decreased for all groups, but the moderate pressure massage group reported the greatest decrease in stress. The moderate pressure massage group also experienced a decrease in heart rate and EEG changes including an increase in delta and a decrease in alpha and beta activity, suggesting a relaxation response.

I highly recommend hugging whenever you can.

Finally, this group showed increased positive affect, as indicated by a shift toward left frontal EEG activation. The light pressure massage group showed increased arousal, as indicated by decreased delta and increased delta activity and increased heart rate. The vibratory stimulation group also showed increased arousal, as indicated by increased heart rate and increased theta, alpha, and beta activity. Diego, M.A., Field, T., Sanders, C. & Hernandez-Reif, M. (2004). Massage therapy of moderate and light pressure and vibrator effects on EEG and heart rate. *International Journal of Neuroscience*, 114, 31-44.

Psychiatric Patients (Child and Adolescent). Following five 30-minute massages these children/ adolescents had better sleep patterns, lower depression and

anxiety and lower stress hormone levels (cortisol and norepinephrine). Field, T., Morrow, C., Valdeon, C., Larson, S., Kuhn, C., & Schanberg, S. (1992). Massage therapy reduces anxiety in child and adolescent psychiatric patients. *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*, 31, 125-130.

While massage and hugs are different, hugs offer many of the same benefits in the end as a massage. Hugs are easier to give, they don't take much time, and the benefits are quite substantial both for physical and mental health.

So I highly recommend hugging whenever you can. It is now a requirement at any BL meet ups that hugs must occur....

Besides, life is too short already and you can live longer by giving and receiving hugs.

CREATIVE WORK

Making The Cut

Should I cut my arm off?

If I could?

Should I even ask?

There's no knife to fit the task.

Should I cut my love away?

If only I could?

It has been rejected.

Too small and gay to be accepted
by society.

Must I agree?

My arm's just right.

I need it to hug.

And I need my love
to pick myself up
when I hit the ground
and hear the count.

Again.

Get up!

Before it get's to ten!

For another round of life,
of love and strife.

And hugs.

Because arms are not just for war.
And love shouldn't get less,
but more.

by Pantherion



A photograph of a sandy beach with gentle waves in the background. A small crab is on the sand in the lower-left quadrant. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned above the crab, containing the word "HUGS!" in bold, black, uppercase letters.

HUGS!

Remember

by thelittlehappyprince

remember
you are
what you carry
what you do
remember
you are what you
smile at
remember
you are
what you are
then you will be strong
then you will be strong



The great king
Say to the wind
If the love is innocent

The Great King

Who we say not To is

Features and Profiles

MY Favorite Boy Photo and Why



This is Michael.

I STUMBLED ACROSS THIS BOY ONE DAY IN THE GALLERY. I IMMEDIATELY FELL IN LOVE WITH MICHAEL. IN EVERY EXPRESSION I SEE MYSELF AS A BOY. I HAVE A YOUNGER BROTHER MYSELF. I HAD BROWN HAIR, AND I ALSO HAD A BODY LIKE MICHAELS WHEN I WAS A KID.

MICHAEL MAKES MY HEART MELT AND I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO BE IN THE SAME ROOM AS HIM. HIS IMAGES ARE THE ONLY ONES THAT HAVE EVER MADE ME FEEL LIKE I DO WHEN I LOOK AT HIM. THIS IS MY FAVORITE BOY.

UNDERDOG



ONE OF THE FIRST BOYS I EVER SAW ONLINE AND WAS TOTALLY HYPNOTIZED BY HIM.

HEEBIE

This is MICHAEL. I dunno his REAL NAME.

HE IS MY FAVORITE BOY BECAUSE HE MAKES ME FEEL SO ALIVE.

EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HIM MY HEART BEATS FASTER AND MY BLOOD STARTS PUMPING TO ALL THE VITAL (AND NOT SO VITAL) ORGANS IN MY BODY.

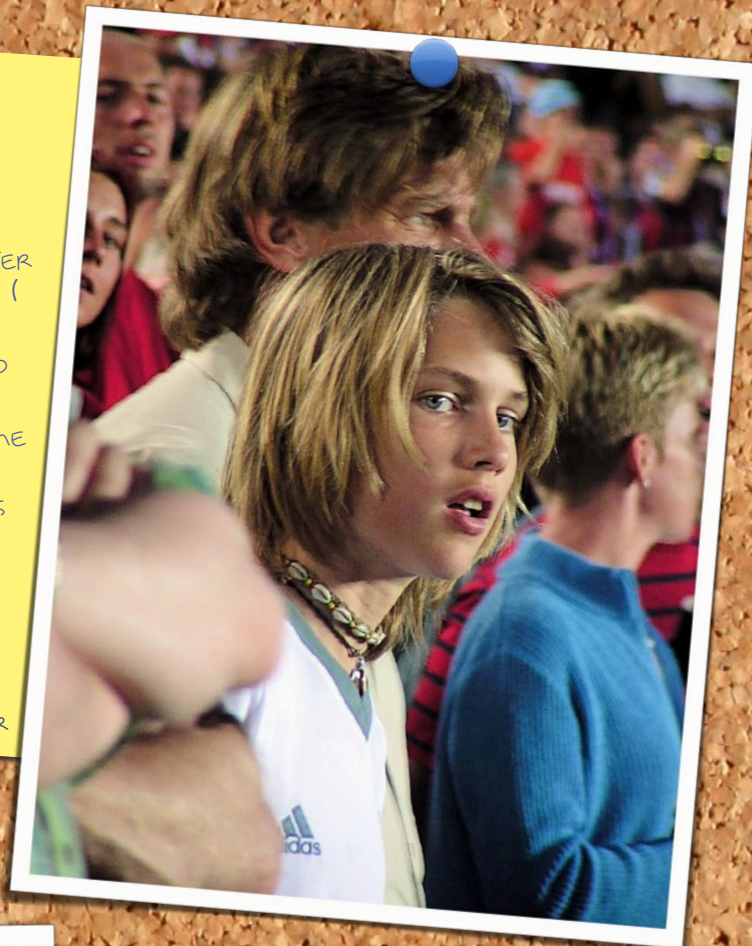
HE HAS HIS FATHER'S ATHELETICISM AND GIRTH AND HIS MOTHER'S BEAUTY AND GENTLENESS. HE IS NOT AFRAID TO LOVE OR EXPRESS HIS SEXUALITY WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS THAT HE CALLS HIS FRIENDS.

I WALKED IN ON HIM ONCE AT A PARTY AND HE WAS MAKING OUT WITH THE 12 YEAR-OLD BIRTHDAY BOY.

HE DIDNT EVEN LOOK UP.

HE JUST TOLD ME TO FUCK OFF.

QUICKSILVER



[youtube.com/xobruii](https://www.youtube.com/xobruii)

AFTER MARVELLING AT THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL PHOTOS IN THE GALLERY IT'S ALL BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHICH ONE IS THE VERY BEST.

BUT ONE OF MY FAV BOYS IS GARRETT ('YOUTUBE-GARRETT', BUT THE OTHER GARRETT'S ARE NICE AS WELL :-)

I'VE CHOSEN THIS PICTURE BECAUSE IT SHOWS BEST HIS CAREFREE CHEERFULNESS THAT TOUCHES ME SO DEEP IN A SENSE OF BOTH HAPPYNESS AND MELANCHOLY WHENEVER I WATCH HIS VIDEOS ON YOUTUBE.

VANITAS

I've chosen Mattia de Martino because he had a beautiful face.

-Mattia-



Although I maintain that I was born a "boy-lover" I think the following picture (along with other pics of the boy in the photo) finally confirmed to me that I was/still am sexually attracted to children.

Jessie was and still is my idea of boy perfection - I first found my first pic of Jessie around 9 years ago and thought that he was pure sex on legs now as I've got older he still holds a special place in my heart. I know people hold different opinions on if pics of Jessie are appropriate, personally I think they are, though I acknowledge that other people might disagree.

Like I said - he's my perfect boy, who always makes my heart skip a beat when I see a picture of him.

Princo



I think it's a JPP, but that's all I know. I think it shows my personality well and I used it for my avatar for a while when I started here. It's hard to make out the banana and sticker though at 75x75.

moth1011





PERSONAL THANKS TO ALL THE MEMBERS THAT CONTRIBUTED TO THIS ARTICLE. THE GALLERY IS AND WILL ALWAYS BE A VIVID PART OF MY LIFE HERE AT BOYLOVER.NET.
UNDERDOG

I LIKE THIS ONE ONLY BECAUSE I TOOK IT AND THE TWO BOYS IN IT ARE VERY CLOSE TO EACH OTHER AND TO MYSELF. I MISS YOU KEEFER AND JEAN.
AKEWLBRO

THIS IS MY FAVORITE. I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME BUT I'LL CALL HIM KYLER. HE REMINDS ME OF MY ONE YF. SAME AGE & APPEARANCE.
I USUALLY LIKE TO SEE A BOYS' EYES BUT I THINK WEARING SHADES MAKES HIM LOOK EVEN HOTTER! I THINK I FOUND HIS PICTURE HERE IN THE GALLERY, BUT POSSIBLY ON GOOGLE.
4209U4



MY FAVORITE BOY IS DAMIAN. YOU CAN SEE HIM IN MY 51994. I LOVE HIS FACE AND HE HAS SUCH CUTE EYES. I LIKE BOYS OF HIS AGE. THE SMOOTH CHEST AND NICE TUMMY GIVE THE IMAGE A GREAT FEEL.
MANOHAR

Corey Gets Molested

by AnemicFairy

The universe is persistently annoying. On the day that Corey's grandmother began molesting him, the only thing he really wanted to do was to enjoy the late summer sunshine, take Rufus for a walk in the park, perhaps kick a ball around with friends.

Alas, it was not to be. Trauma cares nothing for sunshine, and neither does fate.

Corey had already taken the chain from its hook on the back of the kitchen door, and Rufus was yelping excitedly, when his mother glanced up sharply from the table, where she had been scraping carrots for dinner.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked. As if it wasn't plain for all to see. "Grandma's coming to visit today. I want you here. And be nice to her. You know how she always..."

The rest of the speech disappeared in a fog of disappointment. Sighing, Corey put the chain back, and scratched Rufus' head to console him. Then he trudged into the sitting room to watch TV and await the inevitable. Not that he had anything against his grandmother. But to sit here and listen to adults talking about politics and cookie recipes on a day like today! Hopefully he would be able to get away with a few hours of daylight still left.

And then his grandmother arrived. She was an energetic old lady. Rufus lifted his head, uttered a half-hearted 'woof,' and then she was all over Corey, in a blur of blue-rinsed hair, pink jersey and inane remarks.

"Oh, how you have grown!" she laughed, as always, and then went through with the rest of the ritual: Corey was folded in her ample arms, and thoroughly slobbered. Grandma was the envy of even Rufus himself in the slobber department. And it was in that moment, enveloped in the sickly sweet aroma of powder and perfume and blubbery arms, that it dawned on Corey that he was being molested.

He would never have suspected. But boys learn a lot in school these days. Just a few hours earlier, the whole school had been assembled in the school hall, where they were informed of the hidden dangers lurking everywhere. A stocky lady with short, spiky hair and thick-soled boots was introduced as inspector (or was it director? superintendent?) Laura (or was it Cora?) Ward, from something called Child Protective Services (or was it Child Line International?). No-one remembered just who exactly she was, but Corey found her speech riveting.

It was simple. Life was far more interesting than he could have dreamed, because right here in boring suburbia, there were dangers lurking everywhere. Not all adults can be trusted, said inspector (or director?) Ward. There are some who suffer from a terrible brain disease, and if they get hold of you, you might soon wish you were rather dead, because they molested you.

This was thrilling stuff, right from a Spider-man comic. Who would have thought! Real, physical dangers. Everywhere. But how would you recognize a molester?

Director (or superintendent?) Ward had much to say about recognizing these sinister types. It was simple, really: they wanted to touch boys all over, and kiss them and do things with them. "Remember children," she said. "If an adult touches you in any way that makes you uncomfortable, or wants to do anything with you or to you that makes you uncomfortable, he might well be a molester. You should report him to the police immediately. You can do so anonymously, which means you don't have to give your name."

She handed out cards with a telephone number, and then continued explaining how dangerous molesters were.

Corey still had that card in his pocket. And now here it was happening, exactly what Laura (or Cora?) Ward had been warning them about. His grandmother's arms were wrapped around him so tightly he could hardly breathe, she was planting kisses all over his cheeks and forehead, and kept on touching and caressing his hair.

"I'm being molested," he thought faintly, and started to struggle. At long last, he managed to extricate himself from the old lady's suffocating embrace, and staggered backwards.

"Don't you run away now!" she grinned at him. "I still want to do a few things with you this afternoon!"

DO THINGS! Just what the superintendent (or inspector?) had said! And she did this sort of thing every time she visited. He had been molested for years without ever realizing it.

His mother did not seem to notice. "Why are you so shy today?" she asked, clearly a bit annoyed, but trying to hide it.

What could he say? He panicked and said all the wrong things. Afterwards, he couldn't quite remember what, except that in his dreams, words like 'pervert' and 'dyke' haunted him.

"Why, you rude little monster!" his mother shouted. She grabbed him, pulled off her shoe and used it to set fire to his bottom. Being touched in this way made him decidedly uncomfortable, and he realized he was being molested by his own mother. He burst into tears and stumbled up the stairs to his bedroom.

But he passed the upstairs phone on his way. He took a business card from his pocket and made a quick anonymous phone call.

* * *

By evening, things had settled down. He had allowed himself to be coerced into apologizing to his mother and to grandma, even though they were child molesters, and they were now all sitting peacefully at the dinner table, amiably discussing politics and cookie recipes. He sighed and wished he could go to bed. He never did get around to taking Rufus for his walk in the park. A day wasted.

The front door exploded inward, wood splinters mixing with grandma's shrieks. The SWAT team poured over them like fire ants. In short order, both his parents, and his sobbing grandmother, were lying on the floor, handcuffed. If there was one thing inspector (or director?) Ward did not tolerate, it was child molesters.

There is justice after all. Corey's vicious, sick, perverted parents and grandmother received heavy sentences. As victim, he decidedly got the better deal.

One day, director (or superintendent? he really should ask her one of these days, he thought) Ward picked him and Rufus up, and took them to a grand mansion on the other side of the city.

A handsome, elegant man with a friendly twinkle in his eyes opened the door.

“This is Mr. Friedman, Corey,” superintendent Ward introduced him (yes, it was superintendent; Corey had finally asked her). “He has been assigned as your foster father, to look after you until you have grown up, or your parents are released from prison (guess which will happen first, she laughed).”

“Well, hi there Corey,” said Mr. Friedman, taking Corey’s hand in both of his own. “Everything’s going to be all right now. We are going to have such fun together, you and I. I just can’t wait to take you out and do a few things with you!”

He caressed Corey’s hand, in a way that made the boy grin. He liked being touched by Mr. Friedman. The trauma of being molested by his own parents and grandma began to fade, as Mr. Friedman hugged him close, and gently stroked his hair and lower back.

The autumn sun shone warmly upon Corey and his new adult friend, and they laughed as they watched Rufus chasing yellow and red leaves spinning lazily from the trees in the large garden. Then they went inside to do a few things together.



To Love You

by 420Guy

I think about your smile
and I know it's right
to love you
Will you say the words
that I long to hear
from your soul?
In the coming times
I believe we'll fly
through the boundaries
that separate us
All things will turn right
for every day and night
to come

I wish that you were here right now
I wish that I could hold you and tell
you somehow just how I feel
and that it's real
My love for you is all I know....

I look into your eyes
and I feel it's time
to set myself free
Fall into your love;
love's all I'm thinking of
with you



FEATURES AND PROFILES

In the Arms of an Angel

The diary of a Gay Boy Lover

This diary is open to anyone who finds it. However, it cannot really be considered a diary, for it is not written like one. This is a story. It is my story of when I met a young boy and began a relationship with him.

by iamcelt

Part 1

It was so long ago, yet the memory remains as fresh and vivid as Jordan's face when it's painted by the sun's morning rays.

It actually started when I was 13. I had received from my father a diary. I had not asked for it, but there it was—ugly vomit-green staring me in the face. My father told me it was because I am now in my teen years and thought it would help if I wrote down what I was feeling. And it was in this journal I would later record the relationship I had started with a young boy.

However, this story begins with a different boy named Noah. I won't spend much time describing our relationship, but I must say something about him, for he plays an important role in the story.

Noah and I had met at my high school my freshman year. It was after orientation. I was walking aimlessly, trying to find my locker. Distracted, I ran right into a pole and fell to the floor.

Slightly disoriented, I heard a voice exclaim, "Oh my god. Are you all right?"

A hand was before me, I took it. "Yeah. I'm okay." I should mention here that I grew up in Ireland and had kept the accent.

My vision cleared, and before me was the most beautiful face. Dark blonde hair and deep blue eyes.

"My name is Noah. I'm a sophomore. The first day can be a little confusing. Believe me I know. What's your locker number? I'll help you find it."

"183."

"Oh, that's right over here."

He led to the right to locker '183.' I entered my combination and opened the locker.

"My name is Sam, by the way."

Noah just smiled. I got myself situated and closed my locker.

"What class do you have first," Noah asked.

"English."

"So do I. The classes are in the same wing. We could walk up there together if you want."

"Okay."

We walked up the stairs to the second floor.

Noah's class came first.

"Well. Here is where we part ways."

He turned to walk into his class.

"Hey, Noah?"

He turned back around. "Yes?"

"I was...wondering...if...maybe...you would...I could..."

"I'd love to."

"Oh. Okay then."

I reached into my bag and pulled out my PostIt pad. I wrote my number down and gave it to Noah. "Call me tonight."

"Will do."

I did not see Noah for the rest of the day.

However, he did call me that night and we set a date for that weekend. This was also the night I began writing in my diary.

We met at the Olive Garden. Our parents left us to our own table. It was a pleasant lunch. Noah and I learned a lot about each other. We were really starting to like each other, so we set a date for the next weekend.

It was after our third date I had walked Noah to his door where he pulled me in and kissed me softly on the lips.

"I'm...sorry..."

I pulled him in and kissed him long and deep.

"Sorry for what?"

"Nothing." He went inside.

The weekend after this, Noah and I were at his house, his parents had gone for the day. We were watching TV.

"Sam."

"Yes."

"There is something I want to tell you."

"What is it?"

"I... I love you, Sam."

I smiled. "I love you too."

We kissed and continued watching TV.

The last day of school was a difficult one for us both. Noah and I were hanging out at my house. We were in the kitchen. "Noah. I have some bad news."

"What is it?"

"I won't be able to see you over the summer."

"Why not?"

"I have to go to camp this summer."

"What? Why?"

"Well, I have to extend my knowledge of my faith beyond the Christian boundaries of this world. I have to go to a Celtic summer camp. Otherwise, I'll never learn what I need to know to be successful."

"I understand. I just wish you didn't have to go."

"Come with me. I have a goodbye present for you."

I led him back to my bedroom where we stripped naked and made passionate love. This was the first time for both of us. I awoke the next morning in his arms. "Good morning, lover," he said as I opened my eyes. "Good morning."

Unfortunately, I had to pack for camp. Noah helped me. I would be going by bus, so Noah came with me to the bus station. "I'll be right here when you return."

"And so I shall."

We kissed and I boarded the bus. I arrived at camp. Nothing to interesting happened during the three years it took me to become a counselor.

Part 2

Now a 16 year-old counselor, Noah and I stood at the same spot at the bus station, though a little earlier since the bus to pick up the counselors came before the bus for the campers.

"I will be right here when you return."

"And so I shall."

We kissed and I boarded the bus. This was always how we parted ways when I went to camp. I arrived and went to the cabin with the counselors. The camp leader, Brigit (Breet), blabbed on about rules and such.

"Your ward is your responsibility. Teach them well." This was all I heard from him. "Now, the bus is here, so let's go meet the children."

We went outside just as the bus pulled up. The children clambered off the bus. They were all aged from seven to twelve.

Each of us took one child into our care. My best girlfriend Willow got a young girl named Caitlyn.

"And... Samuel. You get Jordan. He's twelve."

Standing next to Brigit was the most beautiful young boy I had ever seen: long white-blond hair and gorgeous, deep green eyes. My heart fluttered at the sight of him, and my soul touched the sky. Jordan was wearing a gray shirt and black short-shorts. He was one head shorter than me, so I got down on one knee.

"It's nice to meet you Jordan."

"It's nice to meet you too."

Jordan and I spent the day doing the tasks we had been assigned. I also found out that Jordan was

an amazing painter. He showed me paintings of his hometown, horses, mountains and so much more. During free time, we were allowed to go down to Lake Morigu (named after the water goddess.) There weren't many tasks for the day, so most of us finished early. Jordan and I changed into our swim trunks. I caught a glimpse of his bare butt as he was pulling up his trunks. He turned around, and his bathing suit was low enough so that I could see the top of his "V."

We met Willow and her ward between the two cabins and walked down to the lake together.

Jordan and I swam around for a while until I noticed some of the other counselors and their wards gathering in a circle and singing hymns.

"Jordan, would you like to join them?"

"Sure."

We swam over to them as they began to sing one of my favorite hymns-Harp of Dagda. Jordan and I began to sing. His voice lifted me to the sky, just as the Harp of Dagda does in the song.

O harp of Dagda - teach me to fly
To take the music - up to the sky
For dreams of Aisling - laments I cry
O harp of Dagda - teach me to fly
I want to fly with you across the brine
Inducing melodies to bring back time
Duets in harmony to lilt and wain
I want to fly with you again

We sang the hymn through a few times. Then we began to sing Barbarian - as well as a few of my other favorites: Scarborough fair, Danny Boy and Whiskey in the Jar - just to name a few. We continued to sing until the sun popped and stars dotted the sky. Jordan and I returned to our cabin and changed into our PJs. Counselors and their wards always slept in bunk beds together. The counselor slept on top while their ward slept on the bottom.

That night, Jordan came to me in my dreams. I was standing on a mountain top. Born aloft by beautiful

white wings and wearing beautiful white robes, he landed before me and wrapped his wings around me.

I awoke to the light of the sun. Jordan and I arose to complete the day's tasks. According to my schedule, it was our job to greet the morning sun and bless the day. We all gathered in the meeting hall.

Oh, great mother,

We greet you today.

Bless this ground and its people.

Guide us through our duties,

So that we complete them well.

See that our curses are just,

And that our spells are for the greater good.

We ask this of you and more.

And so say we, this prayer is done.

I dismissed the group and we went to the day's tasks. Once more, we finished early enough to swim. Each day, I grew more and more smitten with Jordan. The thoughts of Noah that typically occupied my mind at camp were pushed out by recurring thoughts of Jordan and that recurring dream of him with white wings.

The night before final goodbyes, I had the same dream once more. I said goodbye to Jordan the next day. As the bus drove away, I felt a little sad.

"And so ends another two months at camp," Willow said. I remained silent.

"Sam. You okay?"

"Hmm. Yeah. I'm okay."

We began walking to the cabins.

"So," I said, "did you like your ward?"

"Mm-hmm. She was a sweet girl. Did you like yours?"

"I did." More than she would ever know.

The bus arrived to deliver me back home.

PART 3

Noah was in the spot he was always in. I greeted him with a kiss and we drove to his house where we had sex - I would have called it "making love" but it just didn't feel the same. I still loved Noah, though when I was with him I didn't feel the same feelings I felt before. Jordan continued to occupy my thoughts. I fell asleep and had the same dream again. I slept through the night, the dream looping itself over and over. It always ended right as Jordan wrapped his wings around me. The months crawled by slowly until it was time to return to camp.

"I will be here when you return."

"And so I shall."

We kissed and I boarded the bus. I could hardly contain my excitement to see Jordan. I would not be a counselor this year because Jordan no longer needed one and the counselor position was a volunteer program. I went to the meeting cabin and prepared for his arrival. I watched eagerly as the second year kids got off the bus.

I stared in awe as Jordan got off the bus. He had grown almost a full head taller.

"Sam!" He ran up to me and wrapped his arms around me. I returned the gesture.

"I'm glad you came," I said.

"And I'm glad you came."

Jordan and I spent the day together. He showed me some paintings he had done over the school year. He also shared that he was working on one of him and I, though he hadn't gotten it quite right yet. He said something was missing.

The first day, no one had any tasks to complete. Therefore, everyone went swimming. Jordan had gotten a new bathing suit, a black Speedo.

Jordan's body had changed too. He now had slight muscles and a nice, sharp "V." To my delight, his body had not yet begun to grow hair.

Too soon, the last day of summer camp came. We were all down at the lake swimming. I was swimming with Jordan when Willow said she wanted to talk to me. We didn't even get into the conversation when I heard someone yell, "Someone help! He's drowning!"

I turned just in time to see a white-blond head fall beneath the water.

I sprang into action. I had taken lifeguard and CPR lessons at the Medical Center. I reached out for Jordan's hand and pulled him ashore.

Willow had also taken classes at the same center - this is where we met. I instructed her to compress his chest while I gave him the breath of life. After a few breaths, Jordan coughed up water and began to breathe on his own. I took his wet body into my arms. His mouth was right by my ear. He whispered, "I love you Sam." Then he slipped into unconsciousness. I took him to the medial cabin. The nurse examined him.

"Will he be okay," I asked once the nurse was finished. "He'll be all right. We're going to keep him here overnight just in case."

"Is it all right if I stay?"

"Certainly. I'm going to give him an adrenalin shot just to be safe. I'll be right back." The nurse left the room. Taking a quick look around I leaned down and whispered into Jordan's ear, "I love you too."

I sat back up and saw that Jordan's eyes were open. "Jordan. You are awake."

"Yeah. You love me?" I leaned down once more and whispered, "With all my heart." Jordan smiled a cute boy smile. The nurse came back in. "Oh, you're awake. Well, you won't be needing the shot then."

Brigit came into the cabin. "Oh, good. Here you are."

"What is it?"

"One of the counselors fell ill. Could you take care of her tasks? You don't have to worry about her ward; I'll take care of her."

"Of course I will."

"Thank you."

"I'll come visit you later Jordan."

I took on Angie's tasks for the day. They took me longer for I had Jordan on my mind all day. By the time I finished the tasks, it was too late to visit Jordan. I went to my cabin and fell asleep.

I stand atop a mountain under a pale blue sky. In the distance, I see a figure approaching - born aloft by soft white wings. The figure lands before me and wraps his wings around me. He pulls me in and our lips meet in a gentle kiss.

I awoke feeling something on my lips. I reached up into the inky blackness and felt long, soft hair. The feeling left my lips. "Jordan. Is that you," I whispered.

"Yes," came the whispered reply.

"You should be at the medical cabin."

"I couldn't sleep without you in the same room."

"Oh, Jordan," I wrapped my arms around him, "I love you so much."

"I love you too. Sam...?"

"Yes."

"I...I...I was wondering...if maybe...possibly...we...could..."

"What?"

"Make...love. Make love to me Sam. Please?"

"Jordan...a-as much a-as I...want to...it's too...there's no-" He cut me off with another soft kiss. "Please."

I couldn't resist him. "Alright." He kissed me once more. "Let's go to the lake," I said.

After light's out, no one was allowed to come down to the lake. Ergo, we wouldn't be found out. I saw in the pale moonlight of the lake that Jordan was still wearing his Speedo. Silently, we stripped naked. The pale glow of the moon painted Jordan's completely smooth body a lustrous shade of white. We silently slid into the lake. For the first time, I could truly feel the power of Lady Morrighu. And her energies were pushing me towards Jordan and pushing Jordan to-

wards me. We swam to each other and kissed long and passionately. "Are you ready," I whispered. He nodded. I silently led him up onto the beach and lay down on the sand. Jordan lay down on top of me and kissed me. And so, our bodies entwined, rolling around on the soft, white sand, we made sweet, soft, passionate love. And it was the sweetest, softest and most passionate love I had ever had.

Jordan and I returned to our cabin where we both dressed and slept soundly the rest of the night. I awoke the next morning to the gentle caress of the sun's rays - and Jordan's hand-on my cheek. I opened my eyes and he climbed into my bed.

"Good morning, Jordan."

"Good morning, Sam."

In only a few hours, Jordan would have to leave. I helped him pack and went to the goodbye ceremony. As we exited the hall, a woman with brunette hair and green eyes was standing outside the cabins. "Mom," Jordan said.

"Hi sweetie."

"What are you doing here?"

"Well honey, your dad was transferred again. We're moving cross-country to a new home."

My heart ripped in two as my soul shattered into a million pieces. I choked back the tears that were struggling to burst forth.

"What? But...I don't want to leave."

"I'm sorry sweetie, but we have to."

I remained silent until Jordan's mom addressed me directly, "Are you a friend of Jordan's?" "Uh...yes. I am. My name is Sam. I was Jordan's counselor last year."

"Oh yes. Jordan has told me a lot about you. Well, I hate to rush, but we must get going."

"Ma'am. I was wondering if I could have a moment to say goodbye to Jordan. He was a really good friend. I am going to miss him a lot."

"Certainly."

"Come Jordan. We'll go to the glade."

We walked the few feet into the forest and entered the glade. Jordan set down his suitcase. As soon as the case made contact with the ground, we burst into tears and embraced each other. The tears streamed down our faces like waterfalls.

"Oh, Sam. I am going to miss you so much. I never felt this way about anyone ever before."

"I haven't either."

"I don't want to say goodbye."

"You don't have to. True love means never having to say goodbye."

"I wish you could come."

"And I wish you could stay."

Suddenly, an idea hit me. I reached into my jeans and removed my small pocketknife. I cut off a lock of my brown hair, tied it off with a twig and gave it to Jordan. "So that I can go with you."

Jordan took the knife, cut off a lock of his beautiful, white-blonde hair, tied it off with a twig and gave it to me. "So that I can stay with you."

Jordan put my lock of hair in his suitcase. I put mine in my pocket. We wiped the tears from our cheeks and walked out of the glade. We wordlessly parted ways. I could not wait to get home and leave the torturous memories behind.

PART 4

Noah met me at the bus stop, but I was in no mood for pleasantries.

"Hi, sweetie. Wel-"

"Take me home."

We got in the car and hit the road.

"Sam...are you okay?"

"Hmm. Yeah I'm fine. I'm just going to miss camp."

"Well, you can always go back next year."

"No."

"What?"

"I'm not going back."

"Why not?"

"Because I feel I've learned all I need to know." And because that's where the memories of my true love reside."

"Well. Okay then."

We arrived back at my house and went to my bedroom. Sex with Noah no longer felt the way it did. It was now hollow and empty, a pointless task.

Each day I fell deeper and deeper into depression. Even the most beautiful day could not lift my spirits. Noah became little more than a source of sexual release. Jordan occupied my thoughts constantly. All day and night, I thought of him. He always came to me in my dreams as the winged figure on the mountaintop. He would land before me, kiss me and we would make love. I would awake from these dreams and have to find a quiet place to weep. I began to grow more and more tired each day. All I ever wanted to do was sleep.

It was after school one day when Willow came up to me. "Sam, you seem sad. I'm having a party this weekend. Why don't you come?"

"I guess."

The weekend came and I went over to Willows for the party. Party music was blaring on the stereo.

"Sam. Come in." I entered her house.

"My parents made mead. Would you like some?"

"Sure."

She handed me a red party cup filled to the brim with the amber colored liquid. And so I drank and drank and drank until the world's sounds, tastes, smells, sights and pains were all blurred and dulled.

I awoke the next morning in a strange bed.

"Morning Sam."

"Willow! W-what...what am I doing here."

"What happened last night. Did we...?"

"Well. You slept in my bed because you were way to drunk to drive home. And no we did not. Here, have some coffee."

She now held out to me a mug filled to the brim with chocolate colored liquid.

"What kind?"

"Irish Cream. What else?" Willow's family had the richest Irish blood, and they were damn proud of it. You could find hardly anything at all in their home that didn't represent their proud heritage. I took a drink of the coffee.

"I'm going to the bathroom." I walked to the bathroom. "Do you have any Tylenol in here?"

"Check the medicine cabinet behind the mirror."

I opened the mirror and found a full bottle of Tylenol. I took out the bottle and stared at it for several minutes. I opened the bottle and took two pills. Then I took two more. Then two more. I kept taking them until the bottle was empty. I passed out on the floor.

I do not know what happened after that, but I awoke in a hospital. I saw Noah and my parents gather around me as they realized I was awake. And, for a brief, happy moment, I thought I saw Jordan. However it was just an illusion.

I spoke with a therapist the next day.

"Hello, Sam."

"Hi."

"I'm Dr. Olia, but you may call me Caroline."

"Okay, Caroline."

She sat down in the chair next to the bed. Silent.

"So... am I supposed to start?"

"If you want."

"I'd prefer you start."

"Alright. How do you feel right now?"

"So deeply depressed that the only way out is the sweet release of death."

"I see. Why are you depressed?"

"I don't know."

"Sam, please, I have a Masters in psychology from Yale-"

"Well, whoopty-damn-doo," I said sarcastically

"Anyway, I can tell when people are lying. Your palms

are sweating and you drew your knees to your chest before you answered the question in order to create a barrier between us. You are also biting your cheek - you are holding something back. You know why you're depressed. But if you don't want to share then we can just sit here quietly until our session is up."

We sat silent for several minutes.

"Anything I say doesn't leave this room right? You have to keep it a secret? Doctor patient confidentiality, right?"

"Yes. Whatever you say here, I will not reveal to anyone. So then, are you ready to share?"

I nodded. "Go ahead. I'll listen quietly until you are finished." And so, I proceeded to tell her the story as you have heard it thus far.

"I can see why you are depressed. You lost your true love. I am so sorry."

"Thank you," I said, wiping the tears away from my eyes. "Sam, I am trying a new therapy technique with cases like you, and it has worked in the past."

"What is it?"

"I'm not going to send you to a mental hospital. I want you to return to camp. The source of your depression lies there. You have to let Jordan go. Go to the camp and release him from your heart's grasp."

"I see what you're saying. I don't think it will work, but I will do anything to not feel this way anymore."

"Good. I want you to stand at the shore of the lake where you and Jordan first made love and say goodbye to him."

"Okay."

So, that summer, I visited the camp and stood at the shore in the exact spot where I had first seen Jordan naked - with the lock of his hair in hand."

"Jordan... I love you and I always will, but I cannot move on until I let you go. So, I have to say farewell." I threw the lock of hair onto the water.

"Goodbye Jordan."

"I thought true love meant never having to say goodbye."

I turned to the voice and saw before me a boy as tall as me with white-blond hair and beautiful green eyes.

Jordan ran up to me and took me into his arms. The only thing about him that had changed was his height. As he held me, my heart repaired itself and my soul came back together. My heart fluttered and my spirit touched the sky.

"I never thought I'd see you again," I said, silent tears falling from my eyes. "How is it that you are here?"

"I begged with my mom to let me stay. Eventually she lamented, and I moved in with my grandmother."

"Oh, Jordan. My life has been chaos without you."

"Let's go back to the cabin and you can tell me all about it."

"Okay."

We went to our cabin and I told Jordan what happened to me after camp last year.

"...so Caroline suggested that I come here and say goodbye to you. I'm glad she did."

"So am I."

"I wish that I hadn't thrown your hair upon the water."

"Do you have your knife with you?"

"Yes." I pulled my knife out and gave it to him. He cut off a lock of his hair, tied it off with a twig and gave it to me. "So that I am always with you."

We spent the day in our cabin, talking about random things until nightfall and lights out. We traversed down to the lake. Just like the first night we made love, we swam in the lake - letting the energies of Lady Morrighu guide us. And we began to make love on the sand.

"Sam!!!" We had been found out by Brigit.

PART 5

If it weren't for United States law, my counselor would have never turned me in. Unfortunately, he had to. Noah left me, but I didn't care.

My court date was set, and I posted bail until then. I later received my summons. I arrived in court. The judge - as well as my lawyer - were women. Mrs. Ackley's (Jordan's mom's) lawyer was a man. My therapist had come to testify, whether it was for me or against me, I did not know. Noah had also shown up to view the verdict.

My therapist was called to the stand.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"I do."

"Sit down please."

"Mrs. Olia," Mrs. Ackley's lawyer began, "you spoke with Mr. Eopia after he attempted suicide, correct?"

"Yes."

"What did he say to you?"

"That he had fallen in love with a boy at camp, but he lost him and fell into deep depression."

"Did he share with you that he and this boy had had sex on the shores of Lake Morrighu?"

"He did. But I hardly see what that has to do with this case. He was seventeen then. What they had done was not against the law."

"You make a good point Mrs. Olia. I have no further questions. Mrs. Olia, you may step down."

Caroline regained her seat.

"I would like to call the stand Samuel Eopia."

I arose and walked to the front.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"I do."

"Please sit."

I sat down on the stand and Mrs. Ackely's lawyer began to question me.

"Mr. Eopia, Would you please share with the court the story of how you met Jordan?"

"Sure. It was my first year as a counselor at the camp. Jordan was my ward. Over the two month period, we grew closer and closer."

"Now, am I correct to assume that you and Mr. Ackley had sex on the shores of Lake Morrigu the year after?"

"Yes."

"You we're seventeen and he was thirteen, correct?"

"Yes."

"Afterwards, you met him again at the same camp and had sex the first night you were there, correct?"

"Yes."

"And you knew that such an act was illegal, correct?"

"Yes."

"And yet you proceeded with the actions anyway. You molested a fourteen year old boy."

"I did not."

"You raped a young boy."

"I-"

"You committed a crime!"

"Objection your honor," my lawyer said, "he's badgering my client."

"Sustained."

"I withdraw the statement. You may step down."

I sat back down at the table.

"I now call to the stand Mr. Molnan, the camp leader."

"Mr. Molnan," the Ackley lawyer began after Mr. Molnan had been sworn in, "I just have one question for you. Did you see these two young gentlemen having sex on the shores of Lake Morrigu this last year?"

"Yes."

"That is the only question I have. Mr. Molnan, you may step down." Mr. Molnan returned to his seat.

"Does the defending council have any witnesses to call," the judge asked.

"Your Honor," my lawyer said, "I call to the stand the only witness we have who can tell us the true story, Jordan Ackley." Jordan was sworn in and took his place on the stand.

"Mr. Ackley," my lawyer began, "did you consent to sex with Sam?"

"Actually, I requested it from him."

"Ah, I see. Mr. Ackley...do you love him?"

"Objection Your Honor," the Ackley lawyer said, "I fail to see what this has to do with the case."

"Overruled. I'd like to see where this is going. Jordan, answer the question."

"I do. He is my true love. My love for him occupies my heart and soul. I cannot live without him."

My lawyer turned to face the courtroom, "Samuel Eopia is this young man's true love and vice versa. Why should my client be convicted of a crime he did not commit? Jordan Ackley not only consented to sex, he requested it. I ask you, is that a crime?" The room was silent.

Without turning back around my lawyer stated, "You may step down." Jordan regained his seat.

"Are there any closing statements," the judge asked. All was silent.

"Would the jury please go to the jury room and make their decision." The jury filed out of the room. For an intense half hour, all was quiet in the courtroom. Then the jury filed back into the room.

"Has the Jury reached a decision?"

"We have your honor. We the jury, find Samuel A. Eopia...guilty of sexual molestation of a minor." A cacophony of voices filled the courtroom.

"Order! Order!!" The room quieted.

"Mr. Eopia," the judge began, "I am a compassionate woman. I can tell that you and this young man are in love. However, I must abide by the state law. I sentence you to five years in a minimum-security penitentiary with possibility of parole.

Court is adjourned." I saw Jordan struggling against his mother. He eventually broke free, ran over to me and hugged me. "I will wait for you."

We parted and I was taken to the prison. "This is your cell." The guard opened the door and let me in. I entered and the guard closed the door.

"You must be my new cellmate." In the shadowy corner was a large, burly man with many tattoos winking at what looked like a chicken bone. He walked over to me. I closed my eyes and turned away. "My name is Rick. What's yours?" I turned back and saw Rick holding his hand out to me. "My name is Sam." I took his hand and shook it. He sat down on the bed.

"So what are you in for?" I sat down on the bed and pulled out the one possession they let me keep, a lock of white-blond hair. "For love."

"Not the first time I heard that story. What was his name?"

"How'd you know he was a boy?"

"When you have been here as long as me, you develop a sense for it."

"How long have you been here?"

"I've been at this particular prison for two years. Total I've been in prison five years."

"What for?"

"I am a serial rapist."

"Oh..."

"Don't worry. I don't do that anymore. However, I must pay my debt, and I was not given a parole option. I'm stuck. Luckily, I am doing well enough to be in a minimum-security prison. So what was his name?"

"Jordan."

"How old?"

"First time, 13. Last time, 14."

"Did you love him?"

"I did and still do. He said he would wait for me."

"Well, I hope he does."

As I looked at Rick's face, I noticed that he didn't look that old.

"How old are you?"

"20."

"What?"

"Yep. I started when I was fifteen. Went from juvee to here."

A few months later, I received a visitor. It was Noah. "Noah. What are you doing here?" Since I was in a minimum-security prison, he and I were not separated by bulletproof glass. "I missed you. I wanted to see you."

"But Noah... I cheated on you. I am in prison because of it."

"I know."

"You know I don't feel the same way about you."

"Yes. I do. I will always love you Sam. But if this young man is your true love, than I won't stand and in your way." He stood up, walked around the table and kissed me. "Goodbye, Sam."

"Goodbye, Noah."

And Jordan did wait for me. Four years later, I was released from prison. No parole. I was free based on good behavior. Jordan greeted me with a bouquet of lilies and a kiss. We walked to his truck. "I bought us a house."

"What? You did?"

"Mmm-hmm. Ocean-side."

I smiled. We got in the truck and drove towards the shore. "I also finished the painting of us. I found out what was missing."

"What?"

"I'll show you once we get home."

We arrived at the ocean-side home. Jordan took me inside and showed me the painting. It looked almost exactly like my dream, except I had the wings this time.

"I had this dream several times," Jordan said.

"So did I. You had the wings." Jordan smiled.

We went outside and laid down on the soft, white sand where, our bodies entwined, we made soft, sweet passionate love.

PART 6

It was a few months later I received a letter from Noah's parents. I opened it and read it.

*Dear,
Sam,*

I regret to tell you that Noah has died. He killed himself. This suicide note was enclosed. Noah's funeral is on March 14

*Dear,
Loved Ones,*

I am sorry that I had to do this, but it was the only way to leave the pain behind. Do not blame yourselves, especially you Sam. Although it was the quenching of my burning love for you that caused the pain deep in my soul, I do not blame you. I love you and I always will. Goodbye.

I read the letter through several times. Tears welled up in my eyes and dripped onto the paper. Jordan came out from the bedroom.

*"Oh my god. What's wrong sweetie?"
I showed him the letter.*

He read it, sat down next to me and took me into his arms. Heavy sobs finally broke through.

We went to Noah's funeral. I gave my condolences to his family and said goodbye to Noah.

"Noah," I said, "although Jordan is my soul-mate, there will always be a place in my heart for you. May your soul take up residents there."

Jordan and I returned to our home.

THE FINAL PART

And so, it is with a light heart I stand on the shore of the ocean with Jordan by my side - diary and Ziploc bag in hand. To all who find this diary, may you enjoy the story as much as I enjoyed writing it.

I seal the diary in the bag and toss it out to sea. Jordan and I walk back to our ocean - side home.



Dreaming Wonderland

Why is it that my dreams
are more enjoyable than my life?
I'd rather stay in imaginary lands
than experience the real one.
My life, so uneventful is shamed
by the vast imagination of my mind.
The hurt, the pain, the torment,
goes with each sleeping breath.
What life can I lead when I want
to exist in my nonchalant wonderland,
what can I do with my chance?

