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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the ninth issue of Modern Boylover Magazine! As always, the magazine has been a community effort, but even more so with this issue. We bring together works submitted through our website, and by members of various BL forums.

My first exposure to MBM was the release of issue #3. As soon as I found out about it, I knew that I wanted to help out. Unfortunately I was too late for that issue, but I started contributing in the next one.

It can often be hard to decide what to write for the magazine. The best thing to do, is to use past issues as an example. We accept all kinds of writings, from boy-lovers with all kinds of points of view. You can share how you felt when you first started having BL feelings, share a boy moment, a review of your favorite movie, or even a poem or story that you are proud of.

Issue 8 was a difficult project, personally. It began when Boylover.net was still online, but it became a tribute to its memory. It was a time of uncertainty as far as future issues were concerned. Throughout organizing it and even after its release, I often felt like it might be better to just call it quits. We decided that we had to at least try to keep things rolling, and I'm glad that we did!

Issue 9 is a fresh start....and an example of what the BL community can accomplish when we work together. I would like to thank the Administrators of BoyMoment.com, LittleBoylover.com & YoungCity.org for supporting the magazine in our time of need. Thanks also to the Forum Reps for all they've done, we simply could not have done it without you! To all the staff at modernblmag.net....I'm honored to work with such a great group of guys.

Most importantly, thank you to the authors who took the time to submit their work. The only way this magazine has continued and can continue, is by the work that they do! Their hard work and dedication can be seen in the pages that follow....

-420Guy (Chief Editor/Organizer)
editor@modernblmag.net

This issue is dedicated to the Authors: past, present and future.

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A boy is...

by Anonymous

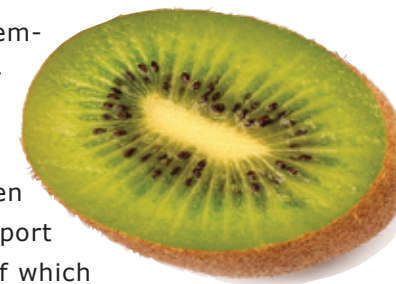
- A boy is one of the most beautiful things you can have, and one of the better things you can be.
- A boy is a living treasure, and if you have one of those, you own one of the most valuable gifts of life.
- A boy is the one that will always be at your side, whenever you smile and with each one of your tears.
- A boy is somebody on which you can always depend; that wonderful little person that always trusts you in such a way that nobody seems to do.
- A boy is a refuge.
- A boy is a smile...
- A boy is that small hand that always takes yours, no matter where you are, no matter how close or far you are.
- A boy is the one that will always be there where you need him, and he will always, always, love you.
- A boy is a feeling that you keep deep in your heart forever.
- A boy is the door that always remains open.
- A boy is the one to which you can trust the key of your life.
- A boy is one of the most beautiful things you can have, and one of the better things you can be.



AN INTERVIEW WITH TABRIS

by 420Guy^Y

This interview with Tabris took place in August & September of 2010. Tabris has been a member of the BL community for several years and joined the staff of Boylover.net in 2009. He spent time moderating various rooms and was the Member Support Administrator when the board was shut down. He continues to provide support & fellowship through a new site, www.youngcity.org, of which he is owner and managing director.



420Guy: How long have you been involved in the boylove community? What was the first site that you registered on and what led to you joining?

Tabris: The first site I registered on was BLISS. That was a long time ago and I wouldn't say I was active in the BL (boylover) community at that time, I was more of a lurker than anything else. That was probably because I was pretty young when I was first looking at the community and experiencing the forums; I didn't feel like it was a community for me when I was that age.

420Guy: Were you open about your age on Bliss? Did you perhaps feel like you were the only member in your age group?

Tabris: To be honest, I never posted much and I wasn't really that active in the community. It was more of a curiosity for me back then as I was busy with friends and girls and all that lovely boy stuff.

I've often thought that most of the people on those old boards who said they were boys really weren't, and I stand by that today. I'm still one of the few people in the community who can honestly say they've never been

fooled by a poser, so I think I have pretty good judgment.

420Guy: When did you start to become active in the community, and what sort of staff positions have you held?

Tabris: The first board I really took seriously was BL.net, and even then I only began to take part in the community in 2008. By the beginning of 2009 I had asked to help out the board by being a moderator and I was originally hired as a Mod in the Porch and Paperboy. From there I was transferred to the Gallery, which was a challenging room, perhaps the one that took the most work, as no matter what there was always something to moderate.

In May/June of 2009 I was interested in helping out BL.net as part of the administration team, so I asked some good friends who were part of the admin team at the time whether I could get an interview for a Member Support Admin position. I was interviewed along side a few others and was shortly after hired as MSA.

420Guy: Boylovers have many stressful issues to deal with in their lives, not the least of which

our sexual attraction itself. Do you have any advice for readers about how to deal with some of this stress?

Tabris: Wow, that's a hard question to answer. For me, the easiest way I've dealt with feelings of anxiety and loneliness, when it comes to the attraction itself, has been just remembering that there's a whole community out there that knows exactly what you're going through. None of us are alone and it's thanks to boards like Young City (YC) and the like that can bring us together and make us feel a little more normal. Being a BL isn't something that goes away, but it's not a part of yourself that you have to hate either.

Working in member support on BL.net gave me a lot of insight into how some BLs dealt with, or weren't dealing with, those feelings of self-hatred.

420Guy: Have you had any negative experiences while on staff, or on the boards in general?

Tabris: The first thing that comes to mind is the drama of being on staff at BL.net. However, I did sign a confidential-

ity agreement that said I'd not discuss those things then or in the future, so I intend to honour that. Rest assured that there could be a lot of drama.

420Guy: Is there a particular staff position and/or experience that you enjoyed more than others?

Tabris: There are two positions actually.

The first is my Member Support Administrator at BL.net, which was my first real opportunity to give something significant back to the community as well as to try and improve it for the better. I liked this position because I felt like I was really helping people on the board. Not only members but other staff members as well, by helping with basically every issue on the board. I really felt like a big part of something.

The second is obviously, my position as owner/operator of Young City. It's really for the same reasons as the above position. The fact that I'm giving something substantial back to the community and I feel like I'm providing a niche that appeals to a certain kind of person, a niche that's never been provided for before.

420Guy: After BL.net was shut down, you were one of the first former members to bounce back with a new forum. What made you decide to do so?

Tabris: Because someone had to.

When BL.net went down, within two days I'd set up a free board for people to stay up to date and in touch, and I was already formulating Young City with others. The process to creating YC was pretty long. I put in a lot of hours finding a host, a capable coder, purchasing domain names, working out hosting payment and various other little things, but all in all for a board created from scratch, YC was launched really quickly.

The main reason YC went up so quickly was because the commu-



nity could not be left to die out. Lostboy and BL.net did something great for this community, and I wasn't going to let everything he did end because BL.net wasn't around anymore.

420Guy: Would you consider yourself to be an activist?

Tabris: I've never considered myself an activist, no. I prefer to think of myself as less of an activist actively fighting for CLs and their rights, and more like a community builder who seeks to bring the online Child Love community together in a safe and le-

gal environment, where they can express their thought without fear of social reticule.

420Guy: YoungCity is a child-love forum, as opposed to being a site strictly for boylovers. Was this planned from the start? Is there a particular reason the site is open to both BLs and GLs?

Tabris: The idea from the start was to cater to both BLs and GLs on YC. When I founded the board with Zoso late in 2009, we originally wanted to create an eclectic and safe board that would provide all CLs (childlovers) with a place to come and hang out.

I must admit, my original aspiration was to have a girl-lover formulating the board with us, but that's something that never ended up happening. I'm currently in the works of making YC more GL friendly.

420Guy: Images are something that almost every boy-lover enjoys, but they won't find a Gallery at YoungCity. Is there a reason for not having one?

Tabris: Having a gallery on YC has been a controversial issue even before its launch. Going into this, both my partner and I decided from day one that we would not have a gallery, and that YC never would.

The reason for this is mainly that we felt the addition of a gallery is what raises a board of this nature into higher priorities in the eyes of those who would seek to shut it down. Without a gallery,

the focus is put more heavily on user interaction, community and fellowship.

420Guy: What have been the most difficult challenges about owning and operating YoungCity.org?

Tabris: You want the honest answer? The hardest part about owning and operating YC is getting the money together every month to pay for the hosting. As far as hosting goes, the thing I have worked out is pretty cheap and definitely manageable, but it's the hardest part. For the most part, it's a very rewarding position.

420Guy: Have you thought about ways of raising money? Is there a way for members to donate, or could there be donation drives in the future?

Tabris: I don't want to talk too much about the idea of raising money, but I do plan to start optional donations for YC in the near future. I don't want anybody to feel pressured though.

* * * * *

420Guy: The general perception of boylovers is that we all want to lower the age of consent laws, simply so we can have sex with children. Do you think this sums up the community fairly?

Tabris: That's a deep question. I think, in general, that any BL who wants the AoC laws changed has got to have an ulterior motive other than fairness, because as boylovers there is a sexual attraction and that is undeniable. This means that wanting the Age

of Consent to be lowered would make it much easier for BLs to engage in sex with kids.

The question is though, if the AoC was lowered to, for instance, thirteen in every country, but if you were under sixteen there was a minimum 4-year age difference, would you still be happy with that? If the answer is yes, your intentions are noble; if it's no, then you're a perv.

420Guy: What were you like as a boy?

Tabris: I was a rebel. I never did what I was told, I talked back to teachers, I was pretty mean to other kids, I was popular and kind of a mean boy. Both me and my friends were a very elitist circle, but we were all popular with most of the people in school. I've since matured beyond making myself feel better by teasing others, thankfully.

420Guy: Cut or uncut?

Tabris: Uncut! Always!

420Guy: Do you have an attraction to girls, or adults for that matter?

Tabris: No. Only boys.



420Guy: Let's talk about boys then! Describe for us your dream boy; what would he look like, what kind of personality would he have?

Tabris: Blond, that's a must. He'd be 12 or 13, but short for his age, the kind of boy who'd have lots of female friends because he's cute. He'd have long hair and he'd be a skater, a ripped jeans and vintage print t-shirts kind of dresser. As for personality, he'd be a bad boy, he'd be a rebel and he wouldn't submit to requests or orders very easily. I'd like him to be strong-willed but also with a sense of moral fiber, he'd have to stand up for himself but also know when he was wrong and know the difference between something being right to stand up for or not. Also he'd have green eyes, bright sea-foam green eyes.

I want one. :\

420Guy: Is there anything about you that the members of your forum might not know?

Tabris: I'm addicted to skittles, vanilla coke and chocolate milkshakes.

HOW A BOYLOVER HELPED CHANGE THE LIFE OF A HOMELESS YOUTH

by Archangel[®]

Have you ever been to a homeless shelter? I did, as a volunteer to help serve meals. It was my first experience helping homeless people face to face. I had preconceived notions of the demographics and I wasn't disappointed, except when I noticed this young boy's face in the food line. I expected that he was with one of his parents. But I was wrong. He was all alone.

I couldn't take my eyes off him and had to be careful that I didn't make it too obvious.

Later I noticed him sitting on his cot reading a thick book. That did it for me. I had to chat with him. After building up some courage, I navigated myself between the closely spaced cots and stopped in front of him. His eyes were on the book, so I got his attention by smiling and saying, "Hi!" loud enough. He looked up, smiled back and said, "Hi!" too. I first asked if it was ok for me to chat. He was happy that I did. So I asked him what he was reading. Nobody else was reading a book. I do not remember its title, but talking about it helped break the ice.

Kevin was his name and he was eighteen. He had exotic features that I found out was a combination of his Japanese father and white mother. It was only last year that he graduated from high school. He wasn't able to afford college and did a bit of telemarketing to earn some money. He was laid off when he failed to meet the sales quotas. This experience piqued my interest because I could use some help making phone calls to my prospect. I needed to boost my appointments for my sales and consulting business. I had to leave because it was almost lights out for the guests crowded in that hall. I had asked Kevin to meet me at a subway for lunch in a couple of days. I wanted to get to know him a bit more, especially to learn how he became homeless. Kevin was in upper range of my age of attraction, but he looked sufficiently

cute to get my attention.

Before I go further, let me introduce myself. I am an adult boylover who discovered this love in my late teens. I have mentored many young boys as young as ten and as old as 18. I also love girls, got married and had a son. I also want to make a comment about the general perception of a typical boylover. We are referred to as pedophiles, which is correct. But the term pedophile is erroneously defined as people who are not only attracted to children but also molest them. I want to use my story to show that this is truly wrong. We love boys so much that we will do nothing to harm them.

Kevin's story was heart wrenching. His father left the family when he was very little and his mother brought him up. Life was great until his younger brother and sister were born. His mother, a nurse, now had to work two jobs to make ends meet. Her debts accumulated to the point they were like a millstone around her neck. The task of looking after his siblings fell to Kevin. This was an awesome responsibility for him. From the time he was ten till a tragedy occurred that separated the family when he was sixteen, he had to be a surrogate mother and father to these kids. I could tell that resentment had built up over the years because Kevin felt he was deprived being a normal teen doing things that teens do. Even his schoolwork suffered. Although his interaction with his father was mini-

mal, this had serious ramifications for him.

Being the first-born male to a Japanese father was quite a burden. His dad, an accomplished academic, expected Kevin to have a very high intellect too. Well, Kevin never could meet his dad's and grandparent's high expectations and was ridiculed many times for not doing so. He was told that one day he would end up being homeless and not to go to his mother's family for help as they hated his father and by implication the children.

Everything came to a head when Kevin's mother could not take the pressure anymore and

committed suicide. It was a very traumatic moment for his family. A family friend cared for Kevin's brother and sister, and Kevin moved in with his fraternal grandparents who lived 50 miles away. He attended high school and graduated with a 3.6 GPA. This was still not good enough for his father. When Kevin got the telemarketers job he moved away from his grandparent's home and found a cheap room to stay in.

When he lost that job, he decided not to return to his grandparent's home, nor contact his mother's family because his father convinced him they would not help. Kevin decided to go homeless. However, he had ap-





plied for a Job Corps position to learn a trade and perhaps go to college while there as well as in the armed forces.

It was not possible for Kevin to get a bed in the shelter every evening. There were times he had to sleep under freeway bridges and in sheltered doorways in the city. I got him a prepaid cell phone to better keep in contact with him as well as to help the Job Corps and the Armed Services to contact him. We gave Kevin food and other essentials as well as some money to help him out. One day he told us that while he was sleeping rats had eaten the food we had given him.

About this time I told his tale to members of the BL boards as well as started a blog on Kevin. I was astounded by the flack I got from some members who

chided me for not taking Kevin into our home. I talked to my wife about his plight and she suggested that he could stay with us for a short while and help us to get a room ready for visiting family members. She was on his case to call the Job Corps organization as well as the Armed Forces to check his status. She is a strong believer that the squeaky wheel gets the most attention.

While Kevin stayed in our home he became my soul mate much to the chagrin of my wife. After a few months had gone by, my wife was beginning to feel that Kevin was going to be with us forever. This did not help the situation between my wife and me.

Fortunately Kevin finally heard from the Job Corps that he had got a position. After he left, our home situation improved dramatically. When Kevin had to return for a break, my wife said he had to make contact with his mother's family to find out why they didn't want to help him out. When Kevin had no other choice but to do that, he was amazed that they were always willing to help him but thought he didn't need their help. He finally found out the sordid truth about his father.

When his mother died, he made excuses not to take Kevin to her funeral saying that they would not be welcome. This reinforced Kevin's belief that they disliked him even more. What he found out was it was his father who didn't get along well with them

and they had no issue with Kevin or his siblings. They told him that he always had a home with them. And at Christmas, they would reunite him with his siblings.

What a wonderful ending to Kevin's plight.

I have to admit that I so much wanted to have an intimate relationship with Kevin. I even took him to a convention with me and we had our own room. But that was not to be. I knew in my heart that whatever I did to help Kevin was done unconditionally. And if he happened to feel like he wanted some tenderness, I would be happy to give it. During my many chats with Kevin I discovered although he was straight, he had no interest in developing any sexual attachments. I respected his wishes. But, Kevin had a very open mind and we discussed the issue of Boylove in great detail. I even introduced him to several of my Boylover friends online with whom he chatted with. However, he got on better with girls compared to guys on a platonic level, but that is as far as it went.

As for me, he was and is forever grateful for the generous help my wife and I was able to give him. I wish Kevin well and I now have a friend for life.

INSIDE MY HEART

by Boi Helper^B

Written and posted on Bl.net, around 2001.

*I can still smell your boyishness in the air,
I can still feel my fingers running through you golden blond hair,
I can still see the bounce in your walk,
I can even see the smile on your face every time we talked.
Every time I think of you, I want to break down and cry.
Hey, do you remember when that firework hit you in the eye?
Oh how you cried as I held you tight and wiped every tear from your beautiful face.
Then the day came when you had to go and move to a different place,
I held you tightly and kissed you, and you walked away.
God I prayed that you could stay, just to see you one last day.
As you left I broke down and cried, that day I wish I could die.
Now you're gone and we are apart, forever you will be inside my heart.*

I love you forever and always CJP!! with me from 1988 to 1995

O BOWLING BOY

by Clouds^Y

I step into the hall and see you there,
With bowling shoes and sweaty hair.
You roll the ball, you never miss,
Knock all the pins down, your game's bliss.

Your friend then tries, he misses most,
You should be proud, you never lost.
Why do you sit with a face so sad?
Wish I could hug you, make you my lad.

At one point you get way too hot,
You strip to your tee and take your next shot.
You're still as serious and anxious as before,
With only a shirt on, you're desperate to score.

In this moment I do praise your skin,
Your eyes, your nose, your hair, and chin,
Your small cute hands holding the ball,
And your feet running for the final call.

Now you won, you're leaving, but not happy,
And I watch you go, with feelings scrappy.
I hope to see you again, dear friend,
You'll be my champion forever till the end.

by Pyro

In the past three decades have we have witnessed things go from bad to worse for Child-Lovers, with the advent of sex offender laws and changes which enable the government to pry even further into our private lives. We now find ourselves in a position where, realistically speaking, we're probably the most hated section of society.

I want you to consider for a moment just how bad things are for us... we find ourselves in physical danger just to be identified as someone who is attracted to minors; we have to hide who we are. We'd never even dare to talk openly about society accepting consensual relationships between adults and minors, out fear we may be suspected. Now, imagine how much worse it will be another ten years from now?

Worse, because that's the only direction things currently are going for us. The torrent of lies and a hatred for us all grows more intense by the day, sweeping away more and more of our brothers and sisters. What's shocking about this is that it all goes completely unopposed; of course none of us can publicly speak out

..... (that would be suicide),
: **"The torrent of lies and a hatred** : but there's
: **for us all grows more intense by** : no kind of
: **the day, sweeping away more and** : resistance
: **more of our brothers and sisters."** : at all in any
: form. Which

leads me to my question: What can we possibly be doing to stem the tide?

We need to come up with new creative solutions to our current problem before things get so far out of hand that we're not able ever to recoup the situation. We need to come up with new ways of getting our message out to non-minor attracted people and make



some effort to help them understand that we're not monsters; instead we're people like them who have feelings just like they do. They need to understand that although some minor attracted people have done despicable things to children, they're not any more representative of us than adult murderers and rapists are of them.

For the past several years places like the Newgon forums have been an arena for discussion and new ideas of how we can make good of the situation, but we need more of this type of discussion to take place in other groups, we need to experiment with new ideas and share new ways to get our message out to society before it's too late.

Wouldn't it be good if we could imagine a future ten years from now, where our situation had greatly improved? What are we going to do to get there? I don't have the answer to this question; this is something that all of us are going to need to work together to answer.

Related links: <http://newgon.com/>

AN INTERVIEW WITH BOYMOMENT'S DAVIDNL

This interview was conducted by BoyMoment.com's Forum Representative kp_dan in August 2010 with youth member davidnl.

by kp_dan^B



Why don't you tell us a little bit about yourself?

Well, I'm David. 17, Dutch and I'm currently studying to become a primary school teacher.

I've got a nice girlfriend, 2 YF's and lots of boys that I sometimes hang around with.

Why don't you tell us a little about your YF's?

One is in my siggy pic (on BM), and the boy I love the most, he's 11 years old now. The other is mainly online but doesn't live too far away so I've met him as well, he's the oldest at 13 years old. There is also a third boy that is getting close to becoming a real YF and he is very hot too, he is

the youngest at 8 years of age.

When did you first join a BL forum and what was your main motivation behind joining?

I do remember a little about when I joined my first forum. I was 15, and had just accepted my boylove nature. But while googling the net for the word paedo, I came across a forum entry by someone who had bravely posted the essence of boylove on a common forum. I found that I could identify myself with what he described (mentor feelings and stuff) way more than with the common image of a paedo/child rapist. What got too me was that instead of using the

word paedo, he used the word boylover. So I googled "boylover" and all that Google did was put ".net" behind it, and so I registered.

So you were at BLnet for a couple of years. How active were you on there, and what were your fondest memories of your time with BLnet?

Yeah I was there for like one and a half years, I think. However I wasn't an exceptional poster.

I think that the most treasured memories haven't stopped unfurling yet. For me the best thing about BLN was my friendship with Spiderweb, who has recently rejoined the Boylover

world by joining this board (BM). However, my friendship remains, and so it can't really be called a memory.

What were your thoughts about boylove at that time?

It kind of depends on what moment, up until I read the topic on boylove by a guy I've never known, I had the general image of paedo's. They were bad, and all they wanted was sex with minors. But after reading that topic I changed and looked at boylove in a much more positive way.

Were you open about your age at that time, or did you keep it a secret?

I never really hid my age for anyone. I got PM's from people recommending to do so, however I thought I would know when someone was hitting on me, and thought that I could just tell them not to. I've never needed to however. I never really got the feeling that someone wanted more than a talk.

How difficult has it been to

find a forum that is big enough that also caters to your needs as a Dutch member since the closure of BLnet?

For me it's been quite easy actually. As I said above, my first board was BLN, which had a Dutch room. I never knew that there were boards without them. While still at BLN I made an account for BM, but I didn't really spend time here; only after BLN collapsed, I remembered this place and came here. And we've got one here as well.

With you still being a minor on a board that is mostly for older guys, does that ever make you feel out of place or is it even noticeable?

No, actually. I look at most of the older persons (on BM) as a kind of faraway AF.

Because I'm still young, no one is ever too busy to help me out. And we actually have quite a lot of young (-20 years old) boylovers around, my friend Spiderweb included. So I'm really not alone. In fact, it is a big common

factor that makes me have a lot of contact with other young boylovers from around the world.

Has BM (or any board) helped you in any way with your BL feelings at the time you were on them? And in what ways?

I think that reading topics on BLN and BM really helped me see that boylovers aren't monsters or holding a bag of sweets while trying to lure kids into bushes, or back ally's, or something like that.

And secondly it was a good place to vent some of that stress that comes with leading 3 lives at once.

One at my father's home, one at my mum's, and one here.

When did you first realize that you were attracted to boys? What were your thoughts and feelings at that time?

I think it was around 11 or 12. I had realized that I liked boys way more than girls. I started to realize that the boys I liked were always around the same age, which was 3 years my minor. The first three years of high school I tried to convince myself that I was gay, instead of paedo. But it came through eventually.

What is The Netherlands like compared to America and the UK in relation to boylove? Do you think they are more tolerant towards paedophiles in your country?

I'm not sure. It's slightly less paranoid than the UK, but even here you'll get weird looks when you look at a boy too explicitly. I've never been to America, but I suppose it might be alike in behavior.

Do you think the feelings of a LBL are different than those of a TeenLover? Do you think people (even within our own community) frown more upon LBL than TeenLovers?

I don't think so. I've noticed in my own life that the more I grow mentally and physically, the older the high end of my Age of Attraction grows. If you would have asked me 2 years ago when I was 15, whether I ever would have boylove feelings for a boy of 14, I would have said that to be ridiculous. My AoA stopped at 12, period. However, as I grow that line has begun lifting slowly. Odd as I would have found it 2 years ago, I now have a mainly online relationship with a boy that turned 13 this summer. And I still find him appealing both in body, and in his character.

Having read this I do not make a difference in LBL's and TBL's apart for a liking. Just like a fetish. I love armpits and absolutely melt over nipples. It's weird but it doesn't change my place on this board.

However I do feel that, especially to the poorly informed outside world, it does make a difference. If you like a 15 year old

boy, people will think "It's up to the boy". Yet if you like an 8 year old boy, people think "That boy can't think yet, you perverted bastard!".

Would you consider yourself to be a boylove activist? Do you feel it is important for us as boylovers to voice our opinions to the world?

No, I do not consider myself an activist. I do think it's important for boylovers to voice their opinions, however I'm way too much of a scardy-cat to do it myself. I'll probably wait 'till the world is a little more accepting towards us before I make my move.

Do you think boylovers will ever become accepted members of society? What sort of things do you think would need to be done to accomplish this?

I don't know but I certainly hope so. If you look at gay people, they're a little more accepted now. So maybe in time we'll get recognition as an orientation instead of an illness. I think there will have to be a change in the public opinion for that. Maybe someone important to come out as paedo, Obama or such a big name. Maybe if someone so important would be supporting boylovers, then the mainstream of the World might follow his lead. But we can only hope for something like that to happen.

So you feel that paedophilia is a sexuality much like homosexuality is? And therefore you can't choose it, but you can choose for it not to be a part of your life.

Yes I do. I don't think that peo-

ple who think of boys in a sexual way are sick or something.

That is just the way they are. Maybe some of it is because of circumstances in one's youth. However, I do believe that all sexualities are born that way. I think that a baby is neither straight nor gay nor pedo. But impressions mark him, so he'll feel an attraction to that sex or age.

In closing, is there anything you would like to say to the readers of MBM as a final word from davidnl?

Yes, there are some things that came to me during this interview. First off, I'm getting even madder at Microsoft, because Word 2010 still does not know the word boylover!!!

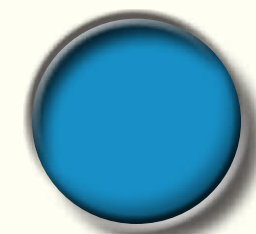
Secondly, I certainly do not hope this will be the final word of Davidnl. I hope to reach at least 85 years old.

Thirdly, I've noticed that I use the word actually way too much.

And last...

See Ya Around!

David



REFLECTIONS ON WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

by Wild Max^Y

Where the Wild Things Are (WTWTA) invokes in boylovers an imagery of boyhood uncommon in mainstream films. Max is not simply a boy on screen; he is your boy, and you are joining him on his adventure. Your body slants and quivers as Max dodges through the forest, you shed a tear as if you lost an igloo of your own, and you sleep nightly together in a real pile. You're Carol, you're KW, you're Alexander. And by the end of the movie, you are Max himself.



This transformation does not come easy, however. Max, like most boys, presents a complex psyche that one must dissect through his actions in this third-person-objective film. As Max navigates a slew of emotions within the first ten minutes, the viewer must shake off the dizziness after tumbling down stairs in the opening credits. It would be easy to deem Max as an overactive boy, or a sad boy, or an angry boy, but director Spike Jonze and writer Dave Eggers step above such one-word clichés. Max isn't a prototype, he's a living, breathing boy, three-dimensional in his growth throughout the film.

Costuming is a major aspect of any film, but for WTWTA, Max's wolf suit becomes a staple of his wild persona. Max doesn't simply have a wild side, but rather one surrounds him, and he realizes at nine years old that this serves as his interface with the wild world in which he lives. One aspect that Dave Eggers mentioned in *The Wild Things*, his noveliza-

was the grime and muck that builds on Max's wolf suit during his time with the wild things. It is by no mistake that this darkening of Max's wolf suit as he's pelted with dirt clods coincides with the mental fog clouding Max's ideal world. As the layers of filth

surround Max, his wolf suit in a way protects his innocence like an impermeable membrane. WTWTA can simply be described as examining the boundary between these two strata – Max's pure bare skin and the fabric stitched around him.

"To Max, Owner of This World," reads a plaque on the globe beside Max's bed, and this inscription summarizes Max's tight grasp of his own fate. In Max's world he sets the rules, and by the end of the film he realizes not everyone will follow them. Through his interactions with the wild things, Max matures his views on making a difference. While he engraves "MAX" onto the sailboat carrying him to the island, he leaves a much different mark on his departure by voicing his love for another being. The message he conferred is intended for Carol, but his farewell heart can equally apply to all of the wild things, to all the lives that Max has touched, and to Max's own wild world. No matter the recipient, the meaning remains the same: Don't go. I'll eat you up I love you so.

SWEET AND PAINFUL VOICES...

by AlphaBoy

Boylovers, like everyone else, are human beings, and therefore, they are subject to the entirety of that which makes up the human experience. We usually tend to extoll the several positive aspects of our attraction to boys, but we rarely discuss the negative facets intrinsic to our nature. Being a boylover entails a variety of experiences including: deception, disgust, depression, treason, etc, as this is part of the essence of human relationships.

This piece of work emerged from that side of my boylover nature. A very painful experience with a boy inspired it. I hope you can both understand and enjoy it.

I am right here, alone, in this cold and lugubrious chamber, not of mine... I am almost freezing, but I am sure that out there, there are more lucky people feeling themselves warmer than me...

It's midnight, the moon is low in the sky and moonlight is so tenuous that I can hardly distinguish the window's silhouette, but the wind blows untimely through those old, noisy and dusty blinds...

I didn't deserved a soul, I only possesses this putrid flesh in which I am incarcerated while being a mortal. Nothing is fine, I am hungry but no food can satisfy the deep vacuum inside me... I was meant to be an unfeeling being, but I can feel... I indeed feel hate for those who condemned me, as well as for anybody interfering with me...

The darkness of the night is overwhelmed only by the darkness of my whole being, and I am still in this dirty and ruinous chamber, not of mine.

Suddenly, while feeling my misery and smallness, I heard a noise coming from the outside. At first, it disturbed me so much and I didn't understood it. I ignored it, but it was unceasingly there.

I walked slowly toward my chamber window, through that creaky wooden floor, but I only saw the same street, slightly lightened by that weak and dejecting light, and nothing more.

I walked desperately around the chamber, but the noise was still there, perturbing my wretched night. Again I stood in the window, and I only saw a dark gray owl staring at me, but being really quiet, and nothing more.

Then I suddenly identified the noise: it was the echo

of some really distant voices coming from nowhere apparently... They are children voices, maybe from two or three boys, and they are laughing too much...

Why are they having so much fun? I don't get it! I wanna hate them, but I can't and I doesn't really understand why... I remain listening to those boyish voices, and then I yelled so hard "where are you, little boys?!", and nothing happened.

I yelled to the world: Why are you humiliating me so much? Why do you show me the love that those boys are sharing, and don't allow me to participate of their happiness?? Why I am still here, so lonely and hopeless, waiting degradingly the end of time, which seems to be eternal for me???, and no response I received...

I grabbed my misery, turned around and walked out to the darkest corner of this revolting chamber, not of mine, while hearing those sweet and painful voices...



AND THE FEMININE BOY PROJECT

This past April, a Baptist minister and psychologist known for his leading role in American anti-gay politics, was caught returning from a trip abroad in the company of a male prostitute. George Rekers was a founding member of the Family Research Council, a conservative Christian group very active in American evangelical politics, and was affiliated with a number of anti-gay groups, including NARTH, the National Association for Research and Therapy of Homosexuality. NARTH is one of several groups associated with the "ex-gay" movement, which promotes gay-to-straight therapy based on the belief that homosexuality is an affliction which can be cured with the right treatment.

Given his anti-gay and ex-gay affiliation, it was surprising when Rekers was caught in the company of a gay escort nicknamed "Lucien". Or maybe not that surprising at all. Over the past few years, a number of conservative religious and political figures associated with the "family values" political agenda, have been caught in embarrassing sexual scandals which consequently make them look like hypocrites. When a reporter confronted him upon his return from his European vacation, Rekers, who was 61, claimed that he had hired the 20-year-old Lucien to help him "lift his luggage" during the trip. Rekers hired Lucien through the website Rentboy.com.

From the perspective of those attracted to boys, what makes the Rekers story disturbing is his earlier association with a group determined to cure boys of their effeminacy. As part of a 4-year program funded by the National Institute of Mental Health and housed at UCLA, Rekers was one of two people who headed a "gender identity clinic" known as the "Feminine Boy Project", which aimed to correct "gender identity problems" in young boys.

The aims of the program were summarized in a newspaper article from 1976. "The boys

are of elementary school age. All have been specially selected for the experimental study by psychiatrists who think they've detected signs of 'effeminacy'. The aim is to stop little Johnny from turning into a homosexual, a transvestite, or a trans-sexual. To ensure that boys will be boys." Interviewed for the article, Rekers said the clinic was "working to save these youngsters from future unhappiness," but also noted his belief that homosexuality "is contrary to God's law."

Descriptions of the treatment the boys received are startling and sad. "Kraig, aged four, underwent ten months of behavior modification which included spankings for wrong choices. He was, as the start, passive, non-assertive, allowed others to tease him. Now, he 'regularly returns aggressiveness in his male-peer interaction'. In fact, the researchers write, Kraig's mommy was alarmed at her son's transformation into a 'roughneck' - so reckless in play that he was hurting himself and damaging the furniture. The psychiatrists reassured the mother that her son's 'mildly delinquent' behavior would be far easier to overcome in later years than effeminacy." An 8-year-old boy named Carl was "conditioned" to similar effect: "he now 'fantasizes himself as a professional football player' and tells people that he 'used to be a queer but not any more'".

Additional information about the project was presented in Phyllis Burke's 1996 book *Gender Shock*, which was the subject of a 2001 article in *Brain, Child Magazine*. Burke uncovered additional details about Kraig's therapy which are more disturbing than those previously known.

Kraig's mother was asked to participate in his therapy by ignoring him when he did something deemed effeminate. "She was told to completely ignore him, because he was engaged in feminine play. Kraig would have no understanding of what was happening to his mother. On one such occasion, his distress was such that he began



to scream, but his mother just looked away. His anxiety increased, and he did whatever he could to get her to respond to him, but she just looked away."

The therapy continued at home, where he was put on a "token system". "Inappropriate, feminine behaviors earned him a red token, masculine ones, a blue token. Each red token earned him a spanking from his father. After more than two years of treatment, Kraig's behavior had turned around". It was at this point that he began to become a "roughneck". However, when he was 18, "Kraig attempted suicide, because he thought that he might be gay."

As part of his anti-gay agenda, Rekers offered himself as an expert witness in cases challenging adoption of children by gay parents. Rekers adopted a son of his own when the boy was 16. His adopted son is now the same as Lucien, the escort he hired from Rentboy.com.

If he were never caught in the company of a male prostitute, Rekers would likely still be seen by many as an upstanding member of society. Even after the scandal, there are many who would agree with the aims of the Feminine Boy Project. To them, the treatment he inflicted on boys had a good goal - curing boys of possible future homosexuality - and certainly this treatment is a far cry from the feelings of those who are attracted to boys from a distance. It's a sad statement of the times that those who feel affection for boys and never act on it, are considered by most people more harmful to boys than a man like George Rekers.

UNTITLED

Just be beautiful,
with the faces of love.
Just be beautiful,
smile.
Life is great,
smile.
Life is shining.
Life is so beautiful,
smile.
Life is a gift.

by Anonymous



TOO LATE HE REALIZES

by Maxim^y

Today I saw a little worm,
wriggling on his belly,
perhaps he'd like to come inside,
and see whats on the telly.

Today my little worm grew tall,
I swear he'll reach the sky,
he runs, he jumps, he spins around,
So proud, I think I'll die.

He's become a vicious spitting snake,
No longer now a worm,
why did he have to turn on me?
an make me weep and squirm.

And now again the worm has turned,
he's sad he double crossed,
too late he realizes,
all the he has lost.

No satisfaction in his shame,
no glee when I see him suffer,
for all that's gone, that was and is,
"my love", is all I utter.



GETTING THE MESSAGE ACROSS

by crake^y

All I know is that I'm no good at communicating. People tell me they don't understand me pretty much every time I start a debate topic. Here I am in my own world, pondering the primitive roots of pederasty, the existential nature of the Childlove, framing the Childlover's perspective in this rich, almost Biblical narrative, and people respond with questions like, "Wait a minute, what's this about children being like garden vegetables now?" Such a response hits me like bullet off the cloud perch.

Even though I can't express myself, I still do it, because I'm an emotional young man with a lot on my mind, and bottling up thoughts is like the worst kind of abstinence. So I find myself trying to write something for this issue of MBM, and as usual, nothing is working. First, I coin my trademark, "[Childlove is] a break from the world of the material and the possessive, and a repatriation into the world of charity, love, and humility," and of course, nobody really gets what I'm harping on about. This will obviously have to be translated if it's going to reach the back rows.

My first instinct though is to make it "idiot proof," so that nobody beyond a 4th grade education could get lost. This translation might read something like: "Childlove is when you don't really like to just spend your time on making yourself happy and buying stuff, but instead like to give of your time for a kid and not be self-centered," but something's lost in the translation. Just making the same sentence using 4th grade words isn't going to cut it, because words have different meanings and sometimes it's not so much what terms you use, but how you use them. I didn't originally want to make it seem like Childlove has nothing to do with desire or passion.

So now I'm in a bind. How do I really communicate what I believe Childlove is all about and actually get people to understand what I'm saying, without oversimplifying? Rephrasing it with some more careful word usage should get the message across...but wait, what am I really saying here? That Childlove is about putting the child first and your own needs second? That by humbling ourselves we're exalting the child? What if the child

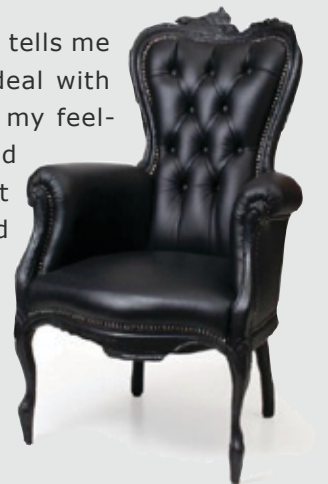
doesn't need to be 'exalted'? What if what I'm really trying to do is convince society that there's more value in seeing the child as a human being than as that object on the pedestal?

The funny thing is, the statement seemed to make so much more sense when I first said it. It was only after I started tinkering with it that all the inevitable problems began to crop up. Is there really no way to formally or informally articulate the ideas and philosophies we hold dear as Childlovers? We all seem to know certain things down deep, almost by instinct, and if not by instinct than by intuition. We all love kids. We all believe that no harm should be brought on a child. These things make sense when we feel them, it's only when we think about the feelings that they start to unravel.

Perhaps this isn't a bad thing though. Maybe this just belies the state in which we find ourselves in at present. We have a lot of great ideas. We have a lot of feelings towards numerous things in society. Some of us seem quite similar in how we fall on certain issues—so much that you'd think we were all sharing the same wiring, predisposing us to certain viewpoints. And who knows, maybe we are. What is also true is that none of us can express ourselves how we'd like. We can't just talk about who and what we are without drawing damage from all sides, and the hoops society has set up to pass through on the way to that great mentoring gig in the sky are too troubling. We're all held back in one way or another.

I don't know, but something tells me that the same struggles I deal with just trying to communicate my feelings are shared struggles had by all Childlovers who can't move beyond the first word in "I love you."

(After all, it's not about the "I", it's about the "love", except the "you" is taboo... I'm sure you get my drift.)



AN INTERVIEW WITH bW by 420guy^Y

This interview with bW took place in August & September of 2010. bW joined the Boylover.net community in 2005, and was a Buddy from 2008 up until the board closed. Since then he has had to go through a rough experience, but he has pulled through and continues to be a positive influence in the community.

420Guy: Back in 2005, Boylover.net was a busy forum for boylovers like you and I. Why did you decide to join the board?

bW: If I'm to be honest, it would have been for the pictures. As I can't remember the exact reason why I did join, this would be a fairly good guess. I think most BLs would be trying to kid themselves if they say they joined for any other reason. It's in our nature. I'm glad that it evolved into more than just that.

420: Although you joined, you didn't become a really active poster for a couple of years. What made you finally start posting more?

bW: From what I remember I joined in September 2005 and didn't really start to post outside the gallery until mid/late 2006. I remember one of my first real threads where I came out and said something to the whole 'community', it was when I was under my original board name (before I became bW), it was posted on the fridge door.

It was about getting posts counted in the gallery.

420: What are your thoughts about posts being counted in some rooms, but not in others?



bW: It doesn't concern me anymore. It was more of a BLn specific issue. What I will say is that as you belong to the 'community' for longer periods of time, you start to appreciate more the quality of other members' posts, rather than the quantity.

420: What is one of your fondest memories from your days as a member of BL.net?

bW: Well, there are a lot. Hard to pick just one. I'd have to say

that getting the Buddy job from Stormorphan was pretty cool. At that time, I was really enjoying helping out as much as I could. Over the years, there have been a few memorable threads I've been a part of, that have stuck out in my mind. Being that I've never met another BL in real life, the board contacts are the only way I know people. So I have memories of particular threads.

420: Do you think we are born as boylovers, or is it a result of

childhood experiences?

bW: I know I was born like this. I knew it from a very young age. I also know that some of my childhood experiences helped me to confirm the feelings that I had as I was growing up, and that it wasn't a mere case of homosexuality. I knew for sure by the time I was about 15, that I liked boys. It would only be years later that I would find out that the term used for my sexuality was 'hebephilia'.

I think there are many reasons why we are BoyLovers, and it's not as simple as saying "it's this or that".

* * * * *

420: Several months ago you experienced something that most childlovers dread... a visit from the authorities. Can you describe to us what happened that day?

bW: Six Australian Federal Police came to visit me at about eight a.m. one morning. They searched my place, took some things for testing, arrested and charged me and then bailed me all in about 8 hours. One day I was a clean normal single guy making my way through life, the next I was a convicted sex offender. From start to finish, the whole process has taken about 8 months. It's been a very tough year on a number of different fronts, one more so than oth-

ers. I now have a very close first hand look at exactly what goes into charging someone for a crime like this. All the politics that are involved in the fabricated guise of 'child protection'. And quite frankly, it stinks!



420: To clarify: you were not charged with abusing a child in any way, shape, or form.

bW: That's correct. I said it to the police. I said it to my lawyers. I said it to the judge and anyone else who I've been in contact with over this situation, I would NEVER hurt a child. Period! I have never been charged or in trouble or caught for doing anything inappropriate with a child because of one simple fact. It has never happened. I've admitted that I have sexual

feelings towards some boys, but that fact should mean nothing in context of a 'crime'. I was obviously not a fan of the laws before I ended up getting screwed by them, and quite obviously I'm not a fan of them now either. It's hard to subjectively comment on them now, because it would just seem like I'm complaining because I got caught. Well, yes and no. Without wanting to sound too melodramatic, they've totally fuck my life up. It's going to take me years to get some type of normality back into my life. I know it can be done and I will make sure it will be done because I know in my heart that I'm a good person, and I don't want to live the rest of my life feeling sorry for myself, or being bitter at the world. As bad as my life is at the moment, there are many many people in a worse situation than me. I just have to look on the good side of things.

420: Do you know what led to their visit?

bW: I can only assume it was because of my involvement with BLn. I never did anything else BL related other than that. When I was charged the dates listed were oct 08 - jun 09. What I eventually ended up getting in trouble for didn't come from or have anything to do with BLn.

420: Have you been outed amongst your community be-



cause of this, or were you given a bit of privacy?

bW: No, I haven't been outed. One of my family members knows as I told them on the day I was raided. Not a good situation. That's something that lingers in the back of your mind though. Will that day come in future when I will be outed? And if that day does come, what purpose will it serve?

420: Have you had to deal with hate or discrimination, aside from the arrest, etc.? How did you respond?

bW: From other people, no. As I have already said, no one knows. From the authorities, yes. Let's just say that I don't have very nice things to say about any of the police I have been in contact with. I will judge them just as they judged me. Knowing nothing about them at all, I can honestly say that I think they are all power hungry tools who have little or no compassion for the gen-

eral public, or peoples feelings or their lives. There is a saying that has stuck with me that I learned during my school days from my English teacher. "Power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely". It's a shame that it is so true.

420: Do you have any advice for those who may face something similar in the future?

bW: Well, do the best you can to avoid getting into that situation in the first place would be my tip. Don't freak out. Try to stay as calm and rational as you can. I made the biggest mistake of telling someone in my family about being BL when I was raided. Not good. I would advise never to tell anyone if this happens to you and it can be done. Most people just won't understand.

420: Some people leave the community after such an event and others don't....why did you choose to stay?

bW: Well, for a number of reasons. Now, I have more valid things to say (although this doesn't mean I always say them). I enjoy, like and can relate to the BL community. You guys have grow to be like an extended type of family, and some of you I'd even consider good friends. I've never felt like I've wanted to keep the secret. If it wasn't suicide to tell people, my family and my friends, that I was a Boylover than I would. Now that I have been 'found out' and 'known', there is actually a bit of peace that comes with it.

420: If you could change one thing about your life, what would it be and why?

bW: My record. I don't want it. I shouldn't have it.

* * * * *

420: How do you feel about Age of Consent laws....should they be changed? Is that all boylove is about?

bW: Well, it's a complex issue. I'd rather not comment. As for boylove, I think it's self-explanatory. When you strip away all the taboos about adult/child relations, when you get down to the bare basics of what boylove should be about, it is blatantly obvious. LOVE of BOYS. In all it's manifestations. How can something that is supposed to be the ultimate good be manipulated to represent the sinful bad. I think that people don't want to accept that we might actually love their children more than they do.

420: Do you think there is anything we can do to change how the general public perceives boy-lovers?

bW: Not at the moment. I was really hoping that one day Michael Jackson would come out as a boylover and then we would have a world wide figure head that could help push our cause. But he is dead, so that kinda stuffs that up.

420: What was your childhood like? Did you have any sexual experiences as a youth?

bW: I had a good childhood. As a young boy I had a few experiences with some boys I knew, and even had a boyfriend from when I was aged 11-13. Without doubt they were the best years of my life. That is all I will say.

420: When did you first realize that you were attracted to boys?

bW: Like I said, around 15. I knew in my teens that I wasn't being attracted to any of the boys in my class anymore, and

that I'd rather spend my time coaching the under 9s basketball team. I look back on it now and realize that it was so much for me to deal with growing up, and it makes me sad knowing that right now there is most likely a boy feeling the same way. What kind of help or support will there be for him in the future?

420: If you could speak to that boy and offer him support right now, what would you say?

bW: I'd tell him not to be scared or ashamed of who he is or how he feels. Having feelings for underage persons does not make you a bad person. It's hard to imagine just how tough it would be to grow up as a child in today's world. That might sound like I'm cutting them some slack, but I think it's the truth. All I can go by are my own experiences and I know it was tough growing up for me as a teen, right around the time of the digital revolution.

What scares me about the kids growing up today is pretty much the same fears that parents and the supposed 'responsible' adults fear: technology. I feel sad that the way we (or should I say 'they?') treat people like us is just going to make criminals of a lot of vulnerable young people.

420: Are you strictly attracted to boys?

bW: Yes. My AoA is 10-16 years old. Boys. I love Boys. Anything and everything to do with boys, I love it.

420: Even their smelly breath and stinky shoes?

bW: Yes. I take the good with the bad. I'll be honest and say I'm not a big fan of poop or young loud babies though.



The following 2 stories were entered into our story contest. (Thanks to BoyMoment.com!) If you would like to help choose the winner, you can vote at BoyMoment.com, or send your vote via email to: editor@modernblmag.netplease use 'Vote' as the subject for your email.

*NOTE: THESE STORIES HAVE NOT BEEN EDITED, HOW YOU CRITIQUE THEM IS ENTIRELY UP TO YOU!

OUR HOUSE by skyboy^B

My shoes are soaked, but I don't care. I'm happy. Scenes of evergreens and sun beams surround me as my best friend, Cody, and I silently pull through the stream. We don't need to talk right now. We just take it all in. This journey we repeat each and every day never gets old. We have a bond. A certain bond that allows us to speak volumes with silence. A certain telepathic bond that never fails us. We're constantly in sync. Always knowing what the other is thinking, and always inviting each other to step inside the other's mind.

It's a perfect Fall day. The leaves gently drift to the ground where they meet their final resting place. We reach a tree. Our tree. With a rope to climb that leads to a house. Our house.

We built it ourselves. On a summer day so long ago, but yet it seems like it was yesterday. We were bored. It was hot and we were beginning to get on each other's nerves, as often happened when it was too hot for reasoning. But when our fathers suggested we build a tree house, all of the aggravation dissolved into warm summer air.

We loaded some wood that my father uses for his construction job into a wheel-barrel, and set off into the woods surrounding our homes. We pushed it through this same creek, and by nightfall we had a new treehouse. It wasn't the best tree-house, but it was sufficient, and we were proud of it. Proud that we made it. Proud that we had a place to call our own.

I climb the ladder to the top, and Cody follows. We stand on the chairs we had set up so long ago. Just a pace apart, we stare into each other's eyes. They're telling me something that his lips aren't. They're telling me that he loves me. I lean in slowly, hesitantly, nervously. My stomach feels like it is splitting open, giving birth to something new. Our lips meet, and the world stops in silence, watching us through the tiny

window we cut out on that one summer day.

We part, and I am satisfied. I feel like I will fall of the chair, and it confuses me why we are even standing on them, but I don't question it. It feels right. But when I open my eyes, he isn't there. He's gone, no longer in the treehouse with me. I'm not even sure I'm in the treehouse anymore, because the bright surreal sunlight that once surrounded me turns into a dirty florescent. The wooden walls turn gray with cement, and the small bed Cody and I had once shared was now a cold metal washing machine.

I feel the rope between my fingers, now old and dirty and grey. No longer the fingers of the boy I once was, and long to be. My foot loses balance, and when I knock the chair over, everything ends.



MIRRORED BOOKENDS by Miguel Sanchez^B

Hi, I'm Jerry Samuels and I want to tell you about 2 boys, Jake Styles and Charlie Franklin, who mean the world to me. Where should I begin? Let's go back to when I met them.

Their parents moved in across the street from me when the boys were still babies. Charlie Franklin's parents moved in first and I found out Charles was a cop on the department I used to be with before getting burned out and becoming a firefighter/paramedic. Charlie's Mom was a former teacher who decided to be a full time Mom.

A few weeks later, Jake Styles' parents moved in so I decided to have both families over for a nice barbeque. When the boys were about 2 both women decided to go to work. I had been forced into retirement due to an injury so they asked if I'd be interested in becoming their sitter. I thought for a moment then decided to accept.

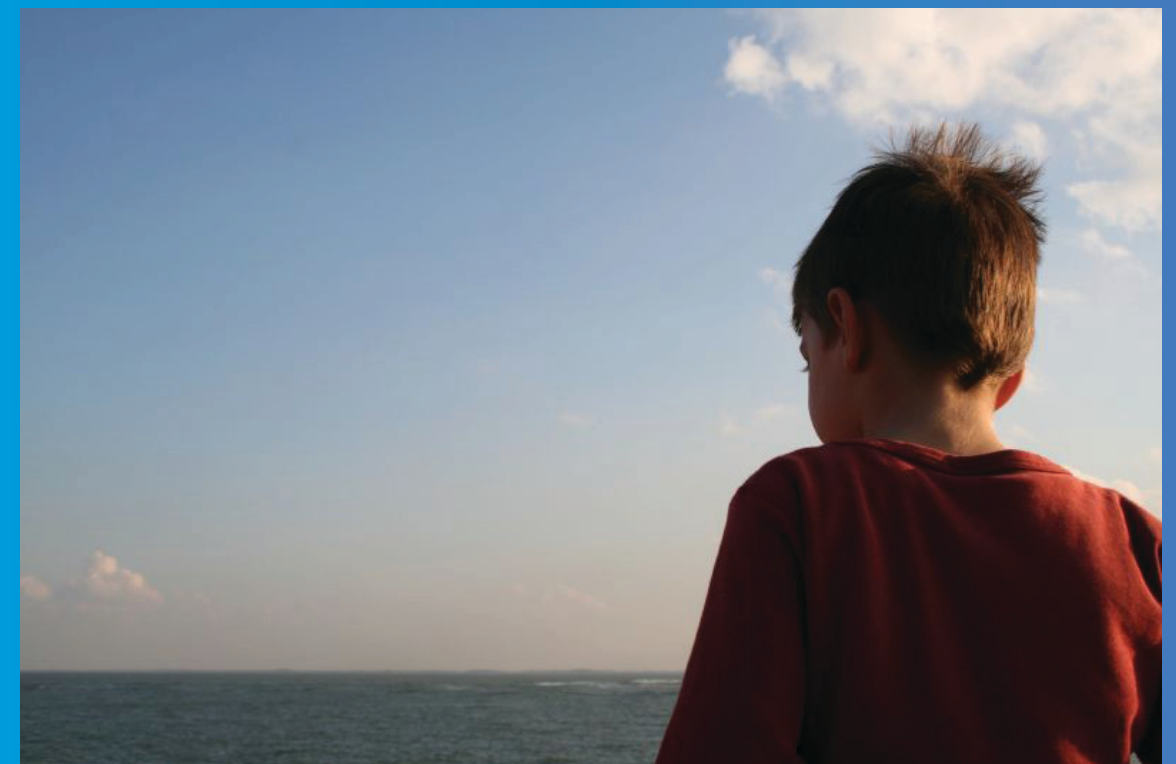
Both boys were wet so I had to give a practical demonstration to the mothers that I could handle diaper duty. Neither mother gave me any information about them but as soon as I removed Jake's diaper I saw she was left natural. After cleaning his abdomen and bottom, I retracted his foreskin then cleaned his penis. I also noticed he had some diaper rash form-

ing so I applied some ointment then put a clean diaper on. Charlie was cut so changing him was a little quicker. When I lifted their legs to clean the boys' bottoms, I noticed each boy had a red birthmark on their butt cheeks. Jake had his on his right butt cheek and Charlie's was on his left.

As the boys grew I noticed that Jake always walked on Charlie's right. Another thing I noticed when they were coloring was that Charlie was a southpaw. Over the next 4 years, these 2 were totally inseparable; where one was, so was the other with Jake being on Charlie's right.

The boys loved the fact I had a pool. On this particular day, the boys would be staying over night as their parents had a special dinner to attend so I had them get into the shower to remove the chlorine. The boys were in the shower for a while then I heard them holler, "Uncle Jerry, Uncle Jerry."

I ran down to the bathroom not knowing what was going on. The door was cracked open a little but I didn't even bother to knock. "What's wrong boys, who's hurt?" I asked as I opened the shower curtain looking to find one of them hurt based on the sound of the yell.



"Nothing's wrong Uncle Jerry," Came the reply in unison.

I looked each boy over quickly making sure. "Now, what's up other than scaring me?"

Jake turned Charlie around and pointed to his right butt cheek. "Look Uncle Jerry, look at Charlie's butt."

Jake was pointing at Charlie's birthmark. "Yeah, I know all about it, you have one too. I saw it a long time ago when you were both in diapers."

The boys were about the same height so I had them stand back to back. Their birthmarks were in the exact same place. While I was looking at them I noticed that across their shoulders, they had a splash of freckles. This was the first time I'd seen this because I didn't remember it when they were babies. My eyes were moving left and right, up and down and I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Every freckle on Jake's back matched perfectly to those on Charlie. I was wondering what the odds of this were, probably astronomical. They turned around so I got each boy wrapped in a towel and got them out of the tub.

The next day when the boys' parents came over to get them, I told them about the freckles. At first they didn't believe it until I had them stand back to back again. Charlie's Dad was shaking his head. "I've never seen anything like this before."

"I've seen brothers before and even identical twins but never have I seen anything like this."

Jake's Mom was nodding her head. "I've always felt the boys were very special."

All too soon, the boys were in school and from day 1, these 2 had to stay together. When they were in preschool, they tried putting them in different classes but that lasted all of about an hour.

When the boys were 6, something totally unexpected happened. On a Friday afternoon, the boys' parents were killed in a freak accident. Now, their parents had planned for an untimely accident. I'd been named as the boys' legal guardian and had their blessing to adopt both of them. I met them at the bus which was not part of their usual routine. "Uncle Jerry, why are

you here?"

I reached my hands out and they took them then we walked home. I didn't have a clue as to how I was going to break this to them so I decided just to come out and say it. When we got inside my house, I sat them down beside me as I wrapped my arms around them both so I could totally destroy their young world. "Boys, I have something to tell you and it's not good. I don't know the details but your parents were killed in an accident."

No sooner had the words been said when they broke down. I pulled him onto my lap and we all held each other as the boys cried. Several minutes later Jake sat up and stared at me as tears continued to roll down his cheeks. "What is gonna happen to me Uncle Jerry?"

Charlie heard Jake's question. "We're all alone Uncle Jerry."

"You're not alone boys. Your parents had a plan in case something like this should ever happen. They had documents drawn up naming me as your legal guardian."

They looked at each other then hugged me tightly. I sat there explaining everything when there was a knock on the door. When I opened the door, there was a policewoman. "Mr. Samuels, I'm Det. Alison Watts. I'm with Juvenile. I heard that both couples had children."

I let her in then went to get my copies of the boys' parent's requests. "Here you go detective, I believe this should answer any questions."

She looked them over. "Thank you sir, I know this will take a load off of the boys' minds." After she left I was back with the boys holding them.

By the time school was out, the boys' high spirit had once again returned and we were now a family. That was until one afternoon when the boys were in the pool. There was a knock on the door and there stood an elderly looking woman. "Mr. Samuels, I'm Ms. Clark from Social Services. We've been informed that there are 2 orphaned young boys living here."

Remembering my time as a cop, I knew they could be relentless so I did not allow her inside. I closed the door then got the papers naming me as their guardian. I then returned to the door. "Might I ask who informed you of this?"

She shook her head. "It was an anonymous tip."

"I'm sure it was." I replied pulling out the paper. "Now, as you can see, this names me as their guardian and has been filed with the court."

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to see the boys."

I shook my head. "Unless you're claiming they've been mistreated in some way, I'm afraid that isn't going to happen."

She tried to push in but I blocked her with the door. "Do you wish to be charged with trespassing?"

She turned and left but I knew this was far from over. I got on the phone and called the lawyer who drew up these papers. Over dinner, I had to explain this to the boys but assured them that I was not going down without a fight.

3 months later I had to produce the boys before a family court judge. Mr. Burton was the lawyer who drew up the papers and was well aware of the intentions laid out by the Styles and the Franklins. The old biddy made her opening remarks. "Your Honor, these 2 boys are in the care of a single male, this is something we do not allow. I'm..."

The judge raised his hand. "You mean to tell the court that you're in the habit of removing children from widowers?"

"Of course not but this isn't the case here. This person is unfit to raise these or any other child. I pray nothing has happened to them."

"Objection," Mr. Burton shouted, "Assumes facts not in evidence."

"Sustained," The Judge replied. "Keep your comments to yourself Ms. Clark or you'll find yourself in contempt."

Ms. Clark stood firm. "Your Honor, it is the belief of Social Services that single men can not properly care for the needs of children."

BANG, BANG, BANG! "I have warned you madam. One more outburst and you'll be in contempt and your checking account will be light several hundred dollars. Do we understand each other?"

"Your Honor..."

BANG, BANG, BANG. "Do we understand each other?" The judge asked in a stern voice.

She stood there not knowing what to do. Mr. Burton stood and looked at the woman. "Ma'am, did you ever find out what Mr. Samuels did for a living?"

"I don't need to know what he did. He's single, that's all I care about."

I looked at the judge and he was doing a slow boil. Mr. Burton pulled a file out of his briefcase. "Mr. Samuels is a former police officer and a retired firefighter/paramedic."

"And single," she added.

The Judge had had enough. "Ms. Clark; Mr. Samuels is now the permanent legal guardian of Jake Styles and Charlie Franklin. If Social Services ever try to interfere in these peoples lives, I will jail every person responsible. I'll have you know I'm a single parent and my children are doing just fine. I'm ordering the state to do an investigation into every one of your cases. Mr. Samuels, I would like to speak with the boys. Would you like to join us?"

I stood then shook my head. "No Your Honor, I'd like for you to meet them."

"Very well sir, this court is in recess." The judge said as we stood while he left the bench for his chambers.

Inside, the Judge sat on the sofa so he could talk with the boys. When he looked at them, the first thing he noticed were skinned knees. Jake's right knee was skinned and Charlie's left was skinned. "How did you both manage to skin your knees?"

The boys looked at each other then smiled and turned back towards the man in the back robe, "Skateboarding."

The jurist laughed. "Skateboarding?"

Charlie nodded his head. "Uh huh, we tried a side by side jump."

Then Jake added, "And we did a side by side fall."

The judge was giggling. "Are you sure you two aren't twins?"

Charlie shook his head. "No sir, just good friends. We've known each other for as long as I can remember."

Jake chimed in then. "It is kinda freaky though. We got these birth marks in almost the same places on our bottoms."

Charlie stood up and started to undo his shorts. "No son, that won't be necessary."

Jake looked over at Charlie. "Is Uncle Jerry going to be our Dad?"

"Is that what you boys want?"

Both boys' heads started bobbing up and down. "I'll take that means yes."

The judge stood and led the boys back into the courtroom and onto the bench. "Mr. Samuels, you definitely have your hands full with these two active boys. I firmly believe you'll be a good parent to these guys. Someone from Social Services will be checking in periodically to see how things are going and I'll be getting those reports. If you are ever harassed, I want to know about this immediately. I wish the 3 of you the best. This court is adjourned."

The boys hurried down the steps and into my arms. "Yippie, you're our Dad now," they said in unison.

Life settled into days of play and romping for the boys and they made several new friends. One afternoon they cornered me. "Dad, will you build us a tree fort?"

Now when I was their age, a friend and I made one. It was almost a right of passage for a boy to have his own fort. Jake, Charlie and I loaded into the van and it was off to the lumber store. An hour later, we were on our way home with all the supplies needed. We found a tree that was sturdy for the fort then began to unload the material. It took us a couple of days to build it but it was worth the effort.

One afternoon, I was sitting by the pool reading the paper and the boys were playing in their fort. Unbeknownst to me, they had fashioned a rope swing and they were having a blast on it. The tree was just inside the woods line and I was wondering what the howls and whoops were all about. I set the paper down and was about to walk down to the fort when I heard a scream that wasn't fun. I ran down to the fort and found both boys lying on the ground holding their arms. I got my cell phone out and dialed 911 then started checking them out.

About 5 minutes after the call was placed, I heard the ambulance. I got them back to the boys and after checking them over, they were on their way to the hospital. I had to follow in the van but soon I was reunited with them. The doctor was a gem and had them calmed down and x-rayed quickly. I sat back and watched as each boy had their arm bandaged then wrapped in plaster. Jake had a cast on his left arm and Charlie was sporting one on his right. After the doctor was done, the boys looked at me and I just shook my head. Clad in just their underwear they came over and sat on my lap. "We're sorry Dad." Charlie said softly.

"I guess every boy needs a broken bone or 2 as they grow up. How did you manage this?"

Jake shook his head. "No way Dad, this one is enough for me. We tried to swing down together and the rope didn't hold."

"I'm glad nothing more than your arms got broken."

As they got dressed I finally realized what I had on my hands. After they got dressed, I was on my way home with my mirrored bookends.

The End

THE CLERK

by joe654321

We walked into the local sporting goods store in the small New England town where we had decided to spend a few days reconnecting in order to rent some cross country skis for the afternoon. He was standing behind the counter. Fifteen, maybe sixteen years old at most, completely baby-faced, brown curly hair, and a small gold hoop earring on his left earlobe, just peeking out of the toboggan he was wearing. This was obviously his first job, and it was evident that he was still learning the ropes of it.

"Can I help you?" he says, and I answer, "Yeah, we'd like to rent some cross country skis". "Come on downstairs", he says, and leads us past the racks of fancy new skis, snowboards, and outerwear to the unfinished store basement where they keep all of the rental equipment. His inexperience is evident not only from his youthful appearance, but from the hesitant way in which he fumbles through the sizing charts, trying to figure out the appropriate gear for us. He checks with a more experienced store employee. He wants to be sure he's doing his job correctly...it's cute. My friend reads the smirk on my face, or some other non-verbal cue I must be giving off. "What?", she asks. I don't want to reveal my thoughts in the store. "I'll tell you later". "Why don't you go help him?". "Ok". I help the clerk select some poles for us, and we're all set. We carry our gear upstairs and pay for it. She chats with the clerk about how he's planning to go snowboarding at Bromley tomorrow. She talks to him like a normal cool adult might talk to a teenager. Me, I'm a tongue tied idiot. I pay for our gear, thank the clerk, and we head outside.

As we're walking down the street, she asks me, "What was that all about?". I tell her, "The clerk in there was cute". She knows. "I figured that's what it was". She pauses, "He's like fifteen". "I know". "That's sick". she says, but I know better. I've spent

too much time in therapy overcoming my negative self-judgment about my attraction to teenage boys to allow her comment to get to me. It's not like I'm trying to pick the kid up or something, just admiring him in my head. "What do you want me to tell you?" I say, "You asked". "Nothing", she replies. "I just want you to be yourself". Score one for me, but I know she's upset. She goes into bitch mode. She expresses her anger indirectly, through the abrupt, curt responses she gives as we try to decide where to ski that afternoon, and the uncharacteristically unilateral decision making process by which she decides where we will ski that afternoon, even going so far as to say, "We're going here, and I'm driving, so you're stuck going where I want". I know it's not the right time to push or probe, and I allow her her mental space.



We get ready to ski and head off down the trail in the same direction. I'm about 50 yards ahead of her, giving her the space I know she needs. As we round the first corner of the field, the trail loops around and

climbs halfway up the hill. I stop and pause to see if she's ready to talk. She apologizes for her reaction and for judging me, and acknowledges that a lot of that is stemming from her own insecurities about our relationship. She admits it's hypocritical. When she came out to me as bi while we were dating seven years ago, I didn't have any security issues about our relationship. She used to share her attractions to the teenage girls with whom she used to work, and the intensity of her passion turned me on to no end. I was hopeful that one day I would be able to be as open and honest about my teenage same-sex attractions as she was with me. The initial response made me concerned, but her apology gave me renewed hope that one day it might be possible. One step at a time...



A boy from a village in the Deh Chopan district of Afghanistan's Kandahar province. Photo taken in 2009.
Contributed by: SimbaLion

THE BOY'S OWN RECITER contributed by Ruan

I would like to share with fellow boylovers of a book in my possession entitled 'The Boy's Own Reciter'. I have no idea how I obtained it and it is one of my treasured books. There is no publication date but I speculate it's from the 1930s.

It is a collection of poems and recitals for the young boy to perform on public platform. Amongst the very many and intriguing titles include : 'Our Dormintary Battle', 'A Boy', 'A Real Lazy Day', 'Father Anthony' and much more.

In the introductory pages, it has a fabulous poem called '*Dedicated to All Boys The World Over*' and I would like to share it with you:

There is the witty boy and the pretty boy,
And the boy who oils his hair;
There is the catfaced boy, and the rat-faced boy,
And the boy with the bovie stare.

There's the steamy boy boy, and the dreamy boy,
And the boy who is 'up to date';
There is the boy who mopes, and the boy who jokes,
And the boy who is always late.

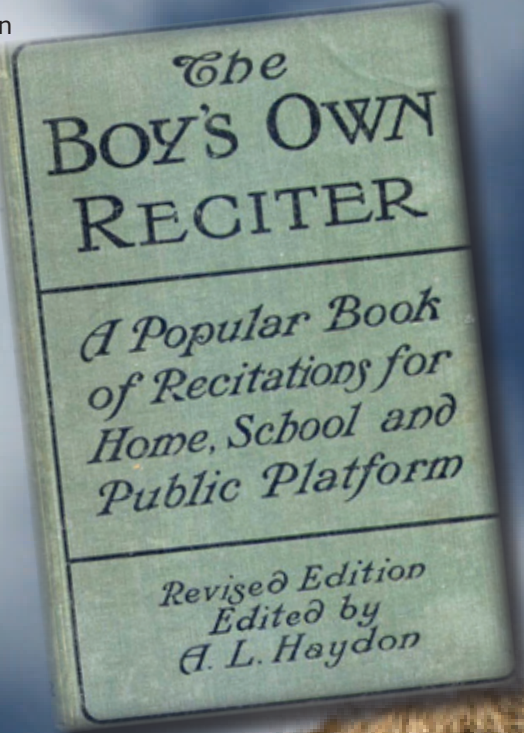
There's the tender boy, and the slender boy,
and the boy with limbs like a bear's;
There's the stoutish boy, and the loutish boy,
And the boy who slides downstairs.

There's the cheerful boy and 'that fearful boy';
And the boy who deserves a flogging;
There's a boy with a heart and the boy too 'smart',
And the boy whose brain wants a jogging.

There's the grass-green boy, and the bright, keen boy,
And the boy who is always blubbing;
There's the climby boy and the grimy boy,
And the boy who shirks his tubbing.

There are many others, oh men and brothers,
And none are all bad, you bet;
There are boys and boys-yet, through grief and joys,
They are Somebody's Darlings yet.

Best wishes to all
Ruan



UNTITLED

Your sweet laughter frees me,
it gives me wings.
Loneliness it takes away,
jails it plucks from me.
Tiny mouth that flies,
pure heart that in your lips
lightens.

Contributed by: Alphaboy
Author: Miguel Hernández
(spanish poet).
Translation/Adaptation:
AlphaBoy

CONSENSUAL RELATIONSHIPS

by AlphaBoy

The age of consent is a controversial subject in most worldwide legislation. When analyzing those regulations upon this matter, the criteria for defining a consensual relationship varies from country to country, even existing substantial differences between the laws in different territories, states or districts of the same nation.

Appealing to the common sense, it is easy to formulate an intuitive definition: "A consensual relationship is one between a boy and a male adult¹, in which the minor is conscious of it, he agrees on the way the relationship is and he decides to keep on it".

At this point it seems to be clear enough, but for some people this issue is not that simple. One of the arguments against legalizing pedophile relationships, most beloved by our fiercest detractors, is that boys do not have the right nor the capacity to self-determination. While they think they are protecting their childhood by arguing this, most of us consider that this approach results in a general disregard of the human nature undeniably present in the boy. Usually they interpret this lack of self-determination as that boys are easily influenced. Therefore instead of deciding themselves, the boys are being influenced by their adult friends to consent the relationship, but that's not always true².

This question is a matter of opinion and no objective opinion can be provided on it. The only authority able to judge impartially this matter is science. Nevertheless, the actual social sciences pretending to treat with human nature, like psychology and sociology, are still in their toddler-hood. When our social sciences stop being a merely qualitative practice and convert themselves into an accurate body of knowledge able to both explain and predict human behavior with a mathematical precision, such as physics do, then we shall know the truth about the nature of a boy. In the meantime, both our adversaries and us should keep our personal opinions, trying to argue in their favor the best we can.

¹ All the definitions that shall appear throughout this paper, are based on boyloverism, as I am a boylover and to keep the spirit of this magazine, but the discussion can be straightforwardly extended to the childlove phenomenon in general.

² Sadly that happens most often, but I shall examine here the validity limits for such statement.

But there is a fact that is real and nobody can deny: each boy is unique and therefore each one must be treated uniquely, and not like laws and society do. While there are really clever, sensitive and aware boys, pedophiles should recognize the existence of boys that do not care to maintain a relationship with an adult, mainly because of the prejudices they have acquired from their families and the society surrounding them. There are also boys whose temperaments do not make possible to hold such relationship for their well-being, and boylovers should understand that.

At this point, the word boylover has arisen. For the purpose of this paper, it is fundamental to precisely define that word. A main inherent characteristic of mankind, is the plurality intrinsic to its humanity. The fundamental right to life, granted by any worldwide legislation, vests by itself the right to the plurality to exist. It follows from this right, that any expression of humanity has the right to exist, as long as it does not interfere with another one. As a result of this phenomenon, people must recognize and accept that there are men who like boys, in the same way that we (pedophiles) recognize and accept that heterosexuals exist (no matter how repugnant that may seem to us!).

For the sake of clarity, let me be punctilious in what the word like in the above expression means. By "like", what I want to mean is link, that "there are men who are able to establish a connection³ with a boy". That connection is generally very complex⁴ and pretty much non-understandable, thus, conceptually elusive. But human nature (and of course this connection) does not have the fault of our lack of imagination and of our incapacity of understand and visualize the reality as it is. We can regard this connection as to be composed by an emotional component, a sexual component, a responsible component, etc., but we cannot

³ I rather prefer to use the term connection instead of attraction, because the word attraction carries with a sexual karma imposed by our modern society.

⁴ This complexity lies in several facts: the number of parameters that would describe properly this connection is hugely large, some of them remains hidden to us, they are not universal parameters (they depend upon each person), and the interrelationships between them are totally unknown.

forget that this is only a mere conceptual simplified model to allow us to shallowly grasp this human expression. We must keep in mind that behind the model, this connection is much more rich in essence and in interrelationships than we can even conceive. That it is one, hence, it must be deemed as a whole.

Now, a conceptual convention: a pedophile is a man that feels this connection with a boy. When this occurs, that person may act in two ways: he may ignore and repress that feeling, keeping himself away from boys⁵. If he considers this feeling as natural (as it really is), it depends on other aspects of his personal nature how he shall act. In the case he decides to interact with a boy: if he prioritizes the interests and the welfare of the boy over the self-ones, he is usually called a boylover. If he prioritizes his own interest over the boy's, his acts commonly conduce him to coerce the boy in some way. In that case, that person is generally considered as a boy molester, a boy offender, a boy abuser, etc, terms that often involves sexual issues in most legislation. Then being a true boylover is not a matter of randomness or probability, but a fact of self-conviction.

But a boy is also a human being, a very peculiar⁶ creature, but human at last. So the argument about the plurality given in the sixth and seventh paragraphs of this article, is totally valid by substituting the word "man" or "boylover" by the word "boy", and making the appropriate changes⁷. This upholds the affirmations I did in the fifth paragraph of this article. This principle guarantees the existence of boys that are open to establish this connection with a man, as well as boys that are not⁸. Boylovers must be aware

⁵ This may conduce to frustration, and the consequences can be unpredictable, but such question goes well beyond the scope of this paper.

⁶ For us, the most fascinating one ever, and mostly our reason to be.

⁷ The reader should reconstruct the argument for a boy, if he considers it to be necessary for his personal purposes.

⁸ Although there is no (or at least I can't descry) argument to know the fraction of boys that belong to each group, the experimental data let us

enough to identify the second ones, in order to let them go (as it should be). Unfortunately, not always those special boys (as I shall call the first ones) and boylovers have the chance to meet each other, and so the connection never occurs. It's really regrettable that this happens, especially when the society is guilty of such atrocity.

When a special boy and a boylover encounter themselves, the connection manifests itself immediately, and no more than a general feeling of satisfaction and happiness fills them

straightway⁹. When this wonderful moment occurs, then nothing should ever interfere with such a relationship in order to keep intact its pure nature¹⁰. If, and only if such phenomenon happens as described in this paragraph, one says that such is a consensual relationship. As for the controversial issue of sexual relationships, in the connection between themselves, a sexual component must be mutually shared. If so, then the sexual act arises in a spontaneous and natural way, and those are the only consensual sexual relationships that are totally valid. If the connection between boy and boylover is established when some deformation in one (or both) of them is present, such a sexual component exists as stated above, and such deformation doesn't allow the sexual act to arise spontaneously, then the only acceptable sexual relation shall be the one arisen from its direct request by the boy. That is, only when the boy requests it by itself¹¹.

affirm that the probability density is asymmetric, i.e. that from the total of boys, a huge fraction of them actually do care to share a connection with a man.

⁹ If the boylover, as stated in above paragraph is fully responsible.

¹⁰ If there are external agents acting upon the system (boy - boylover - interaction between them), then the evolution of the system with time will be dispersive, and so the relationship will degrade until the correlation function between both equals zero eventually.

¹¹ It's self-evident from our boylover definition, that in the opposite direction, the statement is not valid. If the request for sex comes from the boylover and not from the boy, then that's totally unacceptable and repugnant!



The 10th Anniversary of Aaron's Party

by 420Guy^L



On September the 26th of the year 2000, Aaron's Party (come Get It) was released in the United States. It had been released in Canada a couple of weeks earlier, and in some Asian countries several months before. The album cover features a preteen Aaron Cater wearing jeans and a jean jacket, with a big American flag behind him. The tracks are a mixture of rap and pop, including cover versions of several songs. To the serious music fan, this album would be classified as 'Bubblegum Pop'; there are no serious songs here, no emotionally driven tracks, no chart-toppers.

So why would such an album be worthy of a second look....ten years later? If you are a boylover, there are a few reasons! Aaron's Party was recorded when Aaron was 12 years old, an age that a majority of boylovers are attracted to. His voice is still high, which can be an annoyance to some listeners, but quite enjoyable to a BL like me. His songs are fun and childish, they can help brighten your day when you're feeling blue.

The track listing varies from version to version, and the album has been re-released & repacked so many times that it's embarrassing. Here is a list of the songs that appear on all versions:

- Aaron's Party (Come Get It)

- I Want Candy
- Bounce
- My Internet Girl
- The Clapping Song
- Iko Iko
- Real Good Time
- Tell Me What You Want
- Girl You Shine

The title track was released as a single, and was officially Aaron's second in America (the first being 'Surfin USA'). The music video accompanied the song well, showing Aaron throwing a party after sending his parents away to the movies. I

Want Candy, Bounce, The Clapping Song, and Iko Iko also had accompanying videos, all of which were released as a VHS/DVD, appropriately titled 'Aaron's Party (Come Get It) - The Videos'. Aaron is looking hot in each video, and even hotter in the 'behind the scenes' clips featured between each video.

Other songs that appear on certain versions include: (Have Some) Fun With The Funk, Life Is A Party, Jump Jump, Hang On Sloopy & That's How I Beat Shaq. The latter appeared on the Canadian release and was later issued as a single in the USA. Fun With The Funk was originally released on 'Pokemon (Music from and Inspired by the Motion Picture)', and Life Is A Party first appeared on the 'Rugrats In Paris' soundtrack.

Girl You Shine stands out as being the oldest track. Aaron recorded this sometime between 1998 and 1999, while still working with producer/songwriter Gary Carolla. It is a ballad written for a 10 year old, and Aaron did a great job of singing it.

Several 'interludes' appear in between some of the tracks. These feature Aaron fooling around, making prank phone calls, and just generally being a kid.

In the end, the album is all about letting loose and having fun. After all, isn't that what being a 12 year old is supposed to be about?





WHY DO 10-YEAR-OLD BOYS GO SHIRTLESS?

by SimbaLion^Y

Why do 10-year-old boys
Playing basketball with a friend
At a deserted playground
In the middle of the city,
On a hot summer day,
The humidity would make you sweat
Even if you were doing nothing
But walking down the street —
Go shirtless?

His orange t-shirt is
Beautiful enough,
Clinging to his boyish form
With the wetness of his sweat;
But in removing the shirt
He reveals the golden slimness inside,
Angelic, a tanned athletic frame
Which neither he nor his friend
Make note of.

Only the unintended observer
Walking the city streets in search of
Something cool and refreshing
Seems aware of the moment,
The ordinary miracle
Of a young boy's torso.
Such beautiful moments are painfully brief.
The time passes quickly, but the happy memory
Will remain.

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Not sure what to write? Try writing something for one of our new, or lesser-used categories!

- **International Boylove Day** - Experiences and observations relating to IBLD
- Boys and Health
- Eating With Boys
- Boy Toys and Technology
- Boys and Work – for those whose work involves boys, but also for discussion of boys who work
- **Boys and Boylove in History** – for discussion of boys and boylove in times before our own
- **International Boylove** – boylove outside of the United States, the Commonwealth, and Europe
- Boy-related Humor
- Boylover Reflections
- **BL Forum Memories**
- **BL Forum Tributes**

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