



MBM
modern boylover magazine

Starfighter:
MBM's first episodic article

Issue 13 | September 2014



Life after prison:
The Bostonian interview

My Alex:
A story of love and loss

My Work: A Boy Love Message
Board Staff Member Speaks Out

Revised Edition

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A Note From The Director

Hi and welcome to the 13th issue of Modern Boylover Magazine. It has been almost a year since I was asked to put this issue together, and being something I have never done before, it has definitely been a task and a half. I have had to pretty much start from scratch and completely put together a new staff. I have definitely had a lot of help from great staff and I am hoping you are able to enjoy what we have come up with for you, the readers.

Without further ado, here is Issue 13 of Modern Boylover Magazine

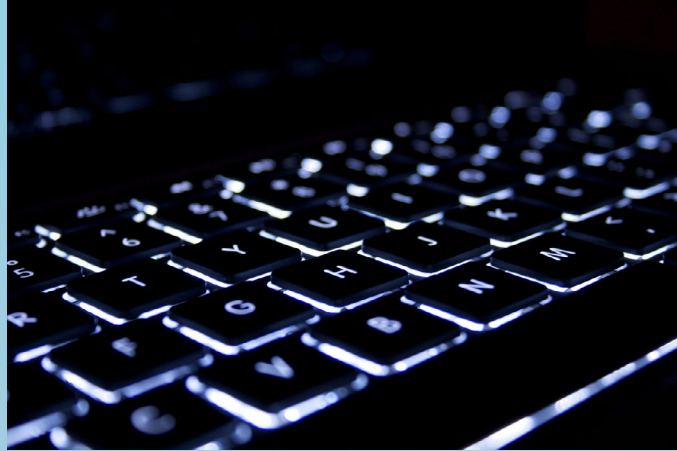
-RyanJames

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My Work: A Boy Love Message Board Staff Member Speaks Out by: LittleBoyLover



My name is Little-Boy-Lover. I am a 44 years old and as my name would suggest, I am interested in little boys. My Age of Attraction is ages two through age twelve. I have been a boy lover all of my life. You might ask how I know that? Well, its quite simple; at the age of 5, a new neighbor moved into the house next to mine. His name was George and I grew to like George a lot. He treated me like royalty. I would go to his house and we would talk, play board games, or just watch TV. He enjoyed my company and I enjoyed his.

Around age 13 I confided in George that I was gay, and that I was attracted to boys who were younger than me. George started teaching me the concepts and principles of boy love. As the years passed by he taught me everything I know about being a boy lover and about boy love itself. George and I were never "intimate", just as I am not intimate with my Special Young Friend. As I grew emotionally as a person and as a boy lover, I did what any good and dedicated boy lover would do... I went from working in the retail industry to

human services; specifically working with boys who had special needs.

In March of 1999, my life took a turn for the worse. I was arrested, and accused of a serious crime that I did not do. We went to trial in May, 1999. The Chief District Attorney found it fit for me to be prosicuted. Unsurprisingly, I was found guilty. I was sentenced to 2 1/2 years in prison, one day less to 5 years, less one day. I remained in prison for the entire 5 years, and was released on April 19, 2004.

In August of that year I bought a refurbished desktop computer, and immediately ordered internet services. The internet offered me a freedom that I had never known before. I Googled gay chat sites. The top ranked site

was Chat Avenue. It featured a moderated gay chat-room and a forum for every Chat Avenue member. I was addicted to Gay Chat, I was on everyday from morning until late night.

One day, the Administrator of Gay Chat asked me if I wanted to be a Moderator. Of course, I accepted and after a couple hours of training, I was a full Moderator. I could ban, kick, warn, see IP addresses and more. It felt like I was playing God. Later that year, I became a Universal Forum Moderator. That was

cool, but after a year the Administrators found out about an online tryst I was having with a member. I was fired and banned from Gay Chat.

This was a very difficult loss for me. However, I stuck with it and one day I Googled boy love. Ugh, some outdated articles came up. I read them all, and they seemed to persecute, and place boy lovers in the same category of child molesters. The authors of these articles were biased. In their minds Boy Love was pedophilia. I was like "duh!!" A few days later I came across the Johnny Proudly Presents website called Boy Links.



Boy links was full of message boards and chat rooms that were popular at the time. The chat rooms have since closed down. After that, I had to

leave the Internet for a good while. Then, in August of 2012, I looked on Boy links again and found Boy Land Online, or BLOL for short. I signed up, using LittleBoyLover as my name, and was approved within 24 hours. I started posting and got to know people there. I was making a name for myself. After several months, I asked if I could be a Big Brother on the board. I was approved for the job. A Big Brothers' duties include welcoming new members via an email, a private message, and a post in the new member's thread in the New

Members forum. I would also answer questions from my assigned Little Brothers. After doing that for a while, I asked if I could be a Moderator. The board staff came back with a yes, and I was assigned to several forums.

A period of time went by. I went to log in one day, and saw that my name was green, as opposed to the blue of a forum Moderator. I was made a Global Moderator. I didn't even ask to be one, it just happened.

This is what I do on any given day. First, I check the staff rooms and look for new Big Brother assignments. If I have one, it is taken care of within 48 hours as per policy. If I don't have one, I check the other staff rooms for anything new like rule changes, new staff, announcements, etc. After I'm done that, I go to the Ship Wrecked section looking at new posts/threads. If there is an issue, I deal with it immediately. Next, I simply work my way down the board reading all new posts.

My job is just not reading the new stuff. If something is wrong, I need to take action. Almost anything I do to a post requires documentation as well as a PM to the member who wrote the post explaining what I did and why I did it. 99.5% of the time, the guys who made the mistake are cool with what I did. The other .5%? Well, I just tell them that if they disagree with what I did, they can send a PM to any one of a number of Managers or Administrators.

I like my jobs on BLOL. I find them

rewarding. As a matter of fact, I am also a Guide on World of Boys, and I am a Moderator for Boylover.org. In addition to those responsibilities, I also try to recruit talent for Modern Boylover Magazine. Yes, my plate is quite full. However, I wouldn't give it up for anything. I am a boy lover and I do what I can to promote a safe haven for boy lovers from any place on the planet. Of the 3 boards on which I am a staff member, I work with a hell of a good team. Kudos to you all if you are reading this!!

Well dedicated readers, I'll close my little article by quoting one of America's best known gay actors, Harvey Feirstein: "Don't be bullied into silence".

February, 2014
Philadelphia, PA

Discontent

by: Dominoboy

PRELUDE

It's a warm Saturday morning. The air outside is abuzz with the sound of chirping as birds cheerily tweet away their lives while I lie in the somewhat dark confines of my bed. My arm is wrapped around a warm bare shoulder and my hand hangs limply over a chest. My fingers remain intertwined with other smaller, slender fingers; my legs too, have found a similar position. I open my eyes and find long golden tresses strewn across the pillow, facing away from me, but I know that on the other side is the face of a young friend.

One of the rarest moments that I could have ever dreamed of became a reality. How the warmth of his body warmed my heart. The beauty of it all was the fact that it was all reciprocal. There was nothing sexual here, nor had there ever been. It was the joy of being close to another, finding comfort and joy in their arms regardless of the decade and almost a half age difference that separated us.

When he was with me, it was like that Metallica song-"Nothing Else Matters". However, as I drive away from his home waving at him, his siblings, and parent, I find my eyes begin to wander once again. Linger a bit too long into the yards of the homes lining the quiet suburb, in the hopes of catching a glimpse

of a swimming boy or any other boy.

Why? It has become evident that I can never be appeased nor satisfied, even when the very boy I have sought after for so many years has finally found himself in my arms. I am not satisfied. Is this the curse I carry with me? The continuous search for more, never content, always seeking and when finding; seeking out more? Will I ever reach bliss? I fear that content can never be achieved no matter the number of boys, the experience, and the time.

IN THE BEGINNING

The truth of what I am has always been a great burden for me. The fear and loathing I anticipated from others a mere drop in the ocean compared to the fear and loathing I felt for myself. I could and, still find it difficult to look at myself in the mirror. Living a Jekyll and Hyde lifestyle where my inner demon reveals itself in the dark of night when I think it's safest.

Pieces of that dark demon scratching the surface during the day, as brown, blonde, black or red haired youths hurry past my work window at the end of a school day while I watch from behind the window blinds, afraid of the monster that seeks to consume them. Even worse when I find myself among them and they so easily find a liking to me, as I to them and when the suspicious looks from passers-byes and parents sweep over me, I find the inner demon rattling the cage, crying

to be let out, pleading to reveal its self.

So I hide among the crowds, being a boy's boy when around them, and, being a suave young man in the presence of their parents. The picture I painted persuaded all that I was not the monster many read of in newspaper articles and online magazines. "The Stranger" that kids are to beware of. No, instead I was the caring young man who sought the best for those younger to him. The loving older brother when all I was at that time a "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing".

Soon, the beast was tamed, regret and hatred had me turning over a new leaf. I was genuine in my care and whatever ulterior motive I had, I had come to realize was a thing of fairy tales and Nifty stories. I moved from being a street-stalker, mall-walker, smooth-talker, to the "best" friend of a few young boys. Reiterating the fear and loathing within me, but subduing it with the wondrous joy I felt from the phone calls, lunches, dinners, and the many days I spent with my boys.

But was I ever content, even when I knew I had a boy a phone call away with more than amiable parents? Never.

RECIPROCATION

When you give, give, give, it's always great to receive, receive, receive. Whether this is in the form of gifts or affection, the joy is in the reciprocation. There is nothing worse than a limp, uninterested handshake or a half-hearted hug,

or worse yet an emotionless unmoving kiss – and yes I have received all of those. Far exceeding all of these is the moment you offer your all to someone, putting your heart on your sleeve only to have it dashed at your feet and left to bleed dry in the nothingness of non-reciprocal love.

The problem is, it never happens once... or twice... but continuously until you are nothing but a shell hoping to fill the void. Every boy I have ever felt a close kinship with has slowly withered me away to the shell I am and I cannot blame the boys for this because I am the one doing this to myself. Why would a boy feel that way or want to be with me in that way, it's not the norm. They know it. I know it...

So why do I do it? Because of the illusion that it can happen. I bought into the lie that forums and "stories based on truth" all told me. That this specific kind of relationship with a boy was possible. As the years went by it became evident that I would never find such a boy and never be in such a relationship. There were a few that came close but parents intervened, or the boy made it abundantly clear that it wasn't going to happen. But, lo and behold a silver lining appeared, a beautiful blonde beauty who appeared so suddenly, so abruptly into my life that I was immediately awestruck by him.

The first time I met him I honestly do not remember it, but he does, fondly. He reminded me of it and although I have no recollection of the event, it was defi-

nately something that I would do. Our next encounter was while I was visiting one of my other younger friends. The boy waltzed into the room (not literally of course) and uttered words that meant we'd spend more time together.

"I'm sleeping over!" and although I didn't "sleep-over"; I did manage to spend a significant amount of time with him. It was during this time that my heart did something it had never done before – fall deeply in love. I liked many boys before, felt a stirring in my chest for a few, but, never had I felt so strongly about a boy. It was because when I gave, he gave back.

His hugs were sincere, warm and personal. When I put my hand on his shoulder, he did the same. Any affection I displayed he returned and to me that was bliss. Was he the boy I sought? Indeed he was, as not a week later he was in my arms on my bed with his bare back laying against my bare chest and our fingers and legs intertwined as we slept. Nothing sexual, just reciprocal affection shared between two people who care deeply for one another, regardless of age difference.

The beautiful thing about the friendship is that the intimacy we shared then wasn't confined to a bed or when we were alone, it was shared as we sat with his parent at his home, while we watched a movie, played games on a mobile device, or while sharing stories and jokes with his parent. The parent knows and trusts me with their boy and I in turn love and cherish the boy with my

whole heart. He enjoys it as much as I do.

DISCONTENT

So why am I still discontent? I don't know? I guess it's the idea that if there is one boy who loves it; surely there are many more? Who are they? Can I meet them? Can I have a plethora of boys who love to hug, cuddle, and love to both show and, be shown affection?

Is there a deeper desire here within myself that can never be sated, never be completely satisfied? If every boy on the planet showed that kind of reciprocity to me; would I always be in search of one more boy? Why do I feel that I need that? I honestly cannot say but what I can say is, that's who I am. So how do I deal with it? A quote I use in my signature on one of the forums I post on is:

"Do not spoil what you have by desiring what you have not; remember that what you now have was once among the things you only hoped for." – Epicurus



The Horrific Tale of a Boy Alone

by: William Drake

It's three hours past your bedtime. It's raining outside, coming down in barrels. The sound of cracking thunder bellows so deeply that you can feel the springs of your mattress tremble in its wake. Within seconds, the room lights up as bright as day and another ricocheting boom prevents you from falling asleep.

The storm is close. You're not entirely sure what that means, but you know it's not good. The more you think about it, the worse it seems. If the storm is already this bad, what would it be like if it were overhead? Would the roof be ripped from its rafters? Would the thunder shatter the glass of your window, making way for that black, heavy rain to consume your room? What then? What would happen if the window or roof were gone? What if the room, *your* room, were filled with water and lightning struck within it?

You've been warned about the dangers of water and electricity, but would those same rules apply to rain and lightning?

If only the storm were all you had to worry about, though. Beneath you, the floors are creaking, your mattress keeps shaking on its own, and the closet door is slowly swaying back and forth. You're

not alone. You can feel it, and...you know it. You want more than anything to jump out of bed and run for the door, sprint down the hall and throw yourself in between your parents in their bed. Between them it would be safe. *They* couldn't get you there. *They* wouldn't dare.

You are a big boy now, practically a man. Men aren't afraid, and they certainly never cowered into their parents' bed at night. This was how it had to be. You--Alone---In the dark.

With the monsters.

You try to hide under the covers. It makes no sense, you're aware of this. You know they can still see you, but you can't see them...

You can't see them! You have no idea what's going on. They could be coming for you right now and you wouldn't know it. They'd get you...they're going to get you.

Peeking out from under your covers, you bravely inch your way to the edge of the bed. Your hands are sweaty; you clench your fists into the blanket and hold on tight. Your heart is pounding so fast that you feel like you're going to throw up but, you lower your head over the edge of the mattress, looking down at the floor.

In one fell swoop, you pull back your blankets and scream at the cluttered space beneath you. There's nothing there. Nothing living anyway...except perhaps, that sandwich you forgot about last week.

Suddenly you feel empowered. Brave! Courageous! You roll off your bed and stand up straight, proud; of yourself more than ever. You are determined to prove to yourself that you are alone. Monsters don't exist, it's all in your head. Despite your new found strength, you're not a complete idiot and tiptoe cautiously toward the closet. You think



about your flashlight...the one you borrowed the batteries from, to power your RC monster truck—totally worth it.

It feels like your room has grown; the distance from your bed to your closet are somehow miles apart. Before you can think to turn back, your hand is already reaching for the handle. You mentally tell yourself to stop. Stop Now! Turn Back! You just know you can't.

You watch helplessly as your fingers wrap around the doorknob, clench tight against the cold metal and begin to pull back the door. Its creaking sounds as loud, if not

louder than the rolling thunder outside. This is different-- *creepier*. As if it's alive. But that couldn't be...could it?

Before you realize it, the door can't open any further. That's when you realize that at some point, your eyes had closed themselves. You want to open them, but they refuse. Your hand is still clutched tight to the doorknob, which is now hot from your touch. You think for a moment, how easy it would be to simply slam the door closed and run back to your bed. That wouldn't help; you wouldn't know if there was something inside.

Taking one last deep breath, you swallow a dry lump that makes your eyes water...despite the fact that they are still closed. You want to look. You *have* to.

Then, you do.

Your eyes open wide. Just in time for a bright flash of lightning to strike and light the entire room, the closet, and the CREATURE staring back at you from beneath your hanging clothes. You feel your heart stop, and start, and stop again. You lose your breath, gag on your own tongue and throw yourself back; slamming the closet door shut in the process. Your

bottom crashes hard against the floor, bounces once, and then your hands slap down against the floor and begin to burn from the friction against your carpet.

There's no time to think. You jump to your feet, tears blurring your vision, and retreat back to your bed. Your bed. That's where this all started. You're not safe there anymore.

Before your knees can bounce a second time against the springs, you're already rolling to the other side and bolting toward your bedroom door. It swings open, seemingly on its own---did you open it?---You can't stop. You race down the hall, knowing that you can't go to your parents' room, or your older sister's. You'd never hear the end of that. So instead, you run to the bathroom. There's no closet in there. No bed and not a thing to hide in, or under---not a thing!

The tub is cold and seems safe. The light is bright and there's four bulbs. No way that they could all burn out. Wrapping yourself up with a linen closet's worth of towels, you feel yourself falling into slumber. You are safe here. The only thing you have to worry about is your father turning on the

tub water without noticing you. You could drown, but at least the monsters wouldn't get you. That's not so bad.

Just as a wonderful dream catches your mind and temps you toward Neverland, you think of something so horrifying, so disgusting that you can't bear the thought of spending another moment alone in the bathroom. You leave the towels in the tub, crawl out, and walk back to your room.

You calmly slide underneath your covers and snuggle your head against the pillow. The thunder is now roaring in sync with the flashes of lightning. The bed is still shaking and the floor is still creaking. The closet door is open again, and mischievously swaying back and forth on its groaning hinges. You ignore it.

The monsters do not seem as frightening anymore. Nothing seems that scary anymore. Nothing compared to what could have happened in the bathroom if it was not your father who came in and turned on the taps.

If it were, instead, your sister.



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~<https://modernblmag.org>~

Life After Prison: The Bostonian Interview

by: LittleBoyLover & Bostonian

Here is 1 of 2 interviews I did regarding boy lovers going to prison and how it affected their lives after release. This user prefers to be known as "Bostonian".

Interview #1

1. Without going into detail about your case, how long did you spend in prison?

Five years on a four year minimum sentence, not due to behavior. I was never written up however, the parole board refused to allow me to go live with family (the victim lived in the same town as myself). In addition, they would not let me submit another parole plan for other living arrangements. Their plan was for me to stay at a halfway house, and said it would be 2-3 months before I was would be released to the half-way house.

A YEAR LATER ! I was STILL in then minimum security prison. I don't know what happened to the halfway house plan that the parole board stated they made for me. My boss at my work-release job took pity on me and encouraged the parole board to grant another hearing. I was relased at the next meeting of the parole board.

2. What year were you released from prison?

2010.

3. How were your relationships with family and friends affected by your jail time?

Most friends left me. A local friend (another bl) stuck with me. I have a much stronger relationship with my family now.

4. Are you required to register under the Sex Offender Registration Law in your state? If so, for how long?

The rest of my life.

5. Do you feel that the SO Registration Law is a form of double jeopardy? If so, why?

Courts have ruled these laws are just for monitoring, and not punitive, therefore NOT a form of Double Jeopardy. However, in practice, because of the

Sex Offender Registry, SO's have been forced to move out of neighborhoods, and to the outskirts of towns, which actually could be more detrimental to the person on the SO Registry. There is less access to jobs, public transportation, greater distance from family, and from mental health providers. So while TECHNICALLY not punitive, because of the way the system is set up, it IS.

6. How has this incident affected your ability to find a good job?

I could only find mind-numbing menial labor jobs like demolition and landscaping , until I finally decided to work for myself as handyman

7. Is society treating you any different now?

When I was first released I was scared to death and felt that EVERYONE I met "knew" that I was a sex offender. Soon I came to realize that most people did NOT know.

8. Does being on the Sex Offender Registry affect your ability to find housing?

I was living in a parole board "approved" boarding house, but was always looking at apartments. Most of the ones I liked would not return my calls after I told them I was a sex-offender and on parole. My current landlord (a school teacher as a matter of fact) did not really care. He was more concerned as to whether or not I could afford the apartment.

9. How do you handle 'the question' on job applications? By 'the question' I mean "Have you ever been

convicted of a felony?"

Usually I write, "WILL DISCUSS IN INTERVIEW". Whether that kills getting a call back is debatable to answering YES on the application.

10. Does your employer (if you work) know about your conviction?

The employers I have had since I was released did know I was on parole and a SO (I had to tell them while on parole). Currently I am self employed, so yes, I know of my conviction.

11. What kind of an outlook do you have for your future?

It looks good. I feel that by establishing my own construction company, my actions (abilities and workmanship) will speak louder than my past has.

It will take time and hard work, but I believe that I can and with family support, I WILL.



My Alex: A Story of Love and Loss

by: William Drake

From the very start, my intentions were anything but pure. They were fueled by lust and filth of mind. Like an itch I couldn't scratch, growing to a torturous boil over years of denial and self-loathing. I was a monster. I knew that much to be true. Given the chance, just like the world would expect, I would steal your child's innocence and keep it all to myself. It's all I thought about, an obsession, both filled with horror and excitement in equal parts.

That said, you could imagine my delight when I first met my poor, innocent little Alex.

I can remember the first time I laid eyes upon him like it was yesterday. I was at a friend's house for her son's tenth birthday party--Alex. That was him, my friend's son. He was the most impossibly beautiful boy I had ever seen.

His eyes were a sharp hazel, but in the sun they'd sometimes appear as an emerald green. At other times when the light was dim, and, only on the rarest of occasions, they'd look almost red; an alarming shade of crimson. His skin was smooth and lightly tanned, with the slightest sprinkling of freckles across his nose. Most people wouldn't even have noticed that. In fact, I was certain that only I could see them, like they had been placed there just for me. When you added it all together with his thin-yet-slightly-sporty physique, complimented by his walnut colored hair, and those wonderfully, slightly-too-large-for-his-head ears you had nothing short of perfection.

He was wet. Of course, he was wet. It was a pool party after all. I wanted him so badly. I could even go as far as to declare that I needed him, every part of him. That itch, the one so impossible to scratch, was making it hard for me to think straight. I needed to get close to him, to touch him, to hear his voice, his laughter and secretive whispers.

Getting close to him was not hard to achieve. In the pool, I played Marco Polo with Alex and his friends. Being blindfolded was the best part of the game. I could feel around anywhere and not raise suspicion.

As I waded around the cool, chlorinated water, I'd occasionally call out "Marco" and listen for the boys to reply with their boyish "Polo"s. What the boys didn't realize

was I could see through the bottom of my blindfold. Thanks to an unfortunately large bridge of a nose that I had hated for my entire life, until now.

Every time I'd call out "Marco", I'd secretly tilt my head back slightly to see if Alex was anywhere near me. After faking the game for a good five minutes, I finally "found" my boy. With my hand going for his groin, I retracted it and made contact with his tummy. The moment I had realized what I had done, I became angry with myself. Upset that I would never have such an opportunity again.

However, I did. Many opportunities presented themselves. Apparently, my perverted charades in the pool, with the half naked, soaked-to-the-bone boys had convinced Alex's mother, my friend, that I was great with kids and trustworthy of becoming Alex's babysitter. After feigning disinterest and inconvenience for all of 30 seconds, I "caved" in.

From then on, every single Friday night, and sometimes Saturday as well, I'd babysit my Angelic Alex. Every evening that I babysat I'd go to his house and my mind would be blaring with terrible, nasty thoughts and schemes and desires that I had every intention of fulfilling that very night.

Yet every night, something completely different would happen. Alex was always so playful, so happy to see me, affectionate to a fault. He gave me every single chance a pervert could ever hope to see come into reality. Nothing ever happened. Regardless of what my intentions were, even seconds before I arrived, the very moment I stepped

through that door that itch, that terrible yearning, would fly right out the window.

Instead, all I wanted to do was protect him, to see him happy forever-more. Occasionally we'd watch movies together, and he'd cuddle up against my side while I stroked my fingers through his hair or down his spine. The most risqué thing I had ever done was lightly circle my fingers along his beautiful tummy, just to see him squirm and his wonderfully smooth skin ripple with thousands of tiny goosebumps.

As time went by, I found myself madly in love with Alex, but it wasn't the kind of love I had expected. When I really sit down and think about it, there's no actual comparison to the kind of love I had for him. Something in between a father's love for his son and that of two newly weds. But it was a clean love. Clean in the sense that I was content with what we had, without the desire to muck it all up with perversion.

Not that I didn't think about it. In fact, I thought about it all the time. But those thoughts were just fantasy. Things that I would never allow to happen, not to my Alex.

I babysat Alex until he was thirteen. At that age his parents decided he no longer needed a babysitter. It wasn't a sad time though, he would often call me over when his parents were out, or we'd go out to the movies or the beach or the park just to hang out.

We were the best of friends. We really were.

When Alex was nearly eighteen and preparing for his final exams, where he would then go off to the university to become an archi-

tect, where he was supposed to find the girl of his dreams and fall in love, get married and have a family of his own, where he was supposed to be happy for all of eternity, he was taken from me.

We were to meet at the park for one last hurrah before he became too busy. Alex never made it.

Instead, everything he had been working for, every late night study session, every part-time job to save money, every moment, every thought, every dream he ever had was gone. Gone in one terrible moment.

On May 17, 2013 at 6:43 in the evening, Alex was pronounced dead on arrival. A man who had recently lost his job, his wife and kids, his entire life, had decided to drink himself numb and then go on a joyride through the park at 60 miles per hour.

Alex didn't see it coming. I, however, did.



Top 10 Things Boy Lovers may not know about Girl Lovers!

by: Ayreon & Crake

Being a GL on a predominantly BL board can sometimes feel like being a pilgrim in a strange land. However, it's always the friendships' that keep us coming back. That said, here are a few things BLs might not know about us GLs, and in the spirit of friendship, we want to set the record straight.

- 1. I absolutely HATE the color pink!**
- 2. Not all of us have read Nabokov's Lolita!**
- 3. Not all of us are just straight guys with low AOA's.**
- 4. GM doesn't mean "General Motors"!**
- 5. I don't like the sugar-drop kingdom of Candy Land, Castles, Unicorns, Rainbows...etc.**
- 6. Not all of us are Bronies.**
- 7. Not all of us like pretty princesses and dresses.**
- 8. Tomboys are girls. Boys in dresses are boys... sometimes!**
- 9. I can like boys as much as girls, but I know who I love.**
- 10. We really do love and care about the well-being of girls.**

The world takes all kinds!

The Anti-Pedophile Phenomenon

by: John Wesley

Organized attacks on homosexuals first, and later pedophiles, began in the 1970's. First, there was Florida Orange Juice's employee Anita Bryant shooting a biased commercial. She led a "Save Our Children" campaign. Bryant believed that adult homosexuals were targeting children and "grooming" them to become homosexuals. Thus we need to "Save Our Children" from the scourge of being converted into homosexuals.

A few years later John Briggs of California had his Proposition 6 that would have banned gay teachers from teaching in California schools. He like Anita Bryant felt that all children could be influenced by adult homosexuals (especially teachers). Proposition 6 was opposed by then Governor Ronald Reagan who said that homosexuality could not be caught like measles. Bryant was

discredited when she was caught sleeping with a man other than her husband. The Briggs amendment was defeated by the voters of California. However, the discrimination train had left the station.

It was only a matter of time before pedophiles became the next target of the hysteria being whipped up by the mass media.

Things have gotten worse, to the extent that today that any man who is seen talking to a boy is immediately in danger of being suspected of wanting to seduce him. I was at a church-run softball game where boys were playing. I was eyed up and down by at least 6 or 7 different "Christian" parents even though I never went near or spoke to any of the boys playing baseball or watching from the sidelines.

Evangelical (born again) Christians are leading the charge to protect all children from rape and ruin. There is "stranger danger" being pounded into the heads of all children. Children are told not enter the homes or apartments of people they do not know well. Children are either in supervised activities or are in their homes working on their computers. Where I live it is a rare sight to see a boy waking alone by himself these days.

Are our children safer today than they were 30 years ago? It depends

on what you mean by safer. Fewer children are probably "molested" than say 30 years ago. But hard data on that fact is almost impossible to obtain. Sex offenders have been put through the wringer of the corrections system in order to get a handle on sex offender behavior. Since most "molesters" of children are not caught any data gathered is of questionable value. The extreme bias of the agenda driven corrections system tends to be a case of "garbage in, garbage out". Sex offenders are made to endlessly repeat the history of their crimes and made to feel like dog crap. They are told highly lurid stories about how much they have harmed their victims.

Our children are probably safer today. However, we are paying a high price for that safety. Adults, especially teachers, must not lay hands on any student. Kids are denied the affection and affirmation that can come from a beloved teacher. Children are denied the right to explore life for themselves. Kids get suspended for hugging one another. Kids today are hovered over, guarded and restricted so much that we are raising multiple generations of kids who have never learned to trust. We are raising kids to be suspicious of strangers and to be insular rather than outgoing. Besides, all this does not protect children from the dangers within the extended family

where most "sexual assaults" actually take place.

The media has played a huge role in the hyping of "stranger danger". The media wants more air time and to sell more newspapers and magazines. Sometimes the truth gets pushed aside for greater and greater sensationalized stories. The Roman Catholic priest scandal and to a lesser extent the Boy Scouts scandal have just fanned the flames of hysterical overreactions. TV programs like "To Catch A Predator" do not help. The low conviction rates of those so called "predators" caught by the shows makes this observer wonder what is actually going on?

How this will all play out is at this moment an unknown. We boy lovers are the current target of the opportunity. How long the spotlight will continue to shine on us is an open question. I today would not even consider having a young friend. The risk of harm to him by anything we together (consensually) decided to do could be life altering for him. The police, human services, his church, and his family all would descend upon the boy like a plague of locusts. Let me quote what one teen aged boy said the system has taught him. He said and I quote, "All I have learned is that sex is evil." How sad, but how telling is that of what is really going on here.

A Boylover's Encounter With God

by: Crake

I was fighting back tears today when I stepped into the confessional with the father.

"Bless me father, for I have sinned."
"Tell me your sins my son."

"Father I have been dwelling on impure thoughts, not always of a sexual nature but for the purpose of arousal nonetheless. They've been... mostly about minors, and last night they even caused me to climax. It's not something I wanted to happen, but it happened anyways. I also ... aside from that ... I also told some small lies and wasted or misused some equipment at work. That's about it."

I was a pedophile in the midst of a church. To the outside world I was the most vile predator, wounded in the cage of his captors and waiting to be put to sleep. The world hated me for what I was and who I loved, and had they known they surely would've put me out of it for sure, and violently too! All the same, other boylovers didn't care about what I was and who I loved either. I felt trapped on all sides. Looking left and looking right, I saw so little support, so I looked upward.

As I knelt in my seat, hanging above me that morning was a statue suspended on a wire. It was Christ on the cross, with his arms outstretched like he was going to give me a great big hug. Surely such a man in such a state wouldn't have been able to understand the guilt of rejection I felt. Surely he wouldn't have felt like I did with my hands unable to move, unable to give the sweet caress of love that others could give so freely any time they wanted, and yet his hands were also pinned and dangling. Nor would he know what it was like to have to "hold it in" and be restrained, never being able to go after the desires of my heart and pursue on foot. Yet there were his feet, nailed to a plank.

Surely he wouldn't know the shame, rejection, life-long loneliness, agony of defeat, abandonment, and mockery from people who had done far worse in their own lives than I had done. Yet, he wore a crown of thorns pushed into his head, to mock the misunderstood love he had within him for others. He couldn't know the pain of carrying around the burden of these unfulfilled desires on a daily basis while carrying that heavy cross to his death, hav-

ing done nothing to deserve it. Surely he wouldn't know how it felt to be "seemingly forsaken" as he lead the people in King David's repentant psalm of praise in the midst of the sharpest anguish a man can feel: "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" Who hasn't said that at some point?

How could this man have known my pain and troubles, the fresh wounds of my childhood and the brokenness that lead me to become a pedophile in the first place? How dare he insist I put away the last few pleasures I still had, like the broken toys they were? Broken toys were better than no toys at all! Was he out to spoil my fun or to heal me? He was long dead because I was long dead, waiting to live again.

"What will you give me Lord?" "What will heal me?" "I am all you need", Jesus said to me.

After my confession, father smiled. "Well let's thank the Lord for the grace that once again brings you to this sacrament of love! It's not hard to confess these things as you've done, but the point is the journey you've taken to be here. God wants to show the abundance of His love to any who seek it out. If these sins have hurt you in any way, and from the looks of it they seem like they have, and if you feel sorry for them, you can now just say your act of contrition."

I recited: "Heavenly father I am heartily sorry for having offended thee and detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and

the pains of hell, but most of all because they offend thee, my God, who is all good and worthy of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of thy grace, to confess my sins, do penance, and amend my life. Your Son Jesus Christ suffered and died for me and the sins of the whole world. In His name my God, have mercy. Amen."

Father lifted his hand over my head and closed his eyes. "By the power and ministry of the Church, your sins are forgiven and I absolve you, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Go in peace my son." He drew the cross in the air on top of me at the invocation of the Trinity.

"That's it?" I asked.

"That's all there is to it. Thank you for coming in today ___" (he called me by name). Smiling, he said, "The roads are slippery out there, be safe driving. I'll see you on the 3rd for your Confirmation. If you need God Parents, I'll be more than happy to set you up with this very nice couple from the parish..."

Christ loved me even though I was what I was. There was no need to cover up, and no more guilt because He took it all from me. The weight had been lifted off my shoulders. Christ was alive and well indeed, working in the world even after all these years. "God is love," the Apostle John wrote, and I should know, because God loved this boylover today.



Starfighter

by: Miguel Sanchez, Kermie & Dragonboy15

This is our first submission for Issue 13. The story is called StarFighter. Three different authors contributed to it. Their board names are: Migs Sanchez and Kermie from BLOL and Dragonboy15 from boylover.org. This is a long, fun story. It will be published in installments.

PHOTO CREDIT PAGES 24 & 25: Outer Space Simulation by: Sarai | Photography <https://www.flickr.com/photos/wingsofahero/3374370563>

This is a Sci-Fi story set 1500 years in the future.

The year is 3520, ten years after a vicious war devastated the planet of Aquaria.

The members of the Stellar Defense Committee decided on setting up a front line fighter-pilot squadron.

The squadron was made up of the best of the best cadets who spent five years at the academy, looking forward to the day they would go into battle with the rest of the fleet.

One pilot found himself in the thick of things. His name was Cat, age 14, the youngest in the sector to reach the rank of Lieutenant. Cat (like most pilots) could speak a number of alien languages, and, he could curse in several others.

During a particular battle Cat was in trouble.

“Damn, I can’t shake him of my bloody tail. Tron where the fuck are you?”

The voice of his wing man came over the com, “Sorry sir, I was held up.”

Back at the flight school, Commander Migs was just finishing up his day.

“Attention on deck!” a voice shouted.

Migs snapped to attention. “Admiral, to what do I owe the honor?”

“At ease Commander.” the Admiral replied. “Commander Migs, you have a very impressive record. I think your skills can be better used elsewhere.”

“Better used Sir?”

“That’s right Commander.” The Admiral said, pulling out some papers. “You’re being transferred.”

“But why Sir, are my students not up to snuff?”

“At ease Commander. Your pilots are some of the best in the fleet. They’re all excellent pilots, especially a young cadet named Cat.”

“Glad to hear it. He used to be strong headed and wanted to do things his way.”

“He still does, but he gets results and that’s what matters.”

“How many planes has he lost?” Migs asks.

“Not a one and never had any damage either.”

Migs stands there stunned. “Man, I guess he’s grown up.”

“That he has, he’s an excellent Wing Leader.”

“Will he still have that position?” “When is this transfer effective?”

“Immediately get your gear packed. There is a transport ship waiting for you. Good luck Commander. I am not sure what position Cat will have.” said the Admiral.

Migs saluted. “Thank you Sir, they will be the best squadron in the fleet.”

“Of that I have no doubt, dismissed”.

Migs does an about face, then goes to his quarters and packs his uniforms and personal effects. He walks into the flight bay, there is a young officer by the gangway. Migs stops in front of him. “I understand you’re waiting for me.”

The young officer salutes. “Uh y...yes Sir. May I see your orders?” Migs hands him the papers. “Come aboard Commander.”

“Thank you Ensign.” Migs enters the ship and takes a seat as his gear is stowed. The engines start, then they are cleared for take-off. The flight takes only a few minutes flying at warp speed. The ship slows down and prepares to land at the star base.

After a smooth landing, the doors open and a young man is waiting on the ground. Migs stands and walks down the steps. He can’t believe who is standing there. Cat was transferred too. Migs thought, *That is why the Admiral was not sure what position Cat would have, he was transferring him and letting it up to me.* “Lieutenant Cat, it’s nice to see you again, I’ve heard excellent things about you.”

“Migs,” said Cat, “it’s good to see you again. I see you’ve been promoted to Commander.”

“I have Lieutenant. Can you take me to the Base Commander?”

“Yes Sir, follow me.” The two men walked over to the offices. “Why are you here Commander?” asked Cat.

“All in good time, I see you’re still impatient.”

“A short-coming I am still trying to over come.”

Migs let out a huge belly laugh. “Well, I’ll help you with that. You’ll know soon enough but I’ve been transferred here.”

“Really, what is your position?”

“I’m the new Squadron Commander.”

Cat responded in a disappointed tone, “But Sir, I was hoping for that position.”

“Lt. Cat Azual, you’re a young and upcoming officer. You have to earn the rank, then the position will come to you. You’re an excellent Wing Leader and you will keep that position.”

“Thank you Sir. Here we are, this is Captain Turney’s office.”

Migs knocked, then waited. “Enter” said Captain Turney.

Migs walks to his desk then saluted. “Commander Sanchez reporting for duty Sir.”

“What, I have no knowledge of this?”

Commander Sanchez handed Turney his orders, “It’s all right here Sir.”

The man read them and Sanchez could see he wasn’t happy. “Wait in that office Commander.”

“Yes Sir.” Migs said then headed towards another office. As he walked there everyone jumped to their feet. “Attention on deck.”

“As you were, carry on.” Migs said as the men returned to their duties.

Inside the Captain’s office, Captain Turney was on the face to face communication system going at it with Admiral Chase.

“At ease Captain.” Admiral Chase orders.

“Admiral, I don’t this flight school instructor Sanchez coming here taking over one of my squadrons.”

“Captain, Commander Sanchez was a Squadron Commander when he was a Level One Cadet. As you know Cadets get no command responsibility until they are Level Four. He’s more than qualified and his skills are impeccable.”

“That maybe all well and good but I have top notch pilots here.”

“But who is ready to be a Squadron Commander?” The Admiral asks.

“Lt. Azual is my top choice.”

“He’s still wet behind the ears” said the Admiral. “I’ve read his personnel file cover to cover.”

“Lt. Azulal is my choice Admiral.”

“I’m afraid he’s not Captain.” Admiral Chase replies.

“Are you over ruling me?”

“Consider yourself overruled. If you don’t lose the attitude, I’ll be there in person and demote you couple of ranks. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Commander Sanchez is the Squadron Commander.”

“As you wish Sir.” Captain Turney answers then ends the call.

“COMMANDER SANCHEZ!” shouts Turney.

Migs enters the old man’s office and salutes. “Commander Sanchez reporting as requested Sir.”

“I see you’re our new Squadron Commander. I want you to groom Lt Azuel for the position.”

“As you wish Sir.”

“I want him to be your Executive Officer.”

“Yes Sir, but he’s more valuable in the air rather than riding a desk.”

“You’ll follow my orders Commander.”

“As you wish Sir.”



“Your office is in there.”

“Excuse me Sir?”

“You’ll share an office for now. I’ll have to make one available for you.”

Over at the flight school, Admiral Chase was still doing a slow boil. *That Captain needs to learn his place*, Chase thinks to himself. *I think a surprise visit is in order.*

Admiral Chase goes to the hangar bay and check’s out Migs’s fighter. *Commander Sanchez will need his fighter.* Admiral Chase starts the engines then taxi’s out to the runway. “Fighter 21 Alpha requesting clearance for take off.”

“Did you file a flight plan?”

Admiral Chase quickly files a flight plan. “You should have it now.”

“Thank you Admiral, taxi to runway 2 on the left. You’re first in line for take off.”

“Roger, taxi to runway 2 left.”

“Fighter 21 Alpha, you’re cleared for take off. Have a good flight.”

Admiral Chase pushes the throttles forward and starts down the runway. He takes off into the sky then reaches warp speed. The flight takes about 45 minutes. “Fighter 21 Alpha requesting landing clearance.”

“Fighter 21 Alpha, land runway 4 right.”

“Roger, runway 4 right.”

Just then alarms go off. *Pull up, pull up.* “Fighter 21 Alpha, Landing Port what’s the meaning of having me land on a congested runway?”

“Fighter 21 Alpha, land on 4 right.”

“Roger.” Admiral Chase replies then brings the fighter into a hover.

He finds an opening then lands and taxis to a hangar. He opens the canopy and shuts the engines down. ‘Heads will roll for this.’

A cruiser comes over and picks the Admiral up. “Where to Sir?”

“Base Headquarters.”

Seconds later, the car stops at the office building. A young enlisted man opens the door and salutes. Admiral Chase returns it then enters the building. He finds the base commander’s office then walks in. “I don’t believe I gave you permission to enter.” says Turney.

“I don’t need it.”

The Captain looked up then quickly got to his feet saluting. “My apologies Admiral.”

“What the fuck is the meaning of landing a fighter on an occupied runway?”

“Uh, I had no idea.”

“Bull shit. You’re the commanding officer. You’re responsible for everything. Where is Commander Sanchez?”

The Captain was sweating bullets. “Uh, he’s in that office.”

Admiral Chase goes over and walks in. “Attention on deck.”

“Commander Sanchez is this your office?”

Migs is startled to see the Admiral there. “Uh, for now Sir.”

“This is unacceptable. Captain Turney, get in here.”

“Yes Admiral?”

“You mean to tell me as big as this building is, there isn’t one empty office?”

“Uh, they’re not ready for use Sir.”

“Get one ready NOW.”

Shortly after, Cat arrives at Migs’ office.

“Lieutenant, if I didn’t know you so well and respect you, I’d put my boot so far up your six, you’ll be burping Kiwi for the next century.”

Cat lowered his head. "Aye, aye Captain."

"Relax now Cat, it's just you and me like when we were back in flight school. What did you call me back then?"

"Migs Sir."

"That's right. Now, what ever made you hit the wall in your quarters? Did it assault you?"

Cat broke into a half smile, "Uh well, no Migs. It was just my hot headedness."

"I see, so I lose a top wing leader because of stupidity, is that about it?"

"Yes Miguel,"

I have plans for you Cat. Now if you ever pull another stunt like this again, it'll go in your permanent record.

"Yes Sir," Cat said softly.

"Now, listen up." Migs tells Cat. "The Admiral wants to start a flight school at this base and he wants me to be in charge of training. You're a talented pilot but damn it man, you pull some of the most boneheaded stunts I've ever seen. How long is that cast to be on you for?"

"The doc said about six weeks."

"Shit Cat, you'll need to redo your fighter qualifications, if you can't fly for 6 weeks."

"Oh Miguel, can't you do anything?"

"Not here buddy, if the Admiral learns I didn't make you re-qualify, it'll be both our asses in the sling."

Cat looked at the floor. "No, I don't want that Migs. You got me through flight school, I don't want to fly in any other squadron."

"Now, listen closely. When the flight school starts I want to have you selected to be an instructor."

"Really, me an instructor?"

"That's right, now just no more hot headed stunts. So we understand each other?"

"Yes Sir, I won't let you down."

"You better not. Is there anything else you wanted to talk with me about?"

"It's the Raterians sir....."

I have been having this visions from their minds sir....."

It's like I am seeing and feeling what they feel sir and it's very real sir....."

They had been fighting the Raterians for years now but very little was known about them. Cats' insight might be the first break in a war that seems destined to continue for decades. Migs sat and considered what he had just been told. Here was his best pilot. One that flew on instinct and was so young. He thought for a moment.

"Listen Cat, let's keep this between us for the moment 'till I can see best how to handle this."

"Yes Sir."

"Next time you have a vision I want you to come talk to me."

"Yes Sir, I will."

"Now Dismissed. I will have new orders sent to you today."

"Thank you sir."

When Cat left the office Migs still was not sure what to make of what he had just heard.

Beep Beep.... Migs' com link went off. "Yes?"

"Message from Fleet sir."

Designation Top Secret Eyes Only (Migs eyes lite up when he read further).

: Designation Top Secret :

Fighter Name: Titan

Single Seat

Fighter Type Hallow

Wings Three Ultra Power

6 Phaser And Plasma Guns.

Shield Level 10

*This fighter is well beyond any the Raterians have ever shown
It should allow us to defeat them
The fighter is controlled by the senses of the pilots
Only three have been made one to be shipped to your location
End Of Message:*

Damn Migs thought, he knew just who would pilot this...It was to be Cat.

Beep Beep
Off went Migs' com link again. "Yes?"

"Incoming message from the Admiral."

.....
"Captain Sanchez here Admiral."

"Captain, did you receive the message about the new fighters?"

"I did sir and I have the perfect candidate for it too."

"And who might that be?" The Admiral asks.

"Cat, he'd be the perfect pilot for it."

"I concur, but what's his mental status like since his crash?"

"Top notch," Miguel answered.

"Well, have the flight surgeon go over him from head to toe. I want to see a clean bill of health on him. That fighter is the break we need."

"Aye, aye, sir. Does that thing fly manually?"

"I've never been inside the cockpit but from all I've seen and read about it, it's all controlled with the pilot's brain."

"I've only heard stories about a fighter like this. I never thought one could actually be built and made a practical fighter."

"There is a lot more to this fighter than meets the eye."

"When will I be able to see this fighter in action?"

"As soon as you have me Cat's clearance on my desk. I'll be expecting it Captain."

"Yes Sir." Miguel replied as his screen went dark.

To Be Continued in Issue #14.....



True Story #1

by: Kermie

Where we lived was right around the local Middle School. The boys rode their bikes to school most days.

All they had to do was cross the short wooded area which backed up to the schools soccer and baseball fields. Many weekends the lights of those fields would light up our back yards.

Around Spring Break that year, my wife went to see her father who lived in California. That left me at home with my two sons. My boys had so many friends that our house turned into a meeting point for all sorts of games. It was not unusual to have 10 boys playing basketball when I would get home from work. Wish I had invested in pizza stock we ordered so much back then.

In the wooded area where the boys rode their bikes was a place where they could make forts and such. Many times if I was missing a tool, all I had to do was walk to the trail, and there it would be; waiting for me to scoop it up.

I came home early that weekend for some peace and quiet with no “Honey Do’s” (editor’s note- refers to a wife telling a husband, “honey do this, honey do that”). About 4pm Jason, one of my youngest son’s friends, came in. Followed “slowly” by my twelve year old.

They made a “ramp” in the woods, and on their way home my son decided that he was “able” to jump it. His bike was a mish-mash of parts. Not that we didn’t buy new ones each Christmas, but our boys were hard on them. His beaten up bike broke apart during his dare devil jump.

I looked at him, he had scrapes and such, but this was different. He was holding himself awkwardly. On the way home from school he left a pencil in his pocket. When he landed, it broke off in his pocket and landed in an odd spot. His mom was gone which was good in his eyes, since the tip of the pencil was now lodged in his body.

I had to him lie on the couch and asked him to show me the spot. In the meantime, his friend left to go retrieve my son’s bike, or what was left of it.

Then, my son slowly eased down his shorts and briefs. There in a spot very near to his well, part, you could see the hole and the black tip way inside.

I said “Son, why don’t we go to the emergency room and have them take care of this?”

My son said to me, “No dad you do it please”.

So I got some alcohol, bandages, and tweezers. I had to push his shorts down and try to feel for the tip lodged in him. When his friend came back he came over and held my sons shorts in place. My son had not yet reached puberty and he was smooth in that area except for the “hole in his groin”. I squeezed the skin as deeply and tight as I could.

During all this, “something” kept pressing my hand. I looked at my son’s eyes, he smiled and said “Can’t help it dad”. Finally, after a long time I could see the tip enough to push it out. His friend had to keep the shorts in place while I cleaned up the wound and put on some band-aides.

I said “Son, you might not want to put on

jeans or anything for the evening and let it heal some.”

He said “Ok Dad”. Then he asked me, “Hey Dad, can Jason stay over tonight?”

I said “Yeah sure”.

Later that night, my son and his friend were laying on the floor playing a video game in their underwear.

It was late, so I was going to bed and said “Son how is your sore?”

His friend rolled over, yanked down my sons front and said “Looks ok to me....”. We all laughed.

“Boys will be boys”.

Boyhood Adventures

by: johntitor

I see boys today as being deprived of boyhood adventures. They have their video games, cell phones and designer clothes. I love the way they look, but, there is a part of me that looks at them and becomes sad.

Come back with me in time to the place I grew up. If you were not alive in the 60's I think you missed a great time to be a boy. Especially, if you did not live in a valley where a river flows, there were railroad tracks and a steel mill close to your home.

Right now I am nine years of age; dressed in my blue jeans, tenner shoes, and color pocket t-shirt. Mini-knife in my one rear jeans' pocket, my home-made sling shot from a tree branch in the other. This blond haired, blue-eyed, near-sighted munchkin was loving life.

First stop, the abandoned water towers. Crawl in through the opening in the bricks. Slide down, stand up. I stand taller than the opening. The top was taken off these towers. That did not mean we could not get into mischief. Being the keen hunter I was, I take out my homemade sling shot, take out a slug and wait. ("Slugs" were formed from the runoff of steel ingots, aka molten medal that stays together, that dropped off onto the railroad

tracks from a shifter---slow moving freight train).

I hear a rustle in the trees above the water tower. I look and listen. I see a furry critter, a squirrel. I stay quiet, slowly take the sling shot out of my back pocket, take a slug from the right front pocket of my jeans. I put the slug in the leather pocket of the slingshot, up she goes...the "y" of the sling shot eyeing up the target, pull back on the rubber bands... Thwack! Missed, but that squirrel became Rocky the Flying Squirrel ,leapt off that branch fast and landed on another below.

Off I go to meet my friends at the cabin. Seated up on the hillside in the trees, made of plywood and clothes line, to secure it. It wobbles a bit when you are standing on it, but hey at 9 years of age you are invincible. My friends show up and now we start to play spy. I take a tin can and unravel the string as I move down the hill side. Now undercover, I grab my tin can. I send a message to my friends by cupping the opening of the can over my mouth and whispering "enemy girl coming up the path". I say "I got the sling shot ready, where do you want her hit?". My friends send back the following message, "Hit her in the bum".

I lay low in the bushes, she walks past my post. I get my slug ready and aim, pull back and let go. Crap, missed her big bum. Two misses today, one animal one human. Need to practice more.

It's getting dark now, time to go home. Gotta be in right after the street lights come on. I get home, mom has burgers and fries waiting. I gobble them down with a coke. I take off my clothes and take a bath. Then, I get

out of the tub, dry off and put on my pajamas. I get into my bed, lie awake for a while thinking of what to do tomorrow. Maybe a stone skipping contest at the river, or pack a lunch and me and my friends ride our bikes until our legs die and then coast all the way home. ZZZZZZ.

What fun boys miss out on nowadays.

Does anyone have a time machine they are not using? Love, JT

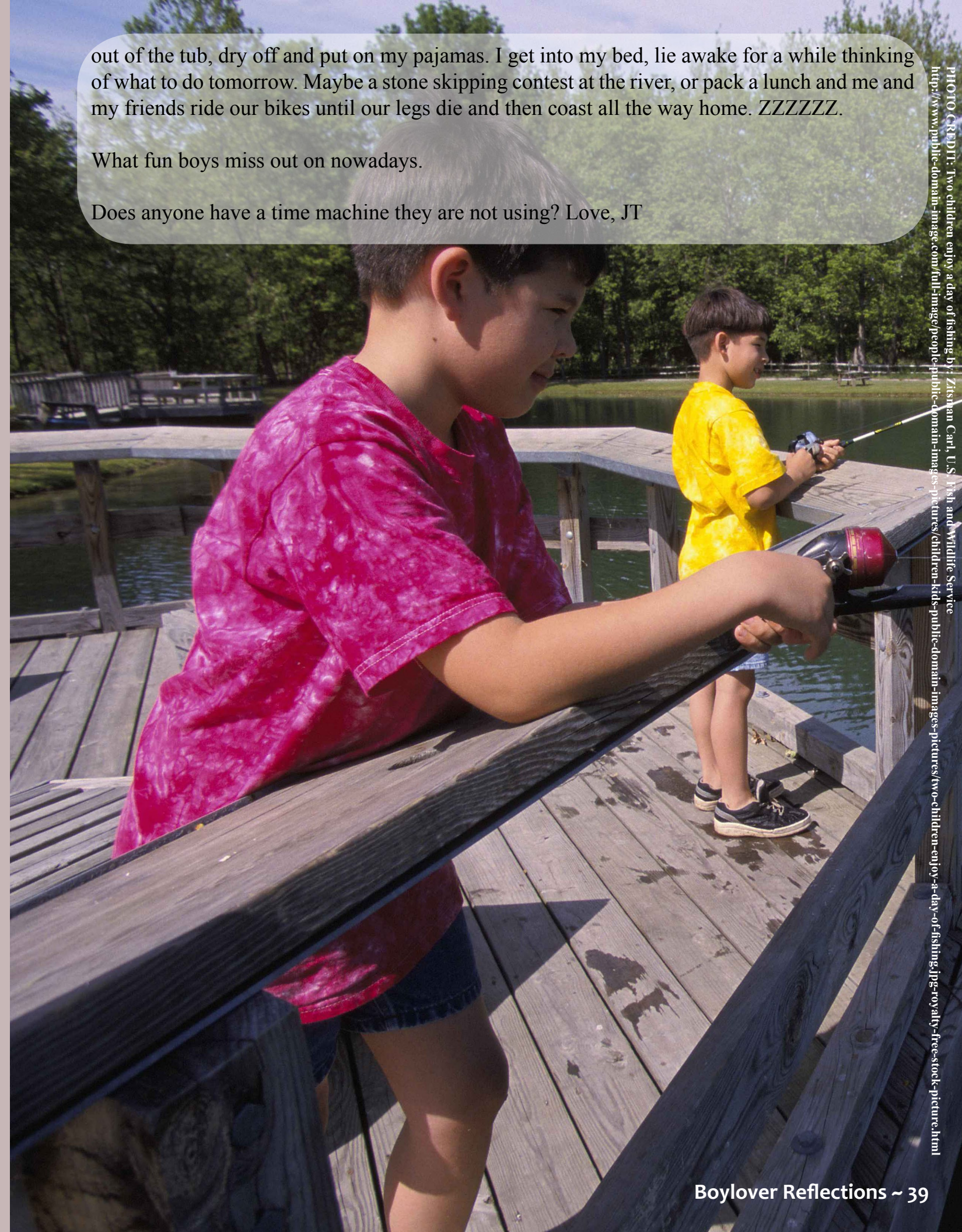


PHOTO (CREDIT): Two children enjoy a day of fishing by Zisman Carl, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service
<http://www.public-domain-image.com/full-image/people-images-pictures/children-kids-public-domain-images-pictures/two-children-enjoy-a-day-of-fishing.jpg-royalty-free-stock-picture.html>

Boy Lover on the Sex Offender Registry: Interview With Drew

by: LittleBoyLover & Drew

1. Without going into detail about your case, how long did you spend in prison?

A little over 12 years.

2. What year were you released from prison?

I was released in 2011.

3. How were your relationships with family and friends affected by your jail time?

Well, there were no problems within my family, they supported me very much. Now friends were more hit or miss. A good many abandoned me, while a few stood behind me. I actually became better friends with a few.

4. Are you required to register under the Sex Offender Registration Law in your state? If so, for how

long?

Yes, the question of how long is somewhat debatable. At the time of my conviction it was for 10 years once you served your time. Since then they've changed the laws and it's for life. I believe if it was fought in court they would have to allow me to go under the 10 year law. I see little point in fighting it though, even under the 10 year law I would be 75 by the time I wouldn't have to register. Pretty much a life sentence anyway.

5. Do you feel that the Sex Offender Registration Law is a form of double jeopardy? If so, why?

Yes, most definitely. The conviction and the external consequences that go with it make it a handicap for life. No other offense is as re-

strictive as this one. I don't know why they feel the need to pile on even more problems? In other offenses once your sentence is over, you're done, not so with a sexual offense.

6. How has this incident affected your ability to find a good job?

Well, not too bad. But I work independently. I have many skills to rely on. I had a very good work reputation before prison and I've been able to use those resources to get work. Sometimes things get slow, but otherwise I'm able to make a living.

7. Is society treating you any different now?

Not as bad as I had expected. I just knew everyone would be after me about this. For a

long time I always wore sunglasses and a hat so hopefully I wouldn't be recognized. I really dreaded seeing people I knew before prison. I'm sure some knew about the conviction after I got out, but no one has ever said anything to me out of the ordinary except once...

I was cutting the grass when someone passed by in a car and shouted something I couldn't make out. I ignored it and acted as if I didn't hear them at all.

8. Does being on the Sex Offender Registry affect your ability to find housing?

I was fortunate. A relative had room and needed me. But, I've known so many others that this has been a problem for.

9. How do you handle 'the question' on job applications? By 'the question', I mean "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?"

I haven't done an application since my release. There's no point to it. I'll continue to rely on my contacts unless I'm forced to do otherwise.

10. Does your employer (if you work) know about your conviction?

One does, others I can't be sure of. Nothing has ever been said.

11. What kind of an outlook do you have for yourself in the future?

A difficult one, the years in prison have killed

any chance of a decent retirement or trying to save for the future. I hope I don't become too dependent on my family.

12. Where do you see yourself in 5 years?

Tough question. In the last few months I've been having problems with joint pain. At one time I wasn't able to do much. Right now things pretty much hinge on what happens with that. If it becomes a problem, then I'm not sure how I'll be able to support myself... At least by then I won't have to do weekly classes, only monthly.

True Story #2

by: Kermie

When my boys were young, my oldest was a mechanical wiz. He would find broken down mini bikes and repair them all the time. We used to have fun bringing them back to life. Many of his friends would come over to help out. Since we always had two or three that were in good condition, they would take them out to the ball fields to ride them.

My oldest was 13 at the time, and one of his best friends Mike was only 11. What was sad was that this boy lived with only his mom. He would spend loads of time with us, since his mom worked all the time. His mom was funny; if Mike skinned his knee it was a major issue to her.

One day he came over and almost looked like a mummy with bandages on his knees and elbows. He had fallen off his bike, mom went over board and wrapped him up. It could have been a comedy if it wasn't sad at the same time. Mike preferred to stay over at our house since my boys were all boy. If they fell, they cleaned it up and went on.

My oldest wanted to take him for a ride

on a his new mini bike. I told my son, "You guys better be extra careful or Mike's mom will kill us all if he gets hurt". Of course an hour or so later, in came my son and his friend Mike.

Some how Mike had gotten his shorts caught up in the bike's chains and it caused the bike to flip him over. He must have landed in a briar patch because he was covered all over with them. His shorts were ripped to shreds. His mom would have had me shot if she found out, and we all knew it. Then I saw that he had thorns in his bum. So we took him into my son's bedroom. I said "Do you want to go home and let your mom know?" He said "Hell no! Please don't tell her".

I asked him, "what do you want me to do?". Mike said, "Take them out please". We lowered his shorts, or what was left of them, with him lying face down. For the next 30 minutes I was pulling thorns out of his bum. Once I thought I had gotten them all out I said "What you need to do is soak in a tub for a while. Get the area as clean as possible, and it should help you feel better". My oldest son helped Mike get into the tub. When



he got out I put some lotion on his bum.

We were able to keep all this from his mom "sort of". Two days passed and Mike's mom was having a yard sale. We walked down to her house to see what they were selling. Of course Mike was there, and I (not thinking of course) slapped him on the bum. To say he jumped would be a misnomer.

His mom turned around and said, "What happened"? Mikey quickly jumped in and said that I just swatted a bee off his backside. She said "Oh my goodness, would you mind checking to see if it bit him?". I said "I don't mind". We walked inside where he turned around and said "Want to see it"? I said "No I don't think so".

To this day when I see him all grown up and married with kids, I say "How is your bee sting"? and we both still laugh.



PHOTO CREDIT: Chris on a %8&# by: frankjanez
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Internet-Radio for Boylovers

Hello everybody, we would like to present to you a (not so) new Internet-Radio station from Boylovers for Boylovers.

BLT has been on the air for about 4 years, and is located in Germany. BLT- Radio has 4 active Moderators.

A regular live show is broadcast every Sunday evening, starting at 8 PM CET / 7 PM GMT for 3 to 3.5 hours.

The moderation is mainly in German, but from time to time there is an English moderated show too.

We play a lot of boy music from young artists like Ronan Parke, Matty B, Carson Lueders, Ulrik Munther and many many more.

In addition, rock, metal, and pop music are also part of our shows.

Further we have special shows, like the Rock-Revolution, which is strictly rock music. No other genres are played during this show.

Three times a year, we have our big shows of 6 hours or more during Christmas, Easter and Mid-Summer.

Twice a year the Top 10 hits of boy music will be elected by our listeners, during the Christmas Holiday and during Mid Summer.

If you are interested in listening to our shows, you will find the dates and times on our brand new homepage, which was released February 1st.

There are some English articles about BLT and some news in English as well. A web-based player is embedded on the main page, but you can also click on the links to other players, like VLC for example.

You can send us your song requests via our homepage. An English explanation with directions on how to send us your request can be found there also.

Here is a link to our web page: <http://blt-radio.net/>

Hope you join us. The staff of blt-radio.net

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*“The soul is healed by being
with children.”
– Fyodor Dostoyevsky*

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