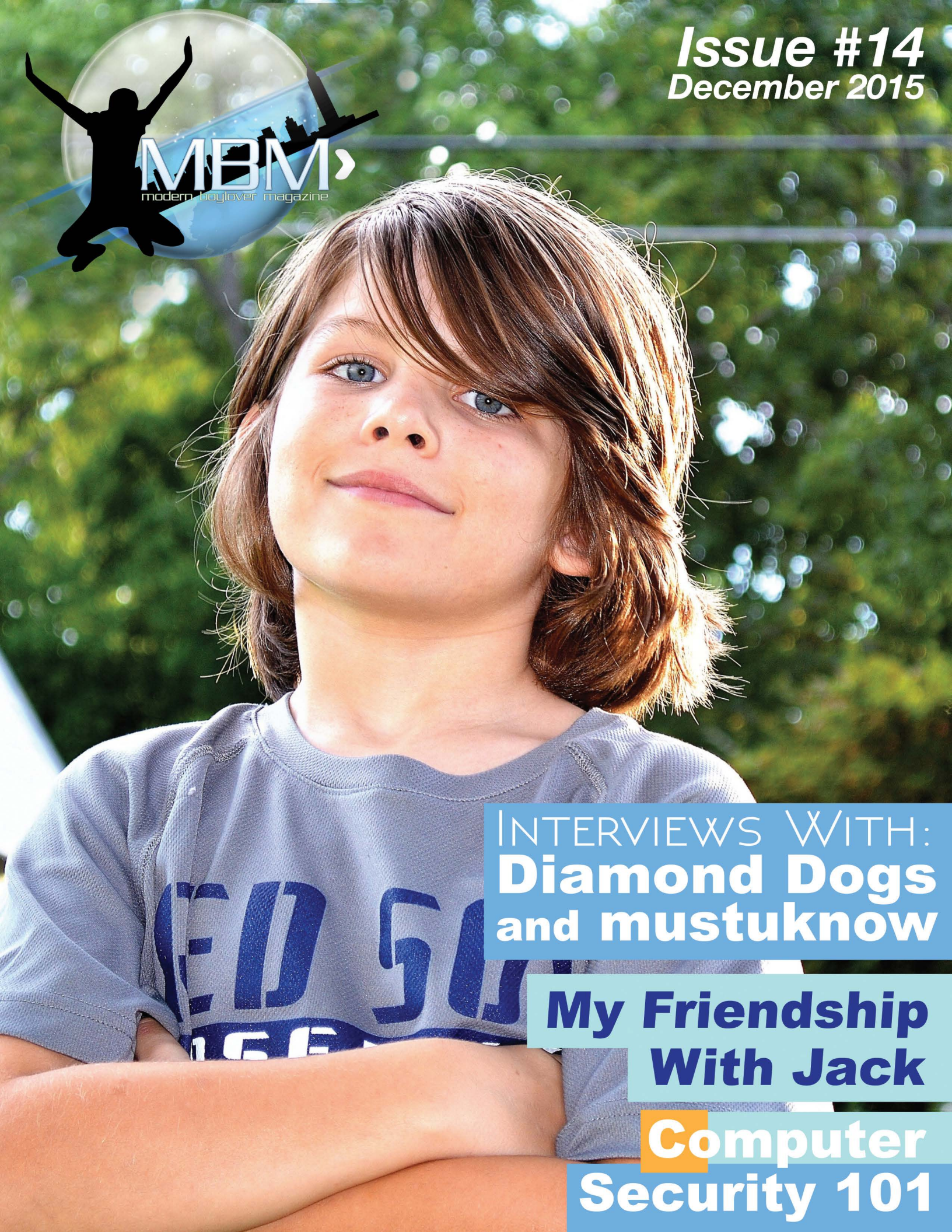


Issue #14
December 2015



INTERVIEWS WITH:
Diamond Dogs
and **mustuknow**

My Friendship
With Jack

Computer
Security 101

TABLE OF CONTENTS

~FEATURES AND PROFILES~

KBLR Radio - Your Boylove Pride Source
by DJRyanJames 5

Interview With mustuknow
by DragonLover & mustuknow 6

Computer Security 101 For Boylovers
by BoyZephyr 17

Carson Power
by Zander 20

An Interview With Diamond Dogs
by 420Guy & Diamond Dogs 37

~BOY MOMENTS~

The Time I Paid \$4.35 For 6 oz Of White
Grape Juice
by pullu 28

~BOYLOVER REFLECTIONS~

My Friendship With Jack
by Jared Thom 9

~EDITORIAL ESSAYS~

Comments On Non-Consensual Sex
by Kism 12

Nude Boys: What's The Problem?
by Zander 14

~ADULTS AND BOYS TOGETHER~

Places To Take Your YF
by Zoomzoom4 26

A Life Altering Decision
by Howie246 30

~BOYS AND BOYLOVE IN HISTORY~

The Golden Age Of Greek Love
by B.L.M.I 23

~INTERNATIONAL BOYLOVE~

A Rainbow Love
by Dominoboy 33

~BOY TOYS AND TECHNOLOGY~

Email Security For Boylovers
by Velociraptor 34

~CREATIVE WORKS~

The Tree Castle
by Kermie 8

I Am
by Jonny399 16

Hidden Dreams (A Poem For Zachary)
by Jeremy 32

Like A Thief In The Night
by Maxim 36

Starfighter - Chapter 2
by Miguel Sanchez, Kermie
& Dragonboy15 43

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CREDITS

420Guy: PDF Layout & Art Direction, Organizer, Forum Rep for YC & BLO, Editor
 RyanJames: Assistant Organizer
 Emerys: Cover Design. Cover image provided by: RyanJames, and voted for by the BL Community
 mustuknow: Co-Organizer (Forum Rep for EI, BLOL & WOB)
 Zander: Co-Organizer (Forum Rep for BM)
 ltdreamer: Chief Editor (with assistance from 420Guy)
 zoomzoom4: Editor
 Scorpion: Editor
 Anset: Logo Design
 Simbalion: Original Concept

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CONTRIBUTING BOARDS

-  Enchanted-Island.com
-  Boylover.org
-  BoyMoment.com
-  YoungCity.net
-  BoyChat.org
-  BoyLandOnline.com

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the fourteenth issue of Modern Boylover Magazine. As always, we bring together works from various boylove forums and resources. I would like to thank the members and staff of Enchanted-Island.com for joining MBM in our efforts!

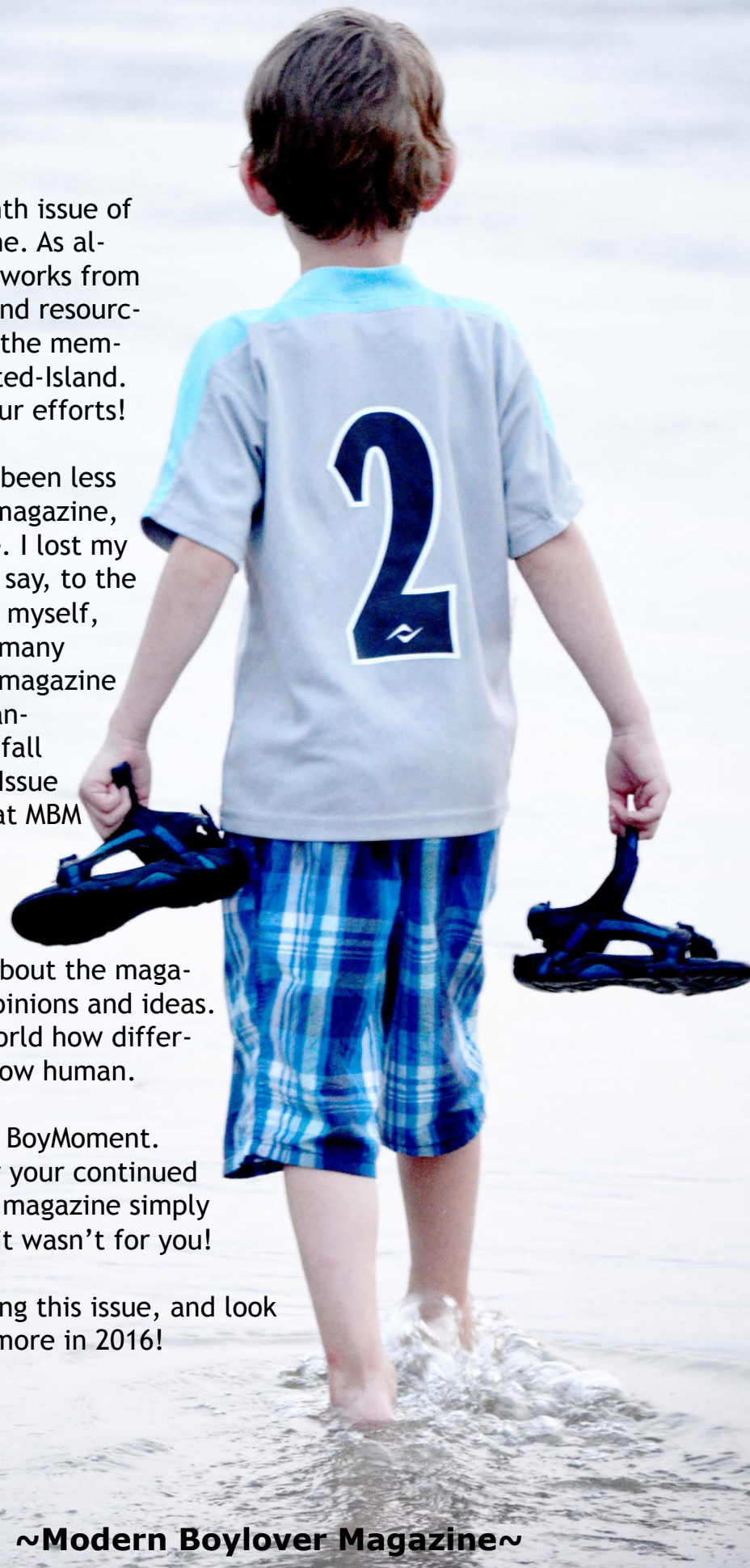
The past few years have been less than productive for the magazine, which largely falls on me. I lost my way, I suppose you could say, to the point where I gave up on myself, and MBM entirely. While many credit me for saving the magazine after the fall of BLN, Ryan-James saved it after the fall of 420Guy. In organizing Issue #13, he proved to me that MBM could still continue on.

What I've always loved about the magazine is the diversity of opinions and ideas. It's about showing the world how different we all really are....how human.

Thanks to YoungCity.net, BoyMoment.com and Boylover.org for your continued efforts and support. The magazine simply would not exist today if it wasn't for you!

We hope you enjoy reading this issue, and look forward to bringing you more in 2016!

-420Guy



KBLR Radio - Your Boylove Pride Source

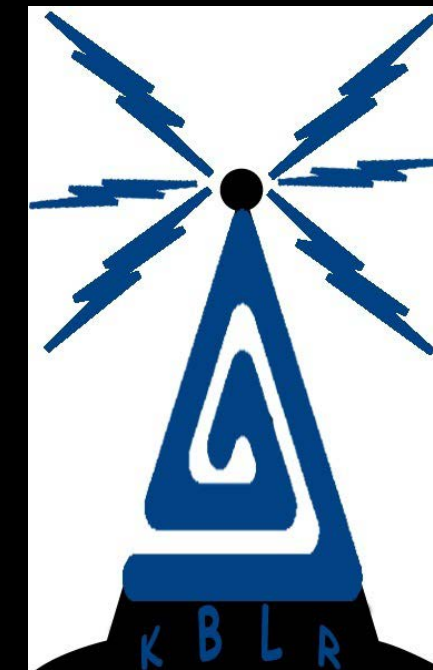
By RyanJames (DJ RyanJames)

KBLR-Radio is a new online radio station with the purpose of appealing to the boylovers around the world. KBLR plays music 24/7 with a high emphasis on boy music. There are also other styles of music and we are always working to improve and expand our music selection. We allow for requests during times when the AutoDJ is playing, as well as Live Shows with BL DJs. The sole purpose is to not only give boylovers a station to listen to and be proud of, but to also give boylovers a voice in the world. Feel free to tune in any time day or night and also look for announcements regarding the live shows. Eventually we will also be having a calendar of events so that listeners can find out when their favorite DJ will be Live next. We do offer listeners an opportunity to make donations as well as have merchandise for sale with the station's logo on it, with profits going back to the station for the purpose of maintaining servers, etc.

We hope you listen in and have some fun.

This is DJ RyanJames of KBLR Radio ... Good night

<http://kblr-radio.net> - Main Site
<http://cafepress.com/kblr> - Merchandise Site



Interview With mustuknow

by DragonLover & mustuknow

This is an interview with mustuknow, a very well-known member of the Boylove community.

1. You say that you have served time in prison. What were the charges without getting into too much detail?

Breaking & Entering Building with Intent

2. How much time did you serve?

I served 4 years. I was denied parole twice.

3. Were you treated fairly, like the other inmates?

The area I was incarcerated around, all inmates are treated equally as far as staff goes. But the "Inmate Code" is a whole other ball game.

4. How did being in prison make you feel?

At first, not going to lie, I was scared shitless! (Picture a baby kitty cat placed into a wolf's cage, that's how I felt initially.) But as time went on, I learned to handle the emotions and anger towards myself for the lifestyle I was living. I made peace with myself, in other words.

5. When were you released?

2006

6. How did your family and friends receive you upon release?

I had an amazing support system between friends and family. I was lucky to have that support as well. There are a lot of men out there who are being released and do

not have a solid support system. Certainly makes things and readjusting a bit more tolerable.

7. How hard was it to find a job?

I had family that owns several businesses and offered employment right away. Again, I was lucky and grateful to have that. As time went on, I tried a few different career options out and soon found that having a "Record" surely made things a bit more challenging for me.

8. Were you discriminated against in other ways?

Just about everywhere I went; I was looked down on and turned away. People would look at me like I'm scum. Some were even afraid of me for spending time in prison.

9. Do people still treat you like an ex con?

My convictions are very old now. I have made some major changes in my life nowadays. Not a single soul looks down on me now. I actually get complements from many that know me for the drastic changes I have made to better my life.

10. How is life now?

I will never forget where I came from, to where I am in life now. I was a mess and a disaster. I have witnessed a lot of disturbing

things during my incarceration that will carry with me for life. With that, it is a reminder to never go back! Life now is good. Sadly, there are many who cant say the same.

11. Any words of advice for someone just coming out?

Stay positive! Stay clean and sober, one slip up and your ass is back in there! Whatever requirements the system deems necessary for release and freedom, DO IT! Do whatever you can to stay plugged into positive environments and groups.

NEVER FORGET WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

The Tree Castle

by Kermie

In a quiet wood behind a house
that was empty for a time
there grew a tree
a special tree
a tree a boy could climb

One summer day
a truck arrived
in the drive of the lonely house
behind the truck a family
a boy, his mother and her spouse

The very next day
while exploring the wood
in a moment quite sublime
the boy came face-to-bark with the tree
the tree that he could climb

And climb he did
a little awkward at first
but a boy will just not stop
soon he was there where he wanted to be
by a birds nest near the top

In another day
the boy was back
replete with hammer, nails and saw
in two other trips he had the wood
for the castle he foresaw

In some days of toil
the little king
hid his castle in the tree
A castle fit for royalty
with a birds nest balcony

PHOTO CREDIT: Thick Green: Trees, Bushes, Leaves, and Vines by Ryan Gabornick <https://www.flickr.com/photos/gqbodup/14404796217/>
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My friendship with Jack

by Jared Thom



Jack. Jack. Jack! I typed this into my cellphone notepad. Just typing his name set off happy receptors in my brain.

I certainly was not looking for a “young friend” when I attended my wife’s friend’s 80th birthday party last year. After driving in the pouring rain for over an hour, I arrived at a contemporary track home in a seaside town called Coast View Estates.

The house was filled with older, Japanese American guests, and the large center Island in the newly designed kitchen was stocked full of sashimi, sushi and other gastronomic delights.

After doing the obligatory socializing, I spotted a young boy sitting at the end of the counter wearing a long tie, white shirt and blue blazer. His hair was dark and he had a gentle smile. I could tell right away that he was a mix of Asian and Caucasian, a startlingly beautiful combination much like the child my Japanese wife could have produced had we been able to.

I was drawn to this child like a magnet. Instinct leads me over to him and I introduced myself. After the brief intro, I realized that I had met him years ago after his father died in a tragic accident. We exchanged email addresses. Then he said, "I promise I won't spam you!"

This little guy spoke with a lisp and despite the fact that I had trouble understanding him; I found his lisp to be an aphrodisiac. During our brief conversation, I continually looked back behind me to make sure my wife wasn't paying too close attention.

The drive back in the pouring rain to my engagement in San Diego was filled with thoughts of Jack. I nearly cried when I got back to the room out of pure joy at meeting him. I couldn't believe this was happening again after all the boys I had loved and lost.

The next move was carefully planned out. I was dying to see him again, but my wife knew that I had a penchant for little boys and discouraged contact with them. I decided to invite him to my youth group rehearsal. I reached out to the Mom and she said he would be thrilled. How I wished that he played a musical instrument, thereby adding a trace of legitimacy to our relationship. But no music, not even tennis, another common denominator with young boys existed.

I picked him up with my 13-year-old daugh-

ter in tow and I could see he was bored. This wasn't his thing. So maybe the relationship could have and should have ended right there. But I wasn't done with Jack yet.

I racked my brain trying to think of something we might have in common. "I wonder if he likes bike riding?" I thought to myself. Most young boys have a bike right? It was worth a shot.

I also had to find a time where I could "fly under the radar", meaning a time that my wife would be absent or better yet, out of the country entirely.

And then that opportunity presented itself: My wife planned a visit to see her Mother in Asia leaving me with my daughter for about a week.

I sent Jack an email to see if he would like to go on a bike ride with me. He sounded interested and that was about as far as it went. The next step was to contact his Mom. Her response "Jack would love to go on a bike ride with you."

Bingo.

I met Jack at his Grandmother's house nearby. I had anticipated this event for many days. What if he doesn't like me? What is he bails out. And then I saw a boy riding a bike but it wasn't Jack. It was someone else accompanied by an older man, perhaps his father. Had the plan changed? Then there he was. Jack. A perfect specimen of young, viral boyhood. He was wearing a blue t-shirt and a pair of bright day-glow yellow shorts. His little 12-year-old body was tanned beautifully and his face, still round and boyish, was beginning to show the first signs of maturity with a little peach fuzz above his lip. I fell in love with him right then and there.

I tried to contain my nervousness and act cool.

"Are we still on for the bike ride?"

"Yeah. Thursday" he responded. Turned out he had been riding with a friend earlier that morning. My jealousy subsided.

His mom wanted to make sure he had a good lock for the bike so we traveled together to the bike shop. I could sense that his Mom was very protective of her precious boy and so I was struck by how much trust she had given me to let me be in charge of her young son for the following 4 hours.

After we began the ride together, I can't recall exactly how he said it, but it was something to the effect of how much he had been looking forward to riding with me. I experienced arousal at this point but feigned passivity.

Our ride through the coastal towns of the west coast was magnificent.

During our ride, he began opening up to me is his difficult to understand English.

His lisp was so severe that I had to ask him many times to repeat what he had said.

He confided in me that a former teacher, which made him cry, had bullied him.

He spent many nights crying him to sleep over his Dad's tragic pre-mature death.

He said that he had Cerebral Palsy and received several detentions at school.

What was I getting myself into???

This poor kid!! My heart was pounding feeling a range of emotions. At one point, I kneeled down next to him to help with his bike lock, and my face almost touched his and I so badly wanted to hug and kiss him to death.

After a stop for lunch and an ice cream it was time to take him home. Regardless of my intense desires for Jack, I knew that the ultimate key to his well being was to return him safely to his Mom and hope that I would have at least one more chance to

spend time with this incredible boy.

"You know what everyone calls me?"

"What's that?" I said.

"A loveable dick!"

"Ok." I'm not sure what that meant, but he said with such aplomb that I couldn't help but smile.

I have seen Jack a few times since that epic bike ride and not a single day goes by when I don't think about him. I know he has already had a very difficult time in his young life and perhaps in another time and another place, I could have been his lover. But I'll gladly settle for just being his friend and someone that cares about him deeply and will always be there for him.

Comments on Non-Consensual Sex

by Kisn

I can do nothing else but stand by every word in this article because I currently do not know any better. I welcome anyone who may have greater experience or knowledge in all matters concerned within this article to feel free to respond in kind, either as a challenge to the piece or in praise of it. I am new to this sort of writing. Please excuse me for displaying my inexperience and amateur skill in writing an opinion piece.

There are some that would argue that the degree of violence is an irrelevant factor in cases of sexual abuse. It would seem to these folk that in all instances of rape, the details do not matter. In early February of 2015, Cathy Young, a writer for the Daily Beast appeared on the MSNBC news talk-show Melissa-Harris Perry to discuss a case of “murky” rape allegations; the segment escalated into an argument over instances of non-consensual sex and the validity of the circumstances revolving their abhorrent nature. The host for the show, Melissa-Harris Perry says, “Something non-consensual happening to you sexually is extreme violence.” Whether the persons involved are adults, minors, or a combination of both, this quote puts a face on the complex and hostile attitudes toward non-consensual sex. The idea of the term non-consensual equating with violence is more deeply held I imagine, against those who have an attraction toward minors over any other particular group.

All kinds of non-consensual sex are to be disapproved of. No decent human alive would feel anything less than revulsion and

condemnation toward acts of sexual abuse. But not all accounts of non-consensual sex are the same. If those who stand by the quote of Melissa-Harris Perry were to have their way, all cases of rape would be considered the same. And all perpetrators would be equally vulnerable to the harshest possible sentence when facing judgment in a court of law.

If we lose the ability to distinguish between non-violent inappropriate sexual conduct and extreme sexual aggression which escalates to violent behavior (and let me please point out that no matter the case, violent or non-violent, it is all still rape.), we can expect greater austerity measures to take root in our justice system. Imagine a future for law in which the guilty are treated the same and their individuality and humanity is lost. We currently live in a world where even 13 year olds may face harsh punishment for underage sex and are subject to lengthy sentencing regardless the circumstances of the crime. In the United States alone, Boys as young as 12 run the risk of being labeled sex offenders for having naked pictures on their cell phone, or engaging in acts of masturbation with peers of similar age. A sixteen year old girl was charged with possession of child pornography because she took pictures of herself and sent them to her boyfriend using her cell phone. There are many more distressing examples that go under-reported. But if you do the digging yourself, you may find these stories. All it takes is a simple search engine and the will to investigate. Granted, some activities were indeed crimes and the perpetrators involved, regardless of

age, deserve some kind of sentencing or at the very least, serious long term psychiatric care. But there are others who do not deserve harsh punishment. The very laws of consent and other protective laws set in place to protect our youngest victims are sometimes used against them. Our consent laws need to be scrutinized. We should be discussing these laws in rational debates. Without discussing these issues, we run the risk of allowing further harm toward more young people in the future. And I daresay this cycle of criminalizing natural human behavior will continue and shows no sign of slowing, due to public confusion on what accounts for acts of rape. There is one important article I believe all people should read regarding the issue of rape. The article is written by Francesca Milliken and is titled, “For My Sister”. It was posted on February 18th, 2015 on Huffingtonpost.com/Women. It is a fair and clear article about what rape feels like. It does not reek of feminist hysteria and attempts to rein in what rape is, without dressing it up with special words. Please take the time to check out that article.

I do not believe in the slightest, that there is any disagreement amongst any group of people: pedophiles, adult heterosexuals, homosexuals, about rape being an awful thing. We all want to preserve the integrity of good relationships and celebrate two people coming together to enjoy one of our most basic animal desires: the want for physical pleasure. For those who lead the crusade in their attempts to rewrite how our societies handle sexual crimes, be warned that there will be lots of friendly fire in your victory. How one responds to non-consensual activity is personal. It is a personal choice to choose to never forgive someone. As an individual, you have that right, whether you had the misfortune of being a victim yourself, or merely some crusader on the sidelines. Not allowing the opportunity for

redemption however, at least when it concerns the makeup of our social structure, can be as despicable as the crime. And only demonstrates an arrogant pettiness on part of an immature and stale society. For any with the will, knowledge and reputation for acting to ensure a kinder future: speak out to ensure that human dignity and integrity are preserved for all age groups and our humanity remains intact in a court of law.

Nude Boys: What's The Problem?

by zander

A publication like Modern Boylover Magazine would be taking a big risk if it were to show photos of naked boys. Not just because it would make an easy target for detractors, but in the context of boylove, images of naked boys would risk breaking the law. It would, however, be possible in the context of an article about classical Greece to show a nude sculpture of a boy, and yes, context is everything. There are commercial naturist sites on the web full of photos and videos showing naked children of both sexes, all for sale at the right price. They've been around for years, unmolested by the moral majority. In the context of family naturism, it's OK to show a boy's hairless penis and smooth buttocks, or a girl's prepubescent vagina or budding breasts.

Let's be honest. What proportion of visitors to naturist web sites prefer youth to old age? Do visitors go there to look at wrinkly old men with sagging bellies? Do fans of naturism seek geriatric, overweight women riddled with cellulite? I would suggest that the majority go there in search of youthful beauty. And there's nothing wrong with that, surely? A beautiful flower, an impressive landscape, a panoramic sunset, its human nature to be attracted to beauty in all its forms, and why should the beauty of children be any different? Are generations of people to be denied and deprived of the simple human

right to see children in their natural state just because of paranoia?

So, what if I buy a set of family photos from a perfectly legal naturist site, and then delete all the ones which only show adults and girls? Do those remaining photos which only show boys suddenly become illegal? Some of the photos might have a mixture of adults and children. What if I crop the photos to remove the adults? Would those photos magically become illegal, simply because they now show only boys, even though when they were bought they were completely legal?

This is an argument as much about the freedom of children to be themselves as it is about whether it's a pleasure for adults to see naked children. Surely, it's a human right for a child to be naked in public? Some psychologists would argue that it's a positive thing for children to see each other naked. One thing for sure about children is that they are curious about lots of things, including what might be hidden under the clothes of their peers. Is this suppression of nudity harmful to the healthy psychological development of children? Surely, for a psychologically healthy society, it's logical and desirable that the conditions are created where children have the freedom to be safely and shamelessly naked. And for those adults with no sexual attraction to children, there is simply no reason why they should be denied the simple pleasure of seeing naked children at play.

But what about looking at naked children who are sexually developed but younger than the age of consent? Is it OK for an adult to look at a fourteen-year-old girl, for example, who has some pubic hair and budding breasts? You could argue that of course it's morally OK to look, and to find such a girl sexually attractive. It wasn't so long ago that it was legal to marry a thirteen-year-old in

the USA, even if her chest was flat and her vagina uncluttered by pubic hair. So how can the thought police deal with that? Answer: with difficulty.

The same would apply to a fourteen year old boy. If a homosexual man or youth goes to a naturist web site and falls in love with a boy who is clearly showing signs of puberty, which is surely as natural as a heterosexual feeling sexually attracted to a fifteen year old girl who will be sixteen the next day.

OK, I'm playing around with numbers here. But the reality is, girls start using make-up and dressing in sexy clothes as soon as they get the desire, and their mothers usually help and encourage this even though its years before the girl will be legally old enough to consent to sex. They don't deny their attraction to older men, and modern biologists won't deny that men in their sexual prime are attracted to girls younger than the age of consent, and that there are sound reasons why humans have evolved in this way.

So, what about boys? When do boys begin to have the urge to express themselves as sexually available? At what age is it morally OK for boys to be sexually interested in other boys of the same age, or older boys, or even men?

Turning that around, how old does a boy have to be before it is morally acceptable for a man to fall in love with him; Or simply to find him sexually attractive? Morally, you would have to at least allow puberty to be the bench mark. But then, just as with the age of consent, is a boy any less beautiful the day before the onset of puberty? Of course not, Beauty is ageless. A twelve-year-old boy with one pubic hair is just as beautiful as a boy with no pubic hair.

So, if it's morally OK to find a twelve year old boy sexually attractive, what about an eleven or even ten year old? How beautiful is a nine-year-old boy? I would say very beautiful indeed.

Legislators, when discussing age of consent, will often say that it is set artificially high in order to protect late developers. Thus, it follows logically that boys younger than the legal age of consent can be said to be morally and emotionally able to give consent.

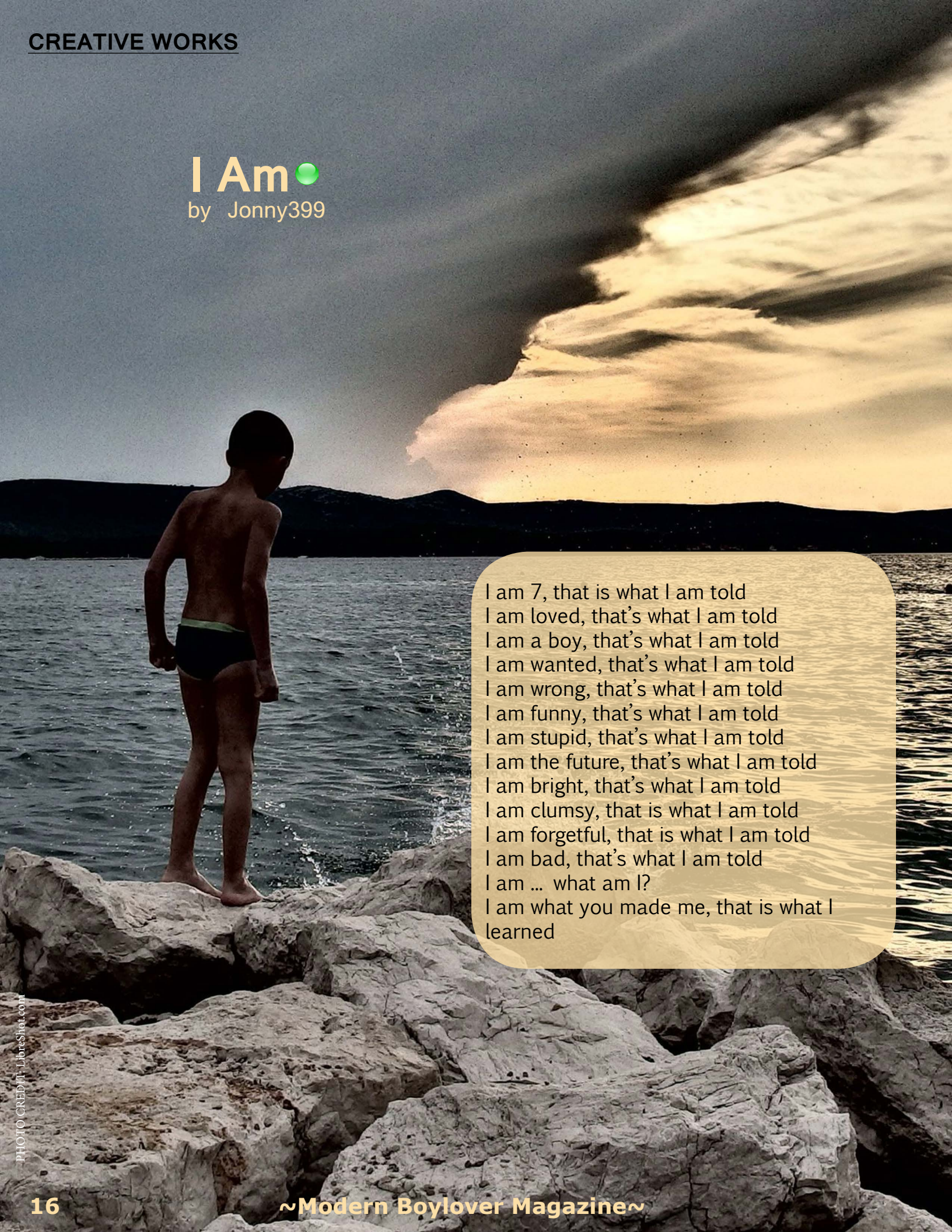
So, where does that leave us with regard to photos of naked boys on the web? If it's OK for a naturist site, why is it that a boylover can go to prison simply because he has nude pictures of boys on his hard drive? He is just being true to his own idea of beauty. When did truth become a bad thing?

What about nudity in art? That's been around for centuries. Photography is a modern artistic medium. Is it OK to have a painting or photo of a nude boy on your living room wall? Again, it's all about context. If you are a middle-class intellectual and all your friends are academics, possibly yes. If you live on the wrong side of the tracks, any image of a nude boy, even if it is a work of art, would probably attract a lynch mob.

To me, all this this suggests a society that is supremely unhealthy. It's time to liberate children and let them be naked, and time to liberate society and let everyone see naked children without shame or paranoia.

I Am ●

by Jonny399



I am 7, that is what I am told
I am loved, that's what I am told
I am a boy, that's what I am told
I am wanted, that's what I am told
I am wrong, that's what I am told
I am funny, that's what I am told
I am stupid, that's what I am told
I am the future, that's what I am told
I am bright, that's what I am told
I am clumsy, that is what I am told
I am forgetful, that is what I am told
I am bad, that's what I am told
I am ... what am I?
I am what you made me, that is what I learned



Computer Security 101 for Boylovers ●

by BoyZephyr

NSA eavesdropping, 'heartbleed' vulnerabilities, Lenovo root-kits. Concerns over privacy have thrust computer security into the public limelight, and while anyone can suffer from government spying, boylovers are particularly at risk. For many of us, boylove is our most private trait, something we would never share outside of our close communities. We use computers to stay connected, but put ourselves at risk every time we visit a boylove website or chat about boys. However, with some basic knowledge of computer security, boylovers can shield themselves from prying eyes.

PHOTO CREDIT: Display off Fujitsu Siemens Amilo LSL 3260W DY S3260W by Iwan Gabovitch
<https://www.flickr.com/photos/qubodup/20424010598/in/photostream/>
Resized, edited display to white background and added title. <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/2.0/>

Let's start with web browsing. When you connect to a website, you reveal your IP address. Even over a "secure" HTTPS connection, your ISP is required to keep logs that you have connected to a specific host. A government warrant, such as a subpoena, can be used to obtain your real identity using your IP address. If you would prefer not to have your identity linked to visiting boylove forums like YoungCity, there are a few options. One of the simplest methods to browse the web anonymously is to use software called the Tor Browser, which works over the Tor network. Tor works by routing your web requests through many anonymous "nodes", hiding your identity by wrapping your request like layers of an onion. Tor Browser simplifies the setup involved and comes pre-installed with some security measures enabled. Even if you use Tor, your browser can leak details about your real connection, so it is important to turn off plugins like Javascript and Flash, which can leak information in the clear.

Tor has some downsides, too. Only certain types of internet traffic can be routed over Tor, making it less ideal for chat programs like Skype. The Tor network can also become slow and congested, as you're relying on others to forward your web requests across the internet. An alternative to Tor, called a VPN, or virtual private network, can alleviate some of these problems. VPNs are usually paid services, costing between 5 and 10 U.S. dollars per month. When you connect to the VPN, you establish a secure tunnel (similar to HTTPS) so that your real ISP cannot see your traffic at all, only that you have connected to the VPN service. Additionally, your "external" or "public" IP address is now changed to your VPN provider's address, so websites you connect to can no longer access your real IP address. However, you are still placing faith in the VPN provider, as they can monitor your traffic. And by paying for

a VPN service, you are also linking financial records that can be used to correlate VPN usage with your real identity. Web browsing should use a mix of Tor and VPN services to maximize security.

Boylovers can also protect the chat services used to keep in touch. Many boylovers rely on Skype to talk to each other, but the Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF) gave Skype their lowest rating on their Secure Messaging Scorecard. The EFF looked at many security topics, such as the ability of the chat provider to read messages, and whether the source code is public to review. Unfortunately, Skype is closed-source software, so it cannot be reviewed by an outside party. And although Skype messages are encrypted between parties, there is no guarantee that Skype does not have access to the encryption keys, meaning they could turn over message content when faced with a government warrant. Fortunately, there are several open-source chat alternatives. An open-source chat client, such as Pidgin, can be paired with an open-source encryption plugin, such as OTR (Off-the-Record). When both parties use OTR, they can send and receive messages that are undecipherable to outsiders.

There is no denying the fact that security is a complicated area. Even by following the best practices available, vulnerabilities are found daily that threaten the foundation that secure services like Tor and OTR are based upon. However, if protecting your identity and internet traffic from prying eyes is important to you, these technologies offer a relatively simple way to stay secure. With a little extra effort, you can avoid being the "low-hanging fruit" that hackers and government spying programs target.

Useful links:

Tor Browser download:

<https://www.torproject.org/projects/tor-browser.html.en>

EFF Secure Messaging

Scorecard:

<https://www.eff.org/secure-messaging-scorecard>

Pidgin download:

<https://www.pidgin.im/>

OTR Plugin download:

<https://otr.cypherpunks.ca/>

Carson Power! ●

by zander

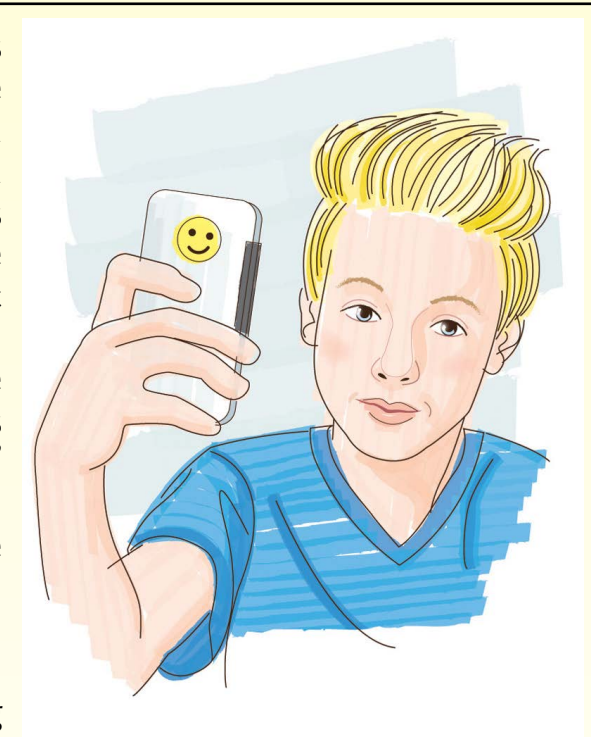
Carson Lueders is a growing boy - last time I checked he was 5' 1" and thirteen years old. So, if you are a boylover there's not much time left!

He's already a veteran performer. He's had a career longer than many other professional adults in the music entertainment business. He's been performing since he was five - he even dressed up as Elvis and sang "Hound Dog"! He developed his performing skills over the years at country music talent shows, and was appearing on radio when he was six, and performed his own song, "My Dog Buddy" when he was aged seven on KIX96 radio, in his home state of Washington.

As he worked on his technique and songwriting skills, he expressed the view that he wanted to write positive songs, because he felt there were too many songs with inappropriate lyrics and bad language. One of his earliest inspirations was seeing Keith Urban on television, and it's perhaps ironic that Urban signed one of Carson's guitars with the words; "This rocket will take you places you've never dreamed ..."

Other early influences are Tim McGraw and Rascal Flatts, and a strong underpinning of Christian music. But, his pop influences are

taking him in new directions. Justin Bieber, Usher, Rhianna. His latest videos show a boy who has clearly crossed the Rubicon. The singer-songwriter has put aside his guitar and put on a pair of dancing shoes. He's clearly been hanging out with a lot of cool dudes. Currently he's listening to Ed Sheeran, Chris Brown, Talyor Swift, and Ariana Grande - not sure if he's told his mom that!



ARTWORK CREDIT: Emerys

Perhaps his parents are wondering where their son's interest in urban music will lead him in life. At thirteen, Carson is finding his identity and maybe rebelling. His new liberated attitude can be seen in the change of hair style. After a life-time of combing his blond-white hair down to completely cover his forehead, it's now brushed up into a high quiff, and his more recent videos show a leaner and perhaps meaner boy, dancing and rapping and surrounded by beautiful young girls. He's currently into Jason Derulo's "Trumpets", and as a boylover, I'm wondering whether Carson's dreams are about the sexy girls in the video, or the hunky masculinity of Jason. Only time will tell. As he still reminds his fans, he's just a kid.

PHOTO CREDIT: Family Photos by Patrick https://www.flickr.com/photos/adwriter/817273202 Resized https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/2.0/



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~https://modernblmag.org~

In Loving Memory....

*With love from the
members of
Enchanted-Island.com*

Bam Bam 1963 to 2015



Postie



*We will miss you!
from the members of
YoungCity.net*

Maxim 1994 to 2015



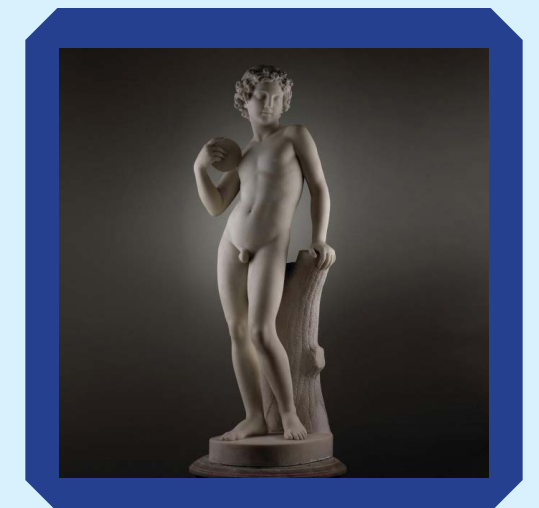
PHOTO CREDIT: 420Guy

The Golden Age of Greek Love

by B. L. M. I

“These days, especially in America, boy-love is not only scandalous and criminal, but somehow in bad taste. On the evening news, one sees handcuffed teachers, priests and Boy Scout leaders hustled into police vans. Therapists call them maladjusted, emotionally immature. But beauty has its own laws, inconsistent with Christian morality. As a woman, I feel free to protest that men today are pilloried for something that was rational and honorable in Greece at the height of its civilization.”

~Camille Paglia, activist and author in *Sexual Personae* (New York, Vintage Books, 1991)

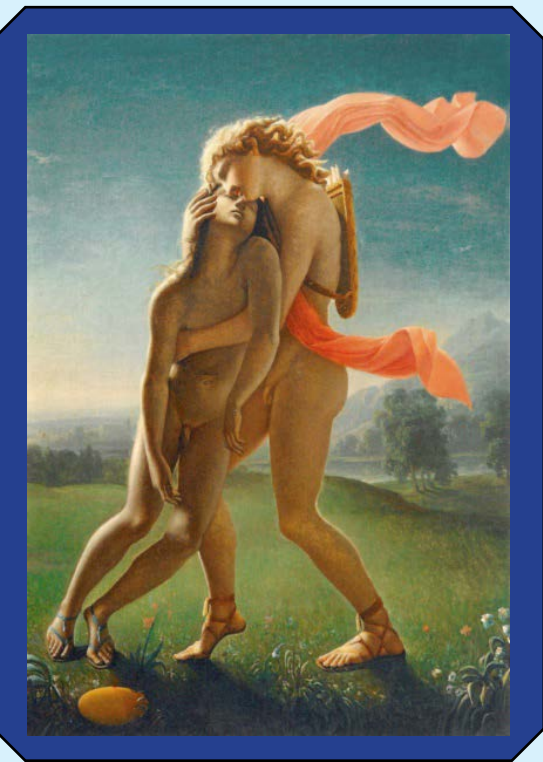


Boylove has a long and elaborate history one which is often censored from the classes in public schools and the required reading which accompany them. I remember in tenth grade, during my second year at a public high school, how much I dreaded my classes in mathematics and economics, but blissfully awaited my period in Classical Studies. Not only did I have an excellent teacher, with whom I shared many a common interest, but I also had a deep-seated interest in Ancient Greece and Rome, one

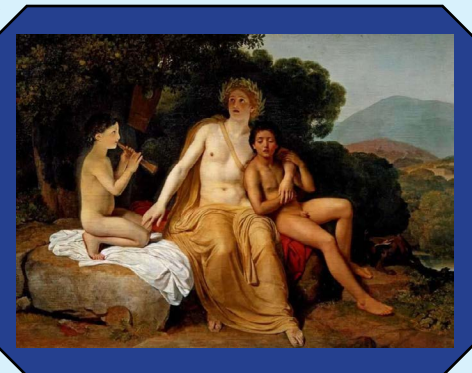
which had been nourished by my childhood love of history and mythology. I was not particularly sporty as a child, and while my peers spent the long summer days on the fields and in the parks, I barricaded myself inside the library, pouring through the ancient histories of the human race. Something about Greece, with its heroes and gods and monsters of fascinating detail, clasped my imagination with an unending embrace which lasts to this day.

PHOTO CREDIT (TOP): Stained texture on a light marble surface by Horia Varlan <https://www.flickr.com/photos/horiavarlan/4617628771/>
Resized and cropped <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/2.0/>

Prior to my enrollment at a public high school, I had attended mostly small, private schools - one of which I attended for almost eight years between the ages of six and thirteen. This particular school was Christian-orientated, and of the fundamentalist type. This was unfortunate for me, in that our classes on history were limited to the mythology of Young Earth Creationism and entertaining tales of Noah and Moses' exodus from Egypt. Throughout these entire eight years there was no examination of the ancient Greek or Roman civilizations which were merely rejected as pagan, and therefore unimportant in the curriculum of a "God-fearing" Christian school. It was initially for this reason that I spent so many long afternoons and evenings at the local library, educating myself on the subjects which dominated my attentions.



When I did begin attendance at a public high school, I was predictably delighted to discover that classes in Classical Studies were a part of the curriculum. We studied the fundamentals of ancient Greek culture, from customs to architecture to the epics, and we even studied (albeit only in passing) certain aspects of Greek sexuality. What we never touched upon, however, was Greek pederasty or the traditionalism of it.



It was only in the past few years during the awkward transition from adolescence to early adulthood, that I first discovered this prevalence and the role it played in ancient Greek society. In those bygone times, boylove was

common between older Greek men (known as erastes) and boys (known as eromenos, and generally aged between 12 and 20). It was characteristic of the Archaic and Classical periods, from the 9th until the 4th centuries BCE. There existed none of the modern conceptions of boylove as being abnormal or criminal, and it was rather seen to be both logical and respectable within the society.

The common meeting place for aristocratic men to encounter boys was the palaestra (similar to a modern gymnasium), where older males would watch younger boys wrestling, boxing, and engaging in other exercise. Upon selection of a boy intended for courting, the man would escort him to the andreion, a meeting hall for males, where the youth would be presented with gifts. This was only one of many customs typical among the pederasts of Greece.

In his philosophical treatise, *Human, All Too Human*, the cultural critic Friedrich Nietzsche expressed sympathy toward Greek pederasty and stated that the "treatment of young people has probably never again been so aware, loving, so thoroughly geared to their excellence, as it was in the sixth and fifth centuries [BCE]."

Unlike the typical negative portrayal of pederastic relationships in mainstream media, ancient Greek pederastia, or boylove, was a societal norm which held the development of the youth at its core. It is important to note that Athenian law rec-

ognized consent but not age as a factor in governing sexual behavior. Despite this, the age limit for pederasty in Ancient Greece appears to have encompassed boys of twelve years of age at the minimum end until about seventeen at the higher. This spectrum is merely relative, however, and the pederastic relationship would often continue until the extensive growth of the boy's body hair, after which he was considered to have reached adulthood.

Greek mythology is likewise replete with references to boylove relationships - some of the more well-known being that between the god Apollo and his male lovers, Hyacinth and Cyparissus. The myths of Hyacinth and Cyparissus elucidate the conventions of pederasty in Ancient Greece, with the boy, or eromenos, metamorphosing into a distinct state of being. This is allegorically represented in the aforementioned myths with the death of the eromenos who is much mourned by Apollo, the loving erastes.



This theme of transformation and initiation into adulthood is common among the pederastic myths. Other significant boylove relationships in Greek mythology include that of Zeus and Ganymede as well as Orpheus, a legendary musician and prophet who, in the morning of his deceased wife, vows to abstain from the love of women and seek instead only the love of boys.

The significance of the ancient Greeks on the history and development of modern boylove cannot be overlooked or taken lightly. For many boylovers, the history of pederasty serves as a reminder that we were not always subject to persecution and mass hysteria, but rather were, in forgone times, perceived as both honorable and beneficial to the wellbeing of society. This can be a comforting thought in troubling times as we seek to regain a sense of identity and worth within a society which refuses to listen or understand.

PLACES TO TAKE YOUR YF

by Zoomzoom4

When you take your YF out to do things with him; there are many choices of places to go and things to do. Some, of course, are more suited to the interests and tastes of a young boy. When a boylover and his YF are together, much of their time, naturally, is spent doing boyish activities.

Taking your boy to a place you know he will like, and watching his eyes light up with excitement, is one of the most rewarding feelings for any of us. The opportunity to deepen your bond with him, and strengthen the relationship by building a history of shared experiences, is part of what makes for a rich, rewarding friendship.

Here are a few examples of great places to take your boy.

THE MOVIES

This is usually the first choice for someone to take their boy, since it's easy, convenient, and there's always a movie playing that's designed to appeal to boys. Getting to sit right next to your YF and share his arm-rest, or even possibly cuddle in the dark, makes an appealing choice. Also, leaning over and whispering into his ear during the movie is very enjoyable, or if he leans over and whispers to you.



PHOTO CREDIT: Toho Cinema Roppongi by Michael Stout
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THE AMUSEMENT PARK

Many boys are thrill-seekers, and hurling through space at very fast speeds certainly appeals to a young boy's thrill-seeking nature. Sitting next to him hip-to-hip, and being strapped in together very close, while he possibly clings to you during the most intense part of the ride, is obviously nice, as well.



THE WATER PARK

Take a 10-year-old to a waterpark, and watch the boy you love enter his own personal heaven. This is probably the number one choice on the list for your YF, because it allows him to freely be one hundred percent a boy with no restraints.



PHOTO CREDIT: The Strand, Townsville. Author: WikiTownsvillian
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/User:WikiTownsvillian>

MINI-GOLF

This is fun, because it allows you and your YF to enjoy a friendly competition together. Also, mini-golf is located in family-friendly areas with other attractions designed to appeal to pre-teen boys.

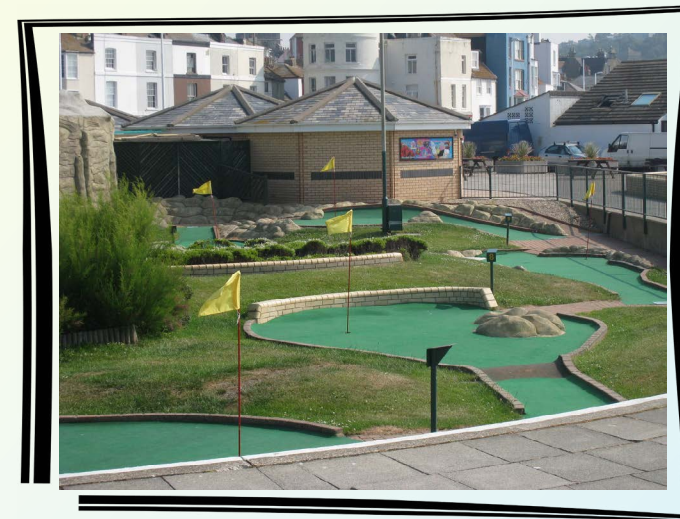


PHOTO CREDIT: mini golf by Oast House Archive
<http://www.geograph.org.uk/profile/10354>

PIZZA

After spending the afternoon enjoying any of the above activities with your YF, finish off your day together by taking him to a pizza restaurant. If there's a single thing we all know about boys, it's that every boy loves pizza.



PHOTO CREDIT: pepperoni pizza by Etrus
https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Pepperoni_pizza_%282%29.png

No matter where you go with your YF, remember that just having him by your side is all that matters, since as every boylover knows, nothing is more enjoyable than spending time with the boy you love.

PHOTO CREDIT: Navy Pier Theme Park by Andros_pics <https://www.flickr.com/photos/aganderson/6111443068>
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The Time I Paid \$4.35 for 6 oz of White Grape Juice

by pully

It was one of the first really nice warm days of spring. I was looking forward to getting out for a good run. I turned down a side street to find a parking spot close to my favorite jogging path. Then I saw it - a roadside business. The sign, written on poster board in magic marker, read "Carter's Juice."

I parked my car, got out, and walked over to take a closer look at the young entrepreneur and his wares. Behind a folding table sat a small boy.

He looked to be about 7, slender, with short brown hair, brown eyes, and a cute, innocent face. He was barefoot, dressed in a pair of shorts and a youth soccer jersey. His little feet traced a back and forth pattern across the grass as his

legs dangled from the edge of his chair. Next to him were two coolers. I imagined that each earlier in the day had been filled with ice, but now plastic bottles and "Go-Gurts" bobbed and floated in the lukewarm water. Standing nearby was a woman I assumed to be the boy's mother, in conversation with another female.

I approached, and the boy met my eyes with

a shy smile. "Carter's Juice," I read. "Are you Carter?" The boy nodded. "What kind of juice do you have?"

Carter stood up, reached his small hand into one of the coolers full of lukewarm water, and pulled out a bottle. "We have Cran-Raspberry, and we have White Grape Juice. And there's Go-Gurt."

"How much for a cup of juice?" I inquired.

"50 cents."

I made my decision. "Okay, then I'd like to have a cup of Cran-Raspberry, please." Carter's mom had by now come over, and she gave me a smile. Carter found a red plastic cup for me, and his

mom helped him pour some juice into it. Then, as I watched, for some inexplicable reason, Carter stuck his hand in my cup of juice.

"Oh! Carter! What are you doing?!?" his mom looked exasperated. "I am so sorry," she said, looking at me apologetically. But I was just looking at Carter and laughing, a huge grin on my face. His mom continued,

"Carter, you can't give that juice to this man now that you've stuck your fingers in it. What were you thinking?"

I knew what I was thinking. I was thinking, that's alright, I'll gladly drink the juice that this adorable little boy's hand has been in.

It turned out that was the last of the Cran-Raspberry. So Carter offered me white grape juice instead, which I was perfectly fine with.

As he poured me a fresh cup, I asked him, "Carter, are you saving your money for something special?"

"I'm saving for a new FIFA World Cup game for my Xbox."

"That sounds cool," I said. "Hey, are you a soccer player yourself?" Carter nodded proudly. I smiled at him and said, "I'll bet you're a really good player." He looked up at me and smiled.

I reached for my wallet and pulled out a \$5 bill. "This is for you. Thanks for the juice, and have fun with your new game, Carter."

Carter's mom insisted he give me change, even though I tried to refuse it. In the end, he reached into his shoebox of coins and pulled out two quarters, a dime and a nickel, which I accepted.

6 oz of lukewarm white grape juice: \$4.35.

Getting the opportunity to interact with a delightfully adorable little boy: Priceless.



A Life Altering Decision

by Howie246

Prelude: This lovely boy fell into my life a few months ago. We bonded and became great friends and he has been asking, in fact begging, me to adopt him. He has been in many different foster care situations since he was 2 years old. He is staying at my house now because he got beat up very badly at his foster parents' place, by his cousins. I wanted to give them all some time and space to heal emotionally and physically before he goes back there. The following is what happened the actual night I told him I love him and am adopting him.

Saturday night at about 7:30, he came into my room and asked me why I was crying. I told him I wasn't crying, and he said "Don't lie to me". I said "I will tell you later. Now please go into your room and play Minecraft". He went to his room and started playing the video game, I heard the sounds of the game as he played. Then less than 10 minutes later the game's sound stops and I see that he is peering at me at the edge of my room's door, with just one of his eyes visible to me. Sort of hiding. I look up and wave him into my room. I am sitting on my edge of my bed and I pat the bed next to me meaning for him to come and sit down next to me. As he is walking towards me I tell him that everything is okay. Instead of him sitting down next to me he sits down on my lap and looks at me directly into my eyes; with a questioning, what's-wrong look

on his face. I just looked at him and gently said "I love you and am going to adopt you." Nine words. He was silent. His eyes became huge and wide opened as he stared up at me. Within a few seconds his wide opened eyes became scarlet red and moistened with tears. Then he started to talk but stuttering as he spoke. He said "Te-te-te-tell me th-tha-that again. I d-d-did-didn't hear you." So I very gently and slowly repeated the phrase "I love you and am going to adopt you". Then his red swollen eyes began to shed their tears and one tear in particular rolled down his lovely cheek. He repeated stuttering and now stammering, "Te-te-te-tell me th-tha-that again. I d-d-did-didn't hear you." So I repeated myself; even more slowly and distinctly "I love you and am going to adopt you". Now that one tear that rolled onto his lovely cheek was joined by many tears from both of his eyes. So many tears appeared that when he tried to speak and ask me again to repeat myself; well those tears were flowing everywhere on his face and into his mouth, where they made him hiccup and gag.

So he hiccuped, gagged, stuttered, stammered, and tried to talk. He was asking me the same thing; so I just kept repeating myself to him. Now I was crying as much as he was and it was difficult for me to say the words distinctly. But I did, stuttering and stammering between my crying tears, those nine words were indeed audible to him.

I said that phrase hundreds of times and he continued to want me to repeat myself. At that point in time he couldn't speak any longer. It was now hours later than when I first began speaking. He knelt up on my thighs so his face was even to mine. Even though he lost the ability to speak clearly, he motioned his index finger of his right hand in a clockwise circular motion, meaning for me to continue and say those nine beauti-

ful words to him. And the very moment the phrase was finished being spoken, his finger would spin again and I would say it again. I was beginning to get hoarse but it was okay; just started to mouth it and whisper it instead of speaking it.

I broke the phrase up into two parts. First part is "I love you", second is "and am going to adopt you". When I finished the first phrase he would spin his finger before I got to the second phrase. So I just began repeating the first one. "I love you. I love you. I love you." The moment I would stop for a breath his finger would spin again; so I breathed through my nose as I mouthed and spoke the words. I realized that this was his time on earth that the world should stop and give him anything he wanted. So I just kept repeating those three beautiful words to him over and over again.

He heard the three words from me thousands of times that night, but it wasn't enough for him to just hear them. He wanted more. As I said those words to him he was now looking into my left eye very closely. He was kneeling on my thighs, face to face with me, and looked so deeply into my eye; past the cornea, past the iris, past the retina, past the optic nerve, past the brain, and was looking directly into my heart and soul. He saw what he was looking for so then he stopped looking and started listening. He placed his left ear to my mouth and listened intently as I spoke those words. If for a moment I stopped mouthing the words, his finger would spin frantically; until I started mouthing the words again.

I wasn't tired even though it was now 4 or 5 in the morning. And oddly didn't have to go

to the bathroom or get some water to drink, even though we were both drenched from our tears and we were both dehydrated. Nature gave way to nurture in this instance and bodily functions were unimportant.

I realized that no one, not me or anyone on this earth had ever told him those three beautiful powerful words before. And he was savoring and analyzing and dissecting them so he could fully comprehend and understand them.

He had more of his senses to check out with those words. He wanted to feel and touch them. Like people with hearing and seeing problems he took his thumb and index finger and traced my lips as I mouthed the words. He had his fingers on and in my lips and mouth and felt my lips and mouth say

the words until he was satisfied with the way they felt.

He then put his lips to my dripping wet cheek and tasted my tears. When he did that I did the same to his wet teary cheek. And when I did that the taste of his tears totally blew

my mind away. For the four decades I have been around on this earth my heart had holes drilled into it because of the pain and suffering I had experienced in my life. The very moment I tasted his holy lovely tears all of those holes in my heart instantly were mended. The holes in my heart became filled with his love and joy. This lovely little boy did more for my heart than, I can't think of the right adjectives right now. But I realized that I needed him just as much as he needed me.



Hidden Dreams (A Poem For Zachary) ●

by Jeremy

Zachary
He knows where the hidden dreams are hidden
My love for him is eternal
His love for me is so profound, it scares me sometimes
Zacky knows ALL my innermost secrets & does not judge

Zachary is wildly imaginative and is always engaged in all manner of rascality
There is nothing more captivating than his smile, the gaiety of his laughter,
The celestial purity of his little boy voice
He is brilliantly clever & allows my love for him to flower

Zachary has raven black hair & deep blue eyes of the most exquisite hue
He comes from a far-away place (Romania) where whispers dance in the mysterious gloom
Zacky and I went camping together, just him and I . . .
Serenaded by the midnight overture of the owl,
We danced, naked, upon the Earth, in the moonlight of the pathless forest
Zacky gives his love to me freely because it is his to give
Our souls will forever be indissolubly wedded

Zachary's love is a love that I savor & cherish, for a boy's love is like a rainbow
Thus I cry shameless tears . . . Zacky holds me when I cry . . .

Zachary is 8-years-old, he is my yf and I LOVE him!
He knows where the hidden dreams are hidden . . .

A Rainbow Love

by Dominoboy



I stepped into the familiarity of the golden arches with my own golden haired companion laughing joyously within the cool interior; it was quiet, which was the way I liked it. It was obvious that we were not brothers or any sort of sibling, not even extended and it was also obvious we were separated by age quite significantly. It was not the car keys in my hand now stuffed into my pocket as I pull out my wallet that distinguished us, and it was not the difference in voice tone alternating between my deep manly voice and his high boyish voice.

The cashier eyes us with mild interest merely in the mismatch between us, but not enough that she questions the relationship. She smiles knowingly as I question the boy on what he wants to eat; it's a routine, a familiar routine to the woman in the dark cap waiting to take our order. You see I was here often. The difference with each visit came in the shape of the individual dragging me along into the establishment. Sometimes he's chocolate skinned with thick dark locks curled heavily atop his head, sometimes he is blond with piercing blue-grey eyes, sometimes he is caramel skinned with short dark hair gelled into some shape or other; in other words, a different boy each time.

That is one of the joys I experience in being who I am. Not a boylover although that has is merit, but being the man that is Domino-boy. As I have explained to those who ask about my nickname, I explain that I am white with bits of black in me and I am black with bits of white in me. Race means nothing and living here in the Southern region of Africa means I get to love boys of various ethnic-

ities. Despite the fact that they are black, white, a cross between the two, Indian, Chinese; I love all of them.

This kind of perspective allows me to see boys in a different light, regardless of race, social standing and monetary accessibility, among other things. I see a boy for who he is, not for what society paints them to be and as a traveller, I see this beauty most profoundly in each individual country I visit. I see the beauty of a boy past his skin, which begs to ask the question, what is beauty? Is it the race or color of the skin of the boy? Is it the shape of his head, the cut of his hair, the shape and color of his eyes, his nose, and lips...his body? I agree there are aesthetics and the ever present adage beauty is in the eyes of the beholder; however is there also a beauty that transcends these aesthetics?

I guess I could say I am privileged to live in this rainbow nation, in this country where a multitude of people from various parts of the world have gathered to work and play together. Sure there are issues, disgruntled citizens caught in the hurts of the past or see failures in the future, sure there are occasional racial contentions amongst other things, but there is also peace, harmony and unity. More than that, it is a society where boys grow up with friends of various ethnicities without discrimination. School, sports and other recreational activities as well as televised sport, TV shows etc. expose them to the unity of different races. This means it is possible to have YFs who get along regardless of cultural differences and who will truly have a rainbow love for one another.

Email Security For Boylovers

by Velociraptor

Due to prejudices in society that could lead to physical attacks and harassment, boylovers must take privacy and security much more seriously than other minorities.

When you use email you leave behind all kind of digital traces that could be used by vigilantes to start a campaign against you or used by law enforcement to apply for a malevolent warrant with no foundation that has as only target destroying your social life, blackmail you and try to find something against you when no crime has not been committed.

Regular email providers like Gmail, Yahoo and Outlook accounts should all be disposed of if you care about privacy, data retention, unwanted email scanning and invasive privacy is all they have to offer.

Hushmail, based in Canada, keeps logs for more than one year and their encryption can be bypassed by the staff if compelled to.

The ideal boylover email service must hide your computer IP in the headers when sending a message, encrypt the content of your

email, keep your data encrypted in the server, be located offshore and free or not linking payment details to your real identity.

Recent NSA abuse of people's privacy has led to a growing industry of privacy email providers. I will only write about those I have used myself, Protonmail.ch and Tutanota.com and out of those two I will focus on Tutanota since Protonmail accounts are invitation only at the moment.

Tutanota is a fast growing email provider in Germany that automatically encrypts all

your messages on your device, the company has no way to decrypt them. Your emails as well as your contacts stay private, allowing you to easily communicate with any of your friends end-to-end encrypted;

even subject and attachments are encrypted.

Your encrypted mailbox can be accessed with your favorite web browser from any device or you can also use mobile apps for Android and iOS. Their software is licensed under open source, essential to any security

service to be checked for backdoors and bugs. And to top it up, the interface is clean and easy to use.

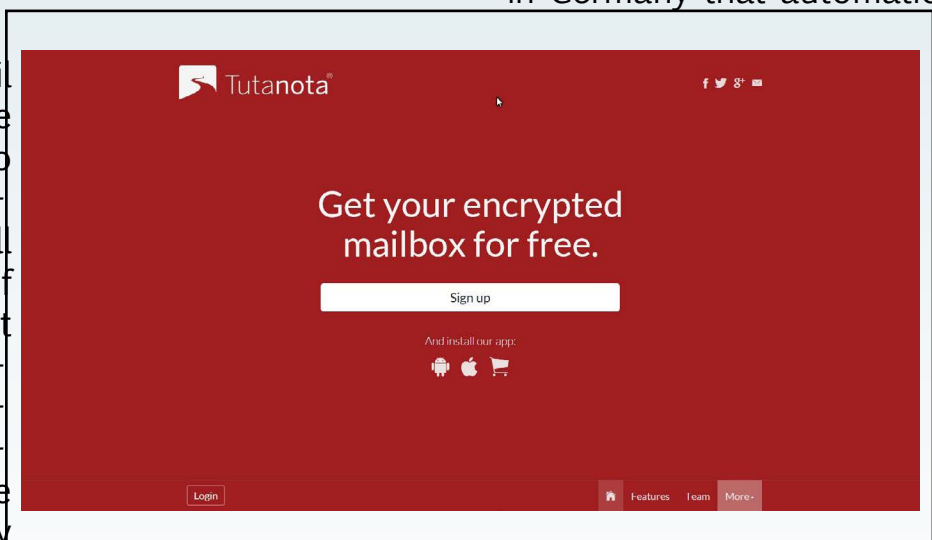
Being in Germany means that European Union laws apply, these not the most privacy friendly laws in the world, however, it is better than the US, UK or Australia and the zero knowledge set up of the email provider means there is not much the company can hand over other than encrypted data.

If you care about your digital footprint and online privacy, Tutanota is one of the best security email providers that a boylover can use.

You will want to make it as difficult and time consuming as possible for somebody

to abuse their powers. To make sure that a corrupt law enforcement agency really has a case against you and they are not simply fishing for something that could or could not be there, force that law enforcement agency to fill in the paperwork of an international warrant that has to go across multiple judges instead of allowing them to issue an easy request for data to a local email provider.

The only exception is if you are in Germany, you will want to find an email provider not in your country to force any potentially corrupt German law enforcement detective to do a time investment before he or she can get access to your email, if you are in Germany, check out Unseen.is (<http://www.unseen.is>) another security email provider in Iceland that is also free.



Like A Thief In The Night ●

by Maxim

You take all my spirit
You take all my fight
You rob me of life
Like a thief in the night

You twist and contort me
You bend me to pain
You hate and despise me,
not even knowing my name

Your pushing and pulling
You punch and you rent
I hide from you culling
but on evil you're bent

I hide from your gaze
I run from your sight
My mind in a haze
Your presence a blight

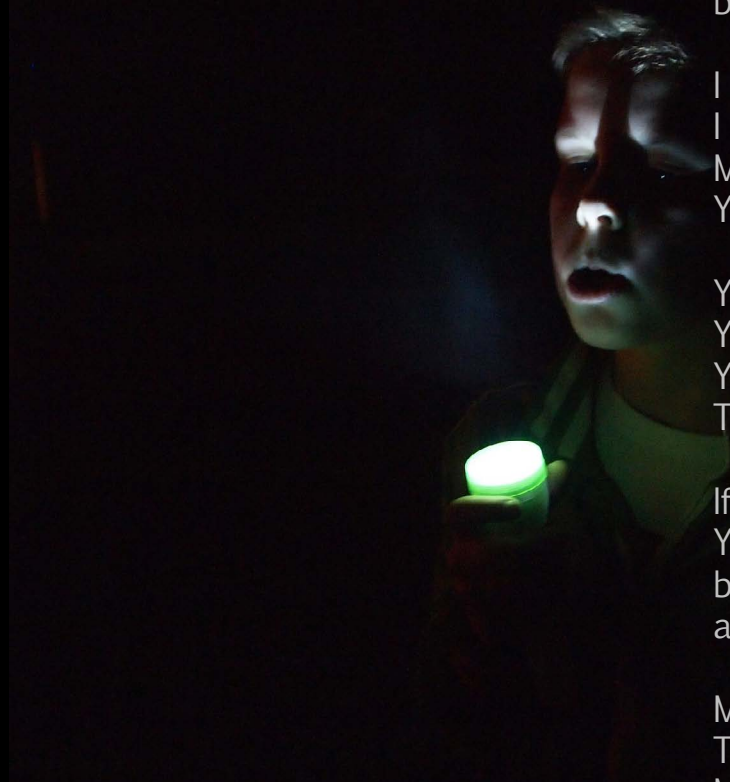
You relish the suffering
You daily meet out
Your bragging and boasting
That's all it's about

If I were a toy
You'd treat me with care
but I am a boy
and you dish out despair

My life, almost over
The pills do their worst
My sight misting over
No more my soul cursed

You took all my spirit
You took all my fight
You robbed me of life
Like a thief in the night

Dedicated to
Cristian Wheeler
2002 - 2014
RIP my friend
I wish I could have been
there for you ... more



An Interview With Diamond Dogs ●

by 420Guy & Diamond Dogs



This interview with Diamond Dogs took place in March 2015. He has been a member of the BL community for several years, and is currently Member Support Staff at BLO (Boylover.org).

420Guy: Can you tell us about when you first realized that you are a boylover? Is it something that you accepted right away, or more gradually?

Diamond Dogs: I would say I first started to realize it when I was going through puberty. I had always been attracted to boys from about age 5 or so, but it wasn't until puberty that my age became significantly

higher than the boys I was attracted to and I became aware that was not acceptable socially. However, at the time I also thought being gay wasn't socially acceptable, so I didn't draw much distinction.

At first I definitely tried to repress my homosexual / pedophile feelings, and was constantly afraid someone would "out" me. This paranoia

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combined with some shyness and prudishness resulted in missing almost all opportunities to fool around with boys my age. I was so paranoid, I thought if they initiated something they were “testing” me to see if I was gay so that they could expose me.

Around 16 is when I really started to accept that I was gay and that it was okay, coming out to my parents a year later, but I still didn't accept my BL orientation. I theorized it was because I hadn't yet done anything sexual or “fallen in love” with someone my age, and that once I had I would lose my attraction to boys. In my late teens and early 20's I dated a few men, but didn't really feel anything for them and didn't have sex. In my late 20's, even though I hadn't yet done anything sexual with anyone save a brief childhood experience and some “circle jerking,” I accepted that my BL orientation would likely never change. It wasn't until I was 30 that I began to experiment sexually with men, and this was pretty disappointing, more or less confirming that I was almost exclusively attracted to boys. Around this time I really started to accept my BL orientation fully.

420Guy: What were you like as a boy?

Diamond Dogs: I was somewhat shy at first, but fairly outgoing once I got to know people. Extremely inventive, artistic and interested in learning as much as I could, mostly about practical and mechanical things, and nature. I had strong sexual interests and desires, starting at around age 5, but due to parents that were fairly conservative sexually (although not in other ways) I felt guilty for having these desires and tried not to act on them. Looking back I believe I could have really benefited from an adult friend / mentor, even or especially one who I was sexual with. I had alot of desires and

no outlet or guidance at all, it was extremely frustrating.

420Guy: Without getting into too much detail, did you have any sexual encounters as a child ... positive or negative?

Diamond Dogs: I only had one around (age) 7 or 8 with a boy two years younger than me. It was very brief (we were in his back yard), and he initiated it. He thought there was “something wrong with my dick” because I had a foreskin and he hadn't seen one before, and thought it was “gross,” unfortunately. This actually made me self-conscious about it when I wasn't previously, and was something I had to come to terms with later in my teen years. I did enjoy the experience, however felt very guilty afterwards, and when he asked if I wanted to do it again, I declined. I will always regret that decision.

420Guy: When do you think a child is ready to explore his sexuality?

Diamond Dogs: I think it totally depends on the child, everyone has different desires at different ages. I think ideally children should be allowed to explore their sexuality in a safe supportive environment whenever they feel the desire to, and I also think it should be the responsibility of parents and mentors to educate and guide children about sexuality, like we do with virtually every other life experience and skill. People say they want to combat child sexual abuse, but by making sexuality a taboo and “adult only” subject, they make children feel ashamed, embarrassed and confused. If those children are experiencing sexual abuse, they are much less likely to talk to their parents or teachers about it because

they feel the whole subject is off limits. In contrast, a child that is educated about sexuality and allowed to explore their own sexuality will know what is happening if someone is attempting to abuse them or coerce them into doing something they don't want to do, they will be more likely to say no, and be more likely to tell an adult.

420Guy: There has been discussions about the AoC going up worldwide ... to as high as 25! How do you feel about AoC laws in general, and the concept of raising it?

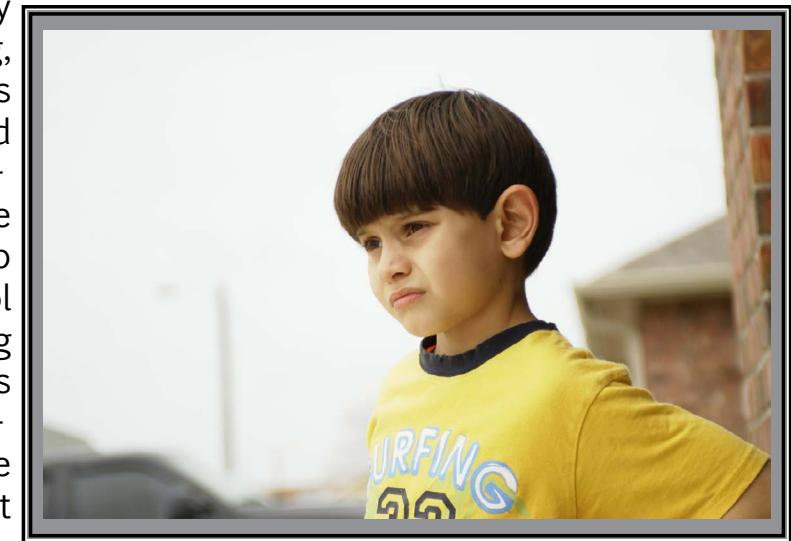
Diamond Dogs: Wow, I haven't heard about that, that's insane! It makes sense looking at the way things are going, though. The trend is to restrict kids' and young adults' freedoms in the name of “safety,” and also as a result of school and college lasting longer, young adults really aren't as mature as they were in the past. I don't think the law or society has any right to dictate people's personal decisions at all. If it doesn't directly negatively affect someone else, I don't understand how it's anyone's business but the person making the decision. I hope there will soon be a backlash by children, teens and young adults who are fed up with all this control and people telling them what they can and can't do.

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420Guy: When did you first join the BL community, and what were your thoughts and feelings at the time?

Diamond Dogs: In my late 20's, I was surprised that such a community existed actually and was legal and positive. It was a huge relief to talk to people like me, and without the BL community I don't think I would have ever accepted my orientation.

420Guy: Your board name, ‘Diamond Dogs’ is a reference to the 1974 David Bowie album. Does your name and/or the album have a special significance to you?



Diamond Dogs: No, that's pretty much it, just a huge Bowie fan and that's my favorite album. Thought it would be a cool screen name.

420Guy: What makes BLO a board that boylovers should consider joining?

Diamond Dogs: It's one of the longest running and most well established boards. Excellent staff and members, and alot of interesting content to offer. I feel it offers a safe place for childlovers to feel part of a community, along with other excellent boards.

420Guy: Do you think BLO was started as a continuation of BLN (Boylover.net)? Whether or not so, do you think it sometimes

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bears the stigma that BLN (un-warrantedly) left behind?

Diamond Dogs: There's a bit of interesting history there. I belonged to BLN under a different name, but sort of left the BL community and deleted my account there before it went down, and was unaware it went down. When I decided to get involved again, I honestly didn't remember if it was .com or .net, I just did a Google search and ended up creating an account at BLO thinking it was BLN. I continued to think this, for maybe a year after I returned! I'm not sure if it was created as a continuation, and I'm only vaguely aware of what happened, so I don't know if I can really comment.



420Guy: You are currently the Support Staff on BLO. What are some of the most challenging aspects of your job?

Diamond Dogs: I would say trying to stay positive while being constantly reminded what a difficult and marginalized life childlovers lead. I have counseled allot of people both officially as a staff member and on my own, and it's really difficult to see so many good people with so much potential and so much to offer find it so difficult to function in society and have the things most everyone takes for granted, through no fault of their own. It's also hard to see how many of us are seriously depressed, suicidal, and

take society's negative and hateful attitude towards us as a reason to hate themselves. I think being a childlover is one of the most difficult things there is to be in our society.

420Guy: How do you deal with your own BL-related stress, what sort of things do you do to try to keep positive?

Diamond Dogs: I guess mostly I try to think about my potential YFs and hope that one of them will turn into a real YF, or that another one will come along. Honestly, sometimes the stress gets the best of me and I get really down, I think all of us do from time to time.

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420Guy: Would you consider yourself to be a boylove activist?

Diamond Dogs: Online, yes, and in real life, somewhat. I have come out to my parents and several close friends. However, I don't feel that coming out publicly at this point would be helpful. For one thing, I have several potential young friend relationships that I hope to cultivate, and public admittance of being a boylover would end all of these opportunities and probably all

future ones. The main thing I feel I can do to promote the acceptance of BLs is what I am best at and what I feel is my purpose in life, to mentor and be a friend to boys. With parents' paranoia, especially in my area, its very difficult to develop a one-on-one relationship with a boy, but I think that is the best way we can gain acceptance in the future.

420Guy: How can our relationships with boys help us gain acceptance, if nobody knows we're boylovers?

Diamond Dogs: I feel that YFs often become our advocates, especially if they know we are BL. I've heard a fair number of BLs have told their YFs, or they have asked. But even if they don't know, they will have (hopefully) experienced a positive relationship with a man, and will later resist the paranoia that is all too prevalent regarding these types of relationships.

420Guy: How do you feel about groups like B4U-Act, and alternatively, Virtuous Pedophiles?

Diamond Dogs: I think they are a good resource for people who need that kind of group, and may be helpful in getting society to start accepting or at least understanding us. But I also feel they are self-limiting in trying to conform to society's twisted morality. I believe in the emancipation of children and childlovers; I think sexual self determination is a human right, no matter how old you are, and I think there is nothing inherently wrong or harmful about intergenerational sexual relationships. While I do stay legal and counsel people to do the same for both ours and the childrens' safety, it is this self affirming belief that what I desire is not wrong

that has allowed me to truly accept myself. I don't personally feel that the statement "I would never touch a child sexually" should be a pre-requisite for acceptance in any CL community. The image those boards portray, that of people struggling to resist what they consider harmful desires, might be a good start for social acceptance, because it is in line with society's view. But there is a limit to how far we can advance when society only sees us as "those poor sick pedophiles trying to resist their evil desires," even though this is better than "those evil sick child rapists."

420Guy: So would you say it's better to accept our desires, and be able to talk about it, as opposed to trying to cover it up?

Diamond Dogs: I think it really depends on your situation and who your talking to, sometimes it can be a good thing, sometimes not. One interesting thing I've noticed when coming out to non BLs, it always ends up being about them! How hard of a time they have dealing with it, the stress its causing them and so on. I'd like to see how they handle it in my shoes! The other thing I didn't really expect, is it's not really some big weight off my shoulders telling people like I thought it would be. I mean, its nice to be able to be honest, but if anything it's sometimes more difficult after I come out, the relationship is more strained, etc.

420Guy: Security is always an important issue for boylovers, even when you keep yourself 100% law abiding. What would you say is the most important thing(s) BLs can do to protect themselves?

Diamond Dogs: Be careful about di-

vulging personal or identifying information online, sharing photos of yourself or your YF. Remember that most photos can now be searched online, and if that photo of your YF is on his facebook page, anyone you share it with could potentially find out who he is or who you are, and out you -- or worse. There are a lot of people who work very hard to try and make our lives miserable, don't give them the tools they need to do it. Also remember that Skype is not secure, and anyone you connect to on Skype can see your IP address and potentially find your address, phone number, etc. Especially if you use Skype on your smartphone. It's not a bad idea to use Tor or another secure browser to do all your BL-related online activity.

420Guy: Do you think boylove will ever find a more acceptable place in society?

Diamond Dogs: That's a really hard question to answer. It's easy to get down and see things as getting worse, which I think in some cases they are. But I also see people being fed up with being controlled, and there is a backlash to more control and invasive laws about what should be private and personal decisions. I hope that other movements that are gaining momentum, such as "free range" parenting, leaving more

decisions up to kids, teaching them to use self determination instead of conformity to make decisions, and respecting their human rights (for example not violating their human rights and right to bodily integrity by circumcising them as non consenting infants) will eventually help us make a case for why children are fully capable of making decisions that affect them and should be allowed to make their own decisions regarding how they express their sexuality.

420Guy: Is there anything else you would like to say to the BL community and beyond to end this interview?

Diamond Dogs: Hang in there fellow BLs, there is a long road ahead but we are slowly making progress. If you can, talk to someone IRL about your orientation, whether a counselor, friend, parent, someone you can trust. The most important thing is that we stay unified as a community, our strength in unity is the only way we will eventually gain acceptance.

Starfighter

by Miguel Sanchez, Kermie & Dragonboy15

“Cat, report to my office.”

“There was a knock on Miguel’s door. “Enter.”

“Lt. Azuel reporting as ordered, Sir”

“At ease Lieutenant.” Migs says returning his salute.

“What is it Sir?” Cat asks.

Migs giggles. “Always the impatient one. I need you to report over to the flight surgeon.”

“Yes Sir but why, if I might ask.”

“It’s not a request by me, but by the Admiral.”

“The Admiral, Sir?”

“Yes, how are you doing since your crash?”

“I’m fine Sir, 100%.”

“Good, because he wants you to have a full examination.”

Cat stood there in stunned silence. “Aye, aye Sir. When do I report?”

“I’ll schedule an appointment and let you know. Please don’t disappoint me Cat.

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There is a lot riding on this.”

“I won’t let you down Sir.”

Once again Migs saw the confident young pilot he’d come to admire. “I know you won’t Cat. Dismissed.”

Cat saluted then did an about face and left Miguel’s office. Miguel called over to the Medical Bay. “Doctor, I need to make an appointment for one of my pilots. He needs a full work up. This includes a psychological eval.”

“Captain Sanchez, I can see him at 0800 tomorrow.”

“Thank you Doctor, I’ll have him there.”

Miguel sent a message out to Cat. “Lt, you have a medical appointment tomorrow morning at 0800.”

A few seconds later, Cat replied. “I’ll be there Sir. I won’t let you down.”

Migs called the Doctor back. “Doctor, how is Cat’s hand? Is he fit to fly?”

“Absolutely, he didn’t damage the replacement he’d received. He still has full use of it. Have him come by and I’ll remove the cast.”

“Yes Doctor.”

Migs sent another message to Cat, then after lunch, Cat was standing in front of him. “Cat, this afternoon, we’re having a training flight.”

Cat smiled. “Yes Sir, I’ll be ready. What time?”

“1430 hours.” Migs answers. “Don’t be late. Dismissed.”

Cat left Miguel’s office and outside, Cat was all smiles. “YES!”

Miguel heard it and smiled.

Miguel shut his computer down and told his Yeoman he was going to lunch.

Down in the officer’s mess the place was packed. As soon he entered a voice shouted, “Attention on deck.”

“As you were, carry on.” Miguel shouted.

The men returned to their meals. Miguel was allowed to walk to the head of the line then a cook put a juicy steak on his plate. He then put a baked potato on it, followed by some fresh mushrooms. Miguel thanked the cook and looked at what the men were having. He saw all the others having steak and baked potatoes so he knew he wasn’t being given special meals over his men.

Miguel saw his pilots so he joined them and ate his meal. When he was finished, a young Ensign picked his tray up and turned it in for him. “Everyone, check your messages.”

“Aye, aye, Sir,” Everyone said saluting their commander.

Miguel returned to his office and let his meal digest. At 1400, Miguel went to the flight room and changed out of his uniform and into his flight suit. He looked in the briefing room and nobody had arrived yet. Miguel took this time to call over to the hangar bay and told the lead flight mechanic he wanted all the fighters armed and fueled for a three hour flight. He was told the fighters would be ready and out on the flight line.

Miguel went into the briefing room and waited on the men. A few minutes later, the men started coming in. “What is going on Sir?” Lt

Paxton asked.

“You’ll learn everything during the briefing Lieutenant.”

The young pilot took his seat then Cat came in. He went up and talked quietly with Miguel.

At 1430, all the men were present and Miguel started the briefing. “Today, we will be going on a three hour training flight. We’ll be going into areas where the Raterians have recently been making surprise attacks on the colonies. I want you to have your sensors on maximum scan. Keep your eyes open and let your wing leader know if anyone spots anything. If we have to attack, remember your flight training. Don’t try to be a hero. Black Watch squadron is the best in the fleet. Let’s live up to it. Dismissed, report to your fighters.”

The men stood and saluted. The men got into a shuttle for the ride to the hangar. Miguel went over to his fighter and did his usual pre flight. He went into the cockpit and checked his fuel gauges. Both tanks were nearly empty. “Miguel.” His com sounded.

“Go ahead.”

“My tanks are almost empty.”

“I’ll handle it.” Miguel said then hopped down to the ground.

He went into the hangar and saw the flight mechanic. “Why haven’t those fighters been fueled?”

“Sir?” The mechanic replied.

“I didn’t speak a foreign language. GET THAT FUEL TRUCK BACK HERE.”

Miguel saw the truck coming over. “I want those fighters fueled NOW.”

“Yes Sir.” The driver said.

It took 25 minutes to fuel the fighters. While this was going on, Miguel checked his weapons. His fighter had a full load. he walked over to another fighter and checked his and it too was fully armed. Migs got everyone’s attention and told them to check their weapons. All the fighters were fully armed so once the fighters were fueled, the squadron pilots climbed into them and were ready for take off.

“Black Watch squadron requesting clearance for takeoff.”

“Squadron taxi to runway 4 right, you’re cleared for takeoff.”

“Runway 4 right, Copy.”

Migs knew the runway had been cleared so he taxied down then made the 180 and pushed the throttles to full power. His fighter took off down the runway then he eased the stick back and lifted off into the sky. He watched as the rest of his fighters too off and soon they were in formation. “All fighters present?”

“Lt. Azurel, reporting Sir, All fighters present and in formation.”

“Copy that Cat. Proceed to warp speed.”

Just then Cat spotted something on his scanner. “Unidentified fighter. 500 clicks on my six. Talon, watch your tail.”

“Copy that Cat.” He said then a blast of pulse cannon fire was seen.”

“Incoming fire. Take evasive action.” Cat

said as he broke left and dropped under the formation.

Cat quickly turned around and saw the beams of light heading at his friend.

“Talon, break left, break left.”

Before Talon could react his fighter was hit and exploded. “TALON!”

“God Migs, Talon is gone.”

“Hang in there Cat. Don’t lose it on me.”

“Yes Sir,” Cat said softly.

“Warp speed men,” Migs said as his fighter disappeared into the dark sky.

Migs waited for his men to report in. “All fighters present Captain.” Cat reported.

“Thank you Lieutenant. Keep your eyes open.” Migs said as he turned his fighter around and awaited the incoming enemy. “All fighters form up on me.”

“Cat, I want you on my wing.”

“Yes Sir,” Cat answered as he pulled in beside Miguel.

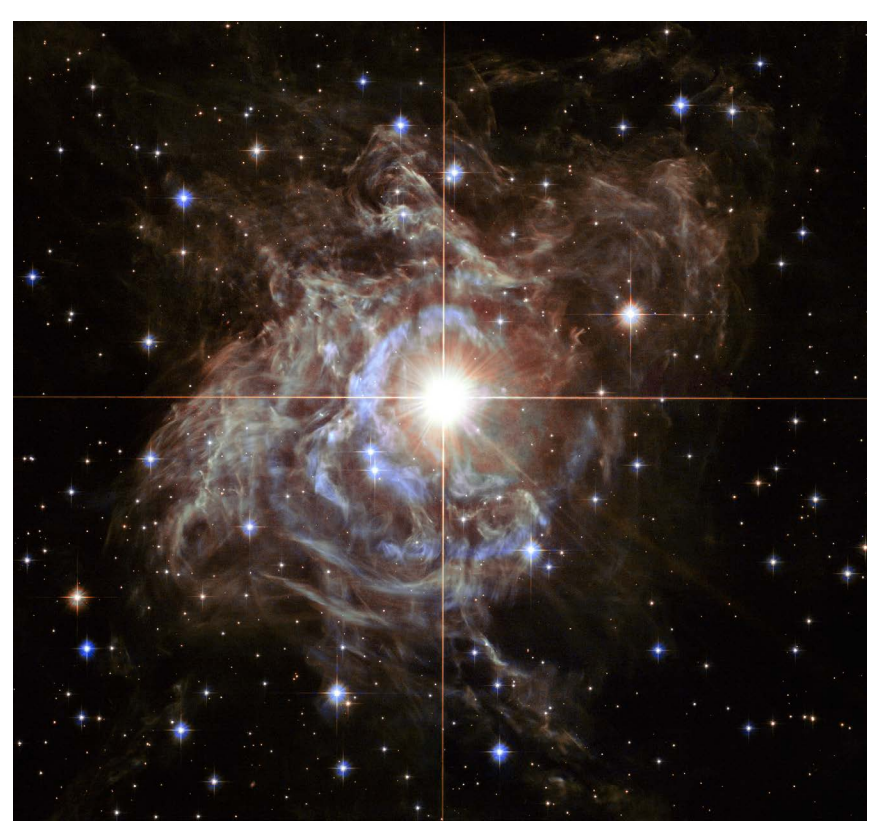
“All fighters in position?”

“Yes Sir,” Cat replied.

“Arm your weapons.” Miguel said as he watched his scanner.

He didn’t have long to wait. He saw the enemy begin to appear on his scanner.

“Arm photon torpedos.” Miguel ordered. “Lock on an enemy fighter. Acknowledge.”



One by one the fighters replied until all his men were locked on target. “FIRE.”

58 photon torpedos were on their way. They watched as the enemy fighters were destroyed. “Good work men. Let’s go home.”

The remaining 29 fighters of Black Watch Squadron headed back to base.

The fighters went back to warp speed and made their way back to base. “How you holding up Cat?” Miguel asked.

“I’m on your wing Sir.” Cat answered.

“Good.” Miguel said.

“Cat, unidentified fighter, 6 o’clock low.”

Migs checked his scanner. “Pull up Cat, I’m right with you.” Migs said as he pulled up and did a barrel roll.

He got the fighter into his sights. “Switching to pulse cannons, firing.”

“Migs, nothing happened.”

“Damn it. Switching to photon torpedos. Firing.”

Migs saw the two torpedos leave his fighter. “3, 2, 1. target destroyed.” Cat said.

Miguel and Cat returned to the formation. They reached the outer edge of friendly space then they came out of warp speed. “Shit Cat, I’m hit, I’m hit.”

“I have him Migs,”

Cody turned and destroyed the fighter. “Got him.”

“Migs how bad is it?”

“Bad enough, no response to my stick, I have pedal control but that’s it.”

“OK Migs, I’ll talk you down.”

“You’ll what?” Migs shouted.

“Relax boss, I’ve done this hundreds of times.”

“OK Cat, what’s the plan.”

“You gotta get your nose up.”

Migs slammed his hand on his console then took his stick. “I have my stick back.”

“Good, now don’t lose it.”

“Always a wise ass aren’t you Cat.” Cat’s face

appeared on his screen. “Your cheesy grin tells me everything Cat.”

“Pull up Migs.”

Migs eased back on his stick and raised his wing flaps to slow his air speed down.

“Fighter 21 Alpha to ground control. Get the crash trucks out. This is gonna be a hard landing.”

“Copy that 21 Alpha. Trucks are on the way.”

Migs levels his fighter off then drops his landing gear. Air speed 200 knots, 190, 180, 170, “Migs you gotta slow down.”

“What do you think I’m trying to do, play with my stick?” Migs retorted.

“Landing gear down and secured.” The computer voice says. Air speed 150 140, 130, Migs eased the fighter onto the tarmac then tried to apply the brakes.

“Oh Shit, no brakes.”

The ground restraining net comes up and Miguel’s Fighter slices through it. “Migs eject, eject, eject.”

That’s the last thing he remembers as he pulls the ejection handles. The canopy shoots up then his seat fires, ejecting the man into the air. The planes’ engines shut down before it crashes into the river. The cocoon’s parachutes fail to open and the cocoon crashes onto the tarmac. Cat lands and streams down to the cocoon then jumps out of his fighter. Cat gets the case open. “Migs, Migs, talk to me.”

The medics pull up and carefully remove his body and get him onto a stretcher. “Be careful with him.” Cat shouts.

Cat jumps into the back of the ambulance and stays by his side. At the hospital, Miguel is taken into surgery. "Lt Azurel, come on now. This is for physicians only."

"No sir, I'm not leaving my wing man."

Try as the doctor might, Cat would not leave the window. For four long hours Cat watched as they worked on Miguel. At 2130, the surgeon came out. "Are you his family?"

Cat thought for moment. "I really don't know if he has any family or not. How is he, is he alive?"

"Captain Sanchez is alive and with time will make a full recovery."

"May I see him?" Cat asked.

"Not today. He's resting. But you can see him in the morning."

"Thank you doctor."

Cat made the long silent walk out of the hospital. During the walk, his thoughts went back to the first time he met Miguel. He was but 9 years old. He wanted to be a pilot but no one would give him a chance. That was, until he'd talked with Miguel. He saw something in the boy and took a chance on him. It took four long years but he'd finally earned his wings and commissioned as an Ensign.

Cat thought about Migs's landing. He knew the plane should have stopped and the restraining net should not have given way. He'd tested it many times after it had been installed and it always held firm and stopped his plane. It could stop a fighter going 190+ knots so there was no reason it should have given way. Cat walked out to the tarmac and stopped at the net. he looked it over

carefully.

"I'll be fucked, the straps were cut. No wonder it didn't stop."

Cat's next stop was to the hangar. He had to look at Mig's fighter. He saw some strange men guarding the hangar. he hid then got on his com. "This is Cat."

"Go ahead."

"Get the men and come to the south end of the hangar. Watch out for the guards."

"Right away."

Ten minutes the squadron had joined Cat. He laid out his plan then they made their way inside. They found Migs's fighter and went over it. The last thing he inspected were the brakes. 'I knew it. The brakes had been tampered with.

"You found it." A voice said.

"Turney, you fucking bastard." Cat shouted.

"Shame no one will ever find out what I did."

Turney reached to pull his pistol then Cat pulled his light savor. "My, getting fancy." Turney said as he pulled his pistol. He got a shot off but Cat's savor blocked it.

"Drop it." Cat ordered as the rest of the squardon joined him.

Turney tried to be a hero and started blasting away. The light savor was no match for a blaster. Cat swung and cut the barrell off making the weapon useless. "Drop it and give up."

Turney dropped the broken weapon and Cat bound the man's hands. "Admiral Chase, Lt.

Azurel calling."

"Go ahead Lieutenant."

"I've caught Lt. Turney in our squadron's hangar. He tampered with Captain Sanchez's fighter."

"I'll be right there."

Several minutes later, Admiral Chase was walking into the hangar bay. "Well now, what have we here?"

"Admiral, this piece of shit sabotaged Miguel's fighter."

"How?"

"He damaged the brake system and cut the straps in the restraining net."

"That kiss ass bastard has no business in our military."

"You'll hang for this Turney." Admiral Chase howls.

"Now come on Lt. Azuel. We have a friend to see."

"Admiral, the doctor said we can't see him tonight."

"Nonsense, Commander, I'm an Admiral and I'll see who I want when I want."

"Sir, did you just call me Commander?"

"Aye, that I did." Chase said as they stopped. "Lt Azuel, for actions above and beyond the call of duty, I hereby promote you to the rank of Lieutenant Commander."

Cat was beaming with pride as the Admiral pinned his gold leaf on his collar.

"Thank you sir."

"You earned it Cat. Now let's go see Miguel."

They got into the Admiral's speeder and went to the hospital. The duty nurse let the 2 men into Miguel's room. Cat went to Miguel's side. "Oh Sir, can you hear me?"

Miguel eased his eyes open. "I see you made Lt. Cdr." Migs whispered.

Cat's eyes got big. "Migs, you're alive."

"I should hope so. Why the hell didn't that net stop my fighter?"

"That bastard Turney cut the straps."

"I want his head on my light savor."

"In time Miguel, in time." Admiral Chase said. "Captain Sanchez by now you should have recieved a top secret messege about the new Titian fighter."

"Yes sir I have, sounds like just what we need to beat those Rat's"

"Yes sir I have the perfect pilot."

TO BE CONTINUED
IN ISSUE #15....

“Teaching kids to count
is fine,
but teaching them *what*
counts is better.”

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