



ISSUE #6  
FEBRUARY '09

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420Guy

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

The community spirit plays a continuing role in the publication of this magazine, since material is to be provided by members of Boylover.net. Thanks to everyone who has contributed up to this point, the magazine is a continual success because of you!

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

Thank you for choosing to read this issue Modern Boylover Magazine. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed making it for you!

420Guy

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Magazine layout by Vanitas. Logo design by flints. Cover photo provided by doG and chosen by the members of Boylover.net. Cover designed by Anset. Original concept by SimbaLion. Organization & Editing by 420Guy. [▶ magazine.boylover.net](http://magazine.boylover.net)



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# An Interview With Anset

by 420Guy

This interview with Anset was conducted in January 2009. Anset has been a member of Boylover.net for over 3 years, has served as a Senior Buddy, and is currently a Buddy. He also runs his own website for Israeli boylovers (<http://ilbl.net>).

**420Guy: You joined Boylover.net as a youth member in November 2005. What were your thoughts about boylove at that time, and what made you decide to register?**

Anset: Before I joined, I knew about boylove and boylovers, but I didn't know much. For all I knew, boylovers were just a bunch of people who are sexually attracted to boys and stare at pictures of them all day long. I did not think that was wrong though. Actually, I myself got to Boylover.net in a search of boy pictures.

**420Guy: Were you open about your age on the forum, or were you cautious about it?**

Anset: At first, not. I registered with my real birth date, but that's about it. I wasn't afraid of anything, or of anyone trying to reach me. The reason I didn't tell people my age in my early time on Boylover.net was because I wanted to get along well in the community.

I came here at the age of 15. Even back then, I knew about one of the main problems of online communities, and especially in communities like ours. Posers. I believed that if I came there and was open about being 15, many members would not believe me and say that I was a poser.

It is not that members of the board were mean that time or weren't trusting, but I saw how people reacted when they heard about posers, or even

suspects. I first wanted to be recognized for who I am, and only after that, for my age.

**420: Do you feel that being involved in an online community has been a positive experience?**

Anset: Absolutely. As I said earlier, when I came here, it was only for the pictures, because that's what I thought about myself. I didn't think that there was more in me than just a kid who was hungry to see younger boys in Speedos.

Being in this online community taught me that there was more than one side in me. It also taught me that Boylove could come in many different shapes- that even though I DID like to see boys half naked, it wasn't everything. I learned here that the people of this community have a lot to offer, and that I have a lot to offer to them.

**420: You are currently a Buddy at Boylover.net, and served as a Senior Buddy for quite some time. How was it that you came to be on staff? Has it been an enjoyable experience?**

Anset: Definitely yes. When they first invited me to be a buddy on the board, I was terrified. I wanted so much to be a buddy here, but I was also afraid that I wouldn't be a good buddy and would only have a negative influence on the staff. I turned down the offer. A few months later I was asked again. Even though I was still afraid, I decided to join the team.

It was everything I hoped it to be, and even more. I never realized how much fun being a buddy here, or later, a senior buddy, could be. I was so scared of this responsibility, but when I got it, it turned out to be the best part in this job- being the first to welcome newcomers, and then help them get along in the board, step by step. This is what the buddy team is all about, and also what makes this role so great.

**420: A fellow boylover once stated, and I quote; 'Anset is one of the few members that I would do it with, no matter what he looks like!'. How do you feel about the fact that you have this effect on some members? Can you guess who said it?**

Anset: Well, I can't say that I had nothing to do with this effect. It wasn't all intentional, but I can see how some of the things I have said may have triggered these replies. It really doesn't bother me, it can be fun sometimes.

And about your quote, of course I know who wrote it. It was StormOrphan, and just in case you were wondering, I'd most definitely do him too.

**420: So you also have an interest in guys your own age, or older? Do you think you would be able to maintain a relationship with an older male?**

Anset: The only guys my age whom I find attractive are either very young looking, or those who I had a serious crush on in past years. I was never attracted to an older male, and I can't really see myself in a relationship with another man. (Sorry guys :-P )

**420: Have you ever been made to feel uncomfortable by the words or actions of a fellow boylover?**

Anset: Only once, here, on BLn. Back in 2005, there was an Entry thread about how much you are addicted to this place. I replied to it, and a few hours later I got a PM titled 'addicted'. Of course I thought it was a reply to my comment on that thread, but apparently, the user who sent it meant another thing. Instead of talking about my comment, he described how much he was addicted to me, and added something like 'come to me my dear'. For some odd reason I have the feeling that it had something to do with the fact that I was 15 at the time.

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

Anset: I first realized that I was attracted to boys at late thirteen. It all came to me at once. One day, I just knew it, and was attracted to boys my age. There may have been some unconscious processes prior to this knowing, but to my conscious mind, it came with no warning.

What triggered this knowing is even weirder. One day, in 8th grade I heard from several kids in my class that one boy in my class was gay. Thinking back I believe that this rumor was not true, and I actually suspected it then, but it didn't matter. Once I heard it, I started thinking to myself about how pretty he was. A few hours later I was filled with affection and attraction toward him.

It didn't bother me much, I am not even sure why. In fact, ever since I realized I was attracted to boys, with the exclusion of only a few ups and downs, I have always been, well, maybe not positive,

but also not negative. I am kind of ok about it, and that is the way it has always been.

**420: Did you have any encounters with other boys when you were young?**

Ansset: Yes, I did have a few encounters. Not too many (is there such thing as too many in this case?), but the few ones I had were pretty good. Not that I can describe here what happened...

**420: Well, now we must know more! About how old were you when you had these experiences? Was it with friends or family, and were you the one to start things off?**

Ansset: I will not go into the 'I show you mine and you show me yours' at 4, 6 or even 8 that's just boring. The real experiences with boys that I had in the years since I realized I was a BL were with friends. Mostly from school, but not only. I wasn't always the one to start things off. Sometimes yes, and sometimes not. You know how it works.

**420: Did you ever regret having those experiences?**

Ansset: No. Not that I remember anyway.

**420: Describe your ideal young friend, and the kind of relationship you would like to share with him.**

Ansset: Apart from his physical features, which I will get to in a moment, the most important thing for me, would be his mind. Intelligence is one of the features that I value most in people, and especially in boys. My ideal YF would be so smart, that I will almost not be able to keep up with him. He would have a good sense of humor, with a tendency to sarcasm.

He would have an athletic body, though not too muscular and not too slim either. His eyes would

be green, and even though I don't have any preference for his hair color, I do prefer that it would be his natural hair color.

As for our relationship- I would not even consider telling him about how I feel toward him, and actually, I'd do my best to prevent him from finding it out. Instead, we would spend most of our time together talking about everything, sharing our thoughts and ideas and reflections about the world, people around us, and pretty much everything.

**420: Top or bottom?**

Ansset: Easy one, top. Sometimes

**420: Do you have any fetishes that we might be interested in hearing about?**

Ansset: Other than the fact that I want to marry a brain?

**420: You own and operate your own message board for Israeli boylovers. What were your reasons for creating the forum, and was it difficult to get started?**

Ansset: The main and probably the most obvious reason - there wasn't such a board. In the time before I came to Boylover.net, I was alone. I never spoke to anyone about Boylove, especially because I didn't know much about it myself. No one before had gathered information about Boylove in my native language, Hebrew.

For months I tried to search the net for anything in Hebrew, but it was really hard, especially because I didn't even know what to look for. Only when I got to Boylover.net, I realized what I was looking for all the time, and that there was no equivalent to it in Hebrew. Since I knew how frustrating it was for me to look for information and not find it,

I decided that I wanted to help other people who are in the same situation that I was in.

The main problem was finding these people. People don't just show up and say 'Hey, I am a Boylover, come and arrest me'. Fortunately, I knew a few Israeli Boylovers from BLn, and I heard about a few Israeli Boylovers' blogs just a short time before I started our site (which was only a blog, before I changed it to what it is now).

**420: Between running a forum and going to school full time, was it difficult to find time to yourself?**

Ansset: It's funny you mentioned it, because that was the main reason for my recent absence from the board. If I do something, I give it all my attention, and just abandon everything else. If I study, I only study, and if I am active on the board, I spend most of my waking hours here. If I don't do that, I feel like I am not giving enough attention to anything, like all I do is just waste time. So, to answer your question- Yes, it was very difficult. It usually ended up with me skipping classes, or even not going to school at all just to find time to do stuff I like.

**420: You once did an interview with a big Israeli newspaper, regarding your Boylove forum. What was your initial reaction when you saw their finished article?**

Ansset: Shock. Before I even got the newspaper, I saw it on TV in the morning news of two different channels. Right after they had stopped talking about it, I went to the store to buy the newspaper. Not only did they publish the article, but they also made it the cover story.

**420: Was it a positive or negative article, and what happened as a result of it being published?**

Ansset: The article was not supportive at all. Even worse. Most of it consisted of the reporter's opinion about the site and out of context quotes. Even my answers to his questions were reordered so it looked like I had something to hide.

Being talked about in the news all day was hard enough, but then I had to spend the whole week after it making hundreds of comments on different blogs, and engaging in conversations just to fix what that article had done.

**420: What is Israel like compared to America, in relation to boylove? Do you think they are more tolerant towards pedophiles in your country?**

Ansset: No, I don't think so. It is pretty much the same thing, only that in America, people are way more paranoid, but we're closing the gaps very quickly. With an adapted version of to catch a predator and other pedophile hunters who show up on the nets sometimes, I can't see how there can be a difference.

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

Ansset: That's something I have been thinking about for some time, but I was never able to find a good answer. Is participating in a BL board, or even running one considered to be activism? Or maybe it is the fact that I was talking to the press about it that makes it count. I am not sure. I never tried to achieve any goal but to offer support and information for those who need it.

We do need to voice our opinions, but I am not sure what would be the best way to do it without risking ourselves. It is really easy to be a registered sex offender these days, even if you don't really offend anyone.

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

Ansset: Many think that like gay people became internationally accepted, it might be our hope too. To use this as a card. 'A few decades ago you thought that homosexuals were mentally ill. Soon you will realize that Boylove is just as normal as homosexuality!' But I don't believe it would work. Actually, I am pretty sure it won't, and that it will only hurt our attempts. I am not sure what kind of solution is needed, but if such solution exists, it will take many decades achieve this goal.

CREATIVE WORK

## Jordan's Poem

by iamcelt

As the raindrops fell,  
Upon River Jordan,  
I stood on His shore.  
His flow was his voice.  
The wind upon the trees was mine.  
The rain was my kiss.  
The ripples were his.  
And as I stood,  
I heard his voice call,  
Beckoning me.  
So with my dagger,  
I cut out my heart,  
And threw it upon the water.  
I watched as it flowed down Jordan,  
My soul gone with it.  
I fell upon the earth.  
Jordan reached up,  
A mighty hand of water,  
And swallowed me whole.  
And so I rest,  
With body, heart and soul,  
In the great river's embrace,  
Until forever.

## TOP TEN Best Tips For Boylovers!

- 10 Join BL.net!
- 9 Always be honest and true to your young friend.
- 8 A clean HDD makes for a clean conscious.
- 7 Remind yourself every day, or more often, that being a boy lover is normal, no matter what society says!
- 6 Accept what you can't change and fight for what you can change!
- 5 Never do anything that your young friend does not want to do.
- 4 Make sure you know the laws where you live, and know the consequences if you decide to break those laws.
- 3 NEVER let your young friend down.
- 2 When the world is crashing down around you. When there is nothing but despair and loneliness. When all hope is lost. Just look at a boy smile. See the wonder in his eyes. Feel the warmth and honesty of his words. Sense the electricity of his gentle touch. And suddenly, things won't seem so bad. For that is the magic of boys.
- 1 **Don't get your boylove hopes up too high, and just be content with what you have. Even if its simply to see a boy smile and wave at you.**

Statements posted & voted on by members of Boylover.net in January, 2009. Special thanks to rezerektedkid, Tonymasons, Red Dragon, two boys together, Phreud, VO34 & Pinocchio for their contributions! Also thanks to Vanitas and everyone who voted!

CREATIVE WORK

## Chaste Words for Indecent Minds

by Pantherion

Lovely, lovely little boy,

may I touch your precious toy?

Will you consent to my embrace,

share that smile upon your face?

Wrestle till we're out of air,

let me smell your sweaty hair?

Sound your giggles and your moans

to the twitching of our bones?

Lovely, lovely little boy,

will you make me spurt with joy?

What's that you're doing with your hand?

Oh ... I think you understand!

# A Student's Perspective on Boylove and Growing Up

Final Ark

I know many of us are in college/university/higher learning, whatever you want to call it, and it's a fun, exciting, interesting, challenging part of the transition from childhood to adulthood. But how does being a Boylover conform to all these new changes and challenges? I'm hoping to shed some light on it now.

Hey everyone, I'm Cole, otherwise known as Final Ark, and I'm studying at a university in New Zealand. I've noticed over the time I've spent studying at College that everything in my life has changed. Mostly for the better, but some things for the worse. I've known I was a Boylover since I was young, and it's always been a part of my life. Young Friends (YFs) and admiring boys was always just another thing for me until I began college. I suppose I'll cover how college has changed the way I look at my attraction to boys, how it's changed my attitude towards them, and how it seems to have changed the way I approach my attraction.

College/University is a passage to adulthood, it's the point in someone's life when they know that their childhood is behind them and they are going on to become a productive member of society. Lately I've been thinking about the boys in my life and wondering whether, now that I'm truly becoming an adult, I'm getting a bit old for the boyish video games, jokes and roughhousing. I know, I know, I'm twenty-one, I shouldn't be too old for anything, but it's not a physical thing so much as it

is a mental thing. To explain why I've been thinking this, let's take a look at society for a moment. No matter how I spin it, society will always look down on me (with flaming eyes of hate, I must add) for my attraction to boys, and there's a part of me that understands why that is. I am an adult, and they are children, those are facts nobody can avoid. The reason I bring this up is simple: I've never, in my entire life, looked at it this way until I started college, and I think part of the reason I'm having these thoughts is because of the fact that college has made me feel more like an adult.

That brings me nicely to this point, being in University has also changed the way I behave with boys. All my life I've been "That cool older guy", the one who treats boys exactly the same as his same-age friends, the one who shares his smokes and buys the liquor. Aren't I a bad influence? Well not as much anymore. I've noticed over recent times that I've been taking on a more brotherly role with my Young Friends instead of the usual standard role I usually had, this is something I'm sure we can all relate to. College changes the way you look at life, it stops you thinking like a child and forces you to look at the world without rose-tinted glasses. This means that instead of being the fun-loving Boylover all the boys know and love, you have to transition into a more grown-up role of guidance and leadership. That is something I am thoroughly enjoying, might I add.

Gosh, this is looking more and more like a school essay isn't it?

All of these things have drastically changed the way I approach my attraction to boys as well. Not just on the level of maturity and friendship, but on many other more superficial levels as well. As I feel more and more like an adult, I feel more and more that my attraction to boys isn't as normal as I've always treated it, as something that is just the same as any other sexual orientation. I'm beginning to realize that as time goes on, the gap between me and my inner boy will grow wider and wider, and I fear that such a thing can alienate me from the boys I love so much.

So that all looks wonderful on paper, but what does this really mean for any of us students as we pass the boundaries of adulthood? Well I suppose it means that as we grow so does our attraction. Like any other think, Boylove is an evolving mechanism, something which changes over time to include more roles and eventually phase out ones we've come to know. There is a certain comfort in knowing that, like our beloved boys, we also grow up to encompass every aspect of our attraction, whether it be sexual, romantic, mirthful, loving, nurturing, or just plain friendship.

We all grow up, and as a student I've come to a sort of epiphany about that: Growing up and growing old isn't so bad after all.

# Adrian and James

by theturtleboy



# My First Kiss

by ncalj

Here is a true story about my first kiss, I took it from my life story so I had to edit out a lot of “details” and change a few names, however the facts, location and events remain true and intact.

I was eight years old when I first realized I liked boys. My very first time was with my good friend Adam, and his little brother. My father was a police officer in Hubbard Oregon, as was Adam’s dad. On nights, when they had meetings (about once a week) we all would be left at Adam’s house for the hour or so it took; his mom was at church meetings the same night.

The first few times, we all just simply played regular games, like “Uno”, “go-fish”, and hide and seek. It was the third week, that we started “exploring” our bodies. We were playing hide and seek, and I happened to hide in a closet where Adam’s older brother was hiding with my younger sister. They were touching each other, and looking at each other with a flash light on the other side of the closet; my sister giggling the entire time, as I whispered for them to shut up. Finally Adam who was “it”, left the room, and I dodged out of the closet and under the bed, happy to leave my sister and her new friend alone.

As I crawled under the bed in the room, I heard “Tag your it”; followed by doors slamming closed, giggling and heavy breathing in the room I was in. My sister had not yet come out of the closet, as Adam crawled under the bed with me, smiling and holding a finger to his lips to keep me quiet.

We smiled at each other, as the door was thrust open, and Adam’s little brother rushed in. We held our breaths, as he paused trying to decide if he should look into the closet, or under the bed first. His feet headed toward the closed closet door, as Adam grabbed my hand and pulled me toward his side of the bed, closest to the door.

“Hey” Adam’s little brother said in amazement as he flung the closet door open on my sister and her new friend. “Close the door you twerp”, an angry voice shouted back, as Adam and I made a dash for the hall; I caught a glimpse of my sister with her shirt off, and Adam’s older brother in his under pants.

Adam pulled me into his older brother’s room, where we hid in the closet, under his hunting clothes. We were packed in pretty tight, and covered by a heavy camping blanket, with a few jackets tossed on top for cover. Adam was behind me stuffed into the corner of the closet, and I was sitting directly in front of him and between his legs; I leaned forward so as not to squish him, but he pulled me back onto him as the closet door was flung open.

Obviously, Adam’s little brother had given up on trying to tag my sister and his older brother, and came in search of us. We held our breaths for what seemed like an eternity, until finally the closet door closed slowly. Even then we held our



breaths as long as we could; when Adam finally let out a deep breath, his warm breath tickled my neck.

Adam had his hands around me, hugging me to him. He was two years older than me, and much stronger, as he played a lot of sports with his dad and brothers. I wiggled forward as he breathed on my neck, tickling me. It was all I could do not giggle and give away our awesome hideout.

As I leaned forward, my back and the top of my butt pushed into Adam, and I felt his "excitement". I turned around, now facing him; which was silly as it was pitch black under the blanket. He had scooted away from the corner, and we were now facing each other; his legs around and behind me, mine over the top of his, and behind him.

We did not really talk; just a few giggles and him "shushing" if I tried to protest to his feeling up of my body. Soon I was feeling him back, and exploring him. I found that he was like me, a boy, except he was a little different in his "private" area; he had extra skin where mine was drawn tight.

Our hearts racing with each stroke, and feel; our breath still heavy, Adam leaned forward and kissed my nose! I giggled as he reached for my chin, and kissed me on the lips, like I kissed my dad each night. This was different however; my heart raced, my breath became short, and I became really "excited". Adam's kiss did not feel bad, or wrong, nor did it feel the same as my mom and dad's; his kiss was exciting, and new, fun and fresh.

Finally we were stopped by the closed door opening again. Thankfully we had not undressed

as my dumb sister had; we had just worked around our clothing. I was able to spin around as the blanket was ripped off us, and Adam's big brother whispered; "hurry up, moms home and if you say anything about me and Sarah, I will pound the both of you". We nodded our understanding as we hurried to the kitchen table, where our "go-fish" game had been abandoned earlier for "tag".

I could not help but smile at Adam every time I looked at him; as he smiled back at me, I would giggle, or look away in embarrassment.

The following week, my dad only took me over to Adam's house; my older sister got stuck watching Sarah. I did not think anything of it; actually, I was so excited to see Adam again, that I could hardly wait. I had not gotten into trouble all week to ensure I would not be restricted from going.

As we pulled into the drive way, Adam's older brother left with his youngest brother, and I caught a glimpse of Adam's mom heading back into the house. I was willing to deal with her as long as I got to see Adam; I could not explain my feelings for Adam, nor did I understand at the time what was about to happen.

I should have known something was different, when my dad did not give me a hug and kiss, as he usually did when he dropped me off. He would always get out of the car, hug me, kiss me and not let go until I promised to be good. This time all he did was tell me he would see me in a few hours.

I was so wrapped up in my desire to see Adam, that I did not pick up on that until I was much older. I waved by, as he backed out of the drive-

way, and headed up the street; only then did I jog the short distance to the porch, and knock on the door.

Adam's mom opened the door, and said "Hello John, come on in and have a seat in the living room with Adam". I smiled, and nodded my confirmation at this, as I slipped under her arm and bounded toward the living room; my heart racing and making me giggle at the same time.

As I rounded the door, I stopped mid stride, my heart skipping a beat as Adam's mom grasped my shoulder and propelled me into the living room. Adam was not sitting on the soft and comfortable couch facing the television as I had envisioned him; instead he was sitting on a hard metallic folding chair, in front of the beloved television and facing the couch and wooden coffee table. "Sit next to Adam John", Adam's mom said firmly as she pushed me toward the empty chair next to Adam.

I looked at Adam as I sat down, hoping for a glance, but he would not look up at me, his cheeks were red, and he had been crying. "John" Adam's mom said, as she sat down on the coffee table, "we need to talk about last week" she said looking at me firmly.

I felt my face flush, as I looked at a spot on her forehead, avoiding her eyes. "You did something last week that you should not have done. Instead of punishing Adam by himself, we decided to wait until this week, and let you two explain your actions".

I said nothing, I did not want to get myself into trouble, nor did I know what Adam had already said; I simply stared at the floor, and clutched my hands together in my lap.

"Very well, then. Adam, come here" she ordered, after a few minutes of not speaking at all. Before he stood up, Adam began to whimper a little as he stepped directly in front of her, looking down at the ground. I was able to look up at him now, as he blocked my view of his mom.

"What did you do with John last week that was wrong" she asked him. He did not answer, until, to my horror, she slapped him; grabbing his arm as he tried to turn from the slap. He muttered something under a tear and cry.

"What, say it louder" she demanded. "We kissed" he said, flinching from a slap that never came. I looked at the floor as she looked around him at me as she spoke again. "And why is that wrong Adam" she asked him.

"B.. Because boys do not kiss other boys" he said in resignation. To my horror, Adam began whimpering louder, I looked up to find out why; just as his mom pulled his belt out of his pants. I could do nothing but watch in horror and cry; as Adam's mom pulled his pants down exposing his bare bottom, tossed him over her lap, and began spanking him with his own belt.

I was crying with Adam, as his mom smacked him hard; ten times I counted before she stood him up. Adam grabbed his red bottom, bouncing up and down a little as his mom pulled his under pants up, but set the belt on the coffee table next to her and took his pants off. "Go sit down, and sit on your hands", she instructed him; as she folded his pants and set them on the coffee table as well.

"John, come here" she said, looking directly at me. "No" I said through tear streaked eyes. She did not reply, she simply got up, grabbed both of

my hands, and pulled me to my feet, then drug me to the spot where Adam had stood just a few minutes ago.

“You can confess to your wrong doing John, and receive your punishment, or your punishment will be double” she said, still holding my hands.

“We did nothing wrong” I pleaded to her as I began cry, I grabbed my belt buckle when she let go of my hands, she did not like this as she said “You are only making it worse for yourself, be a big boy and admit what you did, and take your punishment”.

“But we didn’t do anything wrong”, I said, snot dripping from my nose as I cried; Adam’s cry’s getting louder as he watched from behind me. She tried to get my hands off my belt buckle but I would not let go; next she started swatting my butt with one hand as she tried to wrench my hands off my belt with the other.

“We did nothing wrong” I cried insistently as she finally gave up and just wrenched my pants down around my ankles and out of my grasp, belt and all! Before I could even protest, she had me over her lap and was smacking away at my bottom with her hand, securing me to her lap with a firm hand in the small of my back.

“Please, we did nothing wrong” I insisted; as I attempted to cover my sore bottom with my hands. She only said “move your hands” once. When I did not, she grabbed Adam’s belt, and started spanking me again. I could only take three hits to the hands, and finally had to give up my hold on my bottom.

I counted twenty hits with the belt as I continually struggled to get free. There was no talking,

no lectures, no explanation; I was simply beat for kissing Adam. I knew the spanking was over only because I finally got free, I had no time to bounce up and down like Adam did; no sooner was I free than his mom, picked me up under my arms, dragged my feet backward as she plopped me onto my chair, bare bottom and all.

I don’t know how long we sat there, I was in so much pain and disbelief. I just could not understand what we did wrong. I just remember Adam’s older brother pulling me off the chair sometime later, as I howled in pain. He pulled my pants up for me, careful to loosen my belt, and loosely slide my clothes up my backside. He sat me on the soft couch, and took the chairs out. I did not see Adam’s mom, or Adam before I left.

When my father arrived, Adam’s older brother walked me out to the car, and said nothing. My dad said nothing, he did not even ask why I was crying, I just stared out my window as we drove home, still confused and in pain.

My father dropped me at home, and went off to work; leaving my oldest sister in charge of me. I will never forget that whipping, for when my sister peeled my under pants off in the bathroom, they were caked in blood stripes. Adam’s mom had been so enraged with anger, that she spanked me with his belt buckle.

I never saw Adam again; to this day my father has never spoken to me about it. I only realized what happened after discussing the issue in counseling at the age of 14. This event occurred, and did nothing to change my love for boys, In fact I kissed my second boy only two years afterward, but that is another story for another time.

CREATIVE WORK

# The One

by Penney

Off in the distance there sits a boy  
Playing ever so quietly with his small toy

As I get closer to come and see  
He looks up and begins to flee

After five steps he stops and turns  
Looks me in the eye and my heart burns

His beautiful face smiles at me  
I feel inside that it was meant to be

He begins to walk extending his hand  
To take me away to wonderland

As he nears me I hear a sound  
Quickly my heart begins to pound

I look down at him one last time  
The beauty of his face is so sublime

While the shimmer in his eyes gently gleams  
I calmly awaken and realize he’s in my dreams

CREATIVE WORK

# A Poem

there is boy  
angel  
with us  
almost smiling  
being wick  
and playful  
say to us  
you will have  
a lot  
to give  
in your life  
because  
you are light  
to the world

# An American Pedophile and the Vienna Boys' Choir

by SimbaLion

The first thing a pedophile thinks about when attending a boy choir performance is the beauty of the boys and their voices. The second thing a pedophile thinks about is who the other pedophiles in the audience might be.

December is a busy month for boy choir performances in New York, with the annual visit by the Vienna Boys' Choir at Carnegie Hall, and performances of Britten's "Ceremony of Carols" and Handel's "Messiah" by the choir of Saint Thomas Church.

Saint Thomas is an Anglican church located on Fifth Avenue about halfway between Central Park and Rockefeller Center. The performances here are sober and touched by the sacred, with the boys dressed in red church robes while the audience stares up at them from hardwood pews. One of the nice features of this location, at least from a pedophile perspective, is that the younger boys not participating in the performance are seated in a balcony to the side, and stare down at their friends as they are singing. Dressed in white, these younger boys take on an angelic aspect, watching their friends sing with calm and transfixed faces.

Carnegie Hall is one of New York's most famous performance venues. In their most recent performance there, which found them dressed in their familiar white sailor suits, the Vienna boys sang

popular and traditional holiday songs, along with selections that had nothing to do with the holiday (for instance, "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and "Stormy Weather").

The audience at the two locations is a bit different, but wondering who the other pedophiles are is a game that can be played at both. It's difficult to know what the natural audience of a boy choir performance might be. Who, outside of parents and pedophiles, would be interested in seeing young boys sing? No doubt there are many people who love boys but are not "boylovers" as such. One woman in her 30's sitting close to me at the Vienna boys' performance had a smiling, almost beatific look on her face during the entire show. Was she a pedophile? Who can say, but assuming that she was not - assuming, that is, that her affection for the boys doesn't extend to the sexual - is there any reason why her smiling enjoyment of the concert would be any purer than the smiling enjoyment of someone who feels similar affection for the boys, but was also sexually attracted to them? I don't think there would be, but I am sure there are those who would, those who think that any enjoyment that a pedophile takes in the company of boys must always be sickening to some degree.

As an audience member at boy choral performances, I often find myself torn between aesthetic and erotic enjoyment. The pedophile side of me finds



A boy's choir in Vienna

photo by 僕はカメラマンである

something inherently and wonderfully beautiful about boy choristers, both individually and as a group, and this beauty is something that causes a bit of hurt, as beautiful things often do, but also a bit of longing. The underlying power of boy choral performances is something with special meaning for pedophiles, but is also something that anyone can potentially feel. The voice of a boy singer, like the youth of the boy himself, is a transient thing; his treble is with us only a short time, before the inevitable deepening that comes with age. The music that they produce reminds us of the passage of time, of a period of youthful sweetness that must inevitably end. These associations that boy choral music brings with it speak in a special way to pedophiles. For isn't this youthful sweetness an important part of our affections and erotic attractions?

So in trying to spot my fellow pedophiles, I am wondering who is drawn to these performances not just for the music, but for what the music means as a symbol of our attraction to boys. I also imagine that the ushers and ticket takers are also playing the game, but for other reasons. "Is the man now giving me a ticket someone who wants to fuck boys?" is something that crosses their minds more than once, I'm sure. (Hopefully the friend I went with gave me enough coverage here as a beard; what he might think of my interest in boy choral performances, though, is a subject that has gone undiscussed.)

As to the performances themselves, I found myself attracted to so many of the Vienna boys that I was distracted from the start. Some struck me so suddenly with their beauty that I had trouble looking at them directly, but I recovered and was able to get into the spirit of the performance after a few nervous minutes. (Surely a pedophile at one of these performances always suspects that others

are looking at him, wondering if he's having naughty pedophile thoughts at the moment.) Despite their pedigree, the Vienna boys have a bit of kitsch thrown in to their show. For one of the encores, the boys sang "New York, New York" (the familiar song that begins "Start spreading the news, I'm leaving today.."), while the lead singer, a lithe blond boy of 11 or 12 or so, sang along with them while dancing with purple top hat and cane. And for their performance of a militaristic boys' song from the opera Carmen, some of the boys donned French military hats, and strutted around the stage like boy soldiers.

The show was performed with an intermission, with most of the Christmas material coming after the break. Some of the songs were not well chosen, and some felt like filler. "Stormy Weather" is not a good fit for a boy choir, as its subject - the sadness and disappointment that comes from love that's gone wrong - works against the shining, youthful beauty of their voices. Young boys with sweet smiles and sweet voices lack the life experience (we hope!) to make lyrics like this come off with any degree of plausibility: "Life is bare, gloom and misery everywhere / Stormy weather / Just can't get my poor self together, / I'm weary all the time." Other songs fell into a similar trap.

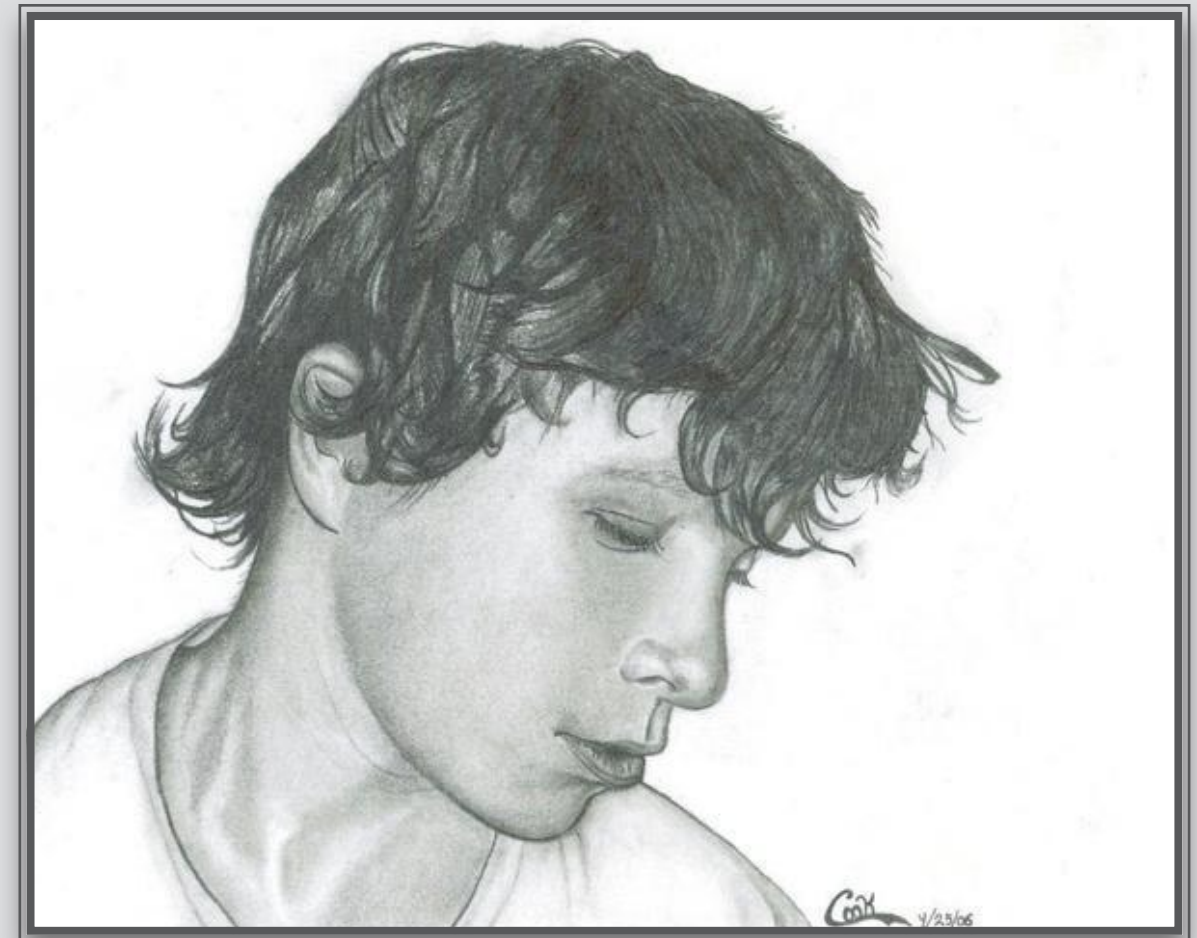
The second half of the show was better overall, and an affectionate bond was established between the singers and the audience, pedophile and non-pedophile alike. When one of the boys developed hiccups that lasted across a few songs, his fellow choristers smiled along with him each time he chirped, and so did much of the audience.

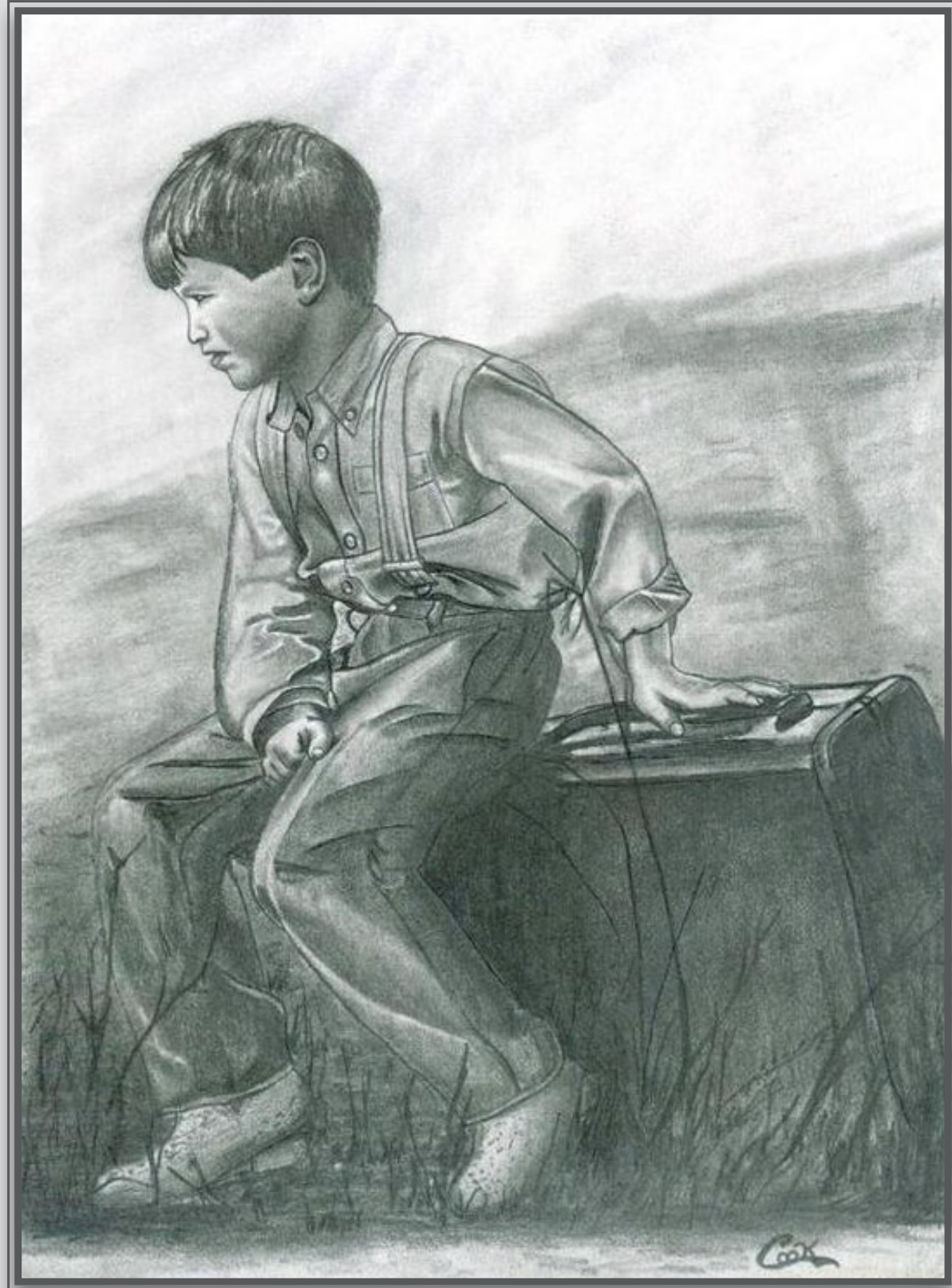
As endearing as I find the annual visit of the Vienna boys, the performance by the Saint Thomas Choir is a richer experience. Benjamin Britten, whose

attraction to boys is well known, does their voices well in his "Ceremony of Carols." The piece was written for boy voices and harp, with text adapted from medieval English poetry. The songs have an icy and severe tone, but they nevertheless contain a glimmer of hope amid the harshness of the cold. Unlike the kitschy Vienna performance of "Stormy Weather," this is music that speaks truthfully to a pedophile's spirit. Life is undeniably harsh for pedophiles, but these boyish voices will remain with us, offering whatever comfort they can.

CREATIVE WORK

## Artwork by Carson





CREATIVE WORK

## Musings

Eyes sparkle brighter  
than the moon  
on a mountain lake.  
A smile is more beautiful  
than the sunset  
and blinds just as much.  
Or binds  
with invisible strings.  
A bridge that spans hearts.  
Make golden shivers  
race in wild circles.  
Drag eyes and self  
this way and that.

Those sights etch themselves  
onto the iris  
and into the heart  
to never be forgotten.  
Just slipping from sight.  
And from the grip of the red castle  
that opened it's gates  
to welcome it's new Lord  
or lost itself  
as waves of the enemy  
won the walls.

Slipping away  
in the loud and busy day  
to creep back  
in the silent moments  
of longing  
for love lost.

## Grübeleien

by Pantherion

Augen funkeln heller  
als der Mond im Wasser  
eines Bergsees.  
Ein Lächeln ist schöner  
als der Sonnenuntergang  
und kann ebenso blenden.  
Oder binden  
mit unsichtbaren Fäden.  
Eine Brücke schlagen  
zwischen den Herzen.  
Jagt goldene Schauer  
im wilden Tanz durch die Brust.  
Reißt Auge und Selbst  
hierhin und dort.

Momente die sich einätzen  
in Auge und Herz,  
um nie vergessen zu werden.  
Nur dem Blick zu entgleiten  
und dem Griff der roten Burg,  
die ihre Tore öffnete,  
um ihren neuen Herrn zu begrüßen  
oder sich verloren gab  
als die Wellen des Feindes  
die Zinnen erstürmten.

Zu entgleiten im lauten, geschäftigen Tag  
um sich zurück zu schleichen  
in den stillen Momenten  
der Sehnsucht  
nach verlorener Liebe.

# Society Needs to Make Up Its Mind and Come to Its Senses

by Cactus Jack

It never ceases to amaze me how almost schizophrenic society at large can be in the way they look at and think of children. This is especially true when it comes to boys. On one hand, they create laws to crack down on those of us who are attracted sexually to children; “predators” is the term they like to use, because they say that we destroy the innocence of children. But let a child reveal that he is not quite so innocent, especially a boy and especially if a law is broken, then society prosecutes them with the same zeal they use for adult offenders.

Need proof of the dichotomy? Well, try this one. Take the case of a 12 year old Florida boy. Due to his perceived naïveté, the law prevents him from sharing sexual pleasure with an adult if he so chooses. But when the unthinkable happens: While imitating moves he saw on TV Wrestling, he forgot about his larger size and greater strength and tragically killed a young female relative. It was wrong and he deserved to be punished, but the state went overboard. Despite his being only 12, they charged him as an adult, which meant two things if he was convicted: he would receive life in prison and, in Florida, when a minor is convicted as an adult, he goes to an adult facility. Well, he was convicted. But to show they weren’t totally heartless the State of Florida put him in an Isolation Wing, a form of Protective Custody. But the ironic thing is that most of his fellow inmates in that area are the very same men that Society created

the AOC laws to protect him from. Anyone want to guess what’s happening to him there?

Things have gotten so bad police are now doing things to kids in “interviews” that they do to adults. Take the recent case of the 8 yo Arizona boy now facing double murder charges for allegedly killing his dad and another man. Police circumvented the requirement that suspects who are minors must be in the presence of a guardian and or attorney in order for an interrogation to take place. SO two female detectives took turns hammering at the boy and then they claim that he just conveniently becomes a suspect. But instead of acting as they should have and reading the boy his rights and stopping the interview until a guardian or attorney could be brought in, they continued on until the boy confesses. And despite the irregularities, the police and prosecution insist the confession is good. But even beyond the illegalities of the interrogation, there are broader issues.

There are reasons that most jurisdictions have a limit on how young a child can be held “criminally responsible” and therefore even charged with a crime. In my opinion, I don’t see how an 8 yo can be even charged with a crime, or if he is, be considered legally competent to stand trial. First of all, the accused must be able to understand his rights. Does anyone really believe that an 8 yo really understands the Miranda rights? Another point is he must be able to understand the nature of what he is charged with. Does an 8 yo really un-

derstand the concept of murder? Finally and most importantly, the accused must have the ability to actively participate in his own defence. Can an 8 yo truly do that?

But the dichotomy really become blatantly clear when the issue of sex comes up, especially with boys. Again, any man that has sexual relations with a boy under the AOC can and will be charged with a crime if the relationship becomes known. But let’s look closely at how society responds when sexual relationships come up between children with no adult involvement. When that happens, at least one of the kids, likely a boy and especially an older boy, won’t be seen as a victim, but as a victimizer.

Take another recent case of 2-3 8 and 9 yos charged with raping an 11 yo girl. The boys are accused of forcing her into a wooded area and performing sex acts with and on her that she claimed she didn’t want to do. What’s interesting is the fact that the alleged attack happened on a Thursday but the “Crime” wasn’t reported until the Sunday, when the mother of the girl called police. If the girl was so distressed, why was there the 3 day lag in reporting it? In my opinion, the girl went willingly with the boys to play around. In fact, because she was 11, I think it likely that she was the instigator. But when her mom found out about it, she cried rape to save her own ass, so the three boys are facing 5 years in the Juvenile Justice system. Imagine if the situation included an 11 yo boy with three 8-9 yo girls. Who do you think would be charged then?

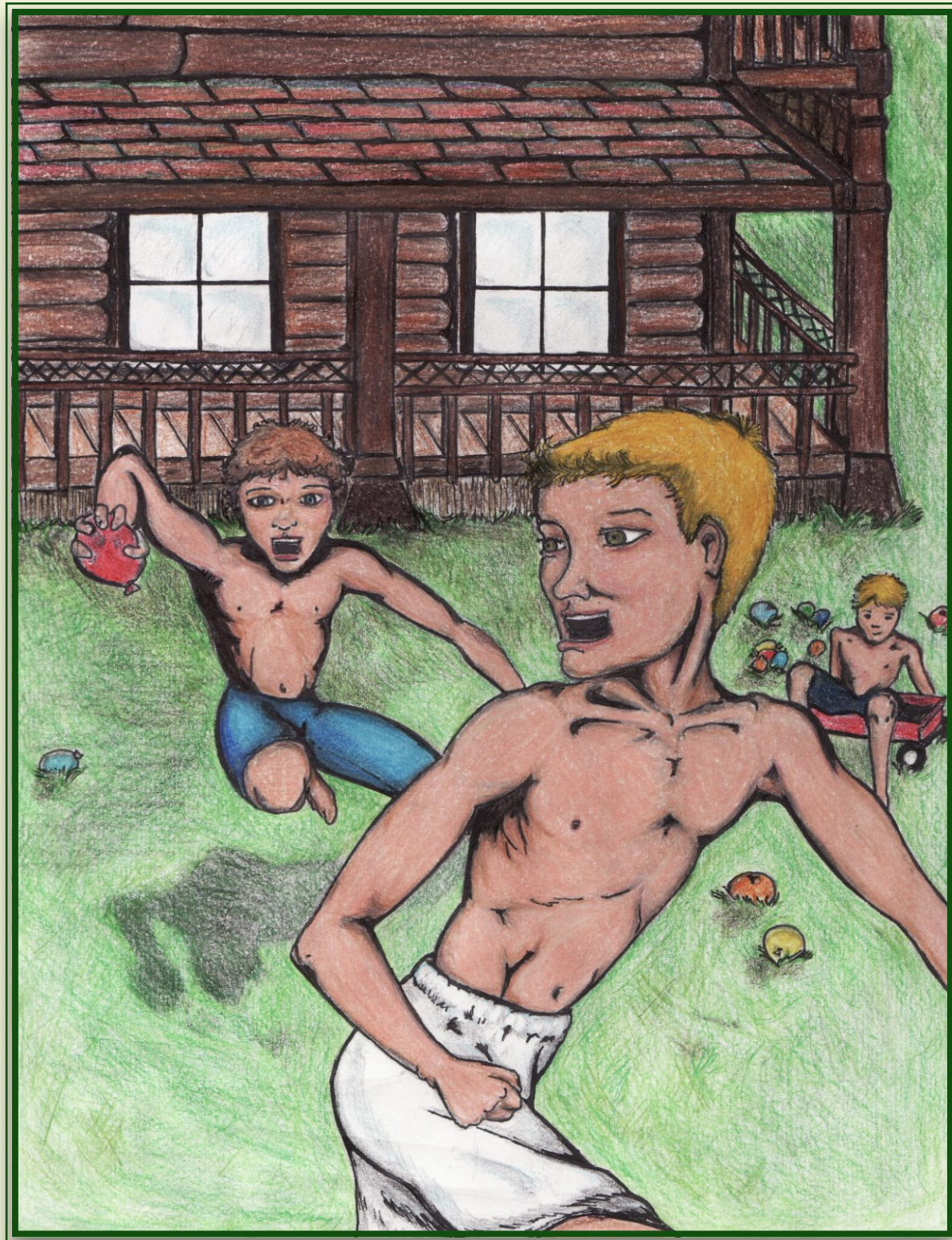
This fact is illustrated by a case that once appeared in the Toronto Sun. A 13 yo American boy attending a school for dancers in Toronto suffered the embarrassment of having police go to

the school, arrest him, lead him out in handcuffs, and charge him with sex crimes against 2 other boys. The ages of his victims? They were 11 and 12. There was no indication in the article that any force was used, or any threats and other forms of coercion. Indeed there was nothing in the article or in any statement from the police to indicate that this had been anything other than 3 boys having consensual sexual activity. Yet the mother of the 11 yo called police because she couldn’t believe or accept that her little angel might have willingly participated, or perhaps the boy lied and said he was forced. The bottom line is his life is ruined because society can’t make up it’s mind about whether boys are always innocent victims or evil criminals.

Maybe it’s the anti-pedophiles in society that need to “think of the children”, especially its boys.

# Balloon Fight

by theturtleboy



# A Boy Being a Boylover

by ShotaLover

Hi, I'm ShotaLover... Here to propose an interesting article for your reading enjoyment. It will be about me, mainly, but also about others which share my undying curse, also portrayed as a blessing. Yes, I'm talking about the unfathomable beauty that I see in boys. A quick note; I'm only using big words because I want to sound smart for being 15 years old.

**MY STORY** As far as I know, I've been a boylover since I was 12. And to this day, I feel an attraction to boys that I can barely comprehend. It's more than just sexual; I want to feel their skin, kiss them, stare in their beautiful eyes, hold their perfect bodies, and so much more. Not to mention complementing them, encouraging them, and much much more... But then my dreams are crushed by reality, as all boylovers' are.

For me, I can't do that with boys because of the thing that all young boylovers have to deal with; their parents. My parents know I'm a boylover, but they think it's just a phase, and don't bring it up much. And I can't tell them any of my feelings in fear that I will face condemnation in their eyes. I have to live up to my mom's expectations, or else I hate my life. I feel like I fail at life and everything else. My dad... Well, he's not as important to me. Which brings me to my next section.

**REASONS WHY** I've always wondered why I was a boylover. One of the reasons I think of is that my dad wasn't there much from age 10 on. He was one of four places: In the bed, at work, on the toilet, or on the computer. I don't quite know what he was looking at online, but I'll say I caught him looking at porn once or twice. At 10, I couldn't even fathom liking boys. I had a girlfriend more or less, and then the second reason happened. She

tried to have sex with me. We were both 10 or 11, and she, her sister, my brother, and I went in the prayer room at my church to play "house". She put the "Kids" to bed, and proceeded to come and sit on my lap. I tried pushing her off, but I didn't want to hurt her. Then, my mom walked in. I pushed her off, ran to my mom, and started crying in fear of getting grounded. That's probably another reason why. I don't really know what caused it, but I think those incidents might have caused it.

**WHAT ABOUT OTHER BOYS?** What if there was another boy I knew that liked boys also? What if I knew him, and I didn't know that? This question rings in my mind every day. At night I cry wanting a boyfriend to hold me, being the sensitive uke (bottom) that I am. And I pray for God to take one of the other boys feeling the pain I feel, and put him in place of a pillow that I hug to sleep. And each night I cry, because God decides not to do that. It doesn't mean that God doesn't exist to me, I know He exists, but He won't answer that specific prayer. It gives me continual feelings of self-pity, and makes me feel pathetic. And I could only imagine what other boys feel.

**CLOSING** So to all you other boy-loving boys or teens out there, know you're not the only ones. And if you want to contact me, feel free.



# Angel Of Guardian

by Brutani

With your love for me, I obtain strength,  
 I have confidence, an unbreakable happiness,  
 where I can stand against everything.  
 My waves do not shatter against the shores,  
 my sun never enters the night.  
 Peoples oppression I can fight,  
 stand against, strong, resistant.  
 With that way your eyes shine,  
 light like the sun, reflecting through diamonds,  
 I know you, better than maybe you know yourself,  
 that you want me, love me.  
 It powers my soul, my heart,  
 provides a natural defence, that resistant strength.  
 You are my doctor, my nurse,  
 the hand that guides me, you are my angel of guardian,  
 without you, I am nothing, but a souless, a walking dead,  
 everything seems surreal, unreal, vague,  
 I fall apart, I have no strength, no spirit to drive and guide me.  
 I need you, I dream for you,  
 I want you.  
 I have been created to love you, never to harm and hurt you,  
 for to do what the called normal man would do, is a sin of unnatural,  
 horrid, decayed and decrepit violence,  
 that I could only do to the beast of man.  
 You are the sapphire, the pearl, the diamond combined.  
 You are what love intended,  
 what love intended for me.

# Skipping Stones

by doG

Crunch.

The stones beneath my feet filled the air and my ears with static, as I slowly made my way down the shore. The hues from a slowly falling sun were building to their typical crescendo, throwing oranges, reds, and pinks across the sky. The earthbound copycat mirrored the explosion in the sky.

I was preoccupied with my thoughts, typical of my excursions to the lake. Life. Pondering decisions past and future, I thought back over everything I had experienced, working my way towards what I wanted to make of my life. The future... my most daunting adversary.

Idly I picked up a stone and rubbed my thumb over its surface, noting its smoothness. I wondered where this rock had been, what it had seen, a question I've asked a thousand times. Smiling, I flicked my wrist sending the stone skipping across the surface of the water. A trail of concentric circles slowly spread from the linear path of the stone. Each progressive circle was smaller than the last, but grew as the stone made its way across the water before finally settling down and disappearing beneath the surface.

I stopped.

Each ripple was an event. As I skipped along through life I made ripples as I went. Each event shaped who I was and the people around me. Which event was which? I'm sure I could put in the big ones in place... discovering myself, moving

out, graduating, getting a job... each one would definitely have an impact on my life. I was following the same path as the stone. Ultimately, I would disappear beneath the surface, leaving the ripples I started.

KERPLUNK.

An enormous splash jolted me back to reality. The ripples of my stone quickly disappeared beneath the wake of the splash. A quiet giggle brought a smile to my face. I turned to see Alex a few steps behind me on the shore. A cheeky grin quickly replaced the boyish grin on his face. I smiled back, beckoning to him with my hand. He ran to me, burying his face in my side.

Some things just make bigger ripples.

# Memories of a Childhood Sex Life

by 420Guy

I have often said to myself (and fellow boylovers) that my sex life took place during childhood. In fact, since the age of 13, I have only had one sexual experience with another person.

When I was four years old, I remember the day that a friend of my Mother's dropped by for a visit. She brought her son, who was the same age as me. All I really remember about him was that he had blond hair.

In my closet I had a chalkboard, which was as tall as I was and it was leaning against the wall. The two of us went behind it and ended up taking turns fondling and sucking each other.

I remember that I didn't actually like it that much; it just felt kind of weird.

About a year later, I went to my Aunt and Uncle's place for summer vacation. My Aunt and Uncle had several kids, one of whom was my cousin Mark. He was 1 year and 1 week younger than me.

I'm not sure how long it was before we started exploring each other, but it was probably my idea. We discovered that when we rubbed our penises together, it felt really good! We knew that it was something we had to keep secret, that we weren't supposed to show anyone our 'privates'. Nevertheless, it quickly became our favorite pastime. We even gave this fun activity a name, 'The Weeny Feeling'.

There was one incident when we got caught in the act. We were on the top bunk of my cousin's bunk bed and luckily, under the covers. His older sister walked into the room as we were fooling around. Needless to say, we were scared shitless! Luckily, we didn't get in any trouble that I recall.

There is a photograph of us that I wish I had. We are sitting in our pajamas, side by side. My right arm around him, his left arm around me. My right foot and his left are glued together, almost like we were playing footsie. We were so cute and innocent back then.

It would be five years before we saw each other again, on yet another summer vacation. Now ten years old, I had started to think about other boys more often.

This time we all stayed at my Grandmother's place. On the first night, we were alone in his family's camper-trailer. We were talking about various things, after awhile I finally asked him, "Do you remember when we were little and we did the Weeny Feeling?"

"Yea, that was weird huh?" he replied.

"Yea....wanna do it again?" I asked.

"Oh yea!" he says back to me. Within seconds, our pants and undies were on the floor and we were making up for lost time!

I think it's safe to say we did it once a day. Usually we would both be standing, but sometimes one of us would be on top of the other. As I recall, it was usually me on top (though he would argue that a couple of years later).

When the summer was over, I joined up with the Cub Scouts. There was an 8 year old boy named Andrew who let me 'play' with him during a sleepover. Both of us wanted to do it again, but we never had an opportunity.

On the next summer vacation, I went back to my Aunt and Uncle's place. I don't even recall who brought it up this time, or how it happened. I think both my cousin and I had been eager to 'play' with each other again.

We mostly stuck to what we already knew felt good, but this was also the year we discovered the 'blow job'. We also attempted to kiss each other with tongue, but it didn't really work so well.

Since he lived on a big farm, we started doing it in all different kinds of places too! Out in the bush, up in the attic of a barn, in a broken down car that was on the property.

The following summer, I was twelve. One of us had heard about 'anal sex' and thought we should give it a try. We both took turns with each other, as far as I recall we didn't use any lubrication other than maybe spit. We enjoyed it (or I did anyways) but we mostly stuck to the 'Weeny Feeling' and now had more of an interest in oral. We also tried the '69 position' a couple of times.

This was also the year that I ejaculated for the first time. I remember it feeling SO good, that it actually started to hurt. When I came, I didn't know what that white stuff was. It was my younger cousin who told me "That's your sperm count". My penis was sore for the rest of that day.

By this age, I knew what my cousin and I were doing was considered 'gay', but it never bothered me until that day. Now that my 'first time' had been with another boy, I took it as a sign that I was gay.

The next time I saw my cousin was the following spring break. Since our last encounter, I had started masturbating daily. Puberty caused my penis to grow almost twice as big as the last time he saw it. I was also starting to grow hair.

We fooled around as usual, doing a little of everything. He would no longer let me be on top when we were doing anal, "I'm not letting you put that thing in me!" he said. But to make up for it he promised me, "I'll make you feel good in two places at once!". He proceeded to enter my behind while stroking my front.

That was the last time we experimented with each other. For whatever reason, he decided that he didn't want to continue with it anymore. I suppose it couldn't have gone on forever, as much as I sometimes wished it could have.

I hope you enjoyed reading about my experiences, as much as I've enjoyed remembering them!

# “A Question of Motive” by Luke Jenkins

by antinous

**Synopsis:** The novel follows the life and misadventures of its hero/anti-hero, Ben, the main character in the story. Via a series of flash-backs the relationships between Ben and six boys is closely examined together with his friendships with some young women. Ben is a boylover with both male and female admirers.

The book begins with Ben on remand in prison on a charge of corrupting public morals and inciting others to commit crime. While awaiting trial many of his waking hours are filled with memories of his decadent yet sometimes normal years, accentuated with vivid fantasies.

His sexual encounters with boys are beautifully described although, in print, have been somewhat truncated by the censor - shame.

Ben comes to trial and the outcome provides the denouement for the novel.

## Excerpt

It was the first day of the Christmas term and the boys had returned to school suitably refreshed from the long, hot summer holiday. Ben was now a newly fledged 15 year old sixth former with his own study bedroom. He had already said his ‘Hello’s’ to his exalted colleagues and more especially to his four young 13 year old friends who, on reaching the third form had proudly graduated to long trousers! With golden haired Philip an arrange-

ment had surreptitiously been made for an assignation in the ‘bog’ at 1130 that night.

In the early evening the boys began to assemble in the large junior common room for their beginning of term house meeting. The sixth formers always waited at the back of the room so it was from this vantage point that Ben lounged casually against the wall eagerly awaiting the arrival of the fresh

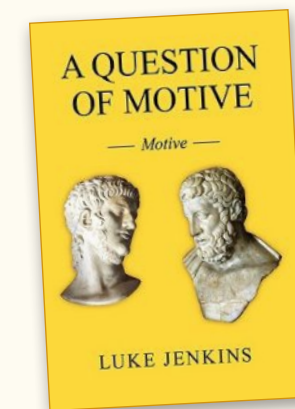
**Author Profile:** I was born in Bradford, England at the end of World War II. My father died when I was two years old and we moved to London to live with my grandparents. By the age of three my Nan had taught me to read and write fluently using tried and trusted Victorian methods. At that age I was reading the newspaper (must’ve been a very comical sight!) and writing short stories. I did very well at primary school and then went to an all-boarding boys’ Grammar school where I became a BL at the age of 13 having been expertly and exquisitely seduced by a 12 year old who came out later as being gay. I played Rugby for England Schools and then went on to study Mathematics at Cambridge University. One of the big perks was that my College had a Choir School attached to it and I somehow got to know the choristers! From Cambridge I went into teaching for 30 years in all-boys schools. I have 7 children all of whom I’m very proud.

intake of 11 year olds, or ‘newgies’ as they were called. Ben felt a strange excitement mounting deep within him. It was the first time that boys of such a tender age had entered a senior house and the 15 year old was greatly looking forward to their grand entrance..

Finally they arrived resplendently bedecked in their spanking new uniforms. As they filed through the Gothic-arched doorway in somewhat regimented fashion Ben was rather disappointed. They appeared to be a singularly unattractive bunch, some of them skinny as willow saplings, their spindly, twig-like legs suspended from over-wide openings of baggy corduroy shorts. Some of them were grossly overweight with bulbous, drooping jowels, flabby-fleshed knees and pigeon toes and most were downright ugly. And then...as if spotlighted in the early September sun which shone through the heavy leaded windows, the last boy in the crocodile line entered the room. Ben’s eyes lit up. His heart missed a beat then palpably quickened. The apparition was the most ravishingly beautiful creature Ben had ever set his azure eyes upon. Just under five foot tall he had well-groomed, fairish hair, vivid blue eyes encircled by long, dark, curling lashes so characteristic of that age group. Peering bewildered into the crowded room his swarthy, round face seemed perfectly symmetrical. The sleeves of the boy’s grey, winceyette shirt were rolled up to the elbows revealing slender, smooth forearms well-tanned from the summer sun. The hem of the grey shorts came just one third the way down his thighs exposing a delicious area of silky, bronzed legs with the developing muscles already beginning to form that delightful inverted V-shape above the knee. The whole picture was wonderfully completed by a pair of knee-length grey woolen socks gently hugging sturdy, young boyish

calves. With the satin-sheened flesh of his naked, sun caressed limbs glinting in the Autumn hue, and glimpses of light dancing from a head of shining, well-brushed hair the young man presented the perfect example of boyhood, exuding that breathtaking incandescent glow of early pubescence.

“Wow...will you just look at that,” sighed Ben with an embarrassing audibility. “Neat!” Ben fell for the boy there and then, lust at first sight you may call it. He was completely transfixed by the boy’s beauty and spent the entire meeting staring at him sitting primly, cross-legged on the polished wooden floor with his new chums. It was virtually taboo for senior boys to fraternize in anyway with the lower school yet Ben was already trying to figure out a scheme to spin a web around this extraordinary young man.



‘A Question of Motive’ is available from: amazon.com, amazon.co.uk or more cheaply at authorhouse.com or authorhouse.co.uk. In any case the price is very reasonable.

# Bellhop with Hyacinths

by J.C. Leyendecker

contributed by SimbaLion

These two images were created by J.C. Leyendecker, a prominent American graphic artist of the early 20th century. The first was used as a cover for The Saturday Evening Post in 1914 to commemorate Mother's Day. The second was a poster used as part of the U.S. war bond campaign in World War I. Leyendecker was a successful artist in the period despite being a closeted homosexual. He was a regular contributor to The Saturday Evening Post and other magazines, and his work influenced that of younger artists like Norman Rockwell.



# Boy Scouts of America - Weapons for Liberty

by J.C. Leyendecker



# A Bit of Legal Advice

by ncalj

Just a bit of legal advice for anyone who cares to read!

I am a convicted "sex offender", residing in the United States. I was coerced into taking a plea bargain by my "Public Pretender", to avoid an alleged "long prison term"; only to find out twelve years later that no evidence existed, and had I had a real attorney, I most likely would have been free. I tell you this not to complain, or moan, but so you can believe what I am about to tell you:

It does not happen like on the television shows, some people get letters, requesting an interview, others are arrested without so much as a word in advance, no matter the method you action should remain the same.

First and foremost, NEVER, EVER admit, or deny anything. If for any reason any law enforcement officer wants to speak with you, you should immediately contact an attorney.

So you are sitting in the police station, and being asked questions. Most of the questions are irrelevant to the actual investigation; the officer will try to get you to relax, by asking round about questions at first. You should be extremely firm, even if you have done nothing wrong, ask for an attorney, and say nothing else.

Here is the deal, with sex offenses, their does not have to be Physical evidence to get a jury to convict you, so their only has to be suspicion or an

accusation made (as in my case). Anything you say, can and will be used against you; no matter how they have to spin or twist it, so just keep your trap shut.

If you can not afford an attorney, a public defender will only be appointed after you are charged formerly, so just keep your mouth shut, it will not hurt you to say nothing, while it can ruin you to even confirm your whereabouts.

If you are formerly charged, find every reason you can to fire your Public Defender. After you have fired at least three Public Defenders, most States will assign you a real attorney.

Now, let's talk some preventive measures:

First and foremost, never ever give up your right to privacy. Always demand a search warrant for your vehicle, home or personal possessions.

Always use caution when meeting new people.

Scout out potential lawyers in advance, and keep up to date with who specializes in our field.

On a final note (I forgot to mention) I committed my "offense" when I was sixteen years old; I was not formally charged until I was twenty! Every state has a "statute of limitations" limiting the amount of time that can pass before you can no longer be charged for an alleged "crime". Be sure to find out what your state limits are.

A young man with dark hair is swimming underwater in a pool. He is wearing a dark-colored tank top and is captured in a swimming stroke, with his arms extended forward. The water is a clear, vibrant blue, and the scene is lit from above, creating a shimmering effect on the surface. The man's reflection is visible on the water's surface.

The next issue of  
Modern Boylover Magazine  
goes up in summer.