

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

One Year of Ethos

Respecting
Children

Eisa - That
Boy in the
Alley

Interviews with
Lil Monster and
Nigel

Moving into our 2nd year!



ETHOS

Amor et intellectus



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Lil Monster

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Director's notations



["https://pixabay.com/MSneor"](https://pixabay.com/MSneor)

One year anniversaries are always a special time.

I always ask myself, has it been a year already? We always wonder how it went so fast.

It was September 15, 2016. Earlier that day, we had released Ethos Magazine Issue 1, and the future seemed to hold great promise.

I was Chief Editor at the time, and happy to be working with Kermie and Dragonlover on an exciting new project, a magazine for boylovers, written and published by boylovers.

In that time so much has changed, and the magazine has grown tremendously. On the tech side, we have matured into a real online presence, becoming "true adults" on the Internet.

I've also had the pleasure of making many new friends, and even come close to losing a few. But sadly, in the past year, we did lose someone. Kermie, the founder of Enchanted Island, Ethos, and Weird Radio.

So I dedicate this anniversary issue of Ethos Magazine to everyone's favorite frog, our good friend Kermie.

- Zoomzoom4

Director, Ethos Magazine

One Year of ETHOS



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In the summer of 2016, the founder of Enchanted Island, Kermie, approached a select few people about the possibility of launching a new magazine that would serve the boy-love community. The predecessor, Modern Boylover Magazine, seemed to have disappeared, and the community was missing it. So Kermie suggested a new boylove magazine.

The idea was met with an unprecedented level of enthusiasm, and Kermie stepped into the role as Owner, then appointed me as Director. And as Director of Ethos, my first duty was to hand-select a staff which would serve to solicit articles, review and edit those articles, place the articles into an easy-flowing, readable format, select artwork and imagery for the magazine, and then turn out a finished product.

Kermie and I interviewed a number of people, then finally settled on a chosen handful whom we thought would make an excellent team. Among the original people were Scorpion and Zoomzoom4 as editors, and Emerys as Graphics Manager. After assembling the team, we were off and running.

After much research and some rough spots, Issue 1 was released in September of 2016, and met with great acclaim. The issue was placed everywhere in the BL community, and they ate it up. We were enjoying a successful wave, which we knew was going to last.

And then, on October 6, 2016, sadly, our founder Kermie passed away quietly in his sleep after a lengthy illness. The entire boylove community was deeply saddened by this loss, and after a time of grieving, we decided that we needed to press on; that was what Kermie would want. So, that we did.

I stepped into the role of Owner, and promoted Zoomzoom4 to be Director of Ethos. We moved forward, and in December of 2016 we released Issue 2, with a tribute to our fallen friend, Kermie. It, too, met with great success. Around then we decided that Ethos needed a real, dedicated website, and quickly developed one. We also decided that Ethos had room to grow ... and grow we did.

We took on False Alias as our Chief Editor. Not only was he, and still is, our Chief Editor, but he is also our website developer. Since then, he has been responsible for many great things involving the growth of Ethos.

Since then, Issues 3 and 4 were released to an increasing number of Ethos fans. And now here we are at Issue 5, and we are only looking towards the future. We hope that you enjoy this issue, and all the previous issues of Ethos. The website ethosonline.net has every issue for you to read, and now features Blue Boy News, as well as interview with people in the boylove community conducted by our Assistant Director, Lil Monster. And we are only looking to get bigger.

So cheers to Issue 5, and cheers to looking ahead to a very bright future! Enjoy!

-Dragonlover
Owner, Ethos Magazine



Interview with:

Lil Monster

by Zoomzoom4

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ZOOMZOOM4: So let me ask you. What is your dream job? What would you like to do most for a living? And no, man-whoring is not an answer. We're not talking about your current job, remember.

LIL MONSTER: Blow. Seriously. LOL. I could do that for a living. And I wouldn't suck at it. Seasonal could be just one month a year, sucking random strangers, call it cum what may.

ZZ4: Okay So you would have to set a schedule. You can't just go diving into the deep end.

LM: Um, serious answer. Well I don't know what you're asking. Do you mean my dream job, or my dream as in like rock star?

ZZ4: Well when I was a little boy I wanted to be President of the U.S. That was my dream job.

LM: Lol.

ZZ4: That was my "rock star." So yes that's my question.

LM: But you're backtracking now.

ZZ4: What is your total ultimate dream job?

LM: Well I like to write songs and sing. Lyrical poems and that sort of crap.

ZZ4: A folk singer? Or more rock?

LM: Well when I was a kid, I was into Frankie Goes to Hollywood and the Culture Club, then I got into Bon Jovi, Guns n Roses, Iron Maiden, Warrant, and it went rockier. It was a rocky road.

ZZ4: Do you consider yourself the adventurous type?

LM: I'm not sure, I'm mostly just in my little routine.

ZZ4: Pepsi or Coke?

LM: Poke.

ZZ4: LOL. alright. Who shot JFK?

LM: Trump probably. And junior.

ZZ4: How much do you love Wal-Mart?

LM: Well without 'em my roof wouldn't stay up, and don't call me Mart.

ZZ4: Okay, you CAN'T google this. Just off the top of your head... How many castles still stand in the UK? Not ruins. But still standing. Hey! I said no googling. What are you doing? Lol.

LM: I'm totally lost, there must be like 200.

ZZ4: 250 in England. 200 in Scotland. 150 in Wales.

ZZ4: Give me a minute, I will be right back, okay? My dog got out. Running down the street.

ZZ4: But in the meantime, here is the next question. Are you superstitious?

LM: No, I do all the wrong things... break mirrors, walk under ladders, put shoes on tables and open umbrellas indoors and I never had any bad luck... How the hell did the dog get out?

ZZ4: Okay I'm back. Well I had something outside the front door, and I meant to get it, but then the phone rang. So I went inside. Didn't close the door all the way. The dog loves to go out and mark her territory. Anyway.

LM: Lol. Freeeedooooom.

ZZ4: Do you deliberately break superstition rules to see if you're ever going to have negative consequences?

LM: I wouldn't say I do it deliberately. No consequences, no.

ZZ4: Would you say you are the kind of person who gets a thrill from tempting fate?

LM: I have taken risks, but as I get older I take less risks. I used to drive fast and was loose with my pecker. Now I walk, and my pecker needs a blue M&M.

ZZ4: Would you consider yourself more Andy Warhol or more Jim Morrison?

LM: My eyebrows are too normal to be Andy Warhol. So I'd say Jim Morrison.

ZZ4: Have you ever once in your life danced to Abba? Be honest now. Lol.

LM: I have never danced. I don't dance. Unless you shoot at me lol.

ZZ4: You're a rocker. What kind of rock is your favorite?

LM: I like the progressive type, Dream Theater, Nightwish, anything that's crossover. Like Skindred. Skindred are fun, have you heard 'Nobody'?

ZZ4: No. Too busy listening to Carson.

(LM sends ZZ4 a YouTube video)

ZZ4: Okay, watching now.

LM: Welsh band from Newport.

ZZ4: That is some crossover for sure. Does he even

pigsqueal? Then get sort of reggae-ish. Slips so easily between styles. Very unique band.

ZZ4: So moving on with the interview . If you had a time machine and could take it anywhere, but only one spin, one trip . where would you go?

LM: McDonalds.

ZZ4: Lol. Okay. So that's why I always see you there.

LM: See, with time, backwards is way too risky.

ZZ4: Because who knows ... you may end up not being born. You'll vanish like Marty McFly.

LM: Yeah, or just get Parkinson's like Marty McFly. Is that too mean? Oh well, I said it now. So I'd want to go far into the future, marry a 10-year-old and die a happy grey alien.

ZZ4: Big ambitions. Perhaps to make up for something else being small? Just joking.

LM: Yeah I have a giant massive huge clitoris.

ZZ4: If you were a dog, and the front door was left open, would you run outside and mark your territory?

LM: No, that's taking the piss. If you were chasing me I'd run through all the hedges and when you got home I'd be sat there licking my balls like nothing happened.

ZZ4: If you were neutered, could you possibly still play canine-rugby? Or would you have to dress up like a knight and play American football?

LM: Can dogs play American football?

ZZ4: Oh yes. They can do anything. We have trained dogs to fly jet airplanes, believe it or not.

LM: Why do you need to wear full suits of medieval armour to play American football? And you keep shouting hut. But you live in houses. Makes no sense.

ZZ4: We mean Pizza Hut.

LM: Lol. Is that why you all fall like Dominos?

ZZ4: Haha. Yes, and our daddy is Papa John.

ZZ4: Okay. What is your opinion of marmite?

LM: I never tried marmite. The odds aren't good, and I'm not a gambling man lol. Says you either love it or hate it, and I can't take the risk.

ZZ4: So you wouldn't roll the dice on marmite? I did ask earlier if you were adventurous. Okay so we came full circle.

ZZ4: But one final question. If you were Jim Morrison and Andy Warhol gave you that phone in the movie, that could call God. EXCEPT, you could call anyone other than God. Who would you call? And what would you talk about?

LM: Anyone at all?

ZZ4: Yes.

LM: Well I was going to say Putin. and ask him when he is planning on making America great again.

ZZ4: If we'd only give him a chance. But he needs more local visits. He needs to go on a Charm America tour. With his bad ass RayBans, and Mr. Super-Spy demeanor to enthrall us. Needs to visit Iowa or something.

LM: Well should we do that thing where the interviewee thinks the mic is off and says politically divisive shit and then turns out the mic is on and everyone gets to hear it?

ZZ4: No, I just think Putin needs to get out of Russia more. Strut around the world stage with his sunglasses on.

LM: Thank fuck that's over, now I need to grab a quick pussy.

ZZ4: Lol. And I was going to ask what you thought about Beyoncé's twerking. But another time.

LM: If Kim Kardashian twerked it would be like a rattlesnake with a suction cup face.

ZZ4: Okay so thank you for the interview. And the political commentary.

LM: When do I get paid?

ZZ4: Your check will be ready in 5 days. Today is the last day of payroll. Checks come out every Friday.





Chapter 12

As Coach Williams finished and the crowd started to disperse, we decided it was time to return to our table for a bit. We had no sooner sat down when Ed, the lovable goof, asked me where my hat was. It was the release needed for the whole flood of questions about my beanie, my hair, why the secret, and so on.

I couldn't help but smile because I knew this was going to happen, and I'm ready to tell the entire story. It's something I've been scared of for years now, but after tonight those fears just seemed to have drifted away.

Being Native American, my father and grandfather had faced shamed and ridicule their entire life for it. Facing such taunts as being called "red skins" always having to be the "bad guy" (because he was Indian, and Indians were not "good guys" back then), and the hardships that African Americans or Negros had face in their life. Jobs were hard to find, and money was less than forthcoming. It was a very sad time for America, and still is because the "people" in general have just switched their focus to something else like the gay and lesbian community.

My mother, being Caucasian, had great respect for my father. When I was born, they both agreed to honor my Native American heritage by not cutting my hair and giving me a name to reflect that heritage. I was taught at a very young age to always keep my cap on and my hair covered so I would not be picked on like my father (when he reached high school age he was forced to cut his hair so he could attend).

I was never told my middle name until I was old enough to understand why I wasn't allowed to tell anyone, and why it was given to me. Until this day I had kept the promise to never tell anyone, but with the changes taking place I was no longer going to hide from anyone. Where I came from or who I am now.

Its Eddy that speaks up first, with "I thought Walkingstick was just a nickname, something made up because you are so skinny."

"Nope." I reply, "That is my real name, given to me at birth by my parents."

Of course Nazz and Lee have to talk about how beautiful my hair was. They coo over the soft silky texture. For a brief moment I thought Kevin might say something about them

The Secret Never Told Chapters 12-13

by LtDreamer

touching my hair, but with a quick glance I notice a smile and a faraway look in his eyes, telling me he was remembering something happy. Something more than likely about us. He has gotten kind of possessive of my hair ever since he's seen it.

Questions then ranged to how long have Kevin and I been seeing each other, and someone (guess who) asked if we've "did it" yet.

About that time Steven and two of his buddies walk by and bump into Kevin, knocking him hard against the table. Steven bends down and gets into Kevin's face saying, "your faggot ass better not be on the field next year or you just might get hurt."

Everyone one of us stands and turns towards Kevin's taunter. I was surprised at how fast I was out of my chair too. This bully had just insulted the one I love and I was jumping mad over it, ready to take him and the world on if I needed to.

One moment we were all looking at Steven's face with a sly sneer on it, and the next we were looking at the floor with him sprawled out. I saw Marie taking a quick step backwards to stand beside her sister, but I think I am the only one who noticed it. Steven never knew what had laid him out. I was actually surprised to see Mae and Marie Kanker here tonight, I never saw them earlier and Lee never said anything about them being here.

I looked back at Lee with a questioning look, and she whispers to me that they were spending the night in the background listening to conversations going on around the gym and to try stay a step ahead of any trouble. I knew

Marie has been taking martial arts for her anger issues, but... well damn. I never even saw the swing let alone the punch. Most sane people would go through a field of pit-bulls if it meant they didn't have to fight with the Kankers, and Kevin was included in that list.

Security and teachers arrive quickly, and Steven tries to say that someone hit him (most likely Kevin) and that he did nothing. Kevin started getting madder and madder, his face turning red. I knew he was about to explode.

Without any visible marks on Steven, and no one who will admit to seeing anything (if they did), it had to be put down to him slipping and falling himself. That would be told for the next several weeks at school. Peers are so unforgiving.

As they're being led away from our group Steven yells about it being unfair that he got hit and nothing was done, because someone was protecting a faggot. Kevin steps away from me and I know that this would be it. He would knock Bowman out and be suspended for the rest of the year.

He stopped after only one step and calls toward Steven, in a calm and cool voice, telling him, "If you or any of your friends don't want to play on 'my' team next year, don't bother showing up.

"Every one of you have played with me before, from the 7th grade on. We have learned to read each other and know what the next person is doing. We all carried the championship trophy after we won, working hard to reach that title. We've played, studied, planned, and showered together for years. If you think something is different now because you now know the truth, you are a very sad person. I have not changed one bit, and neither has Edd. The only thing that has changed here is your own narrow mind."

I feel so proud of him for not fighting. He turns back around without waiting and steps into my arms for another kiss.

We all get settled in our seats again, and I notice that neither Mae nor Marie had decided to join us. I look at Lee and ask her why, and she tells everyone about what her sisters are doing.

I still can't believe that every one of our friends knew our secret before tonight and still went along with the little charade. Well, I guess it just goes to show what good friend will really do. I have never been so happy in my life. I'm with my friends, and my boyfriend! What more could I want?

Chapter 13

The prom was a great success! Well... actually, better than we expected. Somehow our friends had known about us dating and were actually happy for us, and we had the backing of a lot of friends.

After the whole indecent with Steven Bowman and his little outburst, we wound up with lots of friends coming by and congratulating us on finally "coming out". Robert Quest and Conner Jackson came by the table to tell us that they were also a couple, but had not really come out yet. They said after seeing us, they'd decided not to hide their relationship in the shadows anymore.

We all spent some time on the dance floor where Nazz and Lee had to get a dance in with Edd. We each also got a dance with Robert and Conner too.

At 9pm we we're ready to head out and for our night together. With a quick call to the limo driver, he's out front and ready to pick us up. Edd has to put his Ray Ban's on again and stares at the crowd gathering outside again, including Steven, before we both walk out to and enter the limo together laughing.

This portion of the trip is pre-planned, as was the whole evening, and our luggage was waiting for us at the hotel around the corner from where our vehicles are parked.

As we were riding the driver rolls down the partition and asks if he could talk with us for a minute. We agree and move closer to the front of the vehicle.

"I noticed that you were giving Steven Bowman a hard look back at the school before we left, was he giving you any trouble?" He asks.

We explain what happened during the prom with Steven and wondered how he knew him.

"I'm his older brother, Samuel. He can be a real ass about some things, and considering you two are holding hands and have been since I've picked you up early this evening, I'm guessing you are a couple."

We both were a bit surprised that he picked up on it, but then again he was right. We have been fairly close tonight. I wonder if this is how our friends found out? This might be something we should ask them later.

Handing us his card with his cell number on it, he says, "I will talk to Steven when I get home, and have a little heart to heart, again. He has been a real ass ever since he's found out our 14-year-old cousin has admitted to being gay. I guess the first talk I had with him didn't stick. So I will just have to try harder."

It didn't take but a second to realize that this cousin could be a freshman at our school, so we ask if he is.

"Yes, he is, but he hasn't really told anyone at school yet. I will have to talk to him before I say anything else."

"I will be the Captain of the Varsity Football next year", says Kevin, "but with the attitude Steven has, he may be booted off of the team. Coach Williams and myself have already made that very clear to him and everyone else. The school will go without a football team instead of allowing players with a prejudiced mind. We've have played ball together for many years, and now he wants to throw it all away because he doesn't agree with something."

Samuel tells us to call him and let him know if Steven gives us any more trouble.

Pulling into the hotel brings our conversation quickly to a halt. The bellhop opens the door for us and we say our goodbyes to Samuel. He tells us to call him Sammy, all his friends do.

We notice him a moment later speaking to the bellhop in a quiet but stern way about something that he didn't want us to overhear.

When we check in at the desk our bags were already in our room, and all we have to do was go up and enjoy ourselves. We opt to order room service instead of dressing again and going to the dining room.

After ordering a dinner for two, we got out of the tuxedos, and got them hung back in their bags. Wearing only the hotel provided robes, we await dinner.

When it arrives and is set on the table, we move our chairs so we can be closer to each other instead of across from our lover. The food's fantastic, and we have fun feeding each other little tidbits off of our own plates.

After we ate we get up and move toward the bath and a shower with each other. No words were spoken at this point because we both knew what we wanted and nothing was going to change that. When the water is hot enough we both step into the large shower, together, and start a ritual that needs no instructions. It was a night of many new experiences both at the prom and in the hotel for us.

Trust

by False Alias

Trust is something people have in one another. I've always found trust confusing, if I must be honest with you. I ask people, regularly, why they trust me. I get varied responses, but the general theme is "I'm that sort of person you can trust."

I had a conversation once, and part of that went into a little bit of detail about how trust gets built up. Over time, you get to know a person. As you talk with a person you learn little bits about them all the time. You begin to subconsciously take note of how they talk, the way they string words together, and the words they use. Little details like things on the ends of words or sentences act like little "signatures", and after enough time you can even spot where they'd use such things in text too.

Of course, that isn't true if you've never heard them talk. You have to imagine a voice (often your own, or maybe Morgan Freeman's if they're the philosophical sort) and read it that way. I bet if you read this in Morgan Freeman's voice it wouldn't sound out of place at all. Sometimes the way things are written inspire a certain voice or style of voice into being without hearing anything. Subconsciously you use that voice as a "profiler" and you use that to read into their messages more than you would without such. Little tells develop; you learn to spot where they are emotional, angry, frustrated or stressed. You start to see when they're taking a topic in a certain direction and you learn to guess their next words.

Something in their words, and the vocabulary they use most, ticks a few little boxes in your head as to whether you can trust them. Someone who asks too many questions often gives distrust, because too many questions and too much interest is suspicious. At the same time, so is too few questions and not enough interest. Naturally, people ask and answer as they feel is appropriate, but those with a specific agenda will ask more targeted questions, or might ask more questions than another person. In debates this is extremely healthy. In personal relationships however, too much interest in one's life should be viewed cautiously, especially if you like boys as we do.

This brings me back to the start: Why do people trust me? If you look at me, I've given no one any real reason to trust me, yet they've elicited from my various posts and messages on BLOL (Boylandonline, the only board that I'm registered at) and Skype/Tox that I am not only trustworthy but reliable and capable of more. My intention was never to be the trustable figure of anything, but rather just to be myself and allow myself a room to express and vent what thoughts occur inside my head periodically. For once I can allow thoughts to be presented as-is, for the most part. Let's not lie, sometimes I have to censor what I think when I tell thoughts to people. Who doesn't?

Somehow, through me only being me, people felt that they could trust me. I'm by no means saying that I'm not trustworthy, but I have never really known what qualities about me make me trustworthy. To me, I'm just a person who's honest and truthful in everything I say. I am not afraid to admit I was wrong in an argument, nor am I afraid to try see something from someone else's perspective (as many are). I try to understand everything that's being said rather than just reading it. Trust involves understanding things,

along with many other things.

Trust isn't only about people communicating though, but it's not communicating too. Think of it like music: You have to trust the other instruments. You have to trust that while you are playing, that one of the other instruments is not, and when they're playing they have to trust that you are being quiet or providing good support and backing so that they can shine. You each get your own moment of fame in the musical relationship, but you do not get to have it at the same time. You give some, and you take some. No, I don't mean sex. In trusting relationships you confide in one another but never at the same time. You don't steal the focus.

Secrets are important in trusting relationships, too. The ability for you to tell someone something personal and for that person to never let another person know is essential in that, but secrets can be things you keep to yourself about yourself. In a wider sense, you can keep a secret about yourself within a group and not let anyone outside that group know. Is that not what the boylove community is? We all have the same secret, but we don't tell anyone who isn't in our circle. That would be rude, and damaging.

I'll say it pretty clearly because I trust you won't take it the wrong way: There is a five-year-old boy who I'm in love with. It's something I mentioned briefly in my interview with Lil Monster in Ethos Issue 4 (but the boy was 4 back then). I'd die to protect him and I'd endure anything to keep him safe. No, I'm not saying that for the cuteness factor or the "aw that's nice" feeling you'll get, but because I mean it and would fully intend on committing to endurance and perseverance to protect him from anything and everything that might threaten his future. Sure, I'm pretty much screaming it to the world, but it is still a secret. How? Because I have trust in anonymity. I trust the fact that my real identity is a secret from you, and therefore while my love for this boy is "public knowledge", it is still a secret.

Online, trust is different. I believe that you should not give out any personally identifying information online because of the dangers it poses to you. Should that information happen to fall into the wrong hands, your life will almost literally be over. Dragonlover's article "Life after incarceration" in June's issue of Ethos highlights what awaits you after being incarcerated in the United States. I don't know what post-incarceration is like in other countries, but I should hope that you trust me when I tell you incarceration is not in your best interest. I've never been incarcerated, and I hope I never will be. What awaits after incarceration is certainly not desirable, wherever you live.

In the end it is up to you about who you trust and who you don't trust. It is dangerous though, trusting people. We are boylovers, and therefore it is more dangerous for us because of what happens when our trust is abused. It is one of the most dangerous things for us, because trusting just one wrong person is the end of us. We might be the ideal person in society, a role model for generations to come, but that will come crashing down if we trust the wrong person. After that, all we have is shame for something we should not be ashamed of. Trust carefully, boylovers.



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**WEIRD Radio
music for the
community.**

The Boy and the Wishing Glove – A Folktale

Unknown author/submitted by Elvin

Once upon a time, there was a boy who lived with his sister and widowed mother in a small village on the shores of the ECCO River.

One day, about a year ago, the boy was asked by his mother to zip down to the store to pick up some milk, bread, and eggs. The boy, who enjoyed going out, gladly answered his mother's request with a "yes".

As the boy was venturing down the road, he noticed a scruffy-looking man entertaining a fairly large crowd with a harmonica. Pleased with the music, the boy threw the extra money his mother gave him to buy candy for himself near the man's feet. The man finished his song and motioned for the boy to come over.

"It is not money I was playing for, but for the pleasure of the crowd," stated the man. "You are a generous young man. I shall reward you with this gift." The man pulled out one plain, black leather glove.

"What good is this single glove to me?" inquired the boy.

"This is a magical wishing glove. Put it on when you're alone and you will recognize its greatness."

The boy quickly purchased the items his mother had requested and briskly ran up to his room and locked the door. He then slipped the glove on and waited. All of a sudden the glove burst to life and started to talk to the boy.

"Hello," it said. "I am the magic wishing glove. I will grant you five wishes." The glove then started to chant a poem to the tune of the harmonica man's song.

"Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee done, on your pinky make wish number one. Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee doo, on your ring make wish number two. Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee dee; on your middle make wish number three. Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee dor, on your index make wish number four. Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee dum, make your final wish on your thumb."

The boy applauded for the glove's performance. The glove then said, "However, you cannot wish for anything for yourself. You must wish things for other people. Think about what you want to wish for and get back to me, okay?"

The boy thought and thought. "What can I wish for, for someone else that can maybe benefit me, too...I KNOW!"

The boy slipped on the glove.

"Hello," said the glove.

"I wish my sister had \$1,000," said the boy.

"So it will be," said the glove.

Instantly, the boy's sister had \$1,000 in her hand.

"Surely she will share some of the money with me," thought the boy. So he went downstairs and asked his

mother where his sister was.

"She went out shopping, dearie," answered the mother.

"Uh oh," thought the boy, for his sister was quite a shopper who bought in large quantities. "What if she spends all the money?"

All of a sudden..."I'm home," screamed the sister. "I just spent \$1,000."

The boy nearly fainted upon hearing this.

"Okay...that didn't work but I've got four more fingers...urr, wishes..." thought the boy. Once again he slipped on the glove.

"Wish number two?" inquired the glove.

"Yes," started the boy. "I wish my mother had the newest car."

Right on cue, replacing the mother's old, barely working 1962 Volkswagen was a great new Toyota.

"Surely she will now give me rides to school and I will never have to walk again," thought the boy.

The next day came. "So Mom, now that you've got a new car, you can give me a ride to school," said the boy slickly.

"Oh honey, walking is so good for your body. You should still walk," said the mother.

The boy was rendered speechless by this remark.

"Why are none of my attempts benefiting me when I set them up so well?" pondered the boy. "What else can I do? Hmmmm..."

Once again, glove on. "Three wishes left," informed the glove.

"Yeah. I wish my friend had one of those cool new bikes," wished the boy, who had no bike of his own.

Poof! His friend had a brand new bike.

"Surely he'll give me his older, but still way-cool bike," figured the boy. He then paid his friend a visit.

"Nice new bike," commented the boy. "What' cha doin' with your old bike?"

"Oh, I sold it to buy some real cool accessories for this one, why?"

"...No reason," said the boy weakly with the breath he had left after hearing his friend's response.

The boy thought, and thought some more. "What can I do for someone else that can help me?" pondered the boy. "OF COURSE!" exclaimed the boy who suddenly quieted down after he realized how loud he's just been. "If my teacher..." he continued, then raced for the glove.

"Nice to see you again," stated the glove.

"I wish my teacher had enough candy bars for my whole class."

On the teacher's desk appeared twenty-six candy bars.

The next day the boy walked to school and the teacher announced, "Class, I'd like to thank the candy bar-giver," began the teacher. "They were great donations to the food pantry for our food drive that I was just going to tell you about today. However you knew ahead of time, thank you."

A loud crash followed this announcement. The noise happened to be the boy's chair falling over backwards.

"Why didn't I see that coming," thought the boy.

After school, and for the final time, the boy slipped on the glove.

"I can't win with you," said the boy to the glove.

"It would seem so, wouldn't it?" replied the glove.

"Since nothing's working for me...I guess I'll let that homeless man down the street have whatever he wants as my final wish," wished the boy.

"Okay, bye!" said the glove.

At that, the glove disappeared and reappeared by the homeless man. The man picked up the glove and put it on.

"Hello," it said. "I am the magic wishing glove and you may have anything you desire."

"I want a home and a family to love," said the man.

"You're in luck!" said the glove. "I know a great family in need of a husband and father."

And so the man was teleported to the front door of the boy's house, with no glove.

The man and the boy's widowed mother met each other, fell in love and got married. Now the boy and his sister had a father who loved them.

After all of this, the boy learned that acts of selflessness done out of pure kindness, with no intention of benefiting oneself, often bring the greatest rewards.

So, everybody lived happily ever after. As for the glove, nobody's really sure what happened to it. As for you, if you ever see a single, black leather glove lying on the ground, pick it up and put it on. It might be the magic wishing glove.



Meet the First Boy of the United States

by Zoomzoom4

In June 2015, very few people had heard of Barron Trump. But when his father announced at that time that he was starting a campaign to be President, young Barron could have never imagined how much his life was about to change.

As his dad began winning elections throughout the campaign season, many took note of the fact that Barron could possibly be the first young boy to live in the White House for over 50 years.

During the election and after, Donald Trump very readily appointed his family to key positions in Washington D.C., while his 10-year-old son in New York was far away from it all.

Yet Barron has, from the beginning, drawn a great deal of interest from the public and the media. The fifth-grader is not working in the administration like some of his adult siblings, of course. But the President likes to proudly feature the boy at many stage events and ceremonies.

During the most important public events, he has had Barron right at his side. When he won on election night, Barron was right there on stage with only Mike Pence standing between him and his father. Barron was mentioned several times in Donald's speech, informally at first as the President-elect had just been rushed onto the podium and was leading up to his speech, and then during the actual speech.

Even more significantly was the swearing-in ceremony on Inauguration Day. As Donald took the oath of office, his entire family was lined up next to him. His wife Melania at his left, with all five sons and daughters in a line leading up to the podium to where she was standing with Donald.

The very first one in line, right there standing literally behind the Presidential podium with the official seal, as close as one can get to the center of it all, was Barron. All of the other Trump offspring were standing behind their 10-year-old brother.

When his father moved into the White House at the beginning of 2017, the arrangement was made so that Barron would be staying in New York City. This was for him to finish the school year first and then move to Washington in the summer. That was talked about in the media, among other things about him, such as how he had a whole floor to himself near the top of a 58-story skyscraper in Manhattan.

There seems to have been all along a certain magnetism about Barron Trump. Here is a tween boy who, while living the most extraordinary life, seems so ordinary. A boy who, while always being low key, always seems to have the media and the public interested.

A good example of that was in June, when Barron finally moved into the White House. He had just arrived and was walking across the lawn with his parents as flashbulbs were going off. The media attention was increased by the simplest of things. "He was wearing a funny T-shirt and playing with a fidget spinner!" they enthused.

Sure enough, his shirt was the talk of social media, and columnists nation-wide were speculating about "Barron Trump, America's new trend-setter" and calling him a fashion icon. He was wearing a T-shirt that said "The Expert" on the front.

This also led to humorous talk about Barron's role in the



emerys2017

White House.

White House staffer: "Mr. President, what should we do about ISIS?"

President: "Don't worry, I've called in The Expert."

The seller of the shirt, J. Crew, even reported that after social media went ablaze over Barron's shirt, "The Expert" shirts quickly sold out and were no longer available.

As young Barron settles into life at the White House, he's finding out quickly what it means to be a celebrity. Just two years ago he was a virtual unknown, now practically everything the 11-year-old boy does gets public attention.

To be fair, much of the interest is based on the novelty of having a young boy in the White House, but the driving factor behind Barron's newfound stardom is Barron himself. He has an air of mystique that many find alluring, and a persona that many find attractive.

As he settles in to life at the White House, and in the spotlight, we hope that Barron's life remains as normal as possible. Yet there will no doubt be many more news stories focused on what he does, which charmingly is just living the life of a boy.

A boy who happens to be First Boy of the United States.

Current Status of BLS

by Baby Bear

Recently some things have been happening behind the scenes that I think are important for us boylovers to be aware of.

There is a silent revolution bubbling under the surface, as we have recently seen other oppressed minorities pushing harder to gain legitimate status. Of these, it is polygamists and pedophiles who have been most scorned.

Gay-rights advocates have reacted strongly against being associated with boylovers in any way, taking great pains to distance themselves. Gay men have always widely proclaimed the acceptability of man/man relations while eagerly joining in the chorus condemning man/boy relationships.

Psychiatrists are now increasingly willing to advocate for redefining pedophilia in the same way homosexuality was redefined several years ago. In 1973, the APA (American Psychiatric Association) removed homosexuality from its list of mental disorders.

A group of psychiatrists with B4U-Act recently held a symposium proposing a new definition of pedophilia in the DSM. B4U-Act uses the term MAP, or minor attracted people, to refer to pedophiles.

According to their website, the group's purpose is to help mental health professionals learn and understand more

about adult sexual attraction to minors. They urge people in the field to consider the effects of stereotyping, and how the stigma and fear negatively influences the situation for MAPs.

In 1998, the APA issued a report claiming that the potential for negative effects of adult/child sex was overstated. It further stated that the vast majority of both men and women who, as children, participated in sexual activity with an adult, reported no problems either mental or physical as a result of their experiences.

Pedophilia has already been granted a protected status by the U.S. federal government. How so? By the Matthew Shepard & James Byrd Jr Hate Crimes Prevention Act. It lists "sexual orientation" as a protected class.

Republicans attempted to add an amendment specifying that pedophilia is not covered as an orientation, but the amendment was defeated by the democrats, stating that all alternative sexual lifestyles should be protected under the law.

Focused on hate crimes against sexual minorities, the bill addresses the effort to end violence based on prejudice. Ideally it would guarantee that all Americans, regardless of race, color, religion, gender, sexual orientation, or gender identity, would not have to live in fear because of who they are. It would also apply to all isms, philiias and fetishes that were put forward.

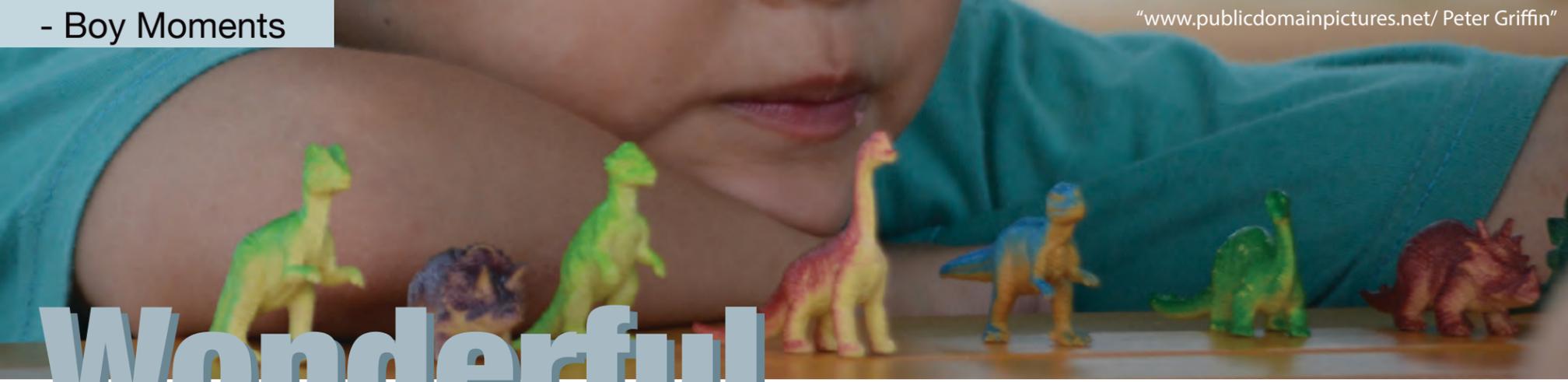
Earlier this year two psychologists in Canada declared pedophilia to be a sexual orientation, just like heterosexuality or homosexuality.

In July 2010, the publication Harvard Health stated that pedophilia is an actual orientation, and very unlikely to change in a person. Also, it said the "treatment" available is geared only to helping MAPs resist living out their desires, but does nothing to help with any other part of being a MAP.

Sex offender laws have been challenged in several states including Georgia, California and Iowa, claiming that it's unfair to penalize someone for life, especially children and teens.

In all, I see a new dawn on the horizon for boylovers. The push is getting stronger, especially with LGBT rights now being mainstream. I think it's only a matter of time before we can live openly as boylovers, and still be treated just like everyone else.





Wonderful Moments with Albert

by *Drako*

Albert is the kid I like more in the classroom, and thank goodness he super loves me! He always wants to be next to me, playing with me.

When I got there, Albert approached to me (apparently he arrived earlier. He was alone in the classroom) and took my hand. He said "Yay you're finally here!" and he got me into the classroom with his little hand on mine. That felt kinda rare, with everybody watching me, but I didn't care and I kept holding his hand till we got inside... and I closed the door!

We were all alone and there were two big boxes of toys. Toys everywhere! And little Albert asked me, "Can I see them?" with a little giggle on his face.

I said "Yes, you can!"

He started looking at some little toys and Legos, then he grabbed a little car and told me face to face, "Can I stay with this toy?"

I felt tenderness, and I smiled to him as I told him, "Of course you can, I don't mind."

His little face was like "oh really? you're serious?" Hahaha. He probably thought I was going to tell him no or something. He asked me "Is that okay? They would not scold you?"

Yeah, the toys weren't mine, but I didn't care. I would never say no to a such little sweetheart. I told him that it was only between he and I and that he is very special to me, then I caressed his hair and he smiled at me.

I told him that he could play in the table with the Legos, so he did. He sat in the chair and he started to play with the Legos. He asked me what I wanted him to build. He built a building, a house, a helicopter, a gun, and a bridge! All of what I told him to do, he did! I even sat next to him and we built stuff together! We talked, and laughed, together. We were having a great time all alone.

I unpacked my cookies, and in the first bite of the first cookie he looks at me and asks, "Can you give me a cookie?"

"LOL, you wanna a cookie ah?" I told him. "Come here with me." He stood up and I immediately sat him on my leg and gave him his cookies. He told me that he was hungry as he didn't eat anything at his home because there was no food there. I wrapped my arm around his waist like pushing him against me.

I hugged him tightly. My nose was right in front of his neck, and I sniffed as much as I could of that kiddie smell from his skin and fresh hair. Wow... that felt so nice. I can't even describe how much.

After many minutes of hugs, caresses, and even a little kiss

on his dirty blonde hair, he asked me if he could play Pokémon Go on my cell phone. I let him, but when he tried to play it the game asked for a Google account. He asked me what to do, so I told him "If you don't have an account you can make one on my phone," and then I guided him in the process.

Here's the adorable moment. One of the options was the word "sex" and Albert told me, with all his innocence, "that word is bad." OMG! I was melted in tenderness!

I said "Hahaha noo, it means If you're a boy or a girl."

He was like "Ah".

Then in other question it asked for his birthday date. He asked me If he could write a fake one because he didn't want them to know he was a kid. I said, "Hahaha, okay," and he selected a year too old that it was impossible for that person to be alive in 2017.

I told him, "Alright, select 1995," the year I was born. Awww, he looked so cute thinking in his password. He asked me to tell him what to write. I was like "I dunno, it's your password buddy. It's supposed that you are the only one who have to know It. and It must be secret."

He was so nervous! He didn't know what to write! He asked me to help him. Well, I created him a password that said like this: (Albertthecuteboy#1). I was scared when he read it, waiting for a bad reaction from him. Thank God he only laughed and yelled "I'm Albert the sexy boy!!" While he was making sexy and provocative poses.

I was like "shhh stop It. I don't want anyone to hear you." Well after all he started to play the game he wanted at first place.

Then with the other kids, he had to draw a drawing. I was still talking to him while he was drawing. He did a great job. I think he put in effort on his drawing because I was there watching him.

Finally, when he finished, he said, "Do you like it Drako?"

I told him, "wow Albert... It's really nice your drawing."

After that we kept playing with a little ball. It was like football Albert and I VS the other boys. He was so excited. It was really funny because Albert is a very crazy and energetic little boy who was running and wrestling in the floor with me and with the other boys like crazy. I ended up playing like a kid with a bunch of boys in the floor fighting for the ball. Tickling them and wrestling with them.

Well, I ended up all sweaty and dishevelled so imagine the fun.

Unfortunately, Albert hit his forehead too hard with the edge of the table from being too naughty! He didn't cry but it left a little wound. I asked him If he was alright. He was about to cry but I caressed him and hugged him to prevent it. He said that it hurt, so then I took him to the boys' bathroom to wash his forehead. I sat him in the sink while I cured him. He said that I was "so good to him," then I just told him to go back to the classroom with the other kids.

Albert is the best!



Interview with: Nigel

by Lil Monster

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NIGEL: Here it is.

LIL MONSTER: Here what is.

NIGEL: The room.

LM: Yea it's a good room but the rent is extortion. So how long have you been invisible?

NIGEL: I've been invisible for about 8 months then decided to be online. Or if we're talking about the avatar, I was practically born invisible and have to wear clothes just so people can see me, although it does have some advantages... hehe

LM: Oh what sort of advantages?

NIGEL: Sneaking around places like schools, stores... etc. hehehe, and not being able to be found, also it's fun acting like a ghost to scare people.

LM: Lol they pull the sheet off and nobody there.

NIGEL: Exactly, their reactions are priceless haha.

LM: So if you were going to have a movie made about your life which actor would you choose to play your YF?

NIGEL: That's a good question, there's so many to choose from.

LM: I know.

NIGEL: Hmmmmm... After giving it some thought, I would have to go with Jack Stanton, he's in The Mick TV show/series.

LM: Brb 5 mins

NIGEL: k

LM: Back. Wow just looked him up. Cute.

What would you say is your all-time greatest BL interest T.V. show?

NIGEL: Hmmmm... It's a tie between Girl Meets World and The Mick but since they are still making more seasons of the Mick I would have to go with that :) both good shows hehe. Auggie wore sleepers a lot... guess I really like sleepers (pyjamas).

LM: Is that what they call pyjamas there? Ok here is the question on everyone's lips, what is your AoA?

NIGEL: Yea they call pyjamas that here. Sometimes they also call the PJs for short hehe. My AoA is from 1 - 5 mostly, with some a little older being 6 - 7.

LM: So you are an LBL?

NIGEL: Yea LBL.

LM: That's cool. I just put some music on and it came on really loud lol.

NIGEL: Lol.

LM: So how long have you been in the BL online community?

NIGEL: I have been in the community for around a year and a half getting closer to two years.

LM: Your getting pretty old then lol.

NIGEL: hehe

LM: Lol. What's the lifespan of the wild Atlantic BL?

NIGEL: 50 years?

LM: Give or take 45.

NIGEL: Take.

LM: Do you think the age of consent is too low?

NIGEL: I think the AoC is at a good place

LM: That's interesting, you're the first person I have talked to that has said that.

NIGEL: Hehe really?

LM: I mean in the interviews yes. Of course I have spoken personally to guys (and girls) who believe it's in a good place. Is it ok to ask what the AoC is in your region?

NIGEL: I would have to google it to make sure I know what it is lol.

LM: Lol I guess it's not necessary to know if you're an exclusive BL. How old were you when you realised you liked boys?

NIGEL: True. I was around 10 when I really noticed I liked boys, but I think I knew before then just didn't put too much thought into it before then.

LM: I was a bit older when I first realised but I remember having feeling towards boys from a young age. So you like computer and technology?

NIGEL: Yes, computers and technology are great.

LM: I know you can build bots and do wizardry like that. I got a Commodore vic 20, can you bring it up to 2017 spec for me? I will make it worth your while.

NIGEL: Sure if it's possible. Might just take out all the old parts and build a new one inside the shell of it.

LM: Lol I wasn't expecting a serious answer. That thing is like 40-years-old. Was that your favourite subject at school?

NIGEL: Yeah, and my best subject too!!

LM: Were you good at sport?

NIGEL: No, I was always picked last too in gym class.

LM: Me too.

NIGEL: It's nice to have things in common.

LM: I know. I bet we both got big penises two right?

NIGEL: Mines not that big.

LM: Nor mine.

NIGEL: Hehe

LM: Should we leave this bit out of the interview lol.

NIGEL: Probably lol.

LM: I could edit in "yea mine's like 9" "oh mine's 9.25".

Lol ok back to the interview. I'm... where was I? Oh yea, so I bet all the ones who didn't pick you first work in McDonald's now.

NIGEL: Some are gym trainers hehe, but last time I checked Facebook couple of them were working at McDonald's.

LM: So do you have any fetishes?

NIGEL: Yea, diapers, pacifiers, bottles, and urine hehe

LM: Oh what's your favourite? I have to say I always had a pee fetish myself.

NIGEL: It is hard to pick a favorite they are all pretty good. But, I could think about it some more to see if I can decide.

LM: Do you own bottles and pacifier and or do you wear diapers?

NIGEL: I have used bottles and pacis before but haven't went and bought any recently, although I still do wear diapers.

LM: I have asked this question before in another interview but, do you um go to the toilet I'm the diaper.

NIGEL: Yes hehe.

LM: Who changes you?

NIGEL: I do that later haha when I feel like being an adult again.

LM: That's awesome seems quite immersive.

NIGEL: Yeah.

LM: Got image in my head of you with rattle and pacifier watching Teletubbies. Do you have Teletubbies there?

NIGEL: Hehe, I think they might still play it on TV sometime I've definitely see Teletubbies before.

LM: Do you enjoy children's television?

NIGEL: Yes!!! They have the best shows.

LM: Thundercats. "Why do you sound like a kind of kitchen flooring lino?"

NIGEL: Remember watching Thundercats too.

LM: Do you ever drink your whiskey from a baby bottle?

NIGEL: I actually haven't ever been drunk before.

LM: That's not the first time a BL has said that to me. It seems that there are quite a few who have never drank. And also there are a fair few alcoholics (I was one).

NIGEL: Sorry to hear that, hope you're okay now.

LM: Oh yes thanks for asking my friend I'm doing fine now.

NIGEL: That's good to hear.

LM: So Nigel, is there any final words of wisdom or advice you would like to share with your fellow BLs?

NIGEL: Just to live one day at a time cause thinking about the future can be scary/worrisome and the less stressed out we are the happier we'll be.

LM: Nice I like that. It's been great to talk to you my friend and I hope the reader enjoys it as much as I did.

NIGEL: Great talking with you too! Later.

LM: Later.



Eisa: That Boy in the Alley Chapter One

by False Alias

Preword

This is not a real story. This is entirely fictional, despite how real the words of this story might sound. Eisa is a boy of make-believe, as is the story itself and all events within. References to real world events or places are coincidental, as this entire story takes place in a world that is not Earth. I call it Saiia, but you can call it what you want.

Chapter 1 - That boy in the alley

I can't tell you when he arrived, because honestly I don't really remember. I saw him in passing the first two times, in a little alley between the shop and the café I used to regularly visit, and never took note of the date or time. The first time I noticed him, his size taught me that he was fending for himself. He was small. It was difficult, seeing him like that.

The second time was three days later. He looked the same but his clothes were more torn. His red-buttoned shirt was stained with bits of food, like last time, except the arms had holes in them now. His trousers looked less like trousers this time. They were torn at the bottom, black frayed fibres spitting down from the tear and a diagonal rip running from the bottom of the trouser to quarter of the way up his lower leg.

The third, about a week after the last time I seen him, I couldn't do nothing. You would think anyone would've forgotten this little boy on the side, hiding himself away, but I didn't. I went into the café, for the first time in several months, and ordered some food for him. Of course I did order me some, but I know I would not eat it all. He needed it far more, and it was showing. I carried the food out and stood by the alley, waiting for him. I ignored all the people buzzing past left and right.

I think he could tell that I was there. He slowly appeared out from the back, and moved very slowly towards me before stopping about 12 yards away. Each time I passed by before I had nothing for him so he receded into the alley pretty quickly. This was my first real look at him. Every other time was a passing glance, or by the time I spotted him he was too far into the shade.

This, of course, brings us to now. This boy looks young, I'd say around 9. He's about 4ft 5, with thick brown hair and eyes a unique shade of blue I've never seen in someone's eyes before. I suppose this is why I decided to call him Eisa in my head. Those eyes were captivating, and for a moment I almost lost myself in them. He is on the thin side, but I could see his body betrays the hunger he actually has.

While I had my moment staring at his eyes I couldn't help but notice he was staring at the food in my hands. Like my thought with his ears, I think his nose adapted to how different things smell at different ranges. He has been living

rough for a long time before I ever noticed him. Maybe he has only just arrived here.

"Hey," I call out to him quietly. Quiet, yes, but not too quiet so that he wouldn't hear me. It took him a while to recognise that someone said something to him. His reaction was a bit delayed.

"Hi," he whispers back. His voice is weak, but not that weak that he couldn't use it. It almost sounded like whimpering, but it wasn't that. Maybe he is in pain.

"I ... uhh, I have something for you," I tell him quietly. I gesture my head towards the food I'm holding. He follows, but doesn't respond. I give him a few moments. "Do you want it?"

"Yes sir," he replies, almost instantly. "I do." Weak voiced, but well mannered. I came here knowing I'd give it him, but I didn't think he would be like this.

"I'm going to put it down a few steps in front of me, and then I'm going to stand back here, okay?" I learned a long time ago that you tell them what you're going to do before you do it. The rule applies to any scared person, and this boy is very scared. He has been for days.

"Okay." He says to me. I take this as a confirmation that he's ready for me to do it too, so I slowly move forward and downwards at the same time. I keep watch of him, and in moving forward I notice he both moves backwards a little and lifts his body with his feet, presumably to try get a higher angle.

I set the two plates down gently on a bit of flat ground around half way between me and him, and move back to where I was just as slowly. We stand looking at each other for a moment. He's looking over me up and down, but I can't tell what he's looking for.

He returns his focus to the food and moves slowly towards it. As he gets closer the emotions of him become clearer. The only one I can pick up on so strongly is his fear. In his eyes you can see it, telling him not to do it despite his forward movements. You can see it in his movements as he moves his legs slowly forwards, and in his hands as they shake quietly within their space by his side.

It isn't much more than a minute later when he arrives at the plates. All throughout his slow paced arrival his eyes were flicking back and forth between me and the food he was heading towards. He wastes no time taking both of the plates, and once he has them he quickly goes back into the depths of this alley. I lose sight of him in the shadows cast by the buildings on either side.

I had hoped that he would stay and eat it there, but the fear he has spoke for itself. I stay for another minute hoping he'll come back, but he doesn't. I leave soon after this, knowing that he is more than likely eating what I have given

him. I feel some sense of “good” in that. I have done something good for someone who needs it.

Even as I arrive home several hours later I’m still thinking about him. His size, his eyes, the way his voice whispered, the way his thick hair looked uncared for. It’s not easy seeing him so frail looking. I’ve got involved now though. I can’t just stop here. Maybe I’m the first person he’s ever had be nice to him, or maybe he ran away a while ago from wherever he used to be.

Come my bed time I was thinking still of him, of Eisa as I had now called him. I don’t know his name, but I won’t just call him “That boy in the alley.” That isn’t a name. It could refer to any boy in any alley. Eisa, that’s what I call him. I want to know what his name is, and where he came from, but those things are not likely to ever become part of my knowledge. At least I have this experience, of doing good for someone who needed it, who still needs it.

The following day I begin the same morning I did yesterday, with my walk to work taking me through the same areas like they always did. This was the first time I had seen him two days sequentially. I noticed him peering around the corner, something he never did before, as I got closer to that particular alley.

As I got closer he disappeared and went back into what I assume is his comfort zone. I stop just by the alley corner which he was peering around, and I poke my head around so I can see if he’s there. Sure enough, he is, but back further than where he was the last time we were here. I notice something else, though. Both of the plates, which I assumed would never be returned, were on the floor where I put them before he took them yesterday. Both were clear, empty, but obviously not washed.

He looks at me, then the plates, then me again. “Yours,” he says, quietly like yesterday. Even in the desperation of hunger and malnutrition he has the manners and respect to return things to the people who give them.

“Can I take them?” I ask him. I know he’s still scared. After seeing him as close up as yesterday, reading his emotions became a bit easier. The only one I recognise from this distance is fear but that’s because it is the only one I have seen.

He nods, and moves backwards slightly. I move to the plates in the same fashion I did when I set them down, and I take them both. “I will be back,” I tell him, as I move backwards and out of the alley. I don’t know how thankful he was for yesterday, but he is here today and I have the money to spare to do again today, what I did yesterday. He needs this.

I order the same. “Decided you like us again?” one of the chefs asks me cheerfully, as I place my order for the same food, with a drink of spring water this time.

“Nah, just a project and I need the energy,” I lie to him, in that sort of joking office-joke type tone.

“Yeah yeah, Clyde, ‘project’ work,” he replies, chuckling to himself.

“Hey, some of these jobs are getting heavy now.”

“Yeah?”

“Yep. These cranes are keeping up with the job though.”

“Oh, so that’s what you do!”

“Always loved the views from up there, thought I told you once upon a time. That tower you can see out the window behind me is gonna be beautiful one day. You’ll love it.”

“I sure will, with you on the controls. Anyway, here it is.”

I take the tray of plates and drink from the chef. “Thanks muchly, ta ta!”

“Ta ta!” he chirps back as I exit the building.

I make my left turn back to the alley, and then turn left again to go into it. At first I can’t tell whether he’s still there, but deeper in I see Eisa slowly walking forwards.

“I have more for you,” I tell him, lifting the tray I was given. This time I got him a drink too, figuring he would need it.

He nods, and moves a bit towards the one wall of the alley. I’ve never noticed how narrow the alley is. Two people can pass side by side but it would be a bit of a squeeze. Two children could, easily, but adults have a tendency to be wider than children.

I take his movement as a hint that I should set the plates down somewhere around where I did yesterday. I notice a stone I seen out the corner of my eye when I set them down yesterday, and decide that’ll be a good marker for setting down. I move towards it, like yesterday, and set the tray holding both plates and drink on the floor, making sure it stays even on the bumpy ground we’re on. I don’t want to spill the drink.

I move back, except this time as I move backwards he moves forwards. Like yesterday, he keeps his eyes flicking between me and the products set in front of him. His steps are less fearful, but I can still see fear in him.

He arrives as I find myself back where I stood a moment ago, and picks up the tray. He raises it to about his stomach, holding it as stable as he can, and looks up at me. “Thank you,” he says, and then turns around and retreats back into the shadows of the alley.

I stay stood where I am for a second, and then I allow myself to rest for a moment on the alley wall. How afraid is he? For a second visit to give him food, this is good I guess. He is not as afraid of me as he was yesterday, but only very slightly. There is still a lot I have to learn about this boy, if I want to keep doing this. I’ll be amazed if no one sees him, because I noticed him and it’s hard not to see him with the eyes he has.

I decide while at work that I should contact someone about him, see what they can do. Unfortunately, work isn’t the place to be on the phone so I’m left waiting until I’m at home to do it. I can’t help but think of what he could be going through out there in the wilderness of society. How did he get there? Who’s let him stay there for so long?

Arriving home at 9 PM was a relief I could not describe. The closing time for the hotline was 10 PM, and there was a near-miss incident at work which could’ve resulted in being forced to stay an extra four hours if it wasn’t for my colleagues’ quick thinking.

I call up the hotline a minute after I get in, and shortly later someone there picks up.

“Hello, hotline for Social Help Services, how can I help you?” a woman answers. She sounds bored, is this really what calling SHS is like these days?

“Hi, I recently found a boy near the Ceres Café in Helmisteim. Is there anything we can do to help him?”

“Is he in immediate danger?” she asks.

“Well, I’m not exactly with him right now. I think he lives in the alley between that café and the shop right next to it. He’s really not in good shape ... It’s painful seeing him like he is ...”

"What can you tell me about him?" she asks, still sounding bored. Does she even care?

"I think he is nine, he has brown hair, he has blue eyes ... he wears a white shirt with red buttons down the middle."

"Do you know if he's hurt?"

"I don't know. I don't think he is."

"What do you want us to do about it?"

"Find him somewhere to stay, and get him into the home of somewhere safe and caring," I tell her, getting a bit angry. How much disinterest can anyone show?

"We don't offer housing services to homeless people."

"He's a nine-year-old boy! He's starving!" Did she really just say that? He's not JUST a homeless person! He's a boy, he needs a home.

"And he is not our problem. He has parents, he is their responsibility. I'm sorry, but there's nothing we can do." And she still sounds bored ...

"I should hope you're ashamed of yourself for not trying to even offer any assistance. Bye." I hang up, shoving the phone back into its place on the wall.

I've heard decisions made in anger are usually bad ones, but regardless I decide I will commit myself to helping him the best way I can, whatever that may be. I suppose I start by offering him food when I see him in that alley of his. I should call that alley Eisa Alley. Food is the least I can do to help him, for now anyway. I'll fix this. He needs this.



Respecting Children

by BL in Black

At a simple grass-roots level, society doesn't care about children. Rather, it tends to treat them as second-class citizens, with no rights, and as property of adults. Any media propaganda which tends to suggest it cares about children is shallow and with quick examination is clear that it has ulterior motives. Wouldn't it just be so much better if children felt they could trust adults? Wouldn't it be so much more helpful for children and for society as a whole if they were more able to find comfort in adult support and mentorship, safe in the knowledge that their rights as a human being were genuinely respected and that they were not seen as some second-class citizen?

We live in a cruel, materialistic world full of contradictions. Society does its best to pretend they care about children, and yet millions of children die from poverty, war, disease and starvation and it does nothing to protect them. And yet when it suits, in the name of media profits and promoting self-centered moralistic agendas, we are taught to believe that society has the best interest of children at heart. Who do they think they're kidding?

In today's western society, even as children get older and into early adulthood, they feel alienated as if society doesn't care. As with one example, we allow them to train to get killed in a war at 18 or even younger, but they can't have a drink of alcohol until 21. The insane irrationality which allows such legal policies to come in place truly reflects, in my opinion, the level of indifference and callousness society has towards the respect of their rights and development.

We live in a world where I believe so many of the rules governing it are made out of selfishness with no consideration for large groups in society, including children. All out of thinly-disguised crusades in the name of protecting children, society has ended up with policies which repress children sexually, charge them as adults, and put them on sex offender registers. This is not a case of a set of policies developed through fair and considered process - this is the result of a witch-hunt, self-righteous mob mentality. There is nothing honorable or noble about putting one's own selfish moralistic agenda ahead of honest consideration for the well-being of our younger generation.

In many ways, I've found that today's modern adult society glorifies sex on so many levels, yet simultaneously denies children to experience these same pleasures adults take for granted. We must not underestimate the damage this does to our children, in terms of not allowing them to experience the natural pleasures of their sexuality. If we truly want our children to trust us and take us seriously, we need to acknowledge how such horrific discriminations make them feel, and take a good look at ourselves as adults to recognize how neglectful we are being of their basic human rights. Just in the same ways that gays, blacks and women faced discrimination, children continue to face

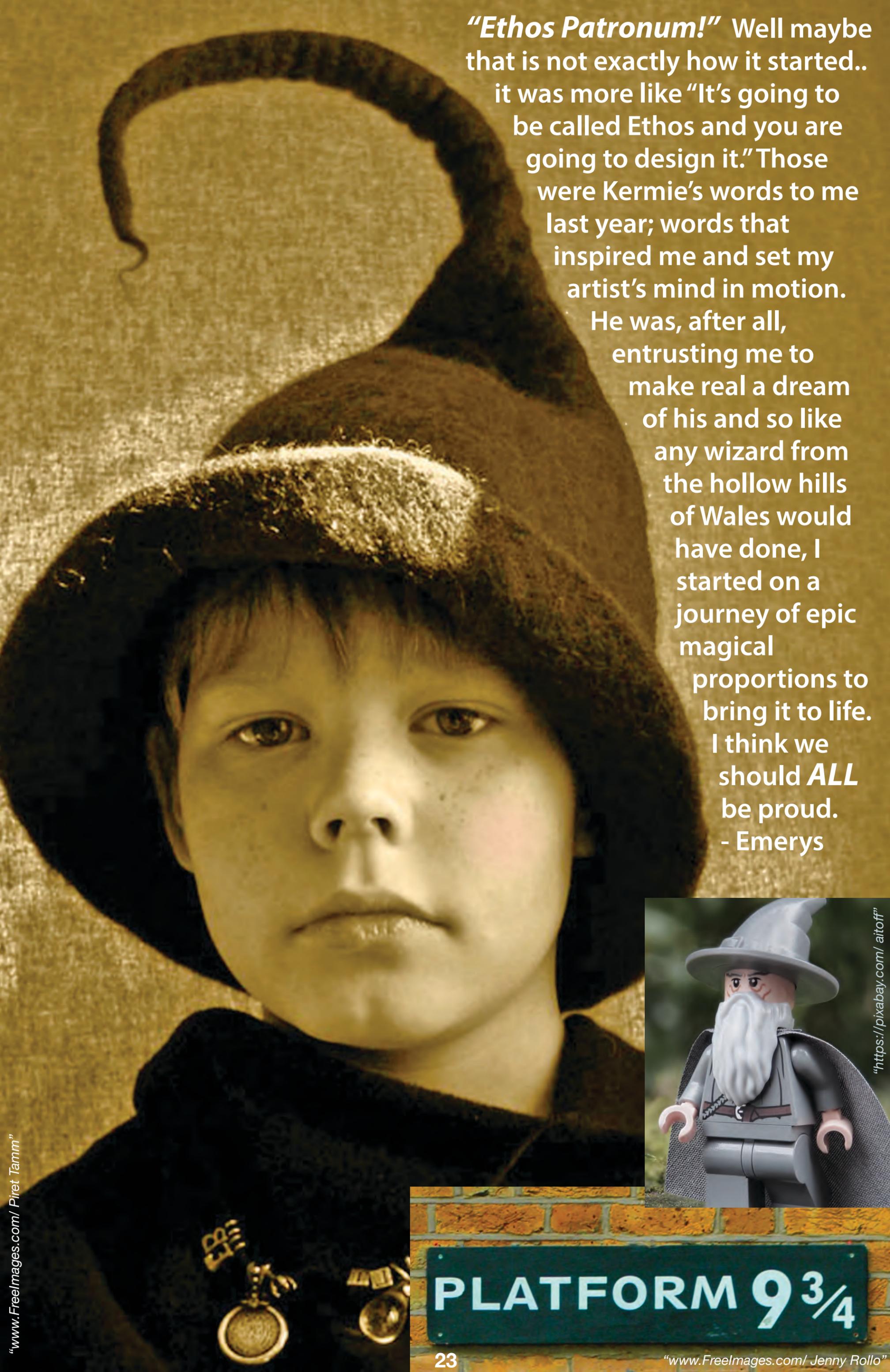


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persecution and discrimination in today's modern age on an untold and massive scale.

Ironically, I feel that it's minor-attracted persons who, of all people, are the ones who can provide a solution to this. While the rest of the adult world seems cold and uncaring, the pedophile population are the ones who seem to genuinely care about children, and are able to find time for them. We need to recognize our good qualities, and that we really do have a positive contribution to offer. We need to play our part to level ourselves with a child and take time to honestly understand their basic needs, and give them the honest love, respect and understanding they deserve.

“Ethos Patronum!” Well maybe that is not exactly how it started.. it was more like “It’s going to be called Ethos and you are going to design it.” Those were Kermie’s words to me last year; words that inspired me and set my artist’s mind in motion. He was, after all, entrusting me to make real a dream of his and so like any wizard from the hollow hills of Wales would have done, I started on a journey of epic magical proportions to bring it to life. I think we should **ALL** be proud.
- Emerys



PLATFORM 9³/₄

Ethos Memories

by BL in Black

My life as a boylover, like many other boylovers, has been challenging. It has been full of confusion, frustration, anxiety and alienation in a world that doesn't make sense. Throughout my life I have particularly found it difficult knowing that for most people like me, there has been no support or help available. The result for me personally has therefore been to develop mentally on a parallel level to the rest of society, and try my best to adopt beliefs that attempt to make sense of the world around me.

This is why I am very proud of being able to get to where I am today, having found the BL community as a vital support network, along with Ethos. For me, writing Ethos articles has meant I have finally had an ability to process my thoughts and concerns that have been bubbling below the surface for years, and put them into perspective. I like sharing ideas, and finding other people who are on the same page as me regarding my concerns. To be finally able to air these ideas and concerns is my way of making peace with the world around me, defying the odds and finding some sanity as a boylover.

I remember my very first submission to Ethos. It was a poem about lighting a blue candle on International Boylove Day (IBLD), for the BLs who are suffering in this world.

This idea is central to the way I think we should function at a community. We need to find strength, become well-organized, and work at ways we can go against the odds to find peace in this world. We need creative minds, to introduce us to new ways of thinking and developing, so that we can achieve new goals. Above all, we must be resilient, open-minded and forward-thinking as we look to make our community a place which can make a real difference in people's lives.

I am very pleased to observe how Ethos is so well-structured with such hardworking staff who can all work together to make this possible.



Michael and Carson's Family Struggle

by Wolfrunner

Mmmmmphhh ... mmrrrrr..." Carson stretches his thin frame.

He lays in bed for a minute, then gets up to change out of his wet diaper to put on some briefs and shorts. He goes to the kitchen where Michael is fixing pancakes and bacon.

He walks into the kitchen, and walks up behind Michael. He wraps his arms around his waist. "Morning, Daddy!"

"Good morning, my little boy!" Michael turns and gives Carson a hug and tells him to have a seat. He needs to talk to him. Carson sits down and Michael hands him the boys' profiles.

Carson reads them and looks at Michael. He asks if they are coming here. Michael says yes, and then asks what he thinks about it. Carson tells him everyone deserves a chance, and maybe if Simon had friends and some love he would turn around. Michael ruffles Carson's hair and says he hopes he's right.

Carson finishes his breakfast and goes to take a shower. While Carson is in the shower Matthew comes into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Matthew."

Matthew replies with, "Morning, sir. Where's Carson?"

"He's in the shower. You want some pancakes?"

Matthew's eyes go wide. He excitedly says, "Yummy! Yes please!"

"Okay, have a seat. I need to talk to you." Matthew sits at the table.

Michael explains about the new boys coming to the house. Matthew kind of agrees with Carson about Simon, and said he will try to make friends with him. He points out they are the same age.

Carson comes back into the kitchen just as Matthew is finishing his breakfast. They say good morning, then Michael tells Matthew to go take a shower.

A little while later Matthew is done in the shower. He walks into Carson's room, where Carson is on the computer looking up how to care for horses. When Carson sees Matthew, he asks if he wants to go to the stables with him. Matthew says sure.

Carson yells to Michael that he and Matthew are going to the stables. Michael says okay and tells them to behave.

After about 20 minutes in the stable, the boys see a car pull into the driveway. Carson says to Matthew, "That must be Trent and Simon. Let's go to the house."

As the boys come through the mud room and take off their shoes, they hear talking in the living room. They decide to go there.

As they walk in Michael turns and sees them. He calls them over and introduces all of the boys to each other, and to the social worker. Carson and Matthew both shake everyone's hand and then Carson asks Michael if it is okay for them to take the boys to see the house and take their bags to their rooms. Michael, of course, says yes. All four boys grab a bag and Carson leads the way to the boys' room.

Carson asks if they want to share a room. Trent says sure, but Simon looks at him and says "Hell no! I want my own if I have the chance."

Carson looks at Trent. He buries his head in his hands and looks like he is hurt. Carson quickly says, "Hey, Trent, you can have the room right across from mine. How's that?"

Trent looks up at Carson and smiles. "Sure, that would be cool," he says.

Carson looks at Simon and asks him, "What room would he like?"

Simon replies, "Who gives a rat's ass? We won't be here long. It'll be just like all the other places we stay at."

Carson put Simon's bags down and tells him to pick one, then turns to Trent and tells him, "Let's go to your room." They walk away.

In Trent's room, Carson asks, "Is Simon is always a smart-ass?"

Trent says, "Yes, he acts like that all the time."

Carson tells him he won't put up with Simon's shit. Trent says tjat Simon is mean and to watch out for him. Carson tells him will be fine and then asks Trent if he likes the room. Trent says it's the best room he's ever had and thanks Carson for it, who replies with, "Okay, let's get you unpacked and settled."

A few minutes later Michael looks into the room Trent and Carson are in. "Hey guys," he says, "how's it going?"

"Good," Carson answers. "Trent is taking this room and Simon is down the hall."

All of a sudden there's a loud noise from down the hall, and then yelling. Simon runs down the hall looking like he is going to cry. He stares at Michael's son and says, as he points to Matthew, "He pushed me and told me he is the boss of me!"

Matthew tries to say he didn't, but is interrupted by Trent. "No he didn't, Simon! You were the one that said that! You tried to do it at our other house last time!"

Trent looks at Michael and says, "Simon is lying! Matthew didn't do anything. I know better."

Michael looks at Simon and asks if it's true. Simon gives Trent a mean look.

"Okay," Michael says, "everyone to the den now."

They all go into the den and Michael tells the boys to sit.

"Okay. Here it is, and this is the final word. The final time that I'm going to tell you this. Carson is the oldest, and he is my son, so he will be the leader." Trent raises his hand. Michael asks, "Yes Trent, what is it?"

"Well, sir ... I am 13 so I am the oldest."

"Well," says Michael, "You have a point there, but you and your brother just arrived here so Carson will still be the leader. This does not mean he is the boss. I am the boss. He is just a leader. If he is directing someone to do something specific, the order came from me, so do not think of him as a boss." Michael looks at Carson. "Do you understand what I am saying?"

Carson answers, "Yes sir, I do."

"Okay. Well, after you boys unpack and get settled in your rooms you can all go to the barn and stables, and Carson will explain everything that will need to be done, and then we'll assign chores."

Simon looks up and loudly asks, "What do you mean chores?"

Michael says, "You will all have certain things to do around here and I expect them to get done."

Simon looks at Trent and says, "Shit, now we're slaves ..."

Michael tells the boys to go, but holds Simon back. Michael tell Simon to sit Simon then rolls his eyes

Michael starts to talk. "Look, Simon ... this is not a prison. My name is a household, and now there are a number of boys here, and things need to be done so all the boys are going to do their part in making the household run smoothly. I know you have been through a lot and I am here if you need to talk to anyone. You can also talk to Carson, he has been through a lot, and I know he will listen and understand."

Simon looks at Michael and says, "Yeah, thanks, for the offer but I'm fine. Can I go now?"

"Yes, you can go, but I warn you now don't go start any trouble."

Simon starts to walk away and says, "Yeah, okay."

Michael stops him and tells him, "The answer is 'yes sir'."

Simon rolls his eyes and says, "Yes sir" in a snotty way. "May I go now?" Michael nods his head and Simon leaves.

Michael sits in the living room to watch some TV before he has to start dinner. About 15 minutes pass and all of a sudden the back door flies open and there are loud voices. One is saying, "Stop it! Leave me alone!"

Michael gets up and goes to the kitchen to see what is wrong.

It's Carson and Simon. Simon is yelling, "Leave me alone! It was Matthew's fault!"





Amor et intellectus