



My First IBLD

**Best Present
Ever**

**Remembering
Kermie**

Young BLs

**Kindling The
Christmas Spirit**

ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

Contents

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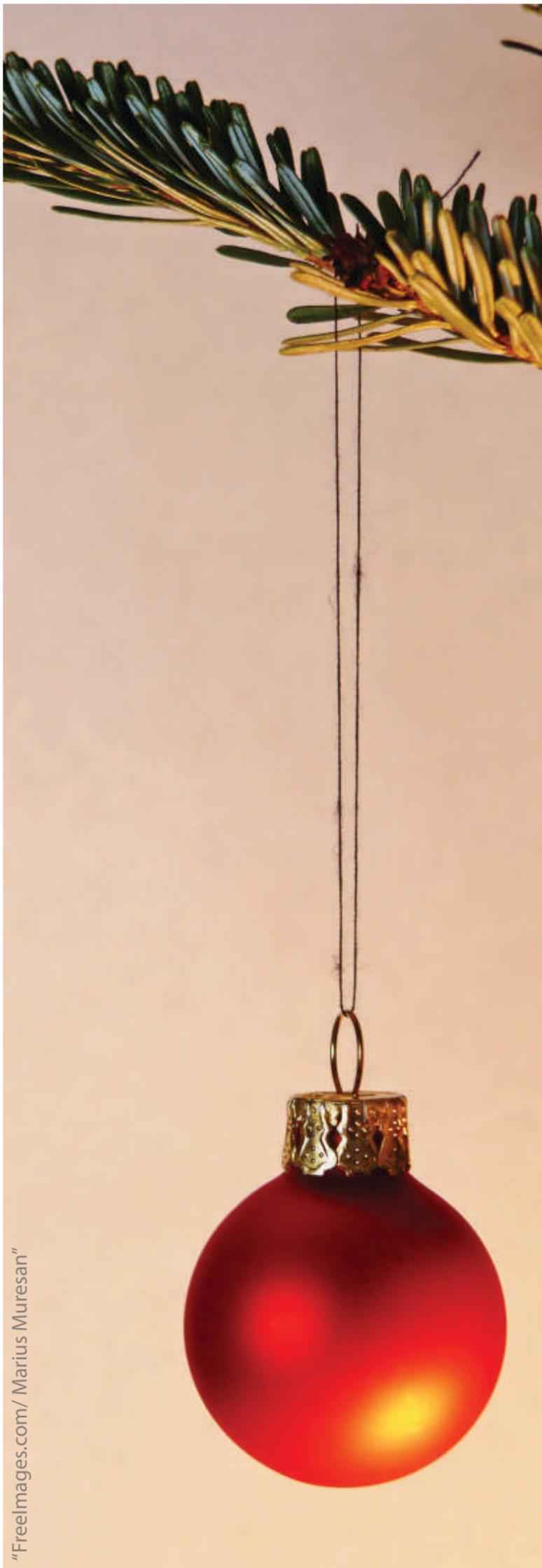
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Director's notations



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Welcome to the second issue of Ethos magazine!

This issue is a landmark in the evolution of the publication. It truly has been a community-wide effort, and is set to be published every three months. Ethos magazine is a success because of not just the people who worked directly on it, but the moral support provided by all. As for those who worked on putting it together, thanks for putting up with me through the days and nights of creating this magazine, piecing it all together, the writing and re-writing, as well as editing and imaging. Thanks for what you do.

This is the most collaborative effort we have had yet for Ethos magazine. Hopefully there is something here for everyone to enjoy, and we thank you all for looking at it.

-Zoomzoom4

Director, Ethos Magazine

My First IBLD

By Zoomzoom4

It was December 23rd, 2000. I will always remember that date. I was 17 years old, and it was the first Saturday after the winter solstice. It was International Boylove Day (IBLD). That date is meaningful to me because it was the first time I had ever made any demonstration of pride in being a boylover.

I appreciated the idea of a calendar holiday being set aside for boylove, and for celebrating the fact that I was a boylover.

Even as a teen, I was a "boylover" by all measures and in every way. I had just put the final piece of the puzzle in place. At 15 I had discovered the online boylove community, and I was able to meet other boylovers and talk about our orientation.

I had an unwavering message of pride, always speaking favorably about boylove, which if anyone asked I'd define as an emotional and physical attraction to young boys. I consider boylove to be something very special and uniquely good, and BL relationships to be the most loving and caring that you'll ever see.

From then on, I wanted to help others see and appreciate the inherent goodness in man/boy friendships. I felt more confidence in the virtue of boylove, knowing that affectionate relationships between men and boys -- in whatever way they may be expressed -- are beneficial to both the man and the boy.

To me, IBLD is a time for reflecting on the meaning of boylove itself. This love is something that we recognize as joyful and fulfilling to both partners, a bonding like no other, desired and sought out by both men and boys. We want to spread the message that man/boy love is real, true love, and should be taken seriously. On IBLD we express faith that one day society will acknowledge the possibility that a man and a boy can fall in love, without dismissing this love as invalid or imaginary.

IBLD is a time for our collective "stream of consciousness" to quietly but forcefully join the consciousness of all humanity, a time when we visualize boylovers being welcomed into the mainstream of thought and culture, and a boylove point of view being present in everyday life. The simple act of lighting a candle for the acceptance of boylove is symbolic. It says you want to help prepare the way for future generations of men and boys who yearn for the freedom to share their love with each other, and without worry or fear of condemnation or persecution for simply enjoying a consensual relationship.

We do acknowledge that we don't have every answer for every question that those outside the BL community may have. Love and attraction are matters of nature and

emotions and feelings. We can not explain why people fall in love. We don't know how to explain the love of a man for a boy, and the love of a boy for a man.

Similarly, people with other attractions probably can not explain their feelings either. What we do know is that, as boylovers, we are comfortable with our feelings and wish to be accepted and respected as human beings. Boylove is a normal sexual orientation just like any other, and we reject wholeheartedly the idea that a man is "sick" or "evil" simply for being attracted to boys.

To me, IBLD is a time of joy and giving thanks. A time to be grateful for boys and the light they bring into our lives. It's when we recognize the good fortune we've had to know and love the boys who have come into our lives.

It is a time to publicly (even if in secret) celebrate those close boymoments and the bonding we have enjoyed with boys. A time to think of the boys who we have loved and the experiences we've shared with those boys.

Just as the sun was an ancient symbol of enlightenment, my candle stands for the truth about boylove, and breaking through the darkness of ignorance and hysteria with the light of that truth.

IBLD is a time to reaffirm my commitment to boylove as an ideal, and to never stop believing that it can be recognized positively, as it should be, and given the respect it deserves.

This is why, back in 2000, I stood there for the first time as a sincere boylover, that night in December, and proudly lit the blue candle. As I will do this year, and as I do every year.



The New Homophobia

By Babybear

I want to talk about our plight as boylovers, and what has been happening over the past 30 years in politics and the media. I've said many times that male homosexuality and boylove are historically intertwined, and that social attitudes towards boylovers stem from anti-gay attitudes. These attitudes have built into mass hysteria against any depiction of boylove in a positive light.

Now let's define hysteria; a hysteria is defined as an irrational fear or moral panic that grips a society. The Salem witch trials are an example. The war against Communism and McCarthyism are other examples. When considering the justifications for an anti-gay attitudes, many don't realize that boys have always been an important factor, even before the hysteria started. The root cause of the anti-gay hysteria was the idea that aberrant sexuality i.e., homosexuality was caused by sexual abuse and molestation of boys, because it "wasn't natural".

This is false, of course; since many boys who grow up to be gay have never been molested or abused. But since homosexuality was considered an "affliction" and a problem, there had to be a cure. This theory was how the conversion therapists used to explain the "problem" -- the cause being sexual abuse -- which was then used to take the blame for the boy's "condition."

The rise of H.I.V. in the 80s made anti-gay hysteria even worse. The irrational hysteria and ignorance associated only with the disease ended up hurting one of the people who the government and media were supposedly trying so much to protect: a boy. His name was Ryan White, a young boy born with H.I.V. who was thrown out of his school and shunned by his classmates. Why? Because of the hysteria. Since H.I.V. was associated with

homosexuality, he was called a homo, a fag and a queer simply because he had H.I.V.

It was very difficult for gay boys growing up in those days. No surprise that the suicide rate was very high among them. So in the end, boys suffered the most, especially since the only ones who they could lean on for support were us -- boylovers -- who were vilified as the source of the homosexual problem.

The reasoning behind the hysteria we see associated with man/boy relationships is the "protection" of children. But, upon seeing the difference in how women (who engage in sex with boys) are dealt with compared to men, proves that the agenda is not to protect children, but to punish male boylovers more severely. This difference alone, points to a homophobic role in the anti-boylove hysteria.

It was homophobes who were responsible for the TV and film PSA (public service announcement) called "Boys Beware." This PSA was an anti-gay propaganda film which intended to stir up fear and bigotry against gay men. It literally equated gay men with pedophiles. "They are coming after your boys, your sons" was the message it sent, loud and clear. So, is it any wonder that homophobes classify gays and boylovers as one? In the 50s, they used boys as the excuse for socially acceptable anti-gay bigotry. As modern day boylovers struggling with public perception, we need to acknowledge our gay roots and go back to where it all started.

Now that the homophobes can no longer openly hate gays in general, they are displacing their bigotry against a more specific target: us.



The Boy Smarter Than Einstein

By Zoomzoom4

He writes with an erasable marker on the window, baseball cap perched on his head backwards as he frequently looks up, explaining what he is writing. The window is covered with numbers and mathematical symbols, partially obscuring the view outside where a dog runs around on the snowy incline from the front of the house leading down to the road.

Jacob Barnett is only 12 years old. Yet he taught himself algebra, calculus and trigonometry in one week, and is now tutoring students after-hours in these disciplines at the University of Indiana. At 170, his IQ is higher than Albert Einstein's, and indeed he is working on a theory that he says will "expand upon the theory of relativity."

His mother holds the video camera on him while he scribbles numbers and mathematical symbols on the window, explaining what he is doing the whole time, although of course it is gibberish to her. When her young son first started talking about mathematics and theories and numerical concepts, she was baffled. So she video-recorded him explaining his ideas and then sent the video to the Institute for Advanced Study, near Princeton University.

The family soon after received an email from Scott Tremaine, from the Institute, himself a widely-recognized expert on the theory of relativity. He confirmed the authenticity of Jacob's understanding and assured that the boy's concepts were solid, even going so far as to say, "Anyone who solves these problems is in line for a Nobel Prize."

Excited, and feeling more encouraged about Jacob's abilities, they enrolled him at the University of Indiana, and he was easily accepted. While many students expressed surprise at seeing such a young boy seated in the front row of the Advanced Astrophysics class, they soon came to see him as an ally in their own studies. By befriending him, they gained access to his unique perspective. He has happily helped many students of all mathematical disciplines to understand the basics, and beyond.

His mother, Kristine Barnett, has at most a rudimentary understanding of math, and admits she does not know where Jacob's genius comes from. Her whole family has struggled with basic math, as she herself is quick to tell you. Yet her 12-year-old son has a baffling expertise of numbers and number theory. In his video, he tells people watching that he would be doing his figures for them on a whiteboard, but can't because, "The whiteboard is filled

with other theories I have."

While Jacob continues scrawling figures on the window, the dog is now down to the street at the end of the snowy incline by the driveway, barking at some people passing by.

Nonchalant and with a child's sense of oblivion to the sometimes chaotic scene happening around him, he tells the camera that he is going to take the theory of relativity to new places, he only needs to figure out a few more concepts and theories. Then he goes back to munching on his sandwich at the kitchen table which is right next to the window. Outside, the dog is still running around and playing on the snowy embankment leading down to the road.



Interview: 50 Shades of Black

by Jonny399

This interview will attempt to reveal the truth behind ourselves as well as a few other men that have a boy in their lives.

Interviewer: *So we have interviewed your boys and now I have some questions for you. First, how old are you?*

William: I am 49.

Jeff: I am 64.

Interviewer: *And how long have you been a boy lover?*

William: Since I was 14 and that was a long time ago.

Jeff: Good question. Since I was 15 or 16.

Interviewer: *Are you married?*

William: No.

Jeff: No.

Interviewer: *What is your ideal age for a YF?*

William: 11.

Jeff: If you mean a specific year, then age 9, and 10 in some cases.

Interviewer: *What happens after your YF grows up and is no longer a "young" friend?*

William: Some go their own way, some remain close, physically and emotionally.

Jeff: I simply remove the word "young" and the word "friend" remains. I remain very close to most of the boys I have had as YFs.

Interviewer: *Have you talked with your YF about that time?*

William: Both with former boys and with boys who are still young.

Jeff: Yes. When and how deeply depends on how bright the boy is. In David's case, we have talked about serious topics for a long time now.

Interviewer: *Do you think he is ok with the idea of this relationship as not a permanent one?*

William: Most are ok with it, sure. They know I will always love them and be there for them, age has nothing to do with that. They understand that implicitly.

Jeff: Yes, most boys understand that the relationship is not permanent and, once they think about it for a while, they also seem to realize that their need for such a relationship is also not permanent, but rather just for a few years. There is an emotional aspect as well, but that lives on in the friendship that follows the romantic part of

the relationship.

Interviewer: *Do you feel that you might hurt your young friend when you do break it off, and if so, how would you deal with that rejection?*

William: It doesn't end in a sharp moment. It's a gradual transformation from lovers to friends. It's not traumatic at all. It's not like I wake up one morning and think, "oh, that's one pubic hair too many, good bye." Not anything like that. What does happen is at just about the time I begin to seriously lose interest sexually, they begin to gain serious interest in other people, so there is a gentle crossing of the curves. It's remarkably smooth in almost all cases, and in cases where it is not? Then the physical relationship continues, at a reduced pace, but sometimes for quite a while until he meets someone that he himself decides he's more interested in.

Jeff: I understand what you are trying to ask, but I think the question itself is wrong. It does not end, and nothing important is broken off. Instead, it evolves from a romantic and sexual relationship to one of profound and close friendship. It's actually a remarkably smooth transition emotionally. There can be some bumps sexually, but change is a part of life.

Interviewer: *Did you have an adult friend when you were young?*

William: Yes.

Jeff: In a sense, yes, but I now realize that he badly wanted to have a physical relationship. We never went there, but it was emotionally very close and rich.

Interviewer: *What age did you have your first AF?*

William: I was 7.

Jeff: I was 11.

Interviewer: *Did you find him or did he find you? As in, did you approach your AF or did he approach you?*

William: He found me.

Jeff: It was fairly mutual, but as a practical matter it was more a case of him finding me, yes. I was not "shopping" for a man if that helps, but when I met him it was a fast and fantastic chemistry.

Interviewer: *Have you ever thought that your AF corrupted you? Either it was good or bad?*

William: Absolutely yes. He corrupted me in many ways. Was it a good or bad thing? Mostly really good, but a few things were bad, sure. Nothing in life is perfect.

Jeff: No, not at all.

Interviewer: *Do you now or in the past feel guilty about having these feelings towards your YF? or any other boy?*

William: No, I've never felt guilty at all, and there's a reason for that. There's nothing wrong with loving someone, especially a child, and there's nothing wrong with some of the expression of that love being physical. It's what humans do. There's nothing to be guilty about in the first place.

Jeff: Sure it took several years, I suppose from about age 15 to 20, to recognize the guilt as socially-imposed, contrived and false, and to throw it off.

Interviewer: *How did you deal with it? Many of us still have that guilt, so what advice can you give the readers?*

William: No. Analyze where that guilt is coming from. You'll soon realize that it's entirely external to your love no matter how it's expressed. It's coming from a paranoid and controlling society and not from your sexuality. Once you realize that then the guilt will evaporate.

Jeff: I was socially very active with boys, but sometimes felt guilty, as if I was becoming friends under false and deceptive pretenses. I never hated myself for that, but it would bother me. It took several years to realize that what I felt was wholesome, even the sexual attraction, and therefore it must somehow be natural. And then a couple more years of reading about pederasty, which has a long and very glorious history. I came to understand that whatever else might be true, I was doing no harm and I was part of a vast and wonderful fabric of diverse sexualities, and that although I might not understand how or why it was, it was a natural and beneficial part of human nature. So to your readers my advice is simple:

read. Read a lot. There is a huge body of literature, and a tremendous history. We are a rare and glorious tribe.

Interviewer: *Has your YF ever threatened to "out you" when they got mad, and tried to control you in that way, and if they did, how would you handle it?*

William: Never, it's never happened. I don't think it's possible. What people miss (and what you yourself may not fully understand) is just how powerful and genuine the love is in both directions. My boy could no more betray me than I could betray him. It's simply outside the boundaries of what we feel for each other.

Jeff: It has happened, but not with David. My response to the threat of harm was calm but firm. I reminded him that what he was talking about would cause a nuclear explosion that would certainly kill me, but would probably cause him great harm too. Yes, he would be the "victim" to all the adults in his life, but his life would also get examined and re-examined over and over, he would have absolutely no privacy ever again. He would be forced to describe every sexual act in great detail and sometimes to several different people. And he would be examined medically in very intrusive ways. Worst of all, he might be pampered by the adults as a victim, but once his schoolmates found out, and they would, he'd be branded and outcast. He decided that it was a bad idea after all.

Interviewer: *Do you think he might say something that will get you outed even if it was by accident, and how would you deal with that?*

William: Yes, that's always possible. I can't really discuss how I'd deal with it if it ever happened, but I can tell you that it's exceedingly improbable.

Jeff: No, I make sure my boys understand the stakes. That takes a lot less work than you probably think. They already know that our relationship is "outside the fence" to begin with. What they need are tools to cope with intrusive people, not lectures about the dangers, of which they are



are acutely aware of from millions of warnings and TV shows. It's very simple: the boy knows the relationship is illicit, but he loves the entire thing, all aspects of it including the sexual parts. There is way too much to risk to endanger it.

Interviewer: *Do you think a young boy knows just how much power they have over us? If they found out would they be able to control how they use the power? Or is it the other way around?*

William: Most know full well. As for controlling what happens after Pandora's Box is opened, well... no one can do that. As for the balance of power between man and boy, I'd say it's about equal. Perhaps slightly in the boy's favor, I doubt there's any boy in a relationship with a man who doesn't know all of this.

Jeff: I find the power to be about equally balanced. They can destroy the man, but the man can also terminate the relationship, and poof! No more love, no more sex (yes, they like the sex, a lot), no more supportive emotions and guidance. But this has never happened. The relationships I've had have all been very deep, loving and rich. Such thoughts never arise in the first place, in either of us.

Interviewer: *If boy love and all that went with that life style was legal, would you make your young friend known to all as your young friend? Even if it was still despised?*

William: Yes and proudly.

Jeff: Socially, yes. Professionally, no, and where there was a risk that the social might cross the boundary into my professional life, also no. But among my friends, absolutely yes. It is, however, difficult to imagine that pederasty could become legal and yet still be despised.

Interviewer: *What advice can you give for boys who are wanting a man to love?*

William: Love? Absolutely. Go find someone, or let yourself be found. Sex? Absolutely not, not while it's illegal.

Jeff: Good luck, it's a bitch. If you must do it anyway, try to find a totally closed situation. Something where you can control all the variables. Move to a cabin 100 miles from anything in the middle of Alaska. But basically, these days, in the USA or UK, don't.

Interviewer: *One more question. We may have some readers who are not in the boy love sector. What would you like to say to them if anything?*

William: We are the meekest of ordinary people. We are decent, with open and wonderful hearts. Stop persecuting us. And remember, who is it that said shall inherit the Earth?

Jeff: You have been duped. You've been told that a completely natural and loving thing is somehow abusive. It's not. There have been boys who've wanted men since the dawn of time (we now call them gay), and men who've wanted boys since the dawn of time. It's loving and hugely beneficial to both. This has been quietly but firmly recognized in all societies for all of recorded history, and quietly overlooked until the 1980's when it was used potent manipulation to gain funding and jobs and political power. It's a sham, a "false problem". Wake up to the real problems we are all about to face, including climate change, massive national debt, rapid militarization by powers like China, and an economy that

is more precarious than ever before, and stop worrying about who kissed whom where.



Kindling istmas the Chr Spirit

By Ken



It was a cold October morning. 10-year-old Marcus looked out of his bedroom window, through the condensation, at the stranger's pickup truck that had arrived late last night, after he was sent to bed. Marcus was an only child, raised by his mom, Jessie. He never met his biological father. Between the loud music, the arguing, and the headboard thumping the wall into the early morning hours, Marcus was feeling a bit tired and angry.

Drops of water slowly made their way down the pane of glass. A vengeful thought slowly took shape in Marcus' mind. Marcus tiptoed out of his room and into the garage. Finding the bolt cutters, Marcus crept out to the pickup truck. Carefully placing the heavy metal jaws Marcus strained trying to clip the silver ram from the hood of the truck.

Looking over his left shoulder, Marcus spotted a cloud of smoke coming from his neighbor Theo's porch. He looked closer and saw Theo shaking his head side to side as they made eye contact.

"Shit!" Marcus was busted. He panicked and hurried back to the garage. Nervously, Marcus waited for Theo to knock on the door and wake his Mom to report him, but the knock never came.

Theo was in his forties, he lived alone and didn't care for the way the world was evolving. He saw the traditions and values he grew up with being mocked and overturned by everyone around him. Growing up with a large library and traveling the world with his father while his father was always meeting for business, he developed an eclectic taste, but at least he was left with a trust fund to

support those tastes.

Theo thought to himself, "In the past, people seemed to care for themselves, and for each other. Nowadays all I see is disrespect and disregard, for oneself and everyone else." Theo sits in his rocker as dawn paints the stars from the sky, and ponders his life.

Suddenly, he saw a boy creeping through the bushes with a pair of bolt cutters. Theo took a long drag on his cigarette and blew a tremendous cloud toward Marcus. As the boy got ready to decapitate the hood ornament from the Dodge Ram, he noticed Theo and scurried away.

"What is wrong with the youth of today?" Theo wondered.

A few weeks later:

An ambulance strobed the area with bright lights, shattering the morning calm. Theo walked over to Marcus, sobbing in the yard. Marcus had found his mother unresponsive and called 911. Theo dropped to his knees and embraced the boy. "I'm sorry son."

Marcus collapsed in his arms, tears rolling down his cheeks. After further police investigation and forensic reports, it became clear that Jessie had overdosed on heroin sometime that night and drowned in her own vomit.

December:

While the rest of the world was in high gear for the holiday season, Theo had been jumping through hoops trying to make sure Marcus was going to be okay. Finally, a few weeks before Christmas, Theo was given custody of Marcus by the courts. His house was inspected and

approved. Theo had been working tirelessly to ensure that it would be. He even converted his old model train room into a new bedroom for Marcus. It impressed the evaluators that Theo had even set up a model train for Marcus. Theo chuckled to himself, "I'm glad that worked out."

Theo had just picked Marcus up and was finally bringing him home. Marcus sat next to Theo on the bench seat of the pickup truck and stared blankly down at his shoes.

"Is it too warm in here? I can turn the heater down if you'd like." Marcus didn't respond. "I am here for you, bud," Theo said as he put his hand on Marcus' shoulder. Marcus glanced at him, barely giving a response.

Theo showed Marcus his room. Even with the train rolling down the tracks, Marcus looked scared and unengaged. "What's the matter, Marcus?" Marcus puffed out his lower lip and didn't say a word. "I won't leave you, buddy, I will be in the room right next door." Marcus ran over and hugged Theo. Theo picked up Marcus in his arms and asked if he wanted to stay with him in his room. Marcus nodded yes. "Well I don't have a second bed set up, but my bed is big enough for us both." Marcus smiled and got tucked in. "You go on to sleep. I will be in after a little while."



The nice thing about having a lot of books and a good education was that Theo had no trouble in being approved for Marcus's home schooling. What this really meant to Marcus is that he finally had someone in his life that was there to pay attention to him. Marcus learned how raking as many leaves into a pile as he could find, allowed him to light the biggest fire in the yard possible. He learned how asking questions at the end of story time allowed him the option of getting a second story read. Basically, he learned that interacting with Theo was his favorite thing to do.

Marcus wanted to show Theo how independent he was. On the last trip to the grocery store, Marcus picked out a tube of chocolate chip cookie dough. He said, "I know how to make homemade cookies all by myself, I'll show you what a good cook I am."

Theo said, "Impressive! I didn't know you could cook." Marcus responded, "Yep. It's my signature dish." Later that night, Marcus was pulling cookie-size portions of dough off of the tube and explaining how it was important to give every one enough space to grow in all directions. "That sounds very wise, Marcus." Theo said as he looked in amazement at the young boy who was licking the raw dough from his fingers.

Driving to the grocery store later that week for some more cookie dough, there were signs everywhere: Get

Your Last Minute Gifts, X-MAS Sale, Make the Holidays Bright - Buy a Problem Solver, Santa Claus, Presents.

"The world is a mess, Marcus," said Theo. "If you are swayed by the advertising, you may come to believe that Christmas is about buying stuff. Or that the way to show love is to buy things for each other. In time people will start resenting that they have to buy things for each other, and Christmas will begin to turn into another obligation that we resent."

Marcus asked, sincerely, "What was Christmas originally about?"

"Christmas is a celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ," Theo told him. "At the darkest time of the year Christ was born, he kindled a flame of love in men's hearts that has spread around the globe. To know someone, sometimes it helps to know what they oppose. Jesus said, 'No man can serve two masters: for he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.'"

"You see Marcus, Mammon is the god of wealth," Theo continued. "Jesus wanted us to see each other as God's children. He taught that we needed to help each other, as we have been helped. That we shouldn't judge each other; instead we were to offer our love of God, to our fellow man. To worship Mammon, we work to make our own lives better at the exclusion of everyone else's. We become selfish and start to despise those who do not benefit us. Instead, Christ taught us to praise God's creation by serving something larger than ourselves. This way we can overcome the darkest of times and bring forth something better. It is through Love. Love for God and for each other. Christmas is not about giving material gifts; Christmas is a time to remember that when we sacrifice for others we gain much more than anything Mammon can tempt us with."

Marcus asked, sincerely, "How do you show love?" "Love isn't something you think about," Theo replied. "It is something you feel. Love leads you off of your own selfish path, so that you help someone who needs a hand, or a hug. Love is being there for someone, and rejoicing in the shared moment. Love gives strength and meaning to life. People show their love by being considerate of another's feelings. People show love when they make another person feel good."

"I want to make you feel good," Marcus said.

Theo smiled at him. "You already do."

Shortly thereafter, Christmas Eve had arrived. Marcus lay a few feet in front of the crackling fire. Theo had set up a sheepskin and pillow there; it was Marcus's favorite place to listen to stories. Outside, a bleak winter storm blew furiously. Theo sat in his rocker and whittled on a piece of balsa wood. The hour grew late and Marcus started to blink for longer and longer periods of time. Theo finished his carving and laid it on Marcus's chair. He had carved a canoe with the two of them in it.

Theo scooped up Marcus as the fire died down, and carried him to bed. As he tucked the boy in, he whispered, "I love you, Marcus."

Marcus whispered back, "I love you, Theo."

Best Present Ever

By Wolrunner

Michael looked out the window. It was a nice sunny day, not too cold, but then in the southeast coast the winters were not too bad. It was December 21st. Micheal opened the door and went to the mailbox to get the day's mail. He flipped through it, and there it was. The envelope he was waiting for, from his lawyer. He went back inside and put the rest of the stack of mail on the counter, not interested in any of it at the time.

He looked at the envelope for several minutes before opening it. He unfolded it and began to read it. He got about halfway through it, and a tear rolled down his face. He finished it, put it down, placed his hands over his face and sobbed into them. He got under control, and looked up at the clock.

Shit, he had about five minutes to clean up before Carson got home from school. He went to the bathroom and splashed some cold water on his face to hide his crying. He grabbed the letter off the counter and ran back to his bedroom to hide it. He didn't want Carson to know just yet.

"Dad, dad, hey dad!"

"Hey sport, what's up. Why so excited?"

"Dad look, look!"

Carson handed him a paper. A smile came over Michael's face. He grabbed Carson and hugs him.

"Oh buddy, I'm so proud of you. I told you, you could do it if you worked hard."

"Dad, I couldn't believe it when the teacher gave it to me. She said she was proud of me, too. She said that she knew I had to work hard to bring a D to an A- in just three months. I still don't like history, but I know I need to do good in it."

"Well, I'm proud of how hard you have worked, so you get to pick where we go for dinner, and then we can watch a movie when we get home. You don't have to go to school because of Christmas break, so you don't have to go to bed early."

Michael and Carson met about 18 months ago. Carson was in the foster care system at the time. Michael had sold off his very successful business so he had lots of money, but after his wife died in a car accident he had nobody. He felt all alone. He and his wife could not have children of their own, so before his wife was killed they had filled out all the paperwork to foster a child. They requested a boy from an underprivileged environment because they wanted to make a real difference.

About three months after his wife died, Michael got a call from foster care. They said that they had a boy for them. Michael told them about his wife, but said that he would still like to take him. Carson's case worker talked to her boss and they decided to give it a chance.

Michael Riggs was a good looking man. 34 years old, five foot nine inches tall, 165 pounds, in decent physical

shape, with brown hair and blue eyes.

Carson was now 12. When he came to live with Michael, he was just about to turn 11. He has light brown hair, the brightest green eyes, and his nose was small and kind of turned up. When he smiled he had the cutest dimples ever. He was four foot five inches tall, about 98 pounds soaking wet, and loved to cuddle.

Carson's back ground is not a happy one. His dad left when he was 6, and he has not heard from him at all since he left. His mother works all the time and is always very tired, trying to give him some of the things he needs ... except for the one thing he truly needs (love).

All of the stress got to be too much for her, and she started to drink a lot. This made her lose her job and she kind of took that out on Carson. If he said something "wrong" she would automatically slap him. It got so bad that he just stayed in his room and not come out, not even to greet his mom.

One day, Carson and his mom came home from the



store. While putting away the groceries, he didn't move fast enough for her and she went off on him. She slapped him several times while yelling at him. She pushed him to the ground, and he was crying, telling her he was sorry for being bad. His lip was bleeding and his face was bruised. One of the neighbors saw this and called 911.

When it was all said and done, his mom signed a paper giving him up. She had no parental rights to him at all, so he became a ward of the state. He was in the system for about 13 months, and was in four different foster homes before he came into Michael's life.

When Michael got him, Carson was an emotional mess. Michael was new to the parenting game, but he

followed his heart and finally gained Carson's respect and trust. Indeed, it was a tough first few months. Carson tried to test Michael to see what he could get away with. Michael didn't want to come down too hard on him, so he let the boy get away with probably more than he should have.

One day there was a knock on the door. Michael opened the door to a police officer, with Carson next to him in handcuffs. Michael was shocked. They all went to the family room. Carson sat down, and Michael asked the cop what was going on. The officer told him Carson was caught shoplifting. Michael was now looking at Carson, and he asked him if it was true. Carson just looked at Michael and didn't know what to say.

The officer said he talked to the manager at the store and this time he would not press charges, but if it happened again, he would. Michael told him it would not happen again. He thanked the officer for understanding, and then the officer left.

Michael came back into the living room and just looked at Carson. He was about to say something to Carson, and he opened his mouth but nothing came out; he just walked back and forth. Carson was now very scared that Michael was going to hit him like everyone else in his life did.

Carson stood up and yelled, "Stop walking and just get it over with and hit me, I know that's what you're going to do so just do it!"

"SIT BACK DOWN YOUNG MAN!!!" Michael shouted. "Do you like living here?"

"Yes."

"Well things are going to change. First of all, let me say I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for?" asked Carson.

"Because I have failed you. When you came here you were a mess, and all I wanted to do was get you better. I wanted you to like it here, and I wanted you to like me."

Michael sat down, and looked at Carson and said very sincerely, "so I was your friend, I treated you like a friend, and didn't set many rules for you. So now you're pushing the envelope even farther, but it stops right now. I am your foster FATHER, not your foster friend. From now on that is how it is going to be. Are we clear on this?"

"Yes, I think I get it," Carson said. "Are you going to hit me now to punish me? Just do it okay, that's what everyone else does."

"No I'm not going to hit you," Michael said. "If I did that now it would be out of anger or frustration, and that's not right. But this is the first time I have had to do this, I never thought you'd be in trouble with a policeman. I need to think about it. For now, just go to your room."

Carson was about to get up and go but Michael added, "and do not turn on anything electronic. No TV, no computer, no Xbox, nothing."

Michael went to the book shelf and picked out a book and handed it to Carson. "Here, read this. If I hear the TV or anything else, you will lose it for a month. If I knock on your door and then come in I will feel if anything is hot from running. And if it is, you will lose it, are we clear on this?"

"Yes sir," Carson said.

"Okay, go now, until I call you."

Carson got up and went silently to his bedroom, with the book Michael had given him, and closed the

door quietly.

Things slowly got back to normal after that indecent. Carson's grades got better and he started to do chores around the house and showed Michael more respect.

Now with only four days until Christmas, Carson and Michael were busy getting ready. Everyone was coming over to their house to celebrate. Carson had no idea that his adoption had been finalized, but everyone coming knew about it. So for Carson, this was going to be a great big surprise.

Michael was going over the list of things to do, and he crossed out the things that had been done: put the tree up, wrap the gifts, get all the food, and get the guest rooms ready. It had been a long night, so Carson was going to get ready for bed. Michael asked him if he needed any help. Carson said, "No, I can do it. If I need help I'll let you know."

Carson was a very heavy sleeper and he still had some accidents at night so he wore Star diapers to bed, and Tiger underwear in the daytime.

Carson came back down to the den and crawled into Michael's lap and snuggled for a minute. Michael hugged him tight and kissed him on the top of his head, and told him how much he loved him. Carson said, "I love you too, daddy."

The next few days went by quickly, and it was now Christmas morning. Michael walked down the stairs slowly and caught Carson shaking the gifts to see if he could guess them.

"Hey you little rascal, stop that and get away from the tree." Carson playfully stuck his tongue out at Michael.

They ate breakfast and then Michael sent Carson off to shower and change out of his diaper.

About noon time, Carson looked at Michael and, in a small whine, said, "Please can we open just one gift?"

Michael gave in and said, "Okay, just one small one." Carson jumped up and grabbed a box with his dad's name on it, and then one with his name. Michael quickly told him to put that one back and pick another one. He gave Michael a look, and then got another one.

Michael opened his first, and it was cologne from Carson. He opened it up and smelled it. He smiled, so Carson was happy.

Now it was Carson's turn. He ripped the paper off, and it was a new set of trucks and wheels for his skateboard. He had been wanting them because his skateboard was still good, but the trucks and wheels were in bad shape.

About that time, the doorbell rang. Carson and Michael answered it together, and it was Michael's parents. They had a lot of bags full of gifts, and yes, most of them were Carson's. Slowly more guests began arriving.

It was now about two o'clock, and everyone was eating snacks and talking. Michael noticed Carson sitting in the living room alone, looking at the tree. He walked over to him and put his hand on Carson's shoulder and asked if anything was wrong. Carson shook his head then looked up at Michael, and asked him, "Was this what Christmas was like when you were a kid? I mean with all the food, and all the people, and the gifts, and ... all of it." Michael looked around at all the people and activity, and said, "Well, yes it was. Why?"

"I never had a Christmas like this," Carson said, quietly. "I would get a gift or two and that was about it. We never had people over, or a big dinner, or anything like this. I like

I like this."

And with that comment, Michael called everyone into the living room. "Okay everyone, it's time to open some gifts."

Carson was all smiles because he had been waiting for this all day. There were a few gifts that he gave to his grandparents and some to family friends. He opened up some gifts from other people, and a few from Michael. When there were no more gifts to open, Michael pointed to a box in the corner and said, "Hey, I think you missed one."

Carson grabbed it and Michael asked, "Who is it for?"

Carson looked at the tag and said, "It's for me."

Michael pointed to a seat next to him and said, "Well then just sit here and open it up."

Carson sat down and started to open it. He looked up and saw everyone looking at him. He started to rip the paper off the box, and opened it up ... only to find another wrapped box in it.

Everyone gave a small chuckle, and Carson gave Michael a playful scowl.

Carson ripped the wrapping off the next box and opened it up. In the box was an envelope marked "Carson." And under it was another wrapped gift. Michael

told him to open the gift first.

Carson ripped open the paper, and there was a football jersey inside. He unfolded it, and it had the number 12 on the back. Above the number it said "Carson Riggs."

The boy's eyes got very wide. He looked at Michael, and Michael told him to open the envelope.

All eyes were on Carson now as he opened the envelope, and took out the folded papers. He unfolded them and started to read them. The more he read, the wider his eyes got, and a tear then rolled down his smooth cheek as he looked at Michael and asked if it was real.

Michael couldn't speak because he was crying. He could only nod his head.

Carson quickly jumped from his seat and threw himself into Michael's arms and was now sobbing with joy, but he managed somehow to tell Michael how much he loved him, and how this was the best present ever, and the best Christmas ever.

Everyone in the room started to clap, everyone wiping their eyes. There was not a dry eye in the whole house.

Author's note: there will be more to come about Michael and Carson.



Remembering Kermie

*By Zoomzoom4, Elvin, BL in Black, Dreamboy10, Dragonlover,
Michel122002, Emerys, Scorpion, Bigfoot & Bob*

Following the loss of our good friend Kermie, many in the BL community turned out in a shared eulogy and took part in remembering this wonderful man who affected the lives of so many boylovers in a positive way. Eager to show appreciation for their favorite frog, an icon of BL online, a genuine altruist who was widely known and loved, people from all over the world came together to say goodbye to Kermie.

God bless you, dear, dear Kermie! I can find barely the right words to express my grief about the loss of such a magnificent friend.

I have been on many BL boards during past years and although they are all great, our friend Kermie created a real paradise here on Enchanted Island, a place of wonderful friendship and love, a place where tears could dry and be replaced by happiness and joy, a place where all boylovers feel comforted.

You taught us the great values of REAL LOVE and friendship and you helped so many people in need.

You were a marvelous and most tender person, lovely and rich of pure wisdom.

I dream, once it is my time to leave the world, to find you back, sitting on a heavenly Enchanted Island surrounded by the most beautiful boy-angels ... and to embrace you with my great love for you!

You will be tremendously missed! I carry you in my heart as the most precious pearl.

Rest in Peace, my dear friend!

- Elvin

I never knew Kermie well, personally. But I do believe he provided an invaluable service to the community. Let me state my firm heartfelt belief that we must not underestimate the vital importance of these boards. Often, for so many boylovers, young and old, the boards are the only lifeline of support they have. In a world which is otherwise cold and cruel and neglectful, where they feel persecuted... these BL boards are often the only way they can find refuge, and be with other like-minded friends.

This board (Enchanted Island) has changed my life, and I am sure it has changed the lives of many others. I personally don't know where I would be if it wasn't for the BL community. Kermie was one of the pillars of our community; he was dedicated and loyal, and went out of his way to make his contribution. I don't think the people who



run these BL boards get nearly enough praise for what they do.

Kermie was a hero in every sense of the word. I am shocked and saddened that he can no longer be with us to lead us into a brighter future, but I am confident that we must keep going, to follow his legacy. I am sure we would all like to believe that wherever he is now, it is a better place.

RIP my friend

- **BL in Black**

In the midst of all the mourning, I'd like to say thank you to my dear friend Kermie.

Thank you for creating this wonderful place for everyone to enjoy (Enchanted Island). Thank you for bringing me out of retirement and showing me that there is a place for me, and taking the time to mentor me.

Thank you for accepting me as a part of the staff team, and allowing me to use my creative thoughts. Thank you for always having an ear to listen when I was down, and most of all, thank you for being you.

Your warm, kind happy spirit will live on through out this board and will always be in my heart.

I may not have said it much, but I truly loved you, my dear friend Kermie.

It's not going to be the same without you, and without our chats, but I will do my best to strive and honor what you have done for me and showed me through the years.

So long, my friend. I will see you again someday. Tell Migs, Curious, Bam Bam, and Postie that I say hi.

Gone but never forgotten.

Love ya Kermie, my friend, guide, and mentor.

- **Dreamboy10**

My dear friend Kermie,

There are days that I wake up wanting to talk to you, but then immediately realize that you are no longer with us, in a physical sense that is. But then I do talk to you, spiritually. I feel that you are guiding me when I am troubled by this decision or that. I ask, "What would you do in this situation?" and I seem to somehow come up with a correct answer.

I miss you my dear friend. I miss our morning talks, our phone conversations, and the fun we had posting on the boards. But I know that I will see you again in the afterlife. You'll be easily recognizable because you'll have all of the cute boys around you. So, until then my friend, this is not goodbye. This is only "see you later."

Love you Bro.

- **Dragonlover**

Un ami:

J'ai rencontré un ami sur Internet. Nous avons parlé de ce qui semblait une éternité. Mais à la fin, je suppose que cela n'a pas été assez long.

Une amitié perdue avant qu'il ne commence . .

Il y avait une lueur d'espoir:

Les larmes tombant sur mon clavier:

J'ai perdu un ami:

Je dis, il est pas mort: il est toujours avec nous dans l'esprit

Ce fut une bénédiction de l'avoir connu

Merci Kermie.

- **Michel122002**

One of my favorite lines from The Wizard of Oz is this: "... a heart is not judged by how much you love, but by how much you are loved by others."

And judging by everyone's feelings towards this man called Kermie, he had a large heart that was filled with love. It's a wonder his chest was able to contain it.

I didn't know Kermie that long, unfortunately, only two years. But we became close friends during that time ... working on projects and sharing our life's trials and tribulations with one another.

I will never forget you nor all you taught me, Kermie. I will carry you with me forever.

- **Emerys**

Kermie was a great friend to the entire BL community. He had love and compassion for everyone and always wanted to help us in our times of despair, personal issues, board problems. and he also gave us insight on what love was all about. I have had many days of sorrow since Kermie's passing but he shall remain in all our hearts forever.

Kermie had told us many times that he had serious health issues, but everyone in the BL community kept Kermie active and he truly had a zest for life. While his life on this Earth may be gone his spirit dwells within all of us.

Kermie would have wanted all of us to keep his hopes and dreams alive. Each of us have been doing their best to remember him in ways which would have made Kermie very proud. I believe we have all had a very hard time coping with Kermie's passing. I would like all of us to keep Kermie's wishes alive by helping each other, and reaching out to give a helping hand to those in our BL community who are in need.

We have a bright future ahead of us, and I'm sure Kermie would have wanted us to keep his traditions and hopes alive. A man of honor, humor, love, caring and compassion for everyone.

I shall miss you, Kermie. Your love will never be forgotten.

RIP Kermie

- **Scorpion**

FOR OUR FRIEND

Kermie, you were the best friend a man or boy could ever ask for. Love you forever, RIP my dear friend.

- **Bigfoot**

Kermie had qualities deserving many praises, but to me perhaps most striking was his unpretentious humility. He had a delightful directness, a sort of 'everyman's common sense', that made talking to him a pleasure. No matter who he was listening to, and no matter about what, Kermie just 'got it'.

Rarely have I known someone as dedicated to the goal of providing a safe and supportive online environment for boylovers, or as incredibly capable. He was innovative and thoughtful in his approach to creating and running EI, and then WEIRd radio, and finally the launch of this magazine. But most of all, he was selfless; Kermie was a man driven by creativity and concern, not by ego. That's a rare and exceptionally beautiful thing to find in someone. Beyond that, his dedication to task was astonishing. He was on EI from the moment he woke up to the moment he

went to sleep, and regardless of the physical pain he often had to endure. Simultaneously, he also focused on numerous other projects with equal care and attention. It was an amazing effort, with amazing results. I know we are all proud and grateful.

Consequently, it's my tremendous privilege to join the rest of you in unambiguous praise of who he was and what he accomplished. He is sorely missed.

- Bob





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Chapter 4

A light snack of fruit salad to hold me over until dinner, and a quick clean-up of the kitchen, I'm ready for the task of getting ready.

On the way to the stairs, I stand in the living room looking out the window wearing only my boxer-briefs. No one is outside, the younger group was earlier but they have moved on somewhere else. Somewhere my date is getting ready I hope. Well, time to do the deed.

I turn to head up the stairs to my room and catch my reflection in the mirror. My tall lanky frame is sure different from that 12-year-old boy that started all this. Standing at 6-foot, I am all legs and arms. A target at a shooting range has more body mass than I do. Oh well, I am who I am.

I eye my beanie, a hat identical to the one I have worn most of my life. Tonight I swore I would go without it. Another surprise to the student body of Peach Creek High.

I head up the stairs and turn to my bedroom, thinking that Kevin's house is the same floor plan as my house. Got to love these pre-planned neighborhoods.

My first trip into Kevin's house was that holiday weekend. With him needing help with his studies, tutoring him was his best choice for his continuing education.

In that weekend, I walked over to Kevin's house with my school bag held tightly to me. Eddy was glaring daggers as I was crossing the street. I'd finally convinced him that I couldn't spend all my time with him and/or Ed.

Shortly after I rang the doorbell, Kevin answered the door and pulled me in, then quickly looked outside to see if anyone had noticed me coming over. I met his mother, “Good afternoon Miss Murphy, it is a pleasure to meet you.”

“You too Edward, thank you for helping Kevin with his homework this evening.” I shot Kevin a look, knowing that he has not explained the entire situation to his mother.

The Secret Never Told: Chapters 4-6

by LtDreamer

He started dragging me to the kitchen where his books were set, and appeared ready to be used, another “look” at Kevin but he was busy elsewhere. He put a drink on each side of the table, and sat in one chair. I knew this is something his mother must have told him to do. I moved a chair over closer so I could sit beside him. I started to pull my things out of my bag and I could see him glare at me, giving me a dirty look. Again I seemed to notice the expression on his face.

We settled in and started on his test for history, and his studying. “I usually find the answers to the questions at the back of the chapter and go from there”, he told me. I shook my head in disbelief at this information.

“Kevin, you actually need to read the chapters, not once but three times. One of them being out loud to yourself.”

“READ!?! The entire chapter, and even out loud?”

“Yes Kevin, by the third time you know you have been through the 'what it is?' and 'what of it?' and the third, then, becomes the true reminder,” I told him.

I watched as he looked at his text book and furrowed his brow in heavy thought. Again I seen expressions change through his face. “But three times Double D?” he finally asked.

“Yes Kevin, three time, and out loud one of those times. Kevin, you can read can't you?”

“YES!” he answered, turning toward me so fast that his hat fell off his head, and his eyes as big as saucers. “I can read!” He shouted.

“Well sometimes I have trouble, but I do OK”. His head bowed. He said this like he had admitted something that no one knew. I placed my hand on his shoulder, first time I

I had ever touched him, and he gave me a blank stare.

"Whatever we talk about while I am helping you will not go to the kids in the Cul-de-Sac. If you have troubles, please let me know and I can help you pass and become the smartest jock in Peach Creek."

Giving me a weak smile, he mumbled "thank you", neither of us realizing that my hand was still on his shoulder.

We turned back to the books and I had him start reading the chapter while I went over his practice test. I noticed that most of his answers were close, but not correct. His dates were only off by a couple of years, so I know he just needs to learn to retain the specifics. When he set his book down we went over the test together, discussing his answers and whether or not he guessed. He did, on over half of them, but he was still close to the answer.

I had him start reading the chapter out loud to me so I could judge his reading, and hopefully give him some pointers that will carry over into his language class.

I looked up to see his mom come to the doorway of the kitchen to check on everything, or something, and I quietly gave my head a quick shake to let her know it's best not to interrupt. She smiled and headed back into the front room, with Kevin being none the wiser.

I wondered if I should tell him his mom was listening to him read back then. Naaa, I think I will keep that one to myself. I asked him to retake the practice test, with me asking the questions out loud to him. When we were done, and I informed him that he had only had one answer wrong he was very happy. I actually saw a genuine smile on his face for the first time since I arrived. I couldn't help thinking he sure was cute, with that bright smile and red hair of his.

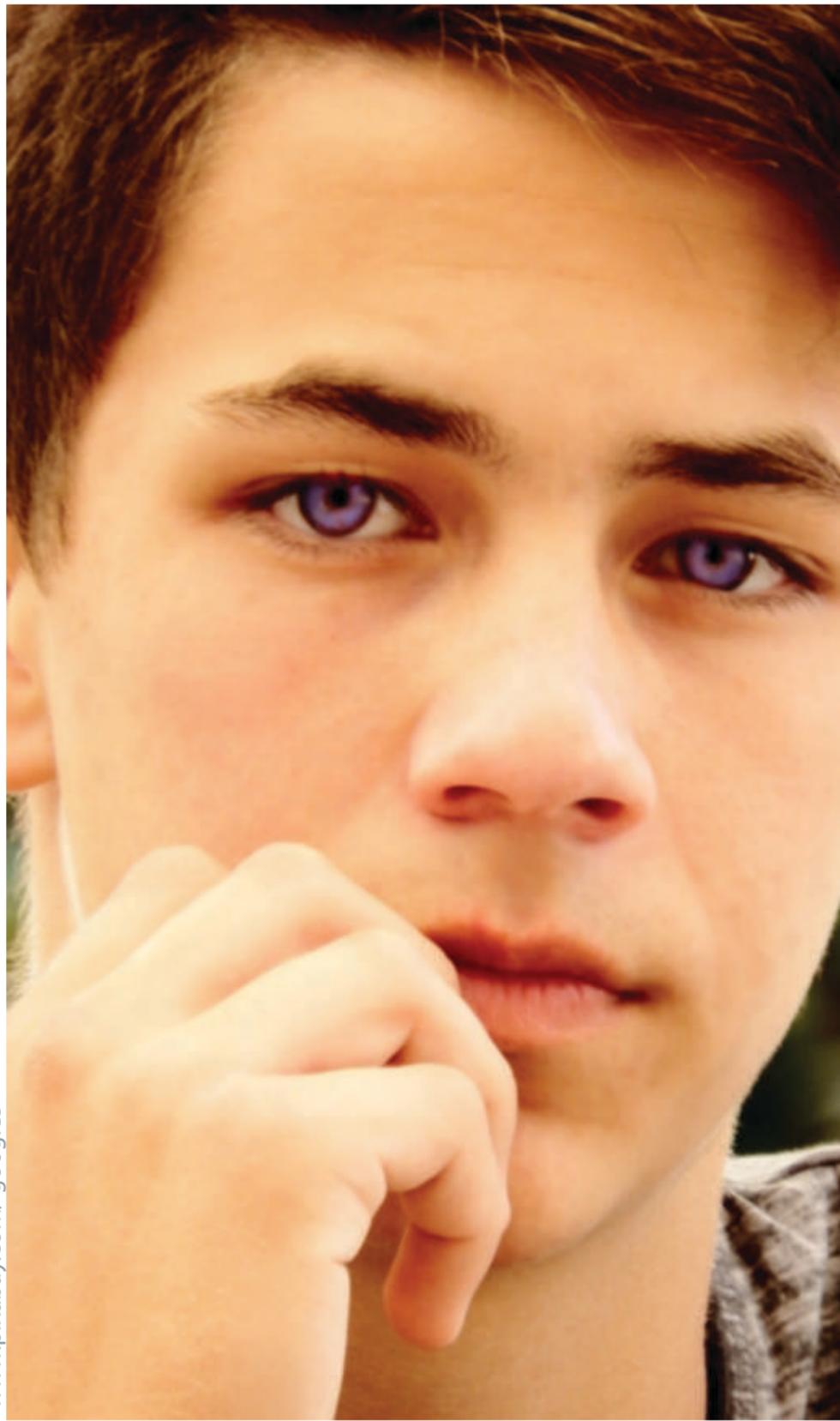
Chapter 5

When the dweeb touched my shoulder during that study session things just felt right. For some reason I didn't care that he had touched me, and didn't throw his hand off like I would have anyone else. I wondered what was happening to me at that time. He promised not to tell anyone about what went on during our studies, which I sure hope he kept, and things just seemed right. I even almost hugged him after I retook the practice test that he gave me, and got an almost perfect score on it. I was so happy that I had improved that much. I know I had a big smile on my face at the time, but I didn't care. After we finished and put our stuff away, I felt I could pass the history test with ease come Tuesday.

I walked to door, and looked to make sure no one saw Double D walk out of my house. I was not quite ready to let everyone know he was over here yet. With the coast clear, I thanked him for his help and gently pushed him out the door. GENTLY? Hmm, I'm changing already.

I turned to head upstairs when my mom stopped me and made me replace everything I had moved before his arrival. Once completed, I retreated to my room, and stood at my window, while my mom fixed dinner. I began to realize how comfortable I was with Double D around and actually looked forward to him returning.

I know my body will start changing soon, well at a faster rate now. My voice will change, I will grow and fill out, and I will start getting more hair in places than before. Out of thoughtless habit I reach in my pants to "scratch" and make sure everything is still the same down



there. Even that will get bigger, and grow into a man's size tool soon. What did our teacher tell us in health class? Hormones will cause puberty and cause changes in our bodies and the way we think, and feel about some things. I remember thinking "I wonder if it will make us smarter" I chuckled.

Standing in the shower letting the water just run over my head for now, I involuntary reach down and "scratch" again. NO! No play time for me just yet. That will have to wait until after the prom, I promised and I plan on keeping it.

Grinning, I can't help but think of the prom. Walking in with my date by my arm, the shocked look on everyone's face, the dancing, yep I taught my date to dance. What other surprises will be in store for our friends? I'm sure there will be many. The hugging, kissing, time spent together. The truth coming out whether they like it or not. Yea it's going to be a fun night.

The cell ringing breaks me out of my reprieve, and I jump out of the shower wrapping a towel around myself in the process. "Hello" I answer, praying it's my date, just to hear that sweet voice again before tonight.

"Kevin, whose Ed's date for tonight?" Eddy quickly spits out in a frantic plea to find a secret he doesn't know.

"Eddy, you are a real dork, you know that? How am I supposed to know who he is going to the prom with? You and Ed are his best friends, shouldn't you know?"

"That's the point!" he nearly shouts. "We don't know, and he's been helping you study all the way through school. Your grade point average is near his and Nazz's."

"Being smart does not tell me everything Eddy. This is one thing I can't help you with." I tell him. I can hear him sigh on the other end of the phone. "Eddy are you going to the Prom tonight?" I ask him.

"I guess I will have to Kevin, if I want to see who Ed is dating." He answers.

"Listen Eddy I have to finish getting ready myself, so..."

"Okay, talk to you there I guess." he responds.

"Sure thing dork." I laugh and hang up the phone, and jump back in the shower.

Quickly washing my short red hair and my body, I work to finish before the water turns cold. I just make it in time. I feel the heat dropping from the water spray as I wash the last of the soap off of me. A vigorous rub down with the towel finishes that step of tonight ritual.

Facing the mirror, I reach for my electric shaver. Thanks to my fair complexion and red hair, shaving is simple swipe with the razor and I'm done.

"Will I always have this baby face?" I wonder. Again, it is strange the way things have changed and the way we all look now. I still have the face of my early teens, other than a few facial hairs here and there, while those like Rolf have grown a beard practically.

Walking back into my room I look at all of the trophies that I have collected over the years. Football, Baseball, even one for Basketball, however that was just not a game for me.

I walk to the window looking out over the Cul-de-Sac, seeing the sky beginning to its slow change from blue to orange. I guess the time has come at last. A look at the clock beside my bed tells me it's time to start. I pick up my phone and text my date that I will be leaving the house in about 30 minutes, so we can have our times in sync. I receive the answer I was expecting with little hearts attached at the end.

A dash of body deodorant and time to start with the Tux. Boxer briefs, undershirt, socks, fix my hair, dress shirt, slacks, tie (yuck), shoes, and lastly, the jacket. A quick check in the mirror shows a well-dressed man, not the jock I have been all the way through school. A jock with major butterflies right now.

A quick peck on my mom's cheek and I'm out the door, to my Ford Ranger, that I will be driving for now. The butterflies in my stomach return in full force and I wonder if we will be able to pull this off without a hitch this evening. Well we made a promise to each other and Kevin Vincent Murphy does not break his word, for no one.

Chapter 6

Taking my shower, I am so thankful for the removable handle and hose. I really hate having to bend over to lean under a stationary shower head. Sometimes being so tall does not have its advantage.

Just as I step out of my shower my phone chirps to let me know I have a message. ARRRGG! Cell Phones! I look and see it is my date with a time confirmation so we are all working together. Better than having one of us ready an hour before the other I guess.

After responding, and drying, I move to the sink to

lather up and shave. Thank goodness this is not an every-day ordeal yet, but it still needs to be done or I will look like some hippie in a coffee shop.

That done, I put on aftershave, deodorant, and dry and fix my hair. It has to be perfect tonight, going without my cap for the first time in public.

As I move into my bedroom I hear Kevin's truck pull out of his driveway, on the way to meet his date. I know there will be many teenagers leaving about now or waiting for limos. Funny I haven't seen any around here this afternoon.



Limos in the Cul-de-Sac would be funny to see, it's sure not something you see every day. Like love, it just creeps on you from the strangest location. Never thought I would fall in love as a teenager, though I am glad I did, and I have been so happy since then. I know it happened over that holiday weekend where I helped Kevin with his studies, I just wish I had been able to see it back then. But between it all it was a fun time. We were actually able to outsmart Eddy on this one and he never caught on. In fact, no one caught on what we were doing and all the sneaking off under false pretense to have some alone time. I am almost sorry to see that time go, but we agreed we would go to the prom together as a couple if we made it.

The night Kevin lost his father was a very tough time. When his mother came out of the house screaming for him, we were all trying to avoid the Kankers. Those three were relentless, in their endeavors. His mother's cries brought everyone running to see what was going on. Our peaceful little Cul-de-Sac was shattered by her screams.

When we arrived in the street in front of his house, she pulled him off his bike and into her car and took off so fast she was out of sight before his bicycle wheels stopped spinning. Some one set his bike next to his garage, and we all took off to find an adult to see what happened. The only one home at the time, as usual, was Ed and Sara's mother. We found her sitting in the living room staring off into space.

She had us all sit around wherever we could find a seat, and she began to explain that Kevin's father had just passed away, after being hit in the side by a drunk driver on his way home from work. All the parents came home right away to be with their kids. All except mine. Ed's mom was taking care of me while my parents were busy.

After the kids were picked up Johnny's mom offered to take Ed's mom to the hospital to drive Miss Murphy back home. Ed and Sara didn't want to go, so they stayed with Jimmy's parents, and off we went. After arriving, she went to the desk to find Kevin's mom and I went to the waiting room. I found Kevin crying so hard his eyes were as red as his hair.

"Kevin." I spoke gently, calling out his name. He looked up and ran into my arms. I don't think he was even caring at that time, he just needed someone to hold. He started crying even harder than he was before, sobbing "he's gone he's gone" over and over. All I could do at that point was just hold him and give him the comfort he needed.

By the time we got back home, Marie was in a fit because she couldn't find me. Well she'll get over it, I guess, or go on having fits. Kevin begged me not to leave him after we walked into the house, they both were still in shock over the whole ordeal. I told him I would grab a bag from the house and let Ed's mother know where I was, if that was okay with his mom. She agreed and I took off to take care of that business before returning to Kevin's home.

From that time until the funeral, I stayed with Kevin. No one said a word other than Marie Kanker. Will she ever grow up? I guess there was a limousine in the Cul-de-Sac that day. Just one of those things that everyone knew but never mentioned again. Can't say I really blamed them for that. Kevin has never been that weak and vulnerable, I think. I mean, he spent most of the time crying and if I wasn't around he actually sought me out at times. He fell

apart so bad that I had to actually walk him into a shower a few times and bath him. Embarrassing for sure and something I will never tell him. He would just stand there and let me do what needed to be done. At the age of 14 our bodies were fairly much the same, and well with me washing him, parts of him started to respond. I don't think he even notice or care at the time, so I just let it be

Shortly after the funeral Kevin came out of his funk and I returned home wondering if this had changed our friendship any. I really enjoyed being friends with Kevin, and actually began to like having him around. I finish getting dressed for the prom and made any last minute changes to my outfit.

Now came the tricky part. Getting in my car and leaving without Eddy knowing or following me to see my date and the Limo. We promised that we would show up at the prom together, showing our love for each other out in the open for the first time. I never really got nervous until now. "Well, here goes nothing," I think.

The kitchen door offers me the least amount of time in the open view from Ed's or Eddy's house so I choose to go out that way. My Volvo is turned so the driver's door is facing me ready to go. Jumping in the car and turning down the short road to the main street, I look see if there is any movement at either house. As I make my turn and head off I watch the road and the mirror for someone trying to follow. "So far so good" I think, as I head off to my encounter with my date and hopefully a wonderful time tonight. Yes, Edward Walkingstick Yazzie will have fun tonight. One way or another.



to be continued.....

Jake

By Oliver Twist

Jake is 11, going on 12. Ask Jake, he is 12; ask his mother, he is 11. At the time of writing, October 23rd, 2016, he is 11 years, nine months and 17 days. He lives in a fairly affluent suburb of a once thriving English holiday center that has, over recent years, fallen somewhat into decline. Nonetheless, his parents both have good jobs and they are comfortable financially.

Jake has an older brother, who is 17, and an older sister, aged 16. Jake was what his parents call at parties “a happy accident”. Physically, he is average and if you were to look at the graphs of height and weight against age, it would say, see Jake.

What is extraordinary is his sandy, almost orange in certain light conditions, hair. Neither his parents, nor his siblings, have either blonde or sandy hair. His father often jokes at parties, with a wink to his wife, “I am not even sure he is mine am I, you naughty minx.”

At school, unlike his gifted siblings, Jake is unremarkable. He does fine in most subjects; his sciences are a little weak but his art is rather good. He is an active boy and enjoys sports, while not excelling at any one sport in particular.

He’s a pretty fair football player. Not good enough to make his school team, but he plays every Saturday for a local youth team. His crowning achievement was when he was voted the most improved player at the end of season awards evening, at the end of last season. He was happy to receive his award alongside his best friend, Ollie. His parents, unfortunately, couldn’t be there because his sister had a dance class and his brother had concert. However, he proudly showed it off to them when they all returned home. His mother told him how proud she was of him, and how good it would look in his bedroom.

He is a shy kid, not one of the ‘in’ crowd, but he has a few friends both in school and at his club, and they get into all the usual ‘boy stuff’. Computer gaming online, excursions into town to pick up the latest craze junk, the current fashion accessory or just to hang around McDonald’s.

He loves the occasional sleepover, though mostly at their houses as his parents have a hectic social life. He has a baby sitter at least twice a week, either at home or staying over at a friend’s house. His brother and sister are allowed to be home alone, but Jake is too young and they have far too much on to be able to make sure he is okay. Going to sleep over at Ollie’s is his favourite placement. They are on the same wavelength and he has a great time those nights.

When he is with his friends, he can forget the name calling and jostling he gets from some of the more unpleasant pupils at school. The ones that call him a ginger, that say all gingers are queer, and that intimidate him into

parting with his lunch and bus money.

Jake doesn’t mind catching the bus to school. He understands that his dad leaves early in the morning and his mum needs to drop his brother and sister off at the private school they attend on the other side of town. If he sleeps over at Ollie’s though, they walk to school and he can spend his bus fare on sweets at the newsagent on the way. He used to ride the bike he got for his birthday. Or was it Christmas? He could never remember.

His birthday was only a few days after Christmas and so it tended to be a bit of an afterthought. Last year he asked if he could have a party. Eleven is an important birthday for a boy, isn’t it? He wasn’t allowed one, of course, it was too close to Christmas and anyway, he had gotten that splendid new bike so it wasn’t that big a deal. He spent his birthday at KFC with Ollie and his other best friend Kyan.

Really, Jake was okay. Really, he is okay.

He has lots of stuff, has friends and does loads of things with them. His best friend Ollie describes him as “gentle, compassionate, funny, and loyal”. His best friend loves him and Jake loves Ollie back. Ollie is older than his dad though and, frankly, sometimes he is a bit weird. Not nasty weird but he listens when Jake talks to him, he takes him places, comes to his games and shows and stuff, texts him and says things like, “Jake you do make me laugh,” and “Jake, you are a really special kid, I do love you.” He is even more like a kid than his brother!

Jake has fun, but Jake is sad and cries himself to sleep most nights.

Jake would trade all his friends, even Ollie; all his gadgets and toys and ‘stuff’; all the holidays and trappings of his parent’s financial stability. He would trade them all if only his parents would just once, watch him play football on a Saturday morning; would put his trophy on the sideboard alongside those of his siblings; would come to his art exhibition; would give up just one of their parties so he could have a birthday party of his own.

And ...

He would give up all of those if, just once, he could hear his father say, “I love you, Jake”.

This is a true story. No names have been changed to protect the innocent and no animals were harmed in the telling of the tale.



RSO List: Punitive or Not?

By Dragonlover

Whether you are caught urinating in public, downloading child pornography, or sexually touching a child, if you are convicted of that crime, you will be placed on the RSO list, probably for life. The severity of the crime dictates how long you will be on the list. When your sentence is announced by the judge, he will tell you how long you will have to register. In addition, he will say that registering is not a part of your sentence, and therefore is not punitive. I know, because I speak from experience.

Incarcerated for a sex crime that I did not commit, I served my sentence. After I was released from prison in 2004, I had 48 hours to register with the state police. I was told I must do this for the rest of my life or until I am 75 years old, at which point I am free from the list. I guess they figure at 75 you'll be in no shape to commit another crime. I was 34 when I was released, and I am 47 now. I am still required to register every 3 months for the rest of my life. That term, "life" is intimidating. LIFE. Meaning either until you turn 75, or until you die, whichever ever comes first.

“Not punitive? I don't think so. Get on that list, and life as you knew it is over.”

After serving 5 years in prison, I, of course, had visions of a bright future and a fresh start. But it soon became clear that my life was ruined - literally. I applied for many different jobs that I was more than qualified for, but the dreaded background checks that accompany the application process quickly delivered my applications and resumes to the trash can. I have not worked a real job since I was arrested. As far as society is concerned, I am damaged goods, unable to be fixed.

So, is being on "The List" punitive? I would say, "Yes!" Being on that list has prevented me from obtaining employment, from applying for a lease on corporate-owned apartment complexes, and applying to certain colleges and universities that would further my education. Not punitive? I don't think so. Get on that list, and life as you

knew it is over.

All we can hope for is that legislation changes, and soon. As far as my state goes, the whole of the law is up for review by the state Supreme Court to determine if the law is unconstitutional. The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) is totally against the law as it stands.

At this point, the law is not only punitive, it violates our civil rights, and is unconstitutional. Therefore it IS punitive. Let's just hope that things change soon, and that the courts realize what the negative impact of being on that list incurs. And maybe, one day, I'll be able to work again, live wherever I want, and go to school wherever I want, without wondering if "The Law" was going to stand in my way. Power to the people.



You Are Not Alone

By FalseAlias

As a boylover, it might feel as if you are alone, but you're not. There are others like you. There always will be. There are others who share the same feelings of attraction to boys that you do. I am one of them, but I'm not the only one, and I want you to believe that.

I used to think I was alone. I hated myself because I was always told that being attracted to boys was wrong, and I felt as if I'd eventually grow up and hurt boys. That's the image society fed me. It's the image society still feeds people today. That image is wrong.

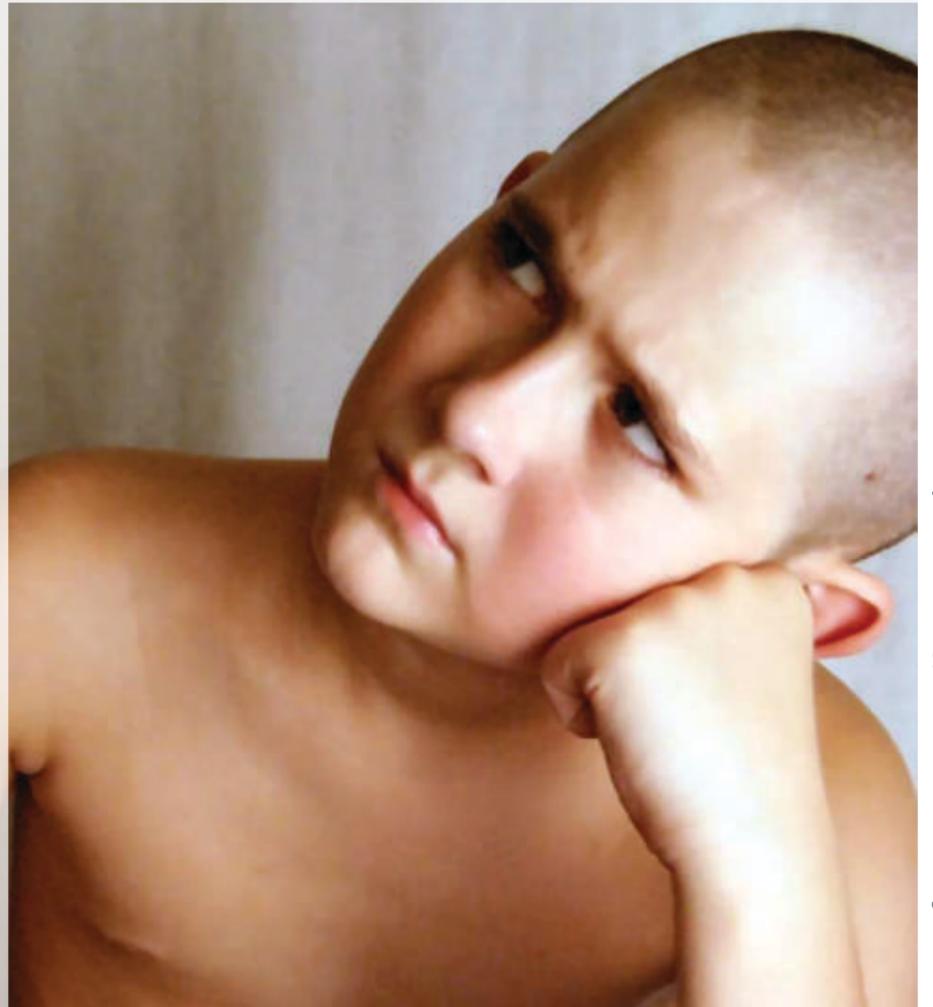
It is difficult feeling so alone, and feeling as if you're the enemy. You don't know what to do, and you feel as if you can't tell anyone about it. Society makes you believe that you're a bad person, solely because you are attracted to boys. You get used to these feelings, and eventually it becomes harder to live with. You try to suppress the thoughts, but you find it's useless. I got to that point, eventually thought I should just disappear. I changed that.

How? What could change such feelings about oneself? I made one decision, on November 14th, 2015, and that decision is the one which changed everything. I made the decision to join a boylove board. I didn't know what to expect, and I was scared. I was paranoid of what might happen after I joined. I powered on and joined anyway because I was more afraid of myself and the monster I believed I'd become.

I never regretted this decision. I am proud to have made it, and I would make the same decision over and over again. Where I had previously thought I was alone, and that no one else was interested in boys the way I was, I had suddenly realized that others with these same feelings do exist. For the first time, I started actually looking at the beauty these boys possess; the angels some of them are. I felt as if I wasn't alone anymore.

I introduced myself, and soon I'd already made a friend. We talked for a bit, and after a while I trusted him enough to know about me hating myself. He told me that the way I felt for boys was normal, and I shouldn't hate myself, because the feelings I had were beautiful and that there was nothing wrong with me. I don't know why, but hearing it from another boylover made it a lot easier to listen to. We talked about boys (endlessly, sometimes, going from boy to boy until we got tired), ways to live with our orientation, and general life as well. He helped me, more than I can ever thank him for.

Over time I became more confident within the community I had joined, I participated more, and I started to talk



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to more of the members. Within a month I met another person I am glad to call my friend. He helped me, whenever I had a question he would try to answer it. Whenever I'd slip back into hating myself, even a really small bit, he'd convince me that I'm a good person and that I should be proud of my sexuality.

Since I joined the board, I haven't felt alone. I know that there are people who are like me, and there are people who I can talk about boys with. There are people who care for my feelings, and understand the ways I feel for boys. There are people who will offer their support when I'm feeling down, or if I feel alone; and there are people who will love boys with me.

Would I be here if I didn't join the board back on that November day? Truthfully, I do not think so. I think that I wouldn't be anywhere close to where I am now. The decision to join is the sole decision which helped me get out of the dark pit I was in.

There is a beauty in every boy, that not everyone can see. It looks different to everyone who sees it, and to some of us the only thing we want to do is care for that beauty, to keep it safe, to make sure it grows to be a part of society we're proud to have created. What we feel for these boys is love. We should be proud of it, because society is wrong to think we're monsters. We care for these boys, and we love them.

You might think that your feelings for boys make you a bad person, but that is not true. The way we feel about boys affect us all differently, but I believe these feelings make us better people. We see the beauty of boys, the beauty that no one else does, and we want to protect it from the dangers of the world. We are not bad people, and we are not alone. **You are not alone.**

Young Boylovers

By BL In Black

When I was in my late teens, I was terrified. I knew I had feelings for younger boys, and I knew that the message being sent by society seemed to be that all pedophiles, regardless of whether or not they acted on their urges, should be killed. This led me to have feelings of depression, frustration, hopelessness, confusion, isolation and self-loathing. I felt that being someone that everyone seemed to consider as so wrong, there must surely be a good deal of help available to me.

So I looked for help. I searched and searched, and finally after a great deal of effort, found a shrink who was willing to see me, although reluctantly. He admitted to me quite frankly that there was nothing much he could do. He grudgingly acknowledged that I didn't ask to be attracted to boys, but he refused to give me any kind of sympathy or compassion. He spent most of the time either talking about fairly irrelevant subjects, or the dire consequences should I ever act on my urges. After a few sessions, I simply couldn't see the point in coming back.

This was a painful reality check for me in a lot of ways, and brought me to some painful realizations. That there really was no help available for people like us, that society was completely against us, and that life seemed completely unfair. This was really tough for me to swallow, and unfortunately, so many other young minor-attracted persons are faced with this same awful reality check. This can ultimately, especially for those who are less strong, lead to feelings of depression and perhaps even suicide.

The world is full of contradictions, and perhaps in no other way is this stark reality truer than for young minor-attracted persons. On one hand, they are confronted by a society and popular culture which glorifies sex, and on the other hand what they feel is condemned. On one hand, they are told (as with gays) that if you have a different sexual preference you are born with it and therefore should be accepted; on the other hand any young boylover who comes out is likely to be lynched, or worse. Things don't really make much sense.

I feel very, very concerned for the young pedophiles in this world. Once they start to realize and come to terms with their feelings, and that they can't change them, they may feel enormous amounts of shame and isolation. They cannot confide in their friends or family or anyone around them, for fear of being rejected, hated, beaten, reported or worse. Unfortunately, I believe they will often find this reality to be too difficult to deal with, and end up either harming themselves or acting on their urges, potentially with devastating consequences.

How can our society do this to its young people? Most of us, from early on in life, are led to believe that we are growing up in a society that promises at least to try to take care of us. We are often raised on values of showing compassion for those who are different, and of taking care of those who are struggling. Yet seemingly without any

reason or feeling the need to explain, society completely, unapologetically, contradicts all of its promises by what it does to these young minor-attracted persons.

This is why I believe the boylove community and boards are so important. I firmly believe that for the majority of the young pedophiles who belong, it is all that they have got, their only lifeline for support. One thing I really do value about the community is the fact that in spite of all its problems, there is a real sense of a family atmosphere, people really do look out for each other. I believe people really can form deep friendships and relationships to help them through feelings which may otherwise seem impossible to deal with.

If there is a future for us, young people are going to be a big part of it. We are told that what doesn't kill us only makes us stronger, I truly believe there are many young minor-attracted persons who have developed remarkable resilience, as well as a real sense of independence. If we as a community, including the young people, acknowledge all the real damage done by these contradictions and then put it aside, I believe it will be much easier to work together for a better world and ultimately to find peace and happiness within ourselves.



Starfighter: Chapter 2

by Miguel Sanchez, Kermie and Ghostboy16

There was a knock on Miguel's door. "Enter."

"Lt. Azuel reporting as ordered, Sir."

"At ease Lieutenant." Migs says returning his salute.

"What is it Sir?" Cat asks.

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

"Yes Sir but why, if I might ask?"

"It's not a request by me, but by the Admiral."

"The Admiral, Sir?"

"Yes, how are you doing since your crash?"

"I'm fine Sir, 100%."

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

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

"I'll schedule an appointment and let you know. Please don't disappoint me Cat. There is a lot riding on this."

"I won't let you down Sir."

Once again Migs saw the confident young pilot he'd come to admire. "I know you won't, Cat. Dismissed."

Cat saluted then did an about face and left Miguel's office. Miguel called over to the Medical Bay.

"Doctor, I need to make an appointment for one of my pilots. He needs a full work up. This includes a psychological eval."

"Captain Sanchez, I can see him at 0800 tomorrow."

"Thank you Doctor, I'll have him there."

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

A few seconds later, Cat replied. "I'll be there Sir. I won't let you down."

Migs called the Doctor back. "Doctor, how is Cat's hand? Is he fit to fly?"

"Absolutely, he didn't damage the replacement he'd received. He still has full use of it."

Have him come by and I'll remove the cast."

"Yes Doctor."

Migs sent another message to Cat, then after lunch, Cat was standing in front of him.

"Cat, this afternoon, we're having a training flight."

Cat smiled. "Yes Sir, I'll be ready. What time?"

"1430 hours." Migs answers. "Don't be late. Dismissed."

Cat left Miguel's office and outside, Cat was all smiles. "YES!"

Miguel heard it and smiled.

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

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

"As you were, carry on." Miguel shouted.

The men returned to their meals. Miguel was allowed

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

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

"Aye, aye, Sir," Everyone said saluting their commander.

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

Miguel went into the briefing room and waited on the men. A few minutes later, the men started coming in.

"What is going on Sir?" Lt Paxton asked.

"You'll learn everything during the briefing, Lieutenant."

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

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

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

"Miguel." His com sounded.

"Go ahead."

"My tanks are almost empty."

"I'll handle it." Miguel said then hopped down to the ground.

He went into the hangar and saw the flight mechanic. "Why haven't those fighters been fueled?"

"Sir?" The mechanic replied.

"I didn't speak a foreign language. GET THAT FUEL TRUCK BACK HERE."

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

"Yes Sir." The driver said.

It took 25 minutes to fuel the fighters. While this was going on, Miguel checked his weapons.

His fighter had a full load. He walked over to another fighter and checked his and it too was fully armed. Migs got everyone's attention and told them to check their weapons. All the fighters were fully armed so once the fighters were fueled, the squadron pilots climbed into them and were ready for take off.

"Black Watch squadron requesting clearance for take-off."

"Squadron taxi to runway 4 right, you're cleared for takeoff."

"Runway 4 right, Copy."

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

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

"Copy that Cat. Proceed to warp speed."

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

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

"Incoming fire. Take evasive action." Cat said as he broke left and dropped under the formation.

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

"Talon, break left, break left."

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

"God Migs, Talon is gone."

"Hang in there Cat. Don't lose it on me."

"Yes Sir," Cat said softly.

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

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

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

"Cat, I want you on my wing."

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

"All fighters in position?"

"Yes Sir," Cat replied.

"Arm your weapons." Miguel said as he watched his scanner.

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

"Arm photon torpedos." Miguel ordered.

"Lock on an enemy fighter. Acknowledge."

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

58 photon torpedos were on their way. They watched as the enemy fighters were destroyed.

"Good work men. Let's go home."

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

The fighters went back to warp speed and made their

way back to base. "How you holding up Cat?" Miguel asked.

"I'm on your wing Sir." Cat answered.

"Good." Miguel said.

"Cat, unidentified fighter, 6 o'clock low."

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

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

"Migs, nothing happened."

"Damn it. Switching to photon torpedos. Firing."

Migs saw the two torpedos leave his fighter.

"3, 2, 1. target destroyed." Cat said.

Miguel and Cat returned to the formation. They reached the outer edge of friendly space then they came out of warp speed.

"Shit Cat, I'm hit, I'm hit."

"I have him Migs," Cody turned and destroyed the fighter. "Got him."

"Migs how bad is it?"

"Bad enough, no response to my stick, I have pedal control but that's it."

"OK Migs, I'll talk you down."

"You'll what?" Migs shouted.

"Relax boss, I've done this hundreds of times."

"OK Cat, what's the plan."

"You gotta get your nose up."

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

"Good, now don't lose it."

"Always a wise ass aren't you Cat." Cat's face appeared on his screen. "Your cheesy grin tells me everything Cat."

"Pull up Migs."

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

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

"Copy that 21 Alpha. Trucks are on the way."

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

"What do you think I'm trying to do, play with my stick?" Migs retorted.

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

"Oh Shit, no brakes."

The ground restraining net comes up and Miguel's Fighter slices through it. "Migs eject, eject, eject."

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

Cat gets the case open. "Migs, Migs, talk to me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"May I see him?" Cat asked.

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

"Thank you doctor."

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

It took four long years but he'd finally earned his wings and commissioned as an Ensign.

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

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

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

"Go ahead."

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

"Right away."

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

"You found it." A voice said.

"Turney, you fucking bastard." Cat shouted.

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

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

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

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

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

"Go ahead Lieutenant."

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

"I'll be right there." Several minutes later, Admiral Chase was walking into the hangar bay.

"Well now, what have we here?"

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

"How?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sir, did you just call me Commander?"

"Aye, that I did." Chase said as they stopped.

"Lt Azuel, for actions above and beyond the call of duty, I hereby promote you to the rank of Lieutenant Commander."

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

"Thank you sir."

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

They got into the Admiral's speeder and went to the hospital. The duty nurse let the 2 men into Miguel's room. Cat went to Miguel's side.

"Oh Sir, can you hear me?"

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

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

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

"That bastard Turney cut the straps."

"I want his head on my light savor."

"In time Miguel, in time." Admiral Chase said.

"Captain Sanchez by now you should have recieved a top secret messege about the new Titian fighter."

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

"Yes sir I have the perfect pilot."

To be continued



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To paraphrase Charles Dickens, "Christmas is as dead as a doornail" at least that's what it feels like to me sometimes. Why is that, I wonder. Some will say that Christmas is for children. Others will tell you that it has been over commercialized or made too politically correct as to not offend others. Sigh.

I have experienced Christmas through many eyes; the bright eyes of a child; the jaded cynical eyes of a young adult and the eyes of a father bringing the magic to his children. I refuse to believe the "nay sayers" out there.

The spirit... the magic dwells within us all. So reach down deep and bring it forward and share it with everyone, not just in December but everyday of the year. You may like it after all.

- Emerys

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Peace and love to all!

Amor et intellectus