

# ETHOS

Amor et intellectus

**Because  
of Love**

**Understanding  
Child Sexuality -  
An Observation**

**How Image  
Affects Us**

**Interviews with  
BL in Black and  
Jonny399**

**The Darkness**



# ETHOS

Amor et intellectus



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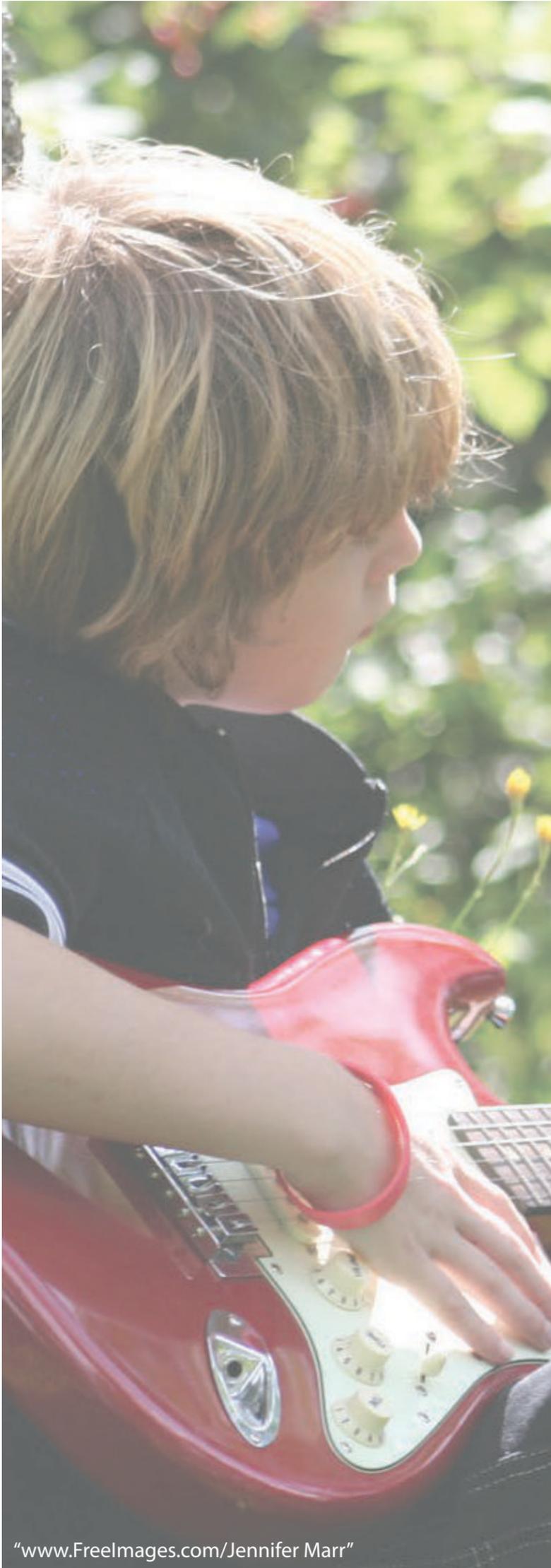
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# Editor's notations



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The third issue of Ethos is here, and we thank you all for your contributions and your support. It is, without doubt, thanks to you that we have created this issue. Portraying the truth of what boylove is, and how we as boylovers live our lives, is very important, and you should thank yourselves for helping us to do this.

The content in this issue is intended to help you understand what boylove means, and to provoke thoughts to challenge the ideals and opinions that society constantly tries to force you to accept. We are not the monsters in the closet, and we are certainly not about to become monsters either.

I encourage you to write for us, help provide the material we publish in each issue of Ethos. A continued effort of support from the community is what makes the boylover spirit. We support each other through whatever we are put through. What goes into each issue of Ethos might be what helps turn someone's life around. Maybe we convince a person that we're not the demons in their dreams. That is power you have, and I encourage you to use it.

Thank you to all of the staff who have helped put this issue together, and to the writers who have made this issue possible. Not only those, but the readers who keep coming back and give us a reason to keep publishing. You are what makes us go, because Ethos is for you.

**-False Alias**  
Chief Editor

# Because of Love

by Hoggle82

Who am I to choose?  
Who am I supposed to be?  
Who is going to guide me?  
Who is going to stand up for me?

What will I choose?  
What will be chosen for me?  
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Where can I go?  
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Why do I feel alone?  
Why do they hate me?  
Why don't they understand?  
Why don't you understand?

How do I survive?  
How will I stay strong?  
How do we get along?  
How will we change the world?

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LOVE





# Interview with: BL in Black

by Lil Monster

**Lil Monster:** Hey.

**BL in Black:** Hey.

**LM:** Did you order my extra small condoms?

**BLIB:** Mmmmm that sounds nice.

**LM:** What are you writing for the next issue of Ethos?

**BLIB:** I will be writing an article about values in society, and how they seem contradictory, and how that is especially noticeable when they apply to society's attitude toward us.

**LM:** You mean hypocritical?

**BLIB:** Yes, I think so. I'll give you an example. On one hand, many people in society claim that freedom of expression should be a right. However, so many of these people also believe that we as minor-attracted persons should have no right to speak up in favor of their sexuality. That is hypocrisy, in my opinion.

**LM:** I would agree with you there, but they would probably argue that us being a "danger" negates that right (just playing devils advocate here).

**BLIB:** Well, I'm sure many people do believe that, but I still believe it highlights the hypocrisy. One of the realities of having the right to freedom of expression is to even allow those who you don't agree with, or those whose views make you feel uncomfortable, or even those you perceive as a danger to society, to tell their side of the story.

**LM:** What is your take on the Culkins? Rory, Kieran or Macauley .. which is better?

**BLIB:** Eh, well to be honest I haven't paid much attention to Rory, but hey, who could not notice Macaulay. It's just a shame what fame can do to a child though, when you look what happened to him later in life.

**LM:** To be honest I didn't pay much attention to him once he grew up.

**LM:** How did you first discover you were a boylover? What happened?

**BLIB:** It was when I was quite young, and growing up. Before puberty, I knew I was starting to have feelings for boys who were younger than myself. I felt like I could relate to them, and was attracted to their childishness and felt a desire to be with them and mentor them. But then when I hit puberty, it became a lot more intense, and I also began to develop feelings of intense depression and isolation knowing that I was different.

**LM:** Sorry to hear that. Do you think discovering you were attracted to boys was the main cause of that?

**BLIB:** It was probably a number of things, but no doubt that was one of the significant ones. In our society there is no help available for young developing boylovers, they are left completely on

their own. That is really tough and scary for such a young teenager to deal with.

**LM:** That's why the boards are so important.

**BLIB:** Yes, and I've been adamant about this for a long time. They are the only lifeline basically for this sexual minority to get support.

**LM:** How many boards have you been on?

**BLIB:** Just one so far, Enchanted Island. But I really felt it was a helpful link for me to find support. I felt I really made a big contribution by airing my thoughts and writing posts on crucial issues which need to be discussed. This is important, to help our community grow.

**LM:** How are you coping without our beloved Enchanted Island?

**BLIB:** Well, it was a big loss, there's no doubt about that. I believe it was a setback, but I have confidence that it will be no more than that. We as a community are resilient and I have strong faith that we can continue to grow.

**LM:** I think you're right.

**“One thing I would like to point out is that our current society accepts that homosexuality is genetic and cannot be changed, so by that reasoning, I don't see any reason why they shouldn't apply the same logic to us. But they don't - another example of hypocrisy.”**

**LM: So you like boys, but have you ever been attracted to females?**

**BLIB:** Yes, when I was a boy I was attracted to females, and still am now, but to a lesser extent. Boys are very much in the foreground, and at heart I feel much more like a BL than a typical regular straight bloke.

**LM: Have you ever worn lipstick?**

**BLIB:** No, lol, why do you ask?

**LM:** Just popped in there lol. I'm making this up as I go..okay.

**LM: What's your take on the current state of American politics?**

**BLIB:** Well, where do I start on that one? Of course, I feel that Trump's policies are awful and outrageous. However, regarding BLs, I actually feel he's the better candidate of the two. I take note that he has a wife who's a former model more than two decades younger. I can't see Hillary condoning something like that.

**LM: I hadn't considered Trump's love of the younger female until now, especially how that may effect his stance on pedophiles. Do you really think it will make a difference?**

**BLIB:** Well, I'm not unrealistic, I don't expect him to suddenly stand up and cheer for us. But I do feel overall that the US media right now is very much switched off from focusing on pedophiles, and oddly, I think all this outrageous stuff that's happening with Trump, helps distract from that.

**LM: And of course, Barron. Lol. Got to ask you about him.**

**BLIB:** Oh yes, he's an adorable, unique kid it seems. Good looking, rich and powerful - what BL couldn't like him.

**LM: There is some speculation as to whether he is autistic, what's your view?**

**BLIB:** I wouldn't know enough about him to know for sure. However, yes I do note the speculation, regarding him being unique, eccentric and independent.

**LM:** All good traits for a human being.

**BLIB:** Oh yes, very much so. And we as pedophiles, of all people, should be able to relate to that. I believe independent thought is one of our strengths.

**LM:** It's a pity he is going to look like a waxwork left too close to a radiator like his dad in 50 years.

**BLIB:** That is a shame yes, boys grow up too quickly (sigh).

**LM: What do you see happening for pedophiles in the future? Will it get better for us?**

**BLIB:** I think so, yes. I think we are already starting to see early signs of that now, in some parts of the world. Cuts are being made, and attention is being taken off us by the media. Overall I think we are dawning on a new age of negligence, where people will leave us alone much more, and we can all breathe a sigh of relief.

**LM: Do you think BL is a sexuality or just an age preference?**

**BLIB:** I believe boylove and girl love are sexualities in their own right, in addition to gay and straight.

**LM: What is your AoA?**

**BLIB:** I struggle these days to come up with a clearly defined range, but I'll just say I like boys of all ages, with a special focus on the little ones.

**LM:** Me too, I love the little ones.

**BLIB:** Nice :)

**LM:** As you know, I don't define myself either.

**LM: Do you believe sexuality can change and evolve, and**

**have you evolved over time? And would you mind sharing some of that evolution?**

**BLIB:** Well, I do note that most boylovers I've met certainly think that sexuality is genetic, or naturally determined. And while I personally think it's clear that it's not something that can be changed voluntarily, I am still undecided as to the nature/nurture question of it. One thing I would like to point out is that our current society accepts that homosexuality is genetic and cannot be changed, so by that reasoning, I don't see any reason why they shouldn't apply the same logic to us. But they don't - another example of hypocrisy.

**LM:** That's a great point.

**BLIB:** Thank you.

**LM:** Do you have any final words of wisdom, advice, or thoughts you'd like to share?

**BLIB:** My advice to young boylovers is this: Don't give up. At times it may seem like society is all against you, but don't let yourself be defined by their beliefs towards you. Be strong, be independent, be resilient, and change may be coming sooner than you think.

**LM:** Thanks, BL in Black, I really enjoyed that.

**BLIB:** You're welcome.

**LM:** I need a cigarette now.



# Understanding Child Sexuality - An Observation

by Oliver Twist

**B**efore I start, this is not a justification of, or a look at whether or not, adult/child sexual relationships are right, wrong, beneficial or harmful. It is a look at the misconceptions about child sexuality and, therefore, why the modern view of child sexuality today is fundamentally flawed.

There are so many misconceptions about young people and sexuality. The prevailing notion is that the terms 'child' and 'sexuality' should be mutually exclusive. You need go no further than the world's number one search engine to see this. I googled "Childhood Sexuality" and the top 5 replies to that search are (or were when I did it):

**CHILD SEXUALITY.** *Jump to in early childhood and middle childhood - Children may use sexual terms to test adult reaction. ... "Middle childhood" covers the ages from .....* (Source: Wikipedia)

**CHILD SEX ABUSE.** *Child sexual abuse or child molestation is a form of child abuse in which an adult or older.... A causal relationship has been found between childhood sexual abuse and various adult psychopathologies, including crime and suicide, in addition ...* (Source: Wikipedia)

**SIGNS, SYMPTOMS AND EFFECTS OF CHILD SEX ABUSE|NSPCC.** *The effects of sexual abuse on children. Sexual abuse can ruin childhood, and the impact can last a lifetime. Although we should remember that every child and ...* (Source: NSPCC.or.uk)

**ADULT SURVIVORS OF CHILD SEX ABUSE.** *RAINN partners with 1in6, an organization that helps men who experienced unwanted or abusive sexual experiences in childhood to live healthier, happier lives ...* (Source: Rainn.org)

**AN OVERVIEW OF HEALTHY CHILDHOOD SEXUAL DEVELOPMENT.** *Understanding healthy childhood sexual development plays a key role in ... Many adults are never taught what to expect as children develop sexually, which ...* (Source: nsvrc.org)

The next 5 follow a similar pattern, with four associating the terms Childhood and Sexuality with abuse and only one actually acknowledging that children do indeed experience sexual urges, have sexual needs and that their sexual development can be either assisted or hindered by how adults around them view it and respond to it. Indeed, in viewing children and sex, the starting point from more and more, so called, experts is 'sexual abuse and exploitation of children'. Few delve more deeply into what motivates the child, when it comes to sex.

I suppose I should not have been shocked by this, it is simply a mirror of the perceptions and narrow minded views of western society as a whole. Nonetheless, this

almost Victorian view of children did take me by surprise. It is a 'children should be seen and not heard' response and I wonder, how far have we come in understanding the needs of children over the last 100 years? Elements of society claim that children's rights have never been more prominent in various agendas but I believe that most of this is just wind in the air and rhetoric.

The attitude of the adult world towards childhood sexuality is based entirely on what they perceive is normal or abnormal and, subsequently, on the authority they seek to exercise over the sex lives of children. They point to numerous studies, which consider known medical factors, education, conventional morality, religious doctrines and a whole plethora of other sources but, what they all seem to miss is, the object of their study is virtually mute in the whole process. Illiterate by virtue of age, barely audible above the bustle of daily life, usually ignored if not rejected, children are considered as subjects for study, as little more than lab rats or guinea pigs might be.

Children's sexuality is buried in the guilt of a moral code that they themselves have no part in setting. It is hard enough to get detailed information about the sexual habits of adults, let alone any insight at all into that of children and yet children are more forthright and less prudish than any adult, if given the opportunity to express themselves. Take an extreme. Ask a small child why he continually plays with his genitals. They will simply reply, that they do not know, it just feels nice. As the child gets older, and certainly as they move into adolescence, you can have complex and detailed interactions with children about sex, sexuality; about how they feel about their own bodies and how they feel about sharing their feelings (and bodies) with others. They are able to verbalise, in their own way, very accurately how they feel, what they are experiencing and what they want – but who is actually listening? I make this comment not just in isolation, in relation to sexuality; it is prevalent across almost every aspect of their lives and development. So, what do children do? They stop communicating with adults, who clearly have no interest in hearing their point of view and go their own way.

Children do not have all the sexual receptors firing that adults do. They are not, however, dormant until the child reaches the age of consent, as more adults it would appear would have it. They turn on gradually as a child grows and develops. Even from birth, some are active and may switch on very early. When you combine this with the natural inquisitive nature of the child, sexuality is an issue from really quite a young age. Children will explore their

differences. They do not need to be taught to masturbate. They quickly learn and understand that the adults in their lives do not care about this side of their development, or are embarrassed by it, or in the worst cases, respond almost pre-emptively to crush it.

The view that children are not capable of expressing their sexuality is, in my view, one of the more intrinsically damaging forms of abuse a child will ever suffer. The suppression of what is one of the fundamental life forces is unnaturally cruel. In the end, you cannot do it. You cannot snuff it out without damaging the child any more than you can snuff out their need to breath, their desire to feed, their desire to communicate or their requirement to grow.

In the end, if you do not support and nurture this side of a child's development, it will backfire, often in the most tragic ways. I will look at just two examples that are to the fore in the public eye but there are more.

A winter night. In cold and darkness, he steals his way through the woods, his feet tracing the moon-silvered path dully, mechanically, like the wheels of a train. He follows for a mile or more, glancing occasionally at the moon, its sick white face, glimpsed through dark branches, staring full and hopelessly back like one of those kids on a cancer ward.

Then, suddenly, a break in the trees, a deep cutting opening its arms to catch his, the trains thumping through... every few seconds... sudden endless carriages rushing through the windy cutting... and he's high on the giddy footbridge. And he's leaning his elbows on the criss-cross rails. And he's watching the carriages rushing, pushing under his feet. And he's wondering if he has the nerve. And he's feeling sick and bleak as the trains keep cutting through. And he stands there for an hour, wobbling between life and death, that night—the night he finally killed himself.

Suicide among children is on the increase and is one of the more worrying trends, certainly for me, in the modern age. It is no longer considered a rare event that takes us by surprise. In the 40 seconds or so it took you to ready the passage above, a child under the age of 16 committed suicide. I am not saying that this was because they were being sexually repressed, abused or that sex played any part. However, four of the ten main reasons why teenagers commit suicide are related directly to sex, or the way their sexuality is perceived, or the way their sexuality is portrayed. While the cause may seem trivial, they are left emotionally deprived and feeling helpless or even hopeless.

Teenage pregnancy is an issue in almost every Western Nation. In the USA, almost 25 out of every thousand children born in 2014 were born to mothers under that age of 19. This was heralded as a great achievement as it was down by around 10% on the previous year. The thinking was that this was the result of better sexual education and that children were delaying the age at which they had sex. More detailed studies, however, would indicated this is a rose coloured view of the real facts; that children are benefiting but the ease of access to birth control, and the right to privacy in obtaining it. They are not engaging in sex later or to a lesser degree, quite the reverse; they are having more sex, earlier but with a greater degree of protection. This is borne out by the disparity one finds when viewing the socio-economic and racial differences in these rates.

A number of studies are used to point to the fact that the average age children first have sex is 17 - 20 and, therefore, that sex under that age is 'unnatural'. However, these studies look at the age adolescents say they lost their virginity through sexual intercourse. From a personal perspective that doesn't surprise me in the least. I fit squarely into that category, losing my virginity somewhere between my 17th and 18th birthdays. However, I was sexually active in one way or other from as young as 9. Mostly exploratory and definitely unsophisticated I shared what felt good with my

peers and learned things from some of the older kids. We developed without any intervention from the adult world. We neither sought it, nor did we expect they had any interest in it.

Of course, we knew they would punish us for it, so we did it in secret – we were mute about it. By the time I became a teenager; I was regularly mutually masturbating and having oral sex with more than one partner. I did not consider myself gay, though at the time was afraid of the label and so denial may have been a greater imperative than was the real truth. Do I bring this up out of some desire to confess? No not at all, I simply do not think I was unusual and am trying to demonstrate from a personal perspective that statistics only tell you what the organisation commissioning them wants to know. They are manipulated even before they start by making assumptions and setting the parameters under which the data is gathered.

It is an inescapable fact that children are sexual beings, whether society chooses to accept it or not. It may be easier to put on blinkers and pretend otherwise, but the children of the world are awake sexually. They are exploring their sexuality and they want to be able to express it. I do not know what form this expression would take, if it were given more freedom, but I believe it is the right thing to do to allow it. I do believe that this freedom should be supported, nurtured and guided, rather than just being allowed to freefall in fettered. I do not, however, have any real notion, based on fact, what child sexuality is really about. To what degree is their sexuality about play and how much of it is actually lustful? Given that their ability to make cognitively rational decisions is itself a developing facet, how much intervention and guidance is appropriate and when? Given the freedom to express their sexuality and to explore their sexual urges, where would they draw a line? Would they feel comfortable exploring and developing their sexual and emotional personalities, or even desire a level of interaction? These and so many questions, for me go unanswered.

We misunderstand childhood sexuality because we do not listen to the very people who are being viewed. As boy lovers, I think we buck the trend and we do try to listen and we do try to understand child sexuality but our goals are not entirely free from our own preconceptions and motivations. If we, both paedophile and world at large, really do desire to understand, to protect, to love, cherish and nurture our young people, we need to accept that understanding their sexuality is as important as understanding the physiology, how they learn and their mental health. ■



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## Chapter 7

Having the limo meet us downtown cost us a little more. Who am I kidding? It cost us a lot more! But it was worth it for what we had planned. Being as this was the corporate office where my date's dad worked, convincing the limo company to meet us here was no problem. Limos are coming in and out of here all the time. The parking passes helped also, it will keep our cars hidden from snooping people and actually give us last minute cover in case either of us was followed. Definitely worked hard to keep this under wraps.

Thinking of my date's dad reminds me of how much I miss my dad. It hurt so much back then. I didn't think I would ever feel right again.

3 years ago, I was out riding my bike on a Friday evening, like I always do. The Kankers were chasing the Ed's, and the rest of the group running wild. Yep just like always. I was sitting laughing at the Ed's and Kankers when all of a sudden we hear my mom screaming for me. This wasn't calling me in from play like when I was little, no this was a down outright scream. Every kid stopped in their tracks, even the Kankers. I think every bird and bug stopped also. I spun my bike and headed for home just as fast as I could as she was still screaming. I think every kid followed also, not too sure on that.

When I got home mom just grabbed me off my bike and pushed me to the car and off we went. She told me my dad had been in an accident on the way home and we were rushing to the Hospital. After that I remember very little of the trip.

When my mom checked in at the Emergency Room desk, they took us to a private waiting room. Shortly later, the doctor and 2 police officers came in and I immediately went cold. I knew what had happen to my dad. A drunk driver had ran a red light and T-boned my dad's car right in the driver's door. He never knew what had hit him.

My mom had to go identify my dad and prepare for final arrangements, I knew I just couldn't face that right now, and elected to sit out in the waiting room. I remember sitting crying not caring who saw me. I felt a shadow over me and my name being called softly. I looked up thinking it was my mom telling me it was time to go. What I saw was Edd with a sad look on his face. Right then I had to be held by some-

# The Secret S<sub>E</sub> Never Told Chapters 7-9

by *LtDreamer*

one, and went to hug Double D, I know I cried a lot more in that waiting room just holding him.

I'm not sure of the trip home. Only me and Ed were sat in the back while my mom sat upfront with someone else. At home I remember sitting in the kitchen and wondering where Double D was. Mom said he was going to get some stuff and be right back.

The next few day were nothing but a blur, people coming and going, family long forgotten, and lots of tears. I know that water ran over my head so I knew I had been taking a shower, but I don't remember doing it. Somehow every time I needed someone Double D was there. The funeral allowed me to put closure on the whole ordeal, actually being able to see my dad and saying goodbye.

After I quit crying and coming back to my senses, mom told Double D that he could go home now and thanked him for all his help. When I saw him leave with a suitcase, I was wondering if he stayed over here or not and what he had done to help out. I may not know, but I know I felt a great sadness when he left.

Life soon turn to normal on the Cul-de-Sac, well as normal as could be. Sara played with Jimmy and Johnny. Rolf still had his animals and garden. The Ed's were still the Ed's with the Kankers chasing after them.

My date and I were able to spend more time with each other without the others know about it. Sneaking off has become something we were getting good at. There were a few close calls. One time was when we were in the old junk yard and Eddy walked by calling for Double D like his life depended on it. That was nothing new. We had to stay very

close and very quiet while he was walking around. Who needs the news when you have an Eddy? He tells everything he hears and see.

About that time I see a white Sport SUV pull into the parking lot and head in my direction. I give a big smile knowing that my date is here and our ride will be here shortly.

The car pulls into the parking space next to my truck and the door opens. The driver is tall and slender with jet black hair down to their hips. God I love to run my fingers through that hair, so soft and shiny.

Closing the door and hitting the button for the lock and car chirps, and my date approaches eyeing me through mirror RayBans with a hunger that I know I feel too. With a kiss as soft and sweet as could ever be, deep and passionate, we greet each other. No words are needed, we both know each other so well. Yet as always my voice will be heard. "You look as beautiful as ever, you know that."

"And you like to flatter me too much, you know THAT?" Cheesy, right?

After another deep kiss, the sound of a motor turning off the road breaks our embrace. The black (my idea) Hummer limo pulls into the parking lot and right up to us.

"Have any trouble finding us?" I ask.

"Nope, been to this building lots of times, and the instructions were dead on I see." The driver responds, "The coordinated outfits were a dead giveaway."

While the driver holds the door, I allow my date to get in and I follow like a perfect gentleman. Did I just say that? Me, Kevin Murphy, a gentleman? Oh, the irony of that statement. The driver returns to the front and off we are off to shake up Peach Creek High, and to enjoy our first date with our friends. I hope.

## Chapter 8

When I pulled into the parking lot I spotted my date right away. Kinda of hard to miss with that smile I have fallen in love with so many times before. I take my time parking and walking up to my date, I just want to savor that outfit for as long as I can. I am already feeling a stirring in ways only a teenage boy can.

After a deep kiss and our usual greeting with a play on words, we can only stare at each other, knowing tonight will be something special no matter what happens. Our limo's arrival lets us know it is time to head to the prom as a couple. Just the two of us, without having to sneak around.

Our first date away from the Cul-de-Sac, just the 2 of us, was about 2 years ago. We both were 15 at the time and able to ride the buses downtown and back. The arcade and movie were great, especially when we were able to sit close together in the dark. We were two teenagers in love and having a great time. That was the night we lost our virginity together. My parents were gone again, more often now that I'm older, and I had permission to stay over. Exploring each other's body for the first time only added to the excitement. To say we were worn out and very happy in the morning would be an understatement. From then on, it was pure bliss, a time I will never forget in my life.

Our parents eventually found about us dating and had a neutral view of it. My parents were not too surprised, saying they had known of my preference a long time now, from the time I became a teenager. They were just surprised to find out who I was seeing at the time. Of course I got the whole lecture of being safe and what to do and not do. It seem to take an entire day to sit through that and I don't know how long I stayed embarrassed for afterwards.

On the other side of the equation, my lover, I didn't know about until a few days later. Lots of crying and questions, and hours of talking. There was finally acceptance, and I felt a lot better about that. At least now we had our parents helping us keep the secret from our friends, and they under-

stood why.

Well, tonight that will all change completely. I am looking forward to the new me, without my beanie and having the one I love's hand clasped firmly in mine without a care in the world. It's not going to be easy, far from it, and we know this. We will just have to wait and see how things turn out.

I look over and smile at my sweetheart as we make our way into the community where the high school is. It's now or never and we know it. A brief nod tells me that we are going ahead with the plan, so I lean over for a tender kiss and a quiet "thank you", before we arrive.

Pulling on the school grounds we see limousines of all different colors and sizes lining the drive to the gym. Each one stopping for a moment at the gym entrance to let their occupants enter and enjoy the prom. Some go and park, and others leave to return later for their pick up.

All of these vehicles lined up reminds me of Mr Murphy's funeral. We set in the back of the family limo with me holding Kevin's hand. He had no intention of letting go.

And the wait for everyone to get settled before the driver opens the door and we exit the car. I can't help but squeeze my date's hand looking over knowing our time has come. We now have to face the music, our peers, and our friends. I see many color tuxes' and dresses going into the gym, knowing this is always a colorful affair.

Just a couple of cars ahead of us I spot Nazz getting out of a car with her date. Always looking like she stepped out of a fashion magazine. Her date's outfit matching hers, I know she had a hand in picking it out for him.

Ed and Eddy walk in without dates like I expected them to do. No surprise there really.

The next car has Rolf and his date. "Is that Lee Kanker?!" I ask. Wow, and she is with Rolf. A red evening dress that goes well with her red hair. And speaking of which it is actually done up where you can see her eyes for a change. Rolf is dressed in a basic black tux and the only sign he shows of his family heritage is in his cumberbum and tie. How he found them I will not ask, but I am sure there is a great story behind it.

The car in front of us is the Senior Class President and this year's Homecoming queen. They are expect to be crown this year's prom King and Queen.

As their Lincoln pulls out, it's our turn. Our limousine grabs the attention of those gather outside, so lots of stares turned our way. At the last minute, I decide to put my RayBans on and wait for the driver to open the door. At the appropriate time I step out of the limo without moving away from the door. I just stand and look at the crowd that is now staring trying to figure out who is staring back at them.

After a moment I turn and reach for the hand of my date. Waiting for them to stand, I set my sunglasses back into the limo for safe keeping for later on. With my back still to the gather crowd, we grab a quick kiss before, hand in hand, we turn and walk into the gym. Those outside only gasp and stand in shock as we pass holding hands. Our new life starts now.

We enter the gym and a shocked hush goes across the dance floor. From one side of the gym we hear Eddy shouting "EDD!?" from the other side Nazz shouts "KEVIN!?" Kevin and I just turn and kiss, then we go to greet our friends as a very happy couple.

## Chapter 9

We walk through the gym with our arms around each other as we greeted our friends. Those from the Cul-de-Sac and others we have made in school.

So far so good. There are a lot of shocked faces, but nothing too adverse that seems that it would be a problem. Of course, we knew we would be welcomed by the school staff,

as most of them already knew. Edd and I talked to a counselor earlier in the year over the school's anti-bullying policy. Boy that looked like a giant new rule book to us bullies, hehehe. It wasn't until about mid-term that Edd and I decided on this little scheme of ours.

We wound up at a large table right in front of the dance floor with all of our friends asking questions all around. Nazz, sitting on the other side of Edd, seemed to start things off for everyone.

"Kevin, when you broke up with me, and stated you were dating someone else, I had no idea. I mean EDD, how long have you been on the dating scene and us not know about it? And each other, when did the two of you even become friends long enough to start dating?"

When she finally wound down, my Double D, yea mine I like that, just giggled that cute laugh he always did during school.

So far no one has said anything and about not having his beanie, or his long black hair.

"Edd and I became friends over a holiday weekend back in the 7th grade. We didn't actually start 'dating'" I say, making cute little quotation marks with my fingers, "until after my dad's funeral. I think it was then that we realized that we really loved each other. There was nothing wrong with dating you Nazz, or having you or any of you as our friends, but my heart belongs to Edd." I say, smiling.

Of course Eddy has to get his say in it. "But that is so gay!" He wines.

Rolf speaks up with "for a person to take a mate of their own gender is a reverend affair in my village. For they are not split in the mind between a woman or a man."

"You are talking about 2-spirited people, right Rolf?" Edd ask.

"Yes yes." He answers.

Eddy is not finished though, he has more to say. "How can you love another guy? Isn't that just a little bit weird?"

Before anyone can respond, Ed jumps up and points a finger at Eddy. "Hush Eddy, I love Double D, I love you Eddy, I love my dad, I love Jimmy because Sara loves Jimmy. Do you not love your brother? Do you love me or Double D or not?"

"But its different Ed" replies Eddy.

"Why Eddy, love is love." Ed then turns towards us, leaning across the table and pointing his finger in our direction. He looks straight at me with the most serious face I have ever seen from him in my life. With that finger still pointing, he asks, "Kevin, do you love Double D?"

I reply with "Yes."

"Are you happy?"

I reply yes again, never taking my eyes off of his.

He shifts his focus and finger to Edd. "Double D, do you love Kevin?"

"Of course I do."

"Are you happy?"

With the smile I love so much he replies yes to Ed. He stands upright again, easily towering over all of us, then throws his arms out wide with that silly grim of his. With a shout he states, "They are happy and in love, Ed loves them both and is happy for them."

With a "But..." from Eddy.

Ed whirls to face him and with a scowl says, "Eddy Hush! No More. They should be your friends." Then he finally sits back down. This silence is deafening. When did the place get so quite?

Somewhere behind me and Edd, a brave soul starts clapping, before we knew the entire gym was clapping and cheering. With a tear actually forming in my eyes, I look over at my love and see I am not the only one. This sure was not what we were expecting, and so far we are very lucky to have the friends that we do.

As the applause dies down the school principal gets on

stage and starts trying to get everyone's attention. We all start watching and listening, so she is able to start. "Before we start the music back up I think this will be a good time to announce your prom Royal court tonight." That was an odd wording I think.

The crowns and Royal sashes are rolled out on a cart covered in Purple, lined with our School Colors. I notice something off about the crowns but with my finger running through Edd's hair I didn't pay it much attention. What can I say? I love his long hair.

When Ms. Grady has everyone's attention she continues. "As you know, the student body and staff vote for the prom Royal court." The program starts with the lower ranking positions being filled first, and moves fairly quickly. The senior class president and his date became the court prince and princess, which surprised me very much. I thought they would win the crowns for sure. Of course, Jacob did get in that fight half way through football season and was thrown off the team, but still he was a good person over all.

The lights dimmed and the entire gym went dark, with only a light on Ms. Grady. "As you may have noticed, things were done a little different this year. Surprisingly, thanks to a group of students and their campaign, there will not be a prom queen for the first time ever at Peach Creek High." She says. "So for your 2015 prom high court, I give you your prom king as Kevin Vincent Murphy and his Royal Prince Consort, Edward Walkingstick Yazzie.

The gym erupts in applause, while Edd and I just sit there staring at the stage. Did she just call our names, TOGETHER?! Rolf comes around and stands me up, while I am still staring. I notice that Lee has Edd by the arm too, leading us to the stage where we have nothing to do but to follow their lead.

Edd and I walk up the stage together and I receive the kings' crown, while Edd receives what I now notice is a crown, smaller than mine, yet, more masculine the queen would have gotten.

The clapping starts to die down with me and Edd still looking in shock on the stage. Lee looks up and yells, "You didn't really think we didn't know about you two dating all these years did you?" The entire place starts to laugh as the surprise of the century at Peach Creek High had just been released, and it was on us. I know we are turning redder than her hair.

Edd finds his voice first, and looking at no one in particular, he asks, "You knew?"

Eddy pushes his small 5-foot-2 frame through the front of the crowd and looks up. "Of course we knew, you knuckle head, we're your friends are we not?" Through tears of pure joy, and with a very passionate kiss, we showed everyone there how much we actually love each other.



# How Image Affects Us

by FalseAlias

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Our reputation and social status affects every part of how people treat us. If you were known to the society around you as a person who had decided to touch a boy, there would be hatred against you. Somehow, in some strange way, society calls itself civilized and unprejudiced, yet is happy to defy this belief when it discriminates against all of us.

Boylovers are grouped into the same category as child molesters by society, and even if we've never acted on these desires of ours, we would be treated as if we had. Thought-crime cannot be prosecuted in a court of law but it certainly can be by society. Unfortunately, there are ways we can be discriminated against because of our attraction, and I've no doubt that this has happened before.

Let us make an example, to follow how we would be prosecuted merely for thinking sexual things of boys. Joe Doe is a 24 year old male, who is now looking for a job. He's just finished a few years in different universities learning different skills, so that his search can be shorter than he would like.

Joe is a boylover, who likes boys between the ages of 6 and 13, and he has never committed any crime (unless staring at a boy's covered ass is a crime). He regularly visits a boylove board so he can vent his desires in a safe environment where it cannot damage anyone in any way.

In searching for a job he lands an interview with a prestigious company, who has a very high reputation in the field he is intending to delve into. The company has a large leverage of authority and can usually get lots of information easily. They have "contacts", and like to do very thorough background checks into potential employees. They do not work with children in any form, and they most certainly do not have offices anywhere within 150 meters of where a child might be.

Somehow, the company finds out that Joe likes boys sexually. They also discover that he has never touched a boy, and he has never download pornographic content of a child, but they decide to withdraw their interview with Joe because they feel "he could be a danger to the reputation of the company."

Joe is dumbfounded, what could possibly be a danger to the reputation of the company? Then he realizes: this is because he likes boys. How does that matter? The company isn't anywhere near a school, or a playground, or a park. It's nowhere near children. Children aren't even clients of the company.

Joe reviews the company guidelines, and also consults his local library for law books pertaining to information on

equality and discrimination based on sexual preferences. He finds that the company has a policy stating that it must treat everyone fairly, regardless of many characteristics, including sexual preference. The legal documents he finds states exactly the same.

He decides to try sue the company, and proceeds to file the necessary paperwork to engage in a court battle with them over his mistreatment. In the start of the court trial it is made clear that he was denied his chance to work because he is attracted to boys.

At this point, the facts are these:

- The company has specifically stated that it has denied him his interview because he is a boylover. More specifically, because he is sexually attracted to boys between the ages of 6 and 13.

- The company policy says no one can be discriminated against based on sexual preference.

- The company's scope of sexual preference is gender-based, not age based.

- Joe has never committed any crime. He is a good citizen with an outstanding social reputation.

Through hearing testimony from the company, he hears the words, "people who are interested in children are more likely to commit sexual crimes than normal hetero or homosexual people." He is disgusted by those words, yet unfortunately that is what society thinks. What can he do to change it?

When it is his turn to testify, he is very clear that he has never committed any crime, and that he is very active in his local community by helping around the elderly residents and also volunteering whenever he can. He decides to talk specifically of his attraction, making it clear that he knows the boundaries of the law, and that he would never commit a sexual act with anyone under the age of consent.

At the end, the court announces that he lost. Joe asks if he can have "another go" at justice, but he is denied that opportunity by the court. When he goes home, he finds that he is no longer wanted for volunteer work and the elderly residents are afraid of him.

Did the company have the legal ability to deny him this job because of his preference for boys?

Was Joe right to try sue the company for discriminatory behavior

What other steps could Joe have taken to try ensure he wins the case?

Should Joe have just dropped it when he was denied the interview?

What would you do if you were in Joe's situation?

# The Darkness

"www.FreelImages.com/Oliver Gruener"

by Ghostboy16

**A long time ago, in ages past, five stood against the forces of darkness. Over the centuries this continued and it still goes on to this day.**

Thirty centuries have passed since. The original five have lived, died and a new generation has been born. Each of the five has a different power, or whatever you want to call it and, like all those that have gone before them, they each have the mark. Each one has fangs and stilted pupils.

The five are all over six-foot, in their teens and, for some strange reason, they are all male. The five go to different schools but they all are linked. A leader will be appointed, at the first meeting, in the hall of the guardians.

Ari sits at his desk, looking out the window, watching his kitten stalking a bird. In the background, the stereo blasts out Iron Maiden. He knows what he is, for he was born one of the five. Ari is 13-years-old. He is six-foot-one, has long blond hair and two toned eyes. His right eye is blue, while his left eye is a pale green. Ari lives in California. His muscled body is tanned from the sun. Ari is a very active youth who he spends most of his time outdoors doing some kind of activity, either with friends, or on his own.

Meanwhile in Alberta, Canada, another youth has hit the snow for some fun. The youth flies over the snow. Like Ari, he is also a guardian. His name is Jean-Luc. Jean-Luc is an even six-foot, with short black hair and brown eyes. His muscular frame is covered in a thick jacket and pants to protect him from the cold. He also wears a helmet, gloves and goggles. Jean-Luc has his mark on his left shoulder and, at 16-years-old, is the oldest and attends Alberta High.

At the same time; in Tampa Bay, Florida, a 14-year-old boy sits on a boat getting ready for a dive with some friends. This boy's name is Kai. He is six-foot-two with blond hair and grey eyes. He knows he is a guardian, like all those who have gone before him knew.

Kai goes over the side of the boat and he waits for his friends to join him. Once his friends are in the water, the group heads off to explore an old wreck. A few hours later the group returns to the boat. Kai removes his tanks and then unzips his wetsuit and peels the top down, showing the tattoo on his upper left arm.

"Nice tat Kai," one of his friends says.

"Thanks Chris," Kai responds.

Meanwhile on a distant world five sets of eyes watch.

"That is three; soon it will be time to bring them here."

"Yes, then we can begin."

Ari, Jean-Luc and Kai all look up at the same time as a soft whispering fills their ears. On a street in Nashville, a 15-year-old boy is hard at work. He is part of a crew that have been asked to decorate the walls of a new, indoor skate park. The boy's name is Ryan and he is six-foot-three-and-a-half. He has hazel eyes and brown hair and his mark is on his lower left forearm. He can also hear

the whispering. After they had finished for the day, Ryan heads home to get cleaned up. Ryan knows he is a guardian.

Nathan sits in the prison bus, having just been sentenced to two-months in a Juvenile prison for vandalism. He looks at his shackled ankles and then goes back to looking out the window. Nathan has short black hair and two toned eyes, his right eye bring sapphire blue, while his left is storm cloud grey. Nathan is six-foot-four. He is 15-years-old. Every now and again one of the guards looks over his shoulder to check on the prisoners. Without warning, he gets the driver to pull over.

"Is something wrong?" The driver asks.



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"Probably not. It's the boy with the two-toned-eyes: I want to see if he is all right," the guard responds.

The driver pulls over and one of the guards unlocks the door. He then walks along the aisle until he reaches the place where Nathan sits.

"Are you all right, boy?"

"Yes sir. Prisoners are not allowed to talk, sir."

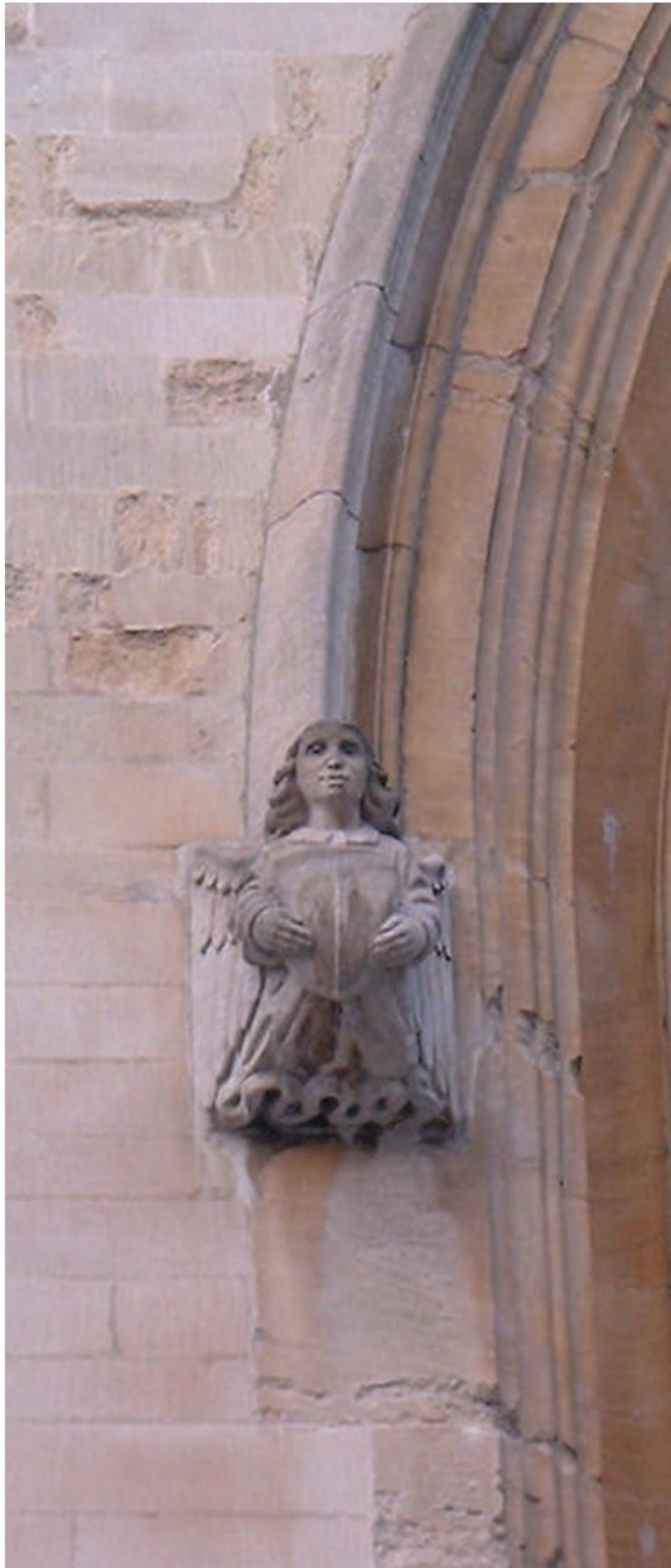
"While you're on this bus I have a duty of care to look after you."

He then goes back to his seat and locks the door.

After two and a half hours, the bus pulls in to NYC Juvenile Detention Center. The bus drives through the gates and comes to a stop. The inmates look around as bus comes to a stop. The cold hand of fear is soon felt as one of the guards unlocks the cage door and begins to undo the floor shackles. Once that is done, he tells them to stand up and proceed out of the bus and then, to stand in a line.

"And no talking!"

Nathan gets to his feet and he walks out. He then stands silent as he waits for the others to get off. While he waits he lets his eyes wander around the place. He takes everything in, knowing this will be his home for the next two months. Once the last prisoner is off the bus, the guards tell them to get moving. Once inside, the cuffs and shackles are



removed and the prison guards then takeover.

"My name is Officer Calax. This is a minimum security prison. You are here because you committed minor crimes. You will follow all instructions to the letter. When I call your name you will come forwards for processing. You will be then issued with your prison uniform. When that is done, you will be escorted to the showers. Once you have showered, you will be taken to your cells and you will put your things away, neatly. You will proceed to the shower block with your heads down and your hands behind your back. This is how you will be at all times. Your welfare and well-being is our duty of care. Remain silent during processing."

Nathan is the first to be processed. When he is called forward, he is asked his name, his age, address and length of sentence.

"Your prison number is C- 16789 A. Understand?"

"Yes sir."

"Now go over there, sit down and wait. Before you go, are you wearing contacts?"

"No sir, this is my natural eye color."

Nathan goes over to the chair, sits and then puts his head down. Once the inmates have been processed, they are then taken to the shower block so they can shower. Once the last boy has showered they are taken to their cells. ■

# The Increasing Sexualization of Kids

by Baby Bear

There was a time in pre sexual revolution America when kids were almost completely innocent, but ever since the crazy 60s which produced a generation of rebellious lawless people, a modern generation of kids grew up in a world that is much more sexualized and adapted to it at a very early age. Some of us may remember a time when children asked the question, "Where do babies come from?" Now the youngest child knows where babies come from. Children as young as Kindergarten are learning sex education now and growing up in homes with two mommies or two daddies.

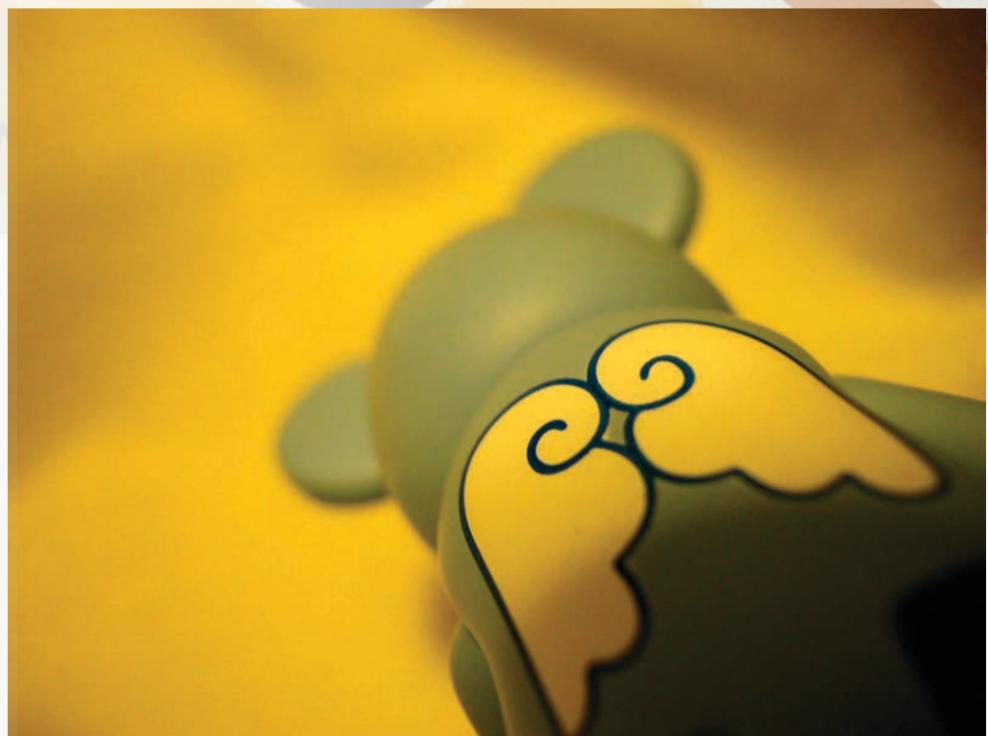
While child pornography remains illegal, still there has been an increasing sexualization of kids in the media; this is evident in many of the kiddy shows and performances that we see in programs like Honey Boo Boo and Toddlers and Tiaras. Since we live in a world where social media has replaced TV as the medium of the 21st century, we have gained a glimpse into peoples' homes in YouTube videos where kids do "inappropriate" things on camera, sometimes even with the indulgence or encouragement of parents. On YouTube I have seen kids expose their genitals, dance suggestively, and swear, among other things.

Does anyone doubt if children can engage in such behaviors they cannot become sexually aroused? It is clear that they are awareness and understanding (though immature) of sex and sexual things, and are able to express it in their own ways. The question is, if children are being sexualized today then what tomorrow?

ATHLETICS



DOLL and BUGGY PARADE



# Michael, New Carson's Start

by Wolfrunner

It is the morning after Christmas. The sun is peeking over the horizon and it's going to be a nice day.

"Mmmmmhhhhh." Carson stretches his cold fish legs and his length in arms and arches his back as he lets out a large sigh. He throws the covers off of him takes off his night diaper puts a pair of white briefs on and runs down the hall to Michael through things the door open when he flies through the air landing on Michael's bed with a flop.

"Daddy daddy dad dad dad."

"Mmmmm what is it, Carson?" Michael still has to sleep.

"Nothing," says Carson. "I just like saying dad now that it's for real."

Michael reaches out, grabs Carson by the arm and pulls

how much he should put into the pan. When he has enough, Michael tells him that it's enough and to put the heat on medium.

As they both prepare the food for breakfast, they engage in small talk about how much fun Christmas day was. At one point, Carson moves over to Michael and wraps his arms around him to give him a great big hug. Michael returns the hug and kisses the top of Carson's head. Carson looks up at Michael and smiles wide, then he looks over at the frying pan with the hash browns in it, and quickly darts back to flip them so they won't burn.

After breakfast Michael tells Carson to go take a shower and to wear his daytime protection, and to pack extra for the



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him to the bed, then rolls over and starts to tickle him wildly.

"Sssssttssttoosstop daddy, I have to pee." Michael stops. Carson gets out of bed and runs to the bathroom to pee.

Michael gets out of bed and yells to Carson that he is going to the kitchen to start breakfast. A few minutes later, Carson comes into the kitchen and says he wants waffles and hash browns. Michael says okay and asks Carson if he wants to help.

"Sure," says Carson. "What can I do?"

"Well, you can start frying hash browns. Get the cooking oil from the pantry and pour a little in the frying pan, but not too much." Michael watches him pour so he doesn't pour too much and says, "Okay good. Now pour some hash browns into the pan, about enough for the two of us depending on how hungry you are." Carson tries to gauge

day because they would be driving for a while and he didn't want Carson to have an accident. Carson yells from his room, "Okay daddy."

After Michael and Carson have showered and have gotten ready to leave, Carson says, "Hey dad, where are we going?"

Michael answers back, "You will see when we get there. It's a surprise."

Carson yells back, "I don't need any more surprises! I have all I need now. I have a real dad."

Carson is sitting on the couch when Michael comes into the living room. "Okay sport, you ready to go?"

"Yes Daddy! But I want to know where we are going."

Michael says, "Just get into the truck."

"Yes sir," Carson replies.

As they are driving they play a game of naming cars. They take turns, and whoever guesses the most right by the time

they get to where they're going wins. Carson is very good at the game. He loves the 1960 to 1970 cars, and old muscle cars, and he also knows some of the newer cars.

By the time they get to their destination, Carson is well ahead of Michael. They have been driving for about an hour when they pull into a long driveway with a ranch style house that is set back off the road. It is a very large ranch house with about 20 acres of land and a barn with horses in it.

Carson's eyes get wide as they pull up to the front door. "Wow. This is a cool house. Who lives here?"

Michael answers, "Well, nobody right now, but I have a key so let's go look inside." Carson looks at Michael quizzically. Carson's eyes are as wide as dinner plates as they open the large wooden doors with stained glass from top to bottom on both sides of it.

Before them was an all-natural stone on the floor, then there were two steps down to the expansive living room area with all hardwood flooring. There is no furniture in the house.

They walk through the living room and into the chef's kitchen. It has all stainless steel appliances, with a refrigerator twice the size of the one at their house. They then walk down the hall to look at the bedrooms.

There are eight bedrooms. They look into all of them. Two of them, beside the master bedroom, have their own bathroom. One of the bedrooms that Carson likes is down the hall, next to the master bedroom. It has a large walk-in closet and a big picture window that looks on to a large field in the backyard. The room is almost as big as the master bedroom, and it has a tray ceiling with a ceiling fan.

Michael asks Carson about how he liked everything. Carson says, "It was really cool," then looks at Michael with a puzzled look and asks, "Whose house is it and why are we here?" Just then, a car pulls up with a nice looking lady. As she gets out of the car, Michael and Carson go out front to meet her. When they get outside Michael extends his hand to her.

"Hello there," she says, "you must be Mr. Riggs. I am Linda Wise."

"Hello, Miss Wise. I'm Michael, and this is my son Carson."

Linda reaches out her hand to Carson and shakes his hand. "My, what a handsome young man you have here." Carson blushes at that statement.

"Well how do you like the place so far?" Linda asks.

"It is wonderful!" Michael looks at Carson and asks him how he likes it. Carson says, "It's neat... but who's the owner, and what are we doing here?"

Michael avoids answering just yet. "I say let's go take a look at the barn and stables."

Carson says, "Hey dad, I need you for a minute."

They go into the other room and Carson tells Michael he needs to change, and it was a good thing that he wore protection. Michael tells Carson to go to the car and get what he needs, then change in the bathroom and meet them at the stables. Michael and Linda walk to the barn and stables while Carson changes.

Carson finishes up and runs out to the stables with the wide smile which tells Michael that everything is good now. They are walking and talking about the house and the property. Carson stops and loudly states, "Okay, stop!"

Michael and Linda turn to face Carson. He stomps his foot and says, "I have asked three times whose house is this and why are we here. I'm not moving until I find out."

Michael looks at Linda and asks if he and Carson can have a minute. Linda says she needs to get some paperwork from her car, and to take all the time they need. Michael walks with Carson over to a bench and sits, then tells Carson to have the seat. Carson sits next to Michael. Michael looks at him and asks how he likes the ranch. Carson again says, "It is cool, but why are we here?"

"Well, son, I want to buy it."

Carson's eyes get wide as he jumps off the bench and looks at Michael. He yells, "No way! Are you serious? Please daddy, tell me you were serious!"

Michael says, "Hold on buddy, hold on just a minute. There's more, sit back down."

"Okay okay, what is it?" Carson says excitedly.

Michael says, "Well you know I don't have to worry about money right? And I took you in to make a difference and let you have a good home, right?" Carson nods his head. "And you liked the family around for Christmas, right?" Carson again nods his head. "Well this house has eight bedrooms. One for you, one for me, and six more that will be empty. I was thinking about starting the Home for Boys in need."

Carson jumps off the bench again and looks at Michael and says, "You mean I get to have brothers?!" Michael kind of chuckles and tells Carson he wasn't planning on adopting all the boys but he might have one or two more.



Carson runs to Michael almost knocking him down. He hugs him tightly and says, "Please daddy, please buy the ranch, I love it, I love it all, and then I will get to have brothers too!" A small tear runs down Carson's little cheek.

Just then Linda comes into the stables and sees Carson hugging Michael. She says, "Well it looks like things are going good."

Michael laughs and says, "Uh, what gave you that impression?"

"So I have the papers drawn up, Mr. Riggs," she says.

"Yes, thank you," he says, "and it is Michael, not Mr. Riggs."

Michael and Carson get into their car and start to drive home. They don't talk very much, for a little while. Carson looks at Michael and says, "Hey, dad?"

Michael looks at Carson and says, "What is it, buddy?"

"Well I was thinking, what kind of kids were you looking to help? What kind of kids like you that come from a bad background and need someone to help them? Well ... I kind of meant like what ages of boys were you thinking to help?"

"Ah, I see," says Michael. "Well, I don't know exactly why you ask."

"Well ... I, um... um ... I was thinking can you not get anyone older than me?"

Michael looks at Carson. You can tell by the look on Carson's face he has a reason for asking that question, so he

asks why. Carson kind of hesitates and then tells Michael.

"Well, I was the first boy you helped. And if you brought more into the house and he was older than me he would be able to give me orders and tell me what to do, and things like that."

Michael knows what Carson is thinking. "Oh okay, so you want to be the older one so you can give the orders and be the big brother, right?"

"Well, not so much the giving order part, but yeah the big brother part."

Michael looks at Carson and says, "Well I think you would make a great big brother, so we will look for boys younger than you, okay?"

Carson gives a great big smile and says, "Cool, thank you daddy."

For the rest of the ride home they play the car name game again. This time, when they get home it was a tie because right before they turned onto their street Michael sees an "Old VW thing." When Michael calls it out, Carson says, "Hey! You have to know the name."

Michael says, "That is the name. It is called a VW Thing".

Carson gives a fake pouty-lip. Michael reaches out and messes up his hair, then Carson says, "I'm going to look that up because that's a stupid name for a car," and Michael laughs.

Michael liked it when Carson did things like this, because he knew Carson would look it up and read about it, and that meant he would learn something.

When he got home Carson took his bag up to his room and started up his computer so he could look up the VW Thing. Michael went into his room to put some clothes on that were more comfortable, then he went to start dinner.

As Carson was looking on the computer for the VW Thing, Michael was in the kitchen making dinner. Tonight Michael would make a nice salad and some garlic bread sticks. Carson loves the salad that Michael makes because they were quick and easy and it was enough to make a good meal.

Michael pours himself a nice glass of chardonnay, then turns on the sound system and puts on Barbra Streisand's Guilty album. He gets to work on the salads for dinner. The first thing he does is get a nice crisp head of lettuce out of the fridge, along with a cucumber, red onion, Thousand Island dressing, and some red cabbage, plus a stick of pepperoni and some leftover grilled chicken breast.

First, Michael slices the lettuce and when he has enough for both bowls, he then slices a little bit of red cabbage and he dices up some red onion into both bowls. He then slices the cucumber in half so they are easy to eat, and he slices some pepperoni in the same manner. After this, he cuts up the chicken breast in to cubes. Once that is done, he pours some thousand island dressing on both salads, then puts a few croutons in them and sprinkles some salad toppings on them. Now the salads are done.

He takes a sip of wine and looks at the bread sticks in the oven. They look almost done so he yells for Carson to wash up for dinner.

Carson washes up and then comes into the kitchen and asks, "Daddy, can I have root beer with dinner?" Michael says it is okay so Carson pours himself a glass. They sit at the table and Carson says, "You know that VW Thing is ugly, right?"

Michael laughs and says, "Yes I know that."

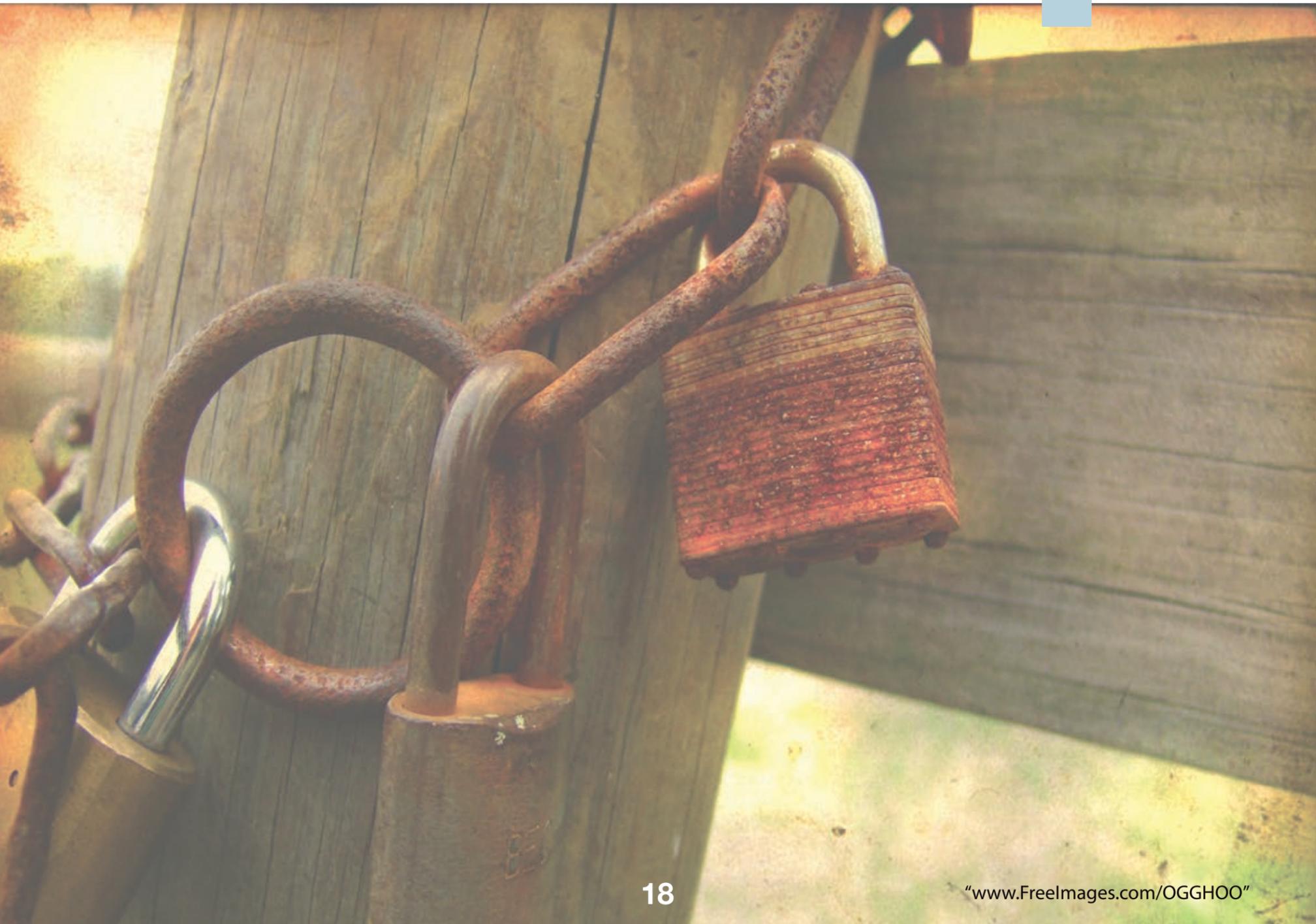
Carson looks at Michael during dinner and asks, "Daddy, can I have a sip of your wine?"

Michael smiles and says, "Okay, one small sip."

Carson takes the glass and has a small drink. As it slides down his throat he scrunches up his arms and shoulders and shakes his head, "Eeeeewwww... how do you drink that stuff?" He quickly takes a gulp of root beer to get the taste out of his mouth.

Michael laughs at his boy and says, "It takes time to get used to it, but when you do get used to it, a lot of wines really taste good."

Just then, Michael's cell phone rings. He works out the number and it is Linda, the realtor.



# Values

by BL in Black

**W**e live in a society which is full of values that don't make a lot of sense. I believe there is no greater test to this than when you take a lot of the values from certain members of society which claim to be more accepting and tolerant, and then apply them to pedophiles.

I believe, for example, you could ask them two questions basically about the same thing, and get two completely different responses.

For example, you might ask someone in today's western society:

"Do you believe in free speech, and expression?"

They might say yes, but then you could go on to ask:

"Do you believe people who believe in the rights of pedophiles, should be given free speech and expression?"

Often, you may get a very different response. Although the person you ask says he or she believes in free speech and expression, they may well simultaneously believe that pedophiles should have no rights, and sex with children must be punished harshly, and that anyone who dares to argue with these things must be silenced, ridiculed and vilified.

receiving a message from society that sexual diversity should be respected, and people can't change their sexuality, they have simultaneously been bombarded constantly with the exact opposite message regarding pedophiles or minor-attracted persons - that they are sick, and should be punished.

Another example: You may ask someone in today's western society:

"Do you believe that we should restrict the use of the Death Penalty, because human life is sacred?"

They might say yes, but then you could go on to ask:

"Do you believe that pedophiles should die?"

Often, again, you may get a totally different response. Many people are brought up in today's society being taught that the death penalty should be used sparingly, if used at all. And yet these very same people often believe that pedophiles, or those attracted to children (often even if they haven't broken the law) should be killed.

What does this all mean?

In my opinion, as a minor-attracted person, it is easier than ever to see that we live in a society full



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Let me give you another example. You might ask someone in western society:

"Do you believe that sexuality is something that you are born with and cannot change?"

They might say yes, but then you could go on to ask:

"Do you believe that people who are attracted to children should be respected for who they are, because they can't change their sexuality?"

Again, often you will get a totally different response. This is likely because the person you are asking, while they have grown up all their lives

of contradictions. The anti-pedophile hysteria, I believe, is not based on logic and common sense, but knee-jerk irrational emotional reactions. As a society, we may like to think we have decent moral humane values, but when you look below the surface and see the double standard when applied to groups like minor-attracted persons, it is easy to see how society says one thing, and does another. Sometimes it can take a brave person to step outside the bounds and try to take a good look and see things for what they really are.



# Interview with: Jonny 399

by Lil Monster

**LILMONSTER:** Hey.

**JONNY399:** Hey.

**JONNY399:** So here I am. I canceled my other chats, and am all yours.

**JONNY399:** Mr. Zoom said hi.

**LM: Where is Zoom?**

**JONNY399:** He is on Tox and BMW. Or I think he is. Anyway, I was chatting with him on Tox.

**LM: So how did you come up with the idea for 50 Shades?**

**JONNY399:** It was after I read 50 Shades of Grey. And I wondered what boys really think. And it was not like I could just ask boys. But then I thought ... why not?

**LM:** I'm sort of making this up as I go lol.

**JONNY399:** That's okay.

**LM: How did you go about finding the interviewees?**

**JONNY399:** Well I knew some of the boys, and some were from friends online, who had young friends, AND AFTER ASKING PERMISSION, I INTERVIEWED THE BOYS AND THEIR AFS. IT WAS REALLY QUITE EASY.

**JONNY399:** Oops. Sorry, I simply hate a caps lock key ... LOL.

**LM:** That's okay, I'll edit it out later. I'll change the caps. Might even leave it in for a laugh.

**JONNY399:** Hehe sure.

**LM: Were you expecting 50 Shades to be such a hit?**

**JONNY399:** Actually no, after I wrote it I almost didn't publish it, as I was sure it was "boring." But I had promised all the boys I would send it in anyway.

**JONNY399:** I mean, it had bad comments. But all that says to me is that it was well-read. And people actually understood what it was trying to say. Little did I know it would be well accepted. Or that is the impression I got. Even if it said something different to everyone who read it.

**LM: Are you planning a third?**

**JONNY399:** I was, but it got cancelled. When the Island went away, I lost contact with too many members, and after the second one it seemed to be complete, so I am writing a new article for the next issue of Ethos.

**LM: Can you give us some spoilers?**

**JONNY399:** Well I can say it looks at the age-old question of age of consent. What is it, and what does it really mean? Questions I have struggled with all my life.

**LM: Sounds good, I look forward to reading it. What do you think of the age of consent?**

**JONNY399:** Well that is a complicated question. Is it an out-dated law, or rather a law to allow the government to control our lives? It works to put fear and loathing into our youth as well as every man, woman, and child. The ages keep getting pushed later and later. And even though we can go to war at age 18, in most places we can't even have sex yet. So we can die, but not reproduce? Before the age of consent laws, parents protected their children, now it is left up to the government.

**LM: The nanny state?**

**JONNY399:** Don't understand ... "The nanny state?"

**LM:** That's what we call it here when the government interferes in our family affairs.

**JONNY399:** Then yes, a nanny state.

**LM: Do you see it ever getting better for us pedophiles?**

**LM:** BRB five minutes.

**JONNY399:** Yes, but to start with, that word "pedophile" is an ugly word. It has a basic meaning, and a evil meaning that society has placed ... a scarlet letter. So I will not think of myself in that way. A boylover, yes. A child lover for some of us out here. But a "pedophile?" No. That to me is like calling me a rapist.

**JONNY399:** Okay, I got to pee anyway.

**JONNY399:** Dinner is ready in five minutes, I'll be back then. BRB.

**LM:** Okay.

**JONNY399:** Okay, I'm back.

**LM: How old were you when you first realized you were a boylover?**

**JONNY399:** That would be around 7 or 8 ... maybe younger. Of course back then there was no name I knew of. I was just a strange boy, or so I was led to believe. Maybe younger. It is a difficult question to answer.

**JONNY399:** I recently posted this, maybe it will help answer that. I recall a time when I was very young. I was at the library and looking for a book to read. Well, I ended up in the art section and took down a book on photography, and browsing through, I came across a picture of a nude boy. I was flabbergasted and fascinated. There was no one else around so I looked at the other pictures. There were a few other nude boy pictures. I checked out that book and took it home. I was confused as to why I was so attracted to the nude boy pictures. I took the book in my room and would

study the pictures for hours. There were also little girls nude in all their glory, but it was the boys I paid particular attention to. I had no one to go to with these questions. I used to say to myself that sure they are boys, but they are just men before they were grown up and that maybe that is what held such fascination for me. I found that I was getting a stiffly each time I looked at the pictures. The little girls were beautiful, but beyond that they did nothing to me, well nothing down there. I checked out that book and a few others like it in the upcoming weeks and no one ever asked me why I was so interested in art.

**LM: You mentioned the Island being down. Was EI your first board? How did you come to be on EI?**

**JONNY399:** No, EI was actually my second board. I was invited to the Island. A member invited me there. And it was a funny story that made me stay.

**LM: What was it?**

**JONNY399:** You see, I am dyslexic, so when I signed up with Enchanted Island, I put my date of birth as 1999 instead of 1966. Well as you can imagine, that made everyone there think I was quite young. A member sent me a PM,, and asked me my age, as I was going on and on about being a trucker driver, and owning a company. So when I found out, I tried to change it, but being a new member I was not able to change my age as it was posted. So I made an announcement in the chat room, and posted my real age and did all I could to correct that. And I was at the time horrified, but looking back on it now, I see it as funny. I was instantly liked by all members. Or most of them ... even after they found out my true age. So that was to me a funny story. And now I am very careful about that stuff.

**LM: Do you think aliens exist?**

**JONNY399:** An off-the-wall question if I ever heard one. And as for aliens ... depends on what you mean. Life on other planets? Well, life on other planets, perhaps, but maybe not as we see it. Religion certainly believed in aliens, but they called them Gods, or maybe not. But as for me ... I need evidence.

**LM: What is your age of attraction?**

**JONNY399:** And I will ask you, and perhaps the readers, why must we place an age on our attraction? If I am attracted to an 8 year old today and then I am attracted to his brother of 11, are both not boys of their own? What I am saying is this ... in the outside world, no one asks men, "What is your age of attraction for the woman you wish to marry?" And they won't say, "I like 25 year olds." So although I can say I do like 5 year olds, I can also say I like 10 year olds.

**JONNY399:** It is not their bodies that I first see, it is their minds, and the unique way they look at life.

**LM: Do you think boylove is a sexuality, or an age preference of gay?**

**JONNY399:** Please explain the question, as I don't understand what you are asking.

**LM:** There is a debate about whether boylove (and girl love) is a separate sexuality, or just an age preference.

**JONNY399:** Ahh, well I do believe it is a sexuality, but that does not mean that sex is a requirement. Just as there are couples out in the world that are not sexual, but still very much in love, the same can be said about child love, or boylove, or girl love.

**JONNY399:** And as for a magic age ... well to me there is no such thing. But as for a body, well let's just say there is, indeed, a body.

**LM: Are there any final thoughts you'd like to share with the readers?**

**JONNY399:** Well that is hard, as I am not sure the main focus of this interview. It seemed to be about my article 50 Shades, then about age of consent, and finally about AOA. So with that, all I can say is to be true to yourself

**LM:** There is no purpose really, just for the reader to get to know you.

**JONNY399:** Okay, then one final thought.

**LM:** Okay.

**JONNY399:** If the government makes a law that says ice cream is now illegal, will you suddenly not like ice cream? Or will you stop eating it, but still think of it?

**LM:** I will brb, keep writing, I won't be long.

**JONNY399:** No need to answer, it is meant to make you think, is all.

**LM:** That's good way to end.

**JONNY399:** Thanks. If I can help any any other way, just ask.

**LM:** So the interview ends at your rhetorical question.

**JONNY399:** Great. I love it.

**LM:** Cool. Thanks, Jonny.

**JONNY399:** BRB ... got to take the dog out.



**Springtime.** I'm always reminded of the verse from the Moody Blues song ... "and to hear the sun - what a thing to believe. But it's all around, if we could but perceive." I feel it means to use your inner sense, not just the physical ones, to experience and appreciate the beauty of things around you.

- Emerys



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# What Does Age of Consent Really Mean?

by Jonny399

I served time in the military, starting before I was 21 years old, which in the United States is the common age of consent for things like drinking alcohol. I went off to war and was asked to risk my life in defenses of my country, and even kill an enemy. I was not, however, allowed to get drunk, as I was considered too immature to drink responsibly. I was also not allowed to rent a car, as I was deemed too irresponsible to drive safely and honor an "adult" contract. I was allowed to get a license to drive that car, but had to have my parents rent it for me.

I was restricted from have any sort of sexual relationship until I was 21, as I didn't have the maturity to have a relationship. I did not think this was strange or unjust, it was just the way things were. Except that I remember thinking, if I can go to a strange faraway place and take a bullet, and be trained to kill another human, why can't I go out and get drunk? Let me make one thing clear: I had no interest in drinking, it was more the idea that I didn't like. And it got me wondering, what is this age of consent thing?

From as early as I can recall, I have been confused with mixed signals about what the age of consent is, or as I heard it, the age at which we become adults. It seems like the most common age of adult status is 18, but as I stated above, even this is in doubt. I was allowed to vote at age 18, and I could enter into a contract like with the military. I could buy a house, and a car... but then why the jump to age 21 for other things? In many states a 20-year-old cannot have sex with a 17-year-old, but can in most states marry a 16-year-old with the parents' permission. In most states, a 10-year-old can be given "adult time." That means they can be tried as an adult for serious crimes, including sex crimes. Thus if they commit murder, they can face adult time, and

the many ways to be charged with a "sex" crime. And what happens with two "children" having sex? Well, the older one is charged with a crime and the younger is given "counseling," even if the age difference is only a one-day difference. Or in most cases, even as little as a one-minute difference in age.

For example, if there was a 14-year-old boy who was charged with a sex crime against a 13-year-old, the 14-year-old would be placed on the sex offenders list for life, while the younger partner underwent counseling. The older partner would be tried as an adult and his life would then be ruined. No forgiveness, ever. So now let's say that same 14-year-old was caught with a 15-year-old. Now he is safe, and the 15-year-old would be in hot water. How can we as a society hold someone who has not reached the age of consent responsible? If they cannot consent, then why are they guilty?

We have the medical area of "expertise" to explain, possibly. Using advanced brain-scanning technology, scientists are getting a better view of how the human brain develops. What they've found is that in most people, the pre-frontal cortex and its links to other regions of the brain are not fully formed until age 25. These areas are the executive decision-making the parts of the brain that allow people to think through the likely consequences of an action, weigh the risks and benefits, and stop themselves from acting on impulse. In other words, the stuff that makes you a mature person. But different parts of the brain develop at a different pace, and many people are "mature" enough to decide what is beneficial to themselves and those around them.

But that research is relatively new, and was certainly not available when it was put into law, so where did the age of 21 or 18 really come from? Perhaps we can look at our past

culture? Aristotle wrote of 21 as the age when a person would have completed three 7-year stages of youth development. During the Middle Ages, legend has it that 21 was considered the age of adulthood because that's when men were capable of wearing a full suit of armor. For Americans, 21 stuck as a threshold age through the 19th century and into the 20th. Until they turned 21, parents owned their children, whether that meant working on the family farm or operating a machine in an urban factory and handing over their pay, except in the case of marriage, then it was a "dowry" or sale to the family of the other, for a cow or a pig or some such nonsense... eventually the federal government, enacted child-labor laws, keeping kids from working and ultimately making their attendance in high school compulsory.

Let's face it, every person is different and develops at his or her own pace. Parents can teach their children and let them learn from their mistakes and save them when they have to, or choose to ignore them and allow them to decide every

thing on their own. But laws are laws, and laws must draw lines in order to be fair. It would be useful, however, for states to think more broadly when it comes to the age of responsibility. Yet the point of laws regulating the behavior of young people should not be to restrict them, rather should begin educating them in the ways of responsible adulthood. What's important, after all, is not passing a test or meeting an arbitrary age requirement, but learning lessons and applying them to real life. Do our children undergo a magical change on their 18th or 21st birthday, where one day they are a child and then suddenly they are a fully capable adult? Of course not. So why should a specific date determine age of consent?

Some may argue that a very young age is certainly too young to decide, like for example age 7 or 5. But shouldn't that be decided by the child? You may then ask, how can he decide if he does not have the "maturity" needed? Well, there is no correct answer, as from the information above a child's brain is not fully developed. The age of consent laws are in place to "protect" the non-mature members of the human race. Perhaps an age of consent needs to be determined by the parents, who know the child the best. But then that would put the burden on the parents, who for the most part cannot even be bother to teach the child right from wrong, and often depend on nannies, or the government (i.e.: schools) to do that for them. Are age of consent laws a good thing? Should they be reformed, or abolished altogether? What do you think?



# When I, Now I'm

by Hoggle82

**W**hen I was a child, I stood by you and looked at you with emotions I didn't know of.  
- Now I'm a man, and I look at your child with the same emotion, I now know, as love.  
When I was a child, I asked you questions I thought were impossible to answer.  
- Now I'm a man, and I answer your questions to keep you asking more.  
When I was a child, you held me in your arms.  
- Now I'm a man, I hold you in my arms.  
When I was a child, I cried when you left me.  
- Now I'm a man, I cry when I can't see you.  
When I was a child, I loved you with all I know.  
- Now I'm a man, I love you with all my heart.



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**Amor et intellectus**