

A Boylove Story
The Uranian Eros
My Grown-Up VF
Benefits of Being a MAP



FAWNLET NOTATION ISSUE 13

Hello, and welcome to the Autumn 2026 edition of Fawnlet Magazine!

Let me tell you, I am very proud to be writing this Notation. It's been a good while, so when Zoomzoom4 invited me to write this piece, I was more than happy to say yes.

So, here we are at Issue 13, and the magazine's third anniversary. And it's fall, again. How quickly time goes by! Fawnlet has been delivering high quality issues for all this time, and it seems as though they get better with each issue. I read each issue with enthusiasm, because I know that they will not disappoint.

With the Autumn of any year, the arrival of the season brings about the ritual of boys being taken to a store to be fit with new school clothes. Pants, shirts, shoes, the whole works -- and they were all mostly taken on in one day.

And then, most importantly, the first day of school. I think 98% of kids hate that day. Elementary and middle school, at least. And definitely all the boys. Dreaded that first day. I know I sure did. In my generation, we were sent to that first day with a pack of new pencils, pink erasers, protractors, etc. Plus, a pack of notebook paper, binders and book covers, for those who were asked to put them on their textbooks to keep them free from damage.

I'm not going to lie to you: I was a boy who so intensely dreaded the first day of school. I mean, I HATED it. I would do anything to try getting out of it. In my earlier grades I would play sick, complain that I didn't feel good, whatever it took. I just wanted one more day of vacation. That's all. Just one more day. But my mother stuck to her guns and would not bow to my wants. She made me get up, get dressed, eat breakfast, gather my things and get out. I walked to school for the first nine years of my education. It would mostly be a nice early September morning. The air was clean and fresh. Later in my walk, I would run into other kids having to do the same thing: make that first day and finally meet our new teachers.

Our classrooms would smell like a room locked for the whole summer with old books and paper locked within them. We would sit down and see our teacher's name written on the blackboard. At 9 'o clock AM precisely, the loud, obnoxious bell would ring and our teacher would take to the front of the room, signal to get everyone quiet, and introduce herself.

And from that moment on, the Fall season evolved into the cold Winter. We held on to those few remaining warm days, yet still came to enjoy school -- not because of learning, but because of the friendships that started on Day One.

Boys stuck together with boys. It was unspoken ritual. We ran around, wrestled, threw baseballs, played kickball, yelled, screamed, laughed and cried. But looking back on those years now, at the age of 56, I can tell you one thing for certain. I miss it all. Every bit of it. Even my third grade teacher, Mrs. McClintock, whom we had deemed the meanest teacher to have ever taught at that school. Up until that point, that is.

And so, please sit back and enjoy this new issue of Fawnlet Magazine. And as you do, think back to those early years in your own life, and how much there is to enjoy about youth, and being a boy.

Dragonover



TABLE OF CONTENTS

02**NOTATIONS FAWNLET****04****TABLET OF CONTENTS****06****STAFF/DISCLAIMER****07****BOYS IN THE NEWS****09****A BOYLOVE STORY****11****NOTHING CREEPY ABOUT IT****14****PEDOPHILIA AND THE
EVOLUTION OF THE
AMERICAN MINDSET: A
GENERATIONAL HISTORY –
PART 1****21****SOME BENEFITS OF
BEING A MAP**

**25****MOVIE REVIEW:
HUGO (2011)****29****MY GROWN-UP YF****30****EARLY AGE, MIDDLE
AGE AND MODERN AGE****32****7 BOY-STERIOUS LAUGHS –
PART 2****34****A FUN, INNOCENT TIME
WITH MY BELOVED****35****WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT
YOU****37****DOES HE DESERVE IT?****38****THE URANIAN EROS****43****WHEN EVERYTHING
CHANGED**



OWNER: ATLAS RESEARCH CENTER

DIRECTOR: ZOOMZOOM4

CHIEF EDITOR: ABOYSXO

WEBMASTER: GARY

ART DIRECTOR: JUNNI

CONTENT MANAGER: LOST MERLIN

STAFF WRITERS: DRAGONLOVER, REALME, WOLFRUNNER

Staff

DISCLAIMER

The content of Fawnlet is not intended to represent the views or opinions of any of the magazine's staff members. Any views or opinions expressed are those of the individual author or commentator, and are not necessarily shared or endorsed by Fawnlet or its staff, or by any members of the boylove community.

All of the images published in Fawnlet have been used in accordance with the license attached to each image. Where the license dictates, we have provided appropriate attribution. Some images may have been created by members of our staff using their own cameras, or by using AI, or even hand drawn on paper.

BOYS IN THE NEWS



by: aboysXO and Zoomzoom4

STUDY: CONFLICT HITS SCHOOLING THE HARDEST WHEN CHILDREN ARE THE TARGET

According to Unesco, about 16% of all children are out of school, although they are of an age to be at school in their countries. To put it in perspective, that's around 250 million kids. Available evidence suggests that out-of-school numbers are extremely high in conflict-affected countries, though the exact number is hard to quantify. For example, in the Central African Republics of South Sudan and Eritrea, more than 50% of primary school-age children are not going to school.

<https://theconversation.com/topics/boys-4180>

BEAUTY AND SKIN CARE PRODUCTS: THE LATEST CRAZE AMONG TWEEN BOYS

For young boys, beauty is suddenly cool. While it used to be only girls who were interested in body sprays and skincare, now 12-year-old boys are buying up luxury fragrances and TikTok-famous hair products. And the industry is taking notice, as "being beautiful" is considered a new obsession for boys.

<https://www.mediapost.com/publications/article/415938/gen-alpha-insights-teen-boys-are-ais-early-beaut.html>

TEEN LIFEGUARD AND HIS NEW 10-YEAR-OLD FRIEND HAILED AS "HEROES" BY PRESIDENT

After Donald Trump saw the "astounding" video of a teen-age lifeguard's dramatic rescue of a drowning 10-year-old, he invited both to the White House, where they travelled from California to meet him and be honored.

<https://www.nbcbayarea.com/news/local/lifeguard-saved-boy-santa-cruz-beach-meet-trump/4129021/>





BOYS IN THE NEWS



by: aboysXO and Zoomzoom4

FOOTBALL STAR PROMOTES NEW POSITIVE MASCULINITY FOR BRITISH BOYS

In a recent BBC documentary, former English men's football manager Gareth Southgate explored the challenges facing young males in Britain, including low school attainment, declining employment opportunities, low self-esteem and poor mental health. The "positive masculinity" he promotes focuses on ambition to achieve, emotional openness, mental resilience, and learning from setbacks. His strongest message is the constant advocating for the need of more positive male role models in London.

<https://theconversation.com/boys-want-to-challenge-harmful-ideas-about-manhood-working-with-them-not-lecturing>

TIKTOK TREND REVEALS SEVERE BODY IMAGE ISSUES IN TEEN BOYS

"Looksmaxxing" isn't just a TikTok trend - it often reflects severe body image issues in young boys and teens. These often lead to things such as punishing regimens of facial exercises, intentional starvation, and even attempting to reshape the jawline or cheekbones by smashing them with a hammer or chisel.

Those are some of the more extreme behaviors in a practice called "looksmaxxing" - which is an effort to maximize one's looks at all costs. Entrancing an enormous following of largely teenage boys on social media, "looksmaxxing" has gone from niche to mainstream since the early 2020s, which is when it first began trending on TikTok.

<https://theconversation.com/looksmaxxing-isnt-just-a-tiktok-trend-it-often-reflects-severe-body-image-issues-in-teen-boys-and-young-men-280567>

HOW SCIENCE CHANGED THE LIVES OF 2 EPILEPTIC YOUNG BOYS

The process of personalized gene therapy led to the possibility of two boys living lives they never could have imagined. Switching off one copy of a gene also enabled the older boy, 14, to walk independently for the first time.

The rare nature of their epileptic conditions saw both boys being forced to live with such a debilitating neurological disorder. But taking part in this medical research project has clearly paid off, reducing their suffering noticeably.

<https://www.discovermagazine.com/two-children-with-a-rare-epilepsy-mutation-show-improvement-after-personalized-genetic-treatment-49436>

A BOYLOVE STORY

by DB1972

I love Cory.

And Cory loves trains.

We've taken many wonderful trips together on trains. He has posters of trains on his bedroom walls. He collects N-scale model trains -- and I have to admit, those are amazing! They are super detailed, and the Japanese company that makes them, Kato, has done probably every train that has ever existed, both modern and historic.

Anyway, needless to say, he's absolutely crazy for them.

And I, of course, am absolutely crazy about him.

So yesterday, we went down to the hobby shop. It's one of his favorite places to go, perhaps tied with GameStop, even, so we go pretty frequently. It sells two things we like: tabletop games, and model trains.

We were just looking around, casually browsing, and guess what? He found a California Zephyr set!

It really is a beautiful train. The set was also hideously expensive. But you know, what he wants, he usually gets. So we got his new train set, and also an expansion for our favorite tabletop game, and then we left the store.

In the car, he kissed me.

And that was the moment the twentysomething clerk decided to come out, and we were parked like right at the door. Perfect timing!

He stopped and looked right at us: a grown man kissing an 11-year-old boy.

The guy just kind of grinned and went on his way. Seeing that, I always had the feeling he might be "one of us". Honestly, you can sort of tell sometimes by the way a guy acts around a young boy. But there is a pretty fine line between someone who just likes kids and a guy who is a real boylover, so you can't always tell for sure.

It was sort of an exhilarating moment, I have to say. No one has ever seen me and Cory kissing before. I sometimes think about how hot it would be if someone got to see us showing well let's just say some "real" affection.

But when we got home, we had a little talk about the importance of discretion -- something we both obviously lacked. Because while thoughts like the ones I were having are nice, I can never forget that we still live in the real world.



NOTHING CREEPY ABOUT IT

by
Wolfrunner

His name was Cameron, the son of my roommate's friend. Very young, he was about 7 or 8 years old. The main issue here is that there was an occasion where I took candid photos of the boy -- and then this was mischaracterized as "creepy" by someone else. Which, let me assure you, it was not.

To explain, I have to start at the beginning. I met Cameron when he came over to my house with his mom, as his mom and my roommate were old friends; they'd known each other since high school. Being a boylover, I naturally tried to not appear "too" interested in Cameron, but he had no such concerns. Turned out that he really liked me, and

we hit it off, undeniably. Which led to a fairly close friendship, which his mom had no problem with. Mainly because the interest he took in me, was positive. The activities, everything we did, it was all very educational. He wanted to help with the various handyman projects I had going on around the house, and I had no problem sharing the activities with him.

One of our joint projects was a planter I had been wanting to build. There's no way he was going to let me do that by myself. He was



going to find a way to help, damn it, and he did. He asked if he could do the measurements for me, and while I fully intended to let him, I showed a bit of fake skepticism, just to give him a bit more motivation. Just a little psychology, trying to get him to do a better job to prove to me (but mainly himself) that he could.

And so the day we first got started on it, he came over with his mom, Tina. And while she was in the kitchen on her phone with a cup of coffee, he wasted no time in getting started. In fact, I was surprised at how quickly he jumped in. I was walking past the window and saw him already out there, getting his tools and thins ready. The planter we were building was going to be right outside the window, so as I approached it and saw him, I paused and held back so he wouldn't see me. I wanted to observe how he worked, when he (thought he) wasn't being watched.

I was impressed, right away. I saw how seriously he was taking it, doing the calculations, writing the numbers down, and he even measured everything twice. I was already holding my phone, so I wanted to record the moment. It felt like I was watching something genuinely special. And so from the window, I took some candid shots of him. How he was measuring, and his facial expressions, level of concentration, that kind of thing.

Then immediately I went to the kitchen, and told his mom, "Look at this, look .. " as I showed her my phone. I said, "I let him work by himself, and I got some really good pictures of him."

She smiled, and I let her hold my phone, swiping through the pictures I had just taken. I knew what she was thinking, and I beat her to it.

I said, "You know, I can send them to you. I think, you know what, I can send them Bluetooth, probably."

She smiled, nodding. And they were great shots. So it was was a nice moment.

But then, hell, that bitch, Sally (her friend), started telling her, "Well ... why did he have to be so secretive about it, and stuff? That's just creepy. And he was spying on him, from the window, taking pictures."

I could not believe what I was hearing. Number one, I wasn't "spying" on him. He was in front of a window. I wanted to capture the real him. That's why I took the pictures. And then the minute I took them, I shared them with his mother!

But this stupid bitch wanted to turn it into something "creepy". And so typical, because those are the kind of people I've seemed to always have in my life, trying to drag me down. I was flabbergasted. Just like, "How in the fuck would you want to do that to me?"

That just goes to show you, some people are ... I don't even know the words. Because first of all, I don't do anything "sneaky" or underhanded. I don't have anything to worry about. I never have to worry about getting "caught" because I never do anything. But I couldn't believe it, I was like, I took pictures, yes. I took them because I was excited about it, what he was doing -- and I showed them to his mother, immediately after I took them, I was like, "Here, I'll send them to your phone."

And he wasn't undressing or anything, he was fully clothed. There was nothing to even ... there was nothing creepy about it. Nothing at all. And they were good shots, too! They were excellent shots. And his mother agreed. She knew she didn't have to worry about me, she came over with him all the time. And I even went to one or two of his baseball games. He was always glad to see me there; he thought it was neat.

But this Sally, she was just a troublemaker. And I don't know why, but there always seems to be someone like that. They can't just let people enjoy a moment, they always want to spoil it, for some reason. Fortunately, neither Cameron nor his mother seemed to care what she thought.

PEDOPHILIA AND THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN MINDSET: A GENERATIONAL HISTORY

Part 1

by: Manstuprator

List of the Nine Generations Covered in this Article:

1. The Missionary Generation (Born 1880–1892)
2. The Lost Generation (Born 1893–1900)
3. The Greatest Generation (Born 1901–1924)
4. The Silent Generation (Born 1925–1942)
5. The Baby Boomers (Born 1943–1960)
6. Generation X (Born 1961–1981)
7. The Millennials (Born 1982–1996)
8. Generation Z (Born 1997–2012)
9. Generation Alpha (Born 2013–2024)



1. The Missionary Generation (Born 1880–1892)

The World They Grew Up In

These people were born at the time when giant corporations were first starting to control the economy of the United States. As they grew up, cities expanded rapidly, factories opened everywhere, and the "Old West" - America's wild frontier -- officially disappeared.

Middle-Class Life and Mindset

Outlook: They were very earnest, serious, and deeply focused on fixing society's moral problems.

Hopes and Dreams: They wanted to clean up dirty politics and make society perfect. They were the ones who later banned alcohol (Prohibition) because they believed laws could force people to be good, stay sober and attend church.

Fears: They worried that greedy corporate bosses (the infamous "Robber Barons" of the era) would ruin the country, and that crowded city slums would lead to crime and chaos.

What Confused Them: New scientific ideas, like Charles Darwin's theory of evolution. It confused them because it was hard to mix their traditional religious beliefs with these new scientific views of the world.

Class Contrasts

The Rich: The super-wealthy lived like European royalty. They thought the middle-class obsession with fixing society was annoying and unnecessary.

The Poor: Immigrants and factory workers were just trying to survive. They thought the middle class was out of touch for worrying about things like drinking alcohol when poor families didn't even have enough food.

Specific Societal Views

New Inventions: They were awed by electrical grids and telephones, but deeply alarmed by early moving pictures. They worried that the movies in these theaters would corrupt the morals of young people.

Sexual Morality and Homosexuality: They held strict Victorian standards. Sex was officially viewed only as a tool for marriage and family building. Homosexuality was treated as a severe criminal offense or a shameful psychological disease, and it was entirely hidden from public view.

Appropriate Behavior and Minors: In the late 1800s, the legal age of consent in many states was shockingly low—sometimes between 10 and 12 years old. This group of middle-class reformers fought successfully to raise the age of consent to 16 or 18, arguing that children needed legal protection from adult exploitation.

Illicit Drugs: They grew up in a world where substances like cocaine and opium were perfectly legal and sold in everyday drug stores. When addiction problems in America skyrocketed, this moralistic group pushed back hard against the phenomenon. First it was the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914, intended to criminalize drugs such as cocaine, marijuana and heroin. This was followed by Prohibition, the infamous legal effort to entirely ban alcohol in the United States.

2. The Lost Generation (Born 1893–1900)

The World They Grew Up In

This group had their teenage years and early twenties ripped apart by World War I, which was the first war to use machine guns and chemical weapons. Afterward, they lived through the wild, party-heavy years of the 1920s.

Middle-Class Life and Mindset

Outlook: They were highly cynical and doubted everything. They felt that

the older generation's speeches about honor and patriotism were lies that sent young people off to die in war.

Hopes and Dreams: They wanted total personal freedom, artistic expression, and a chance to escape their small, boring hometowns.

Fears: They feared that life had no real meaning and that another brutal, heavily mechanized war could happen again at any time.

What Confused Them: The sudden change in human culture. New ideas about psychology (like Sigmund Freud's work on the subconscious mind) and the rise of mass advertising made them question if people were actually in control of their own choices.

Class Contrasts

The Rich: The wealthy spent massive amounts of money partying in Paris and New York, using their family fortunes to ignore the sadness of the unsettled world.

The Poor: Farmers and laborers did not get to enjoy the "Roaring Twenties." They entered a severe financial crisis years before the rest of the country, meaning their lives were defined by hard labor, not wild parties.

Specific Societal Views

New Inventions: They embraced mass-produced automobiles and radios. The car gave teenagers unprecedented privacy away from parental chaperones, creating a massive generational conflict over independence.

Sexual Morality and Homosexuality: They shattered Victorian rules during the 1920s. Middle-class young people invented modern "dating," replacing formal family courtship. Women cut their hair, wore shorter dresses, and engaged in casual kissing. However, homosexuality remained highly taboo and legally dangerous, forcing gays and lesbians to form underground communities in major cities.

Appropriate Behavior and Minors: With the rise of the automobile and unchaperoned dating, elders panicked that minors were engaging in reckless sexual behavior. Society responded by introducing strict rules in high schools and colleges to monitor teen interactions, though the youth continued to push boundaries privately.

Illicit Drugs: They viewed Prohibition as a complete failure and an act of hypocrisy by their elders. Middle-class youth openly broke the law by drinking in illegal bars called "speakeasies." While hard drugs remained illegal, smoking cigarettes and drinking alcohol became symbols of active, rebellious youth.

3. The Greatest Generation (Born 1901–1924)

The World They Grew Up In

This group was hit by a double disaster. They were children or teenagers during the Great Depression, when banks failed and people lost their homes. Then, as young adults, they were drafted to fight in World War II.

Middle-Class Life and Mindset

Outlook: Practical, disciplined, and focused on teamwork. They believed that individuals had to sacrifice their own desires for the good of the country.

Hopes and Dreams: They wanted basic financial security, a stable job, and a quiet family life. They dreamed of owning a suburban house with a yard where life was safe and predictable.

Fears: Their ultimate fear was another economic crash. They dreaded a return to the hunger and extreme poverty of the 1930s, and they feared the rise of dangerous foreign powers, like the Soviet Union during the Cold War.

What Confused Them: After fighting a massive war where everyone worked together, they were confused by how quickly the world turned into a tense, paranoid standoff between the US and the USSR (and their allies on each side).

Class Contrasts

The Rich: The wealthy lost some of their public influence during the Depression because regular people blamed them for the crash. They had to be quieter about their wealth and focus on running big institutions behind the scenes.

The Poor: For the poorest Americans, joining the military and going off to World War II was the only way to get regular meals, a basic education, and a chance to escape what they viewed as permanent poverty.

Specific Societal Views

New Inventions: They mastered heavy industrial machinery and aviation during World War II. After the war, they welcomed household appliances and televisions, believing technology would make suburban family life secure and peaceful.

Sexual Morality and Homosexuality: They returned to traditional, conservative family structures after World War II. They emphasized early marriage and large families. Homosexuality was heavily criminalized and viewed by the government as a security risk, causing thousands of people to hide their identities to avoid ruin.

Appropriate Behavior and Minors: They viewed adolescence as a time for innocent, youthful romance — like holding hands, going to school dances, or sharing a milkshake. Any sexual activity among minors was treated as a massive scandal that could ruin a teenager's future, often resulting in forced marriages or young women being sent away in secrecy to avoid public shame.

Illicit Drugs: They valued law, order, and sobriety. They viewed illicit drug use as a sign of criminal deviance or severe mental brokenness. They preferred legal, socially accepted substances like tobacco and alcohol, which were heavily integrated into corporate and domestic life at the time.

TO BE CONTINUED ...



Fawnylet

11-year-old boy

Some Benefits of Being a MAP

BY: BLUE RIBBON

Recognizing that last month (August 2026) was our Second Annual MAP Pride Month, I decided to write this article with a focus on the positives of being a Minor Attracted Person. You may not relate to every single one of them; this is largely based on my own personal experiences.

So, with that in mind, let's take a look at what's cool and fun about being a MAP ...

MAPS HAVE A YOUTHFUL OUTLOOK

I've been to some well-attended MAP meet-ups in the past. Think MAP Camp, but without all the drama. So many of the people I met there seemed young for their age (in a good way.) Being inclined to work with children may have something to do with it. Working with kids all day will definitely help to keep you young

However, I think there's something inherently youthful about MAP-ness, in the same way that a lot of gay men have a number of feminine traits. It would be an interesting research proposition.

MAPS HAVE UNIQUE PERSONAL FREEDOMS

While some MAPs do get married and have children, many do not. Adult-attracted men typically feel a need to settle down, get married, and have (or adopt) kids.

Sadly for them, many marriages are incredibly unhappy ones that end badly, and tie a person down regardless of how satisfied they are.

Without a wife and children, I have no such drama in my life. I can do whatever I want in the evening. I can move to the city or even out to the country as I please, and travel wherever I wish -- and whenever I wish.

All of my decisions are my own. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

MAPS ARE MORE OPEN-MINDED

Being viewed (and treated) as sub-human really does make you re-think everything. Having analyzed MAP oppression from every angle, I've come to the conclusion that no values are really sacred, and that no group is truly deserving of such hate.

Everything is just a lighter or darker shade of grey -- and open to interpretation. I don't think this is uncommon among MAPs.

Along with this comes the ability to care less about what people think. It's obvious that humans make decisions and judgments based on ridiculous social frameworks and hysterical emotions, so why care? Other peoples' opinion of me really doesn't matter in most situations, so why bother with it? It's remarkably freeing to just not care.

MAPS ARE ENCOURAGED TO EXPLORE

The country that I'm originally from is pathetic. And yet, if I were not a MAP, I may never have been given the much-needed push to explore beyond its borders. There are so many people who I grew up with, and they remain not only in that country, but in the very same town where we were born and grew up. Even brushing aside the MAP hysteria, I'm just pleased that I'm not still stuck in such a shitty place.

Now, I know that's not the case for everyone. So many MAPs do stay in the crappy towns in which they grew up. But for some, MAP hysteria pushes us to move overseas -- and for the better.

MAPS ARE PUSHED TO LEARN

I am, by nature, a brutally honest and direct man who hates having to lie. However, when everyone wants you locked up forever or viciously murdered for nothing more than the feelings you were both with, you do learn to lie.

This is an incredibly important life skill in general, and one which I'm grateful for having learned. I wouldn't have done so, were it not sometimes literally a matter of life or death.

Another important skill that many MAPs are pushed to learn is secure computing. For some reason, the public views simply being a MAP as equivalent to a crime. And law enforcement agencies have frequently (and publicly) threatened MAPs who are not breaking the law.

Therefore, MAPs need to make every effort to make sure that no content which may identify them as a MAP is accessible on their computer. Effective knowledge of computer security requires a comprehensive understanding of how computers work, in general, which is very useful knowledge for daily life and employment.

MAPS SEE A UNIQUE FORM OF BEAUTY

Okay, you're really just trading one attraction for another here; we like boys (or girls) instead of men or women. But as someone who is emotionally and physically attracted to 8 to 14-year-old boys, I see a beauty that few others can see. Isn't that kind of cool?

Some of the younger boys at work have recently taken a shine to me, and when I look into their excited little eyes, I believe that as a boylover I am capable of far more.

More what? Love. When there is a boy who I am attracted to, and we are together, I feel the love and brightness so much more intensely than is possible for boring old "normies".

CONCLUSION

Yes, it is very challenging to be a boylover or a girl-lover in such a hysterical world, but it's not all doom and gloom. Ironically, some of the plus points actually come from the very hysteria itself!

What are some other benefits of being a MAP? Feel free to reach out with your thoughts!

Write to: contact@kmap-hq.com and put "Benefits of Being a MAP" in the Subject Line. If we get enough replies we will publish them in an upcoming issue.



MOVIE REVIEW: HUGO (2011)

by: Zoomzoom4



This is a review of what I would refer to generally as that semi- digitally animated movie about the boy who lives in the Paris train station back in the 1920s or '30s. It came out in 2011, one of two movies from famous directors to come out that year, both semi- digitally animated and both about a boy. In fact, in both movies the boy is so central to the story as to even be the movie's title.

In this case, it is called "Hugo" and was directed by Martin Scorsese. The other movie, directed by Steven Spielberg, is called, "The Adventures of Tintin" and is far more of an action-oriented story, is more colorful, and far more kid-appealing. Also, the reason I say semi- digitally animated is because, unlike films such as "Toy Story", these movies use real actors to carry out the motions of the characters, and then put them through a digital process wherein they are real but most of their environment on screen is artificial, and it considers itself "real" but doesn't shy away from an animated look.



This one has far less of an animated gloss than the Spielberg movie, as the story is much slower and more of a drama. As we would expect more in a film from Scorsese. He also used, to play his central character, a famous boy actor. In this case, Asa Butterfield, who at the time -- age 12 -- already had a number of popular films on his resume.

The story concerns a young boy who is an orphan, and secretly lives inside of the inner workings of the giant clock at the central train station in the city of Paris. The station is so busy, with a constant hustle and bustle, that nobody notices the boy. Nobody, that is, except the station's ticket collector, played by Sasha Baron Cohen. He essentially serves as the story's antagonist, the main person that Hugo is always trying to avoid. He suspects that Hugo is staying there, but isn't sure, doesn't know where, but is intent on finding out.

Hugo's digs are pretty cool, as he has made a place for himself deep inside of the cogs and wheels of the clock, where nobody else would even think to go. There, he has an "automaton" which was essentially a robot of it's time. An artificial person, made of up entirely mechanical parts -- nothing electronic, since this was a time before microchips and computers. The automaton is dear to him, because it belonged to his father, who has recently passed away. Thus, the reason for his homeless-ness.

Hugo's social life consists of a budding friendship/romance with a girl around his age, a pretty blonde who doesn't know the full truth about Hugo, and respects that he has a secret. She doesn't pressure him into revealing everything about himself, so soon, instead letting him in on her life, and showing where she lives, and meeting her family.



This is the key to the second half of the movie, as the girl's grandfather knows the secret of the automaton == where it originally came from, and was used for. It also opens up the story far beyond just the character of Hugo and his concerns, as it then becomes about the very beginnings of the movie and film industry it self. This is because, as you may or may not know, the motion picture camera was invented in Paris, France, in November of 1895, and from there went on to change the world of course.



Well, the girl's grandfather, and Hugo's father, were both central to these early years and development of motion pictures and cinema itself. It's all a very wonderful thing, especially as remembered by grandpa. Back to the train station and Hugo's home life, his freedom is increasingly threatened by the ticket collector and his obsession with catching -- and busting -- Hugo. In other words, turning him over to the authorities, and off to the orphanage. Which, to Hugo, is equivalent to jail.

I'm not going to reveal how it all turns out with that, but I will conclude by saying that Hugo as a film was tremendously underrated at the time of its release, and for all the effort and "digital magic" that went into its making, probably should have made more of a splash. But it is very fondly remembered, not just by devoted fans of the director (Scorsese) but also fans of the semi- digitally animated format (which was popular at the time), and also fans of "boy movies" of course. And just fans of good movies, in general, I would recommend this to. So definitely do yourself a favor and check this one out.



Fawnlet 



My Grown-Up YF

by: **ITSHEDWIG**

He stopped by last weekend, briefly, just to say hi on his way somewhere.

He's in his late 20s now and way, far past my Age of Attraction ... but I still get butterflies when he's around.

While he was at the kitchen table chatting with me, he stretched his arms and his shirt lifted up, showing his belly. Yes, all hairy and grown up. And if it were anyone else, I would have looked away.

He noticed me looking, and flashed me the same irresistible smile that I fell in love with way back when he was just a little boy.

It makes me sad that he had to grow up. I wish he could have forever stayed 8 years old!

Nonetheless, it's true: even as an adult, he's still my favorite person in the world.



Early Age, Middle Age and Modern Age

by:Boiforever



History tell us that men and boys had physically intimate relationships, very often, in the early years of our species. And it was more than merely an acceptable practice, it was in fact widely encouraged.

Young boys would be brought to certain wise men, to learn and be taught -- knowing full well he man's "other" intentions. This practice went on for a long time, well into the Middle Ages, where it was kept quieter (but still kept going for years).

In modern times, very few places practice this anymore. Those that do, never speak of it, of

course. It has become intensely taboo, not just here in America but entirely rejected by the rest of the world. And not just the act itself, but the very desire (of a man for a boy) is considered morally reprehensible.

How did this happen, and why? People say Christians stopped it, but many Christians -- even from Medieval times -- partook in such things.

Likely in secret, but it still cast doubt on whether they were solely responsible.

Maybe it just came down to this: straight people terrified the gays might sneak up on their young, vulnerable sons and attack them from the bushes, molest them, and thus infect them with their gayness. These poor young boys, then they'd be gay forever!

And that, of course, is unacceptable. Or so they tell us. I don't know much of how boylove, as a sexuality, progressed, and I know that everyone in history wasn't straight. Something interesting to think about, I would like to know historical figures who were boylovers. I'm sure there were many. Perhaps I will do a follow-up article with some of that information.



7 Boy-sterous Laughs

Part 2

During a classroom lesson, one of the little boys yawns extremely wide and loud. Afterward, several giggles can be heard around the classroom. The teacher tries to capitalize on the moment, and make a joke.

"Hey kid, don't swallow me," she says.

"Don't worry," the boy replies. "I don't eat pork."

At school, the boy was told by a classmate that most adults are hiding at least one dark secret, and this makes it very easy to blackmail them. All you have to say is, "I know the whole truth," and they will give you money.

The boy is fascinated. He decides to go home and try it. As he's greeted by his mom, he says, "I know the whole truth," and his mother gasps and quickly hands him a \$20 bill. "Just don't tell your father," she says.

Very pleased, the boy waits for his father to get home, greets him with the magic words, and dad promptly hands him \$40.

Extremely pleased, the boy wonders how much further he can take it. So returning from school the next day, he sees the mailman at his front door. The boy greets him with, "I know the truth, the whole truth!"

The mailman immediately drops the mail, opens his arms and says, "Come give your real dad a hug, son!"

The teacher is going over the basics of arithmetic with her class of second graders, showing them how to count. She asked one little boy, "What comes after ten?"

"That's easy," he replied. "A Jack."

The class was assigned to write an essay called "My Dog" about the family dog. The teacher was upset that one boy's paper was exactly the same as his sister's. "Why was your essay exactly the same?" she demanded. "Did you just copy hers?"

"No," the boy protested. "It's the same dog!"

The little boy asked his mother for \$20, and she refused. So he said, "If you give me \$20 I'll tell you what dad said to the maid when you were out shopping yesterday."

His mother quickly gives him \$20 and demands, "Now what did your father say to the maid?!"

As the boy is walking off with his \$20 bill, he says, "Hey Janet, can you make sure that I have a clean shirt for my meeting tomorrow?"

One day, the boy comes home from school and tells his mom, "I'm never going back to school again!"

"Why not?" she asks, bewildered.

"Because the teacher doesn't know a darn thing! All she ever does is ask us questions!"

One day, the teacher confronts one of the boys in her class. "Tell me, honestly, did your parents help you with these homework problems?"

Without missing a beat, the boy says, "Oh no, I got them wrong all by myself."

A FUN, INNOCENT TIME WITH MY BELOVED

BY: TOBY12



My young friend and myself have been doing very well, I am happy to say. We went to Lake Pristine over the holidays, where a friend of mine has a cottage that he said we could use.

And use it, we did! Spent far too much money, but I don't mind. He's worth it one hundred percent.

Evenings and bedtime were most enjoyable for us both. I won't see him until Saturday, and I think he's sleeping over again. Hopefully! We chat every day on the phone, though.

The love of a boy. It's something no man should go without.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT YOU

by: Itsallblue

You are a boylover?

Yes? You are a man who is sexually attracted to young boys.

Okay. That's all I need to know. Based on that, I can tell you many things about yourself.

And it's all from conventional wisdom, what everyone says about you. Three hundred and fifty million Americans couldn't be wrong, could they?

So, Mister BL, here's what they all say about you. You are a child molester, a rapist, a baby fucker, and vicious predator. You are a sodomite, and a menace.

And I'm not even talking about your character. So let's touch upon that, too. You are wretched, vile, obscene, corrupt, degenerate, and depraved. And that's on your best day.

What kind of things do you do? Well since you are a BL, that's easy to answer. You lie, you lure, you solicit, entice, coerce, exploit, violate and assault. Whom do you assault? Your pure, tender, innocent child-victims, of course.

And what are the activities that you, Mister BL, like to engage in? Again, too easy. Sexual misconduct, contributing to the delinquency of a minor, gross indecency with a child, crimes against nature, crimes against humanity. Heck, your whole existence is a crime.

So what does all this add up to? The fact that you -- yes, you -- are an immoral cancer in our midst.

You are a pedophile. That means, simply put, there is not one single favorable word to describe you. Indeed, you may actually be a saint, in your personal life, with so many virtues that the Pope is jealous.

But you like young boys. So therefore you are a threat. To children, to society. The devil incarnate.

You are a "chomo" and therefore deserve the most horrible and painful death. The world will be better, parents can breathe a sigh of relief, and the children will finally be safe.

Yes, that's what they say about you.

Shocked? Don't be. What's shocking is not that so many say this -- but that they all truly believe it.



Does He Deserve It?

by: Rex

Mike Caruso, a Florida State Representative, voted in 2023 for a law that would allow punishing boylovers with death for having sex with boys under the age of twelve.

What happened next, nobody saw coming. In 2025, he apparently had sex. With some little boys. Yes, that's right.

So prosecutors are now bringing up charges against him. So far, none of them are capital charges -- but those could still pop up. Sure, he's a hypocrite. But does he deserve to die for it?

Read more about it here ...

<https://cbs12.com/news/local/could-mike-caruso-face-the-death-penalty-under-a-law-he-voted-to-pass>

5	F.S.; providing legislative intent concerning capital			ual battery
6	punishment for certain child sexual offenders;			years of age
7	providing for separate death penalty proceedings in			able women
8	such cases; providing for findings and recommended			a young
9	sentences by a jury; providing for imposition of			civilized
10	sentence of life imprisonment or death; providing			c. State of
11	requirements for a court order in support of a death			vided, and
12	sentence; p			
13	of death			
14	EVIDENCE			
15	evidence; p			
16	found to be			
17	amending ss. 775.081 and 775.082, F.S.; providing			
18	provisions to changes made by the act; amending s.			
19	824.07, F.S.; authorizing the state to appeal from a			
20	sentence on the grounds that it resulted from the			

by:aboysXO

The Uranian Eros

NOTE: The following article is derived from several sources. Plato's Republic as well as a 1930's publication, "A Defence of Uranian Love" by Arthur Lyon Raile. And others.

PREFACE: But, if this is true, more must be true. The boy-lover, hitherto faithful to his own experience, and so far standing on firm ground, descries a sea on which he must venture. We cannot act on what we know, as is proved by the fact that we do not act on what we know.

There is in life a necessity of allowing for much that we cannot know, a conjectural obedience to undiscovered truth.(1)

Evidence which is not tantamount to proof is often all that we have to guide us. We search; we verify; we correct; we enlarge our conjecture; we submit it to others. It concerns more than ourselves. It is a theory, a "criticism of life"? It cannot claim that authority which attaches to our reports of our own feelings; it must be venturesome. But it may explain, and is most simply stated as if certain.

-Plato, Republic, vii. 534 D

"Uranian" (from the Ancient Greek Aphrodite Urania) is a historical term for homosexual men. The word was also used as an adjective in association with male homosexuality, or inter-male attraction, regardless of sexual orientation.

Oscar Wilde once wrote to his lover, Robert Ross, in an undated letter, "To have altered my life would have been to have admitted that Uranian love is ignoble. I hold it to be noble -- far more noble than other forms."

Same-sex relations in Ancient Greece were common because their society did not organize sexuality by modern identity labels like "gay" or "straight". Instead, acceptability depended on social roles, age, and status, with a primary focus on structured mentorship between grown men and young boys.

Cultural and Social Structures

* Pederasty (Paiderastia): The most common form of socially accepted same-sex relationship was between an adult male (erastes) and an adolescent or pre-adolescent youth (eromenos).

* Educational Tool: In city-states like Sparta and Thebes, these relationships functioned as a formal part of a young citizen's civic and military education.

Active vs. Passive Roles: Society judged participants based on their role. An adult male citizen was expected to be the active partner; with the boy taking a submissive or passive role.

*** Military Bonding:** Elite units, such as the Sacred Band of Thebes, paired lovers together in battle to increase loyalty, courage, and motivation to fight.

*** Differing Views on Gender and Marriage**

Expected Procreation: Men were still expected to marry women and produce legitimate children to carry on the family lineage and supply citizens for the state.

Views on Women: Athenian society was strictly patriarchal; respectable free women had limited public life, leading elite men to seek intellectual and emotional companionship among peers. Additionally, in his studies, Ulrichs notes that, whilst many Urnings felt as women did, others did not; with a number being otherwise quite manly despite their desires for men.

Furthermore, of notability among some with variant gender identities, Ulrichs lists some possessed qualities much more akin to the female sex -- such as mannerisms, clothing preferences, voices, temperaments, dislike of vulgarity, and a liking for typically feminine things such as flowers. Some accounts of patients even show signs of what we today call gender dysphoria, with one individual being noted for their tendency to avoid viewing their naked body at all times along with being distressed at the sight of their beard hair; feeling alien in their body and speaking of how they view it, they state, "This is not how I feel inside."

As a rule, Ulrichs did also make it clear that not all effeminate men were Urnings and that one may behave in a feminine way for a variety of reasons.

The term Uranians also designates a group of writers who studied classics and wrote pederastic poetry from roughly the 1870s to the 1930s. The writings of this group came to be known by the phrase "Uranian poetry". The art of Henry Scott Tuke and Wilhelm von Gloeden is also sometimes referred to as "Uranian".

In this dialogue, Pausanias distinguishes between two types of love, symbolized by two different accounts of the birth of Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love. Urning was derived from Aphrodite Urania, who was created out of the god Uranus' semen, a birth in which "female has no part", therefore representing love between men.

Its counterpart, "dionian" (Dioning in German), was derived from Aphrodite Dionea, the daughter of Zeus and Dione, associated with a common love which, "is apt to be of women as well as of (male) youths, and is of the body rather than of the soul," representing for Ulrichs men's love for women.

In conclusion, it seems that diverging from Plato's account of masculine love, Ulrichs understood male Urnings to be essentially feminine and male Dionings to be masculine in nature.

References

1. Friedrich Schiller. 'Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man.' In Harrison, Wood and Gaiger eds. *Art in Theory 1648-1815: An Anthology of Changing Ideas*. Malden, Mass.: Blackwell, 2000. p. 800.
2. Ulrichs, Karl Heinrich (1994). *The Riddle of "Man-Manly" Love: The Pioneering Work on Male*
3. *Homosexuality*. Translated by Lombardi-Nash, Michael A. New York: Prometheus Books.

- ISBN Carpenter, Edward (1921). *The Intermediate Sex: A Study of Some Transitional Types of Men and Women*. London: George Allen & Unwin.
4. Smith, Timothy D'Arch (1970). *Love in Earnest: Some Notes on the Lives and Writings of English 'Uranian' Poets from 1889 to 1930*. Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press.
5. ISBN Holland, Merlin; Rupert Hart-Davis, eds. (2000). *The Complete Letters of Oscar Wilde*. New York: Henry Holt and Company. p. 1019. ISBN .
6. Kaylor, Michael M. (2006). *Secreted Desires: The Major Uranians: Hopkins, Pater and Wilde*. Brno, Czech Republic: Masaryk University. ISBN .



WHEN EVERYTHING CHANGED

by: Dragonlover

When I think back to my childhood, I can remember so many great memories. For a piece like this, its hard to pin down that "special" memory, because we have so many of them. Be that as it may, I must choose.

So, I can remember when there was a hardship that would rock our family and the faith that held us together as family.

In the autumn of 1975, my father, who was the only man I looked up to as my hero, had an accident. He worked as a recoiler for US Steel Works, Fairless Works. He did that job for 20 years before this. He was a very hard worker trying to support his family. Being a recoiler, you must have some great strength.

Anyway, Dad was walking along, and wasn't paying attention to where he was walking. Dad's right leg was broken. He told us later on, that some piece of him felt violated in a certain way. That's how he felt. Violated. Violated by an inatiment who, in the same way a human or animal would violate someone.

So, Dad came home from the hospital, right leg in a cast. It already had signatures on it as I can remember. He was on crutches, and was guided to his chair where he would now spend a great deal of time. His meals had to be brought to him. He needed total assistance in bathing and dressing. All this was grating on Dad's nerves. He complained constantly of boredom, being sore and stiff, his leg was itching in his cast. After while of that, it was grating of Mom's nerves, too. I would sometimes see my mother leaning against the kitchen sink with her head bowed. It looked like she was praying, but I suspected even then that she was crying. I didn't want to bother her, so I went outside.

I went outside into the fresh, crisp autumn air. We had maple trees in our backyard which at that time of year dropped every leaf it had. As a six-year-old boy, all those leaves were a huge toy with multi-purposes. I would dig into those leaves, lay on my back and inhale the scent of those now-dead leaves. My best friend Patrick came over and we had about as much fun as two boys can have for free.

After Patrick left, I was pretty cold because the sun was going down fast. I took my sweater off and draped it over the chair. Immediately, I saw Dad sitting in his usual chair. But... he was weeping. I supposed that it had to be because of the pain in his leg, but my Mom came in, took me aside and asked me not to look at your Dad when the pain really hits hard. He was a man of pride. And I was OK with that. I asked when dinner was going to be, and she told me about fifteen minutes.

Mom took Dad's dinner to him and set up a tray. Dad told Mom that the meal looked perfect. I'll buy that, the fact that Mom knew how to cook. I can't find in my memory when she put out a bad meal.

I sat at the bar in our kitchen, Mom sat across from me, and Dad's empty chair was on my left. I missed him. At every meal we had, Dad needed help. When he was finished, he called me in to get his plate. I got up and went to him.

"Would you please take this plate?" Dad asked.

"Yessir," I said.

Then, he asked me to come back after I put his dish in the sink. I didn't know what he wanted. Was I in some kind of trouble? I had no idea. I went back to him. All of a sudden he grabbed me playfully and got me in a bear hug. I could smell his after shave and Vitalis Hair Tonic. He proceeded to tickle me like he never did before! We were both laughing so hard that we both had tears in our eyes. Mom came in.

"What's all this?" she asked.

Dad looked at me.

"Shall we tell her?" Dad asked.

"No. Let's keep it from her!" I giggled.

Dad let me go, and I went to sit on the sofa.

"James, your father has something to tell you," Mom said.

I looked at him. He was still wiping his eyes from the laughter.

"Well James, it's like this. I am going to the doctor tomorrow to have my cast removed," he told me.

I jumped up and down a few times. I ran to my father in a big hug.

See, Dad was always full of pride. For him to show weakness of any kind he would see it as humiliating. Dad, Mom and me learned from that injury. He broke his leg in such a way that he might have had to resign from his job permanently. He was faced with a very serious problem, but managed to overcome it. After some physical therapy, Dad was walking like he always did. He learned and so did we.

We lost the old man in July of 1983. Complications following major heart surgery. He died at Albert Einstein Hospital in Philadelphia. But he taught me SO MUCH during the brief years we spent together, although, all too few.

Mom passed in December of 1995. Massive coronary. I look at it like this. They are together again, forever. And that's one heck of a reward!

