

BUGGIN' OUT!

Newsletter

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

So, You Found My Magazine Stash

Yes, I know what this is all about. You found the gay magazines and videos in my closet. No, I don't have anything to say for myself. Even if I did, I wouldn't know where to begin. Yes, I know they are full of trash. And no, you didn't raise me this way.

Why haven't you asked me your real concern yet? I can see you're burning to. I've always kept Playboys and Hustlers mixed in with my stash so, in the event you stumbled onto it, you wouldn't think I'm gay. But, yes, Mom and Dad, I am gay. At least I think I am. I've been attracted to men ever since I can recall.

Please believe me. I'm not some pervert. I'm not promiscuous. I don't dress up like a girl and dance in front of my mirror. All my friends are straight (as far as I know) and I never requested to be gay. As a matter of fact, I would have chosen any number of other problems before choosing to be gay. I just like men. I have always liked men and cannot remember ever not liking men.

I wish I could tell you that, as a child, I had been molested repeatedly by a neighbor or relative. Or that Dad never paid much attention to me, causing me to hunger for the affection of a man. At least that would make some sense out of all this insanity. But, the truth is I just grew up gay. I felt attracted to men way before I even knew what sex was.

I'll understand if you can't stand the sight of me. I, too, have cursed my own existence for years.

Oh yeah, the magazines and videos. Well, they're kind of like an escape. Entering into their fantasy worlds numbs my own pain and loneliness, if only temporarily.

Mom. Dad. I know how difficult this must be for you. I've always feared my little secret being revealed more than I fear death itself.

But, you know something? Now that you both know, I don't want to run and hide. I want to tell you more. I want you to understand the isolation, the anxiety and the depression which has kept me behind closed doors

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and anti-social all these years. It was never because I didn't love you. Many times I would just close my bedroom door, turn up the volume on my radio and cry. Sometimes for hours.

I know I haven't been the best son in the world. It's not easy to love others when you hate yourself. But, after telling you the truth, I feel, for the first time, a sense of relief. I need help. Desperately. You see, Mom and Dad, I hate being gay. If there were a way out, I'd grab it in a heartbeat.

Maybe, just maybe, God led you to find my stash. Every night for the past ten years, I've been praying for help. I hate my life the way it is and will cooperate 100% if you'll help me out of this hell. Please don't be politically-correct and tell me that you accept my sexual orientation and will always love me. Even if you loved me gay, I would not.

No. I'm tired of the lusting, the secrecy and the anxiety. Please help me find a way out. I love you Mom and Dad. I'll be in my room.

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