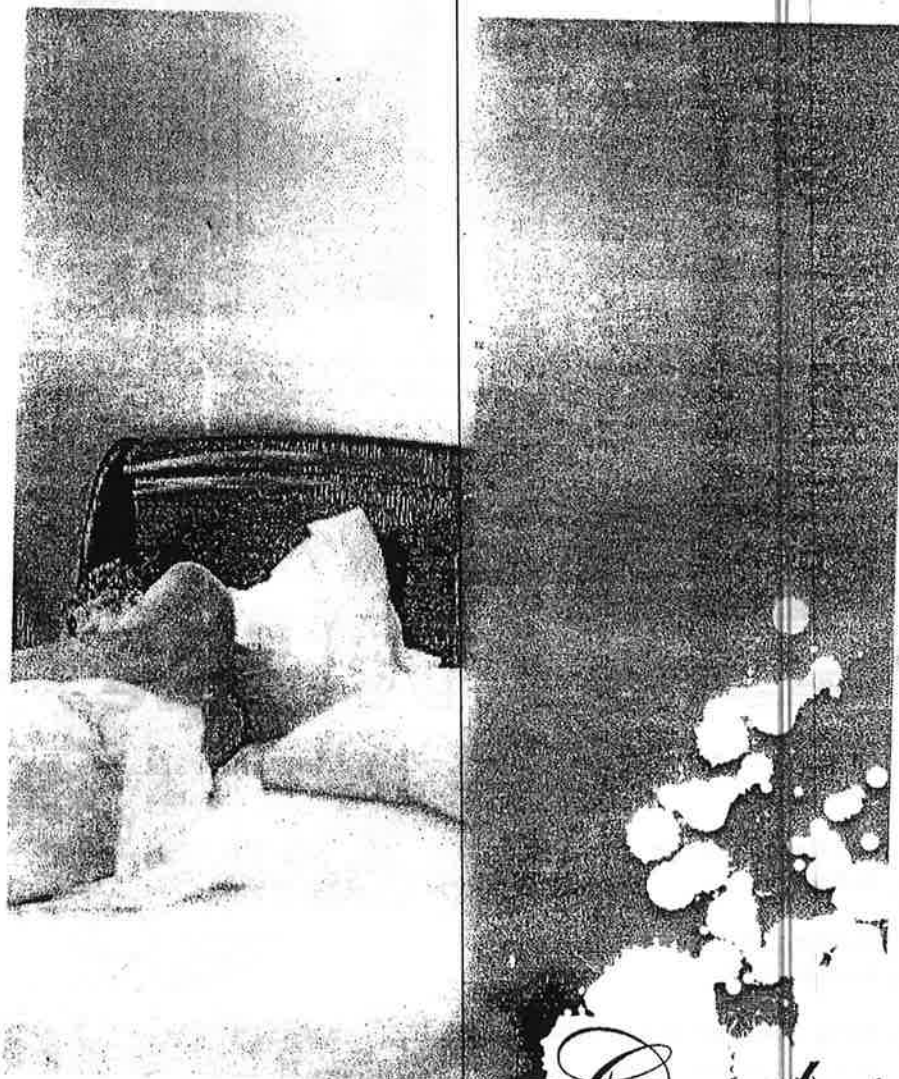


**FAGPUNK<sup>AT</sup>GMAIL.COM**

# FAG PUNK 8



The Exabitionist Tension

*Crush*

# Contents

*Crush*

dream boy mix tape  
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Chapter 2



Aside from Busters New Boy (written by derek skin) all content submitted for your approval by fagpunk@gmail.com. Most pictures stolen from skinmarvin.com

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## Dream BOY mix tape

Come Around  
MIA

Falling in Love  
NoFx

Runaway Boys  
Stray Cats

What Goes Around.. Comes Around  
Justin Timberlake

Fuck the Pain  
Peaches

The AFA Song  
The Oppressed

Vengeance  
Tragedy

Holland, 1945  
Neutral Milk Hotel

side a

side b



David gasped. "OK, get them on," ordered Nisbo, handing the twenty-hole black Rangers to David. Of course the laces were white.

David took the boots that Nisbo was giving him and set them down beside his feet on the ground. "I don't think I could," he said. "I'm not ready for this honest," he continued as he looked imploringly at Buster for defence. He didn't get much sympathy from Buster.

"Oh, go on mate, just try them on, you know you're fuckin' itchin' to, that can't do any harm," coaxed Buster. Nisbo stood over both of them. "Go on, get them on," he said, more stern than Buster, it was almost like good-skinhead, bad-skinhead. David looked at Buster again. Buster just nodded slowly.

David hitched up his jeans and began to unlace his shiny new ten-hole Docs in favour of the well-worn twenty-hole Rangers Nisbo had just set in front of him. ¶



## *fagpunk eight*

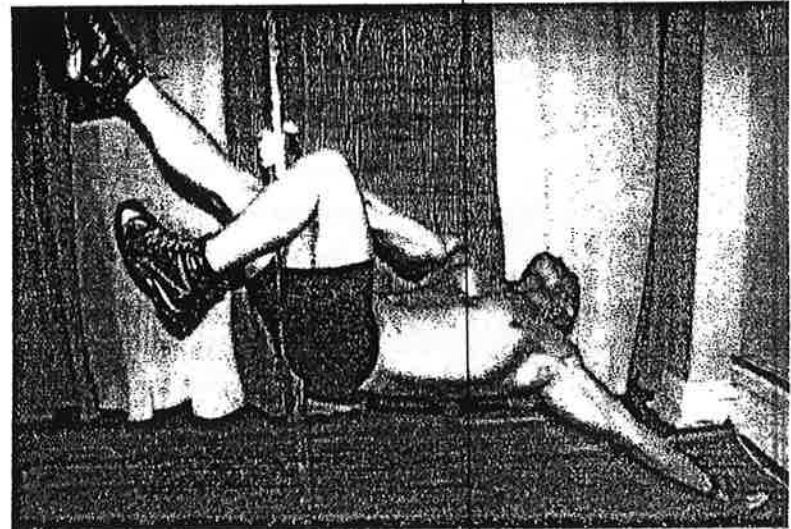
**H**ere is my chance to write a scathing burn, that I will soon regret for all the fuck ups in my life. Lets start with placing blame for addiction, misplaced anger, and continued reinforcement in shame. Secondly lets have a look at silence.

I like to now take some time to place some blame, I'd like to blame... vacation, the police, and the heavily tattooed guy across the street that mows the lawn weekly.

I am trying to keep my mind off of him by remembering progemed keyboard shortcuts, but it feels so fake without the alcohol. As soon as I finally can open my eyes during sex and begin to trust my partner they fade into the sheets of my bed and dissapper into the dropzone (that place where cellphone calls become dropped and loose connection)

maybe I'll turn up the oi...I'll drown out the constant muttering in my head. yeah.... yeah. In fagpunk eight you'll find chapter 2 of Busters New Boy by Derek Skin, some dude I found on the internet and a story: Decedning Angel inspired by a Misfits song, also there is a striping move of the same title, illustrated below.huh yeah.....

Still looking for conterbutions to this rag, anything will do. email [fagpunk@gmail.com](mailto:fagpunk@gmail.com)



the decedning angel

# DESCENDING

# ANGEL

sung by the (nu) Misfits

*torn from the heavens  
they fall from the sky  
and walk the streets among  
mortal men  
they hide in shadows  
keepers of the night  
mortal life is weak  
can't hold back the demons  
the blood pours as rain  
and soon you'll be alone.*

*born or created in the image  
of a god the heavens fall  
no savior has been sent  
no one to guide us  
alone we face the night  
mortal life is brief  
for the rebel angels  
they make their final stand  
and soon you'll be alone*

*descending angel  
stand by my side  
and face the night  
descending angel  
who guard the gates of hell  
just one more night  
forever yours... tonight  
descending angel*



a skinhead is that what you're tellin us, mate?" asked Buster.

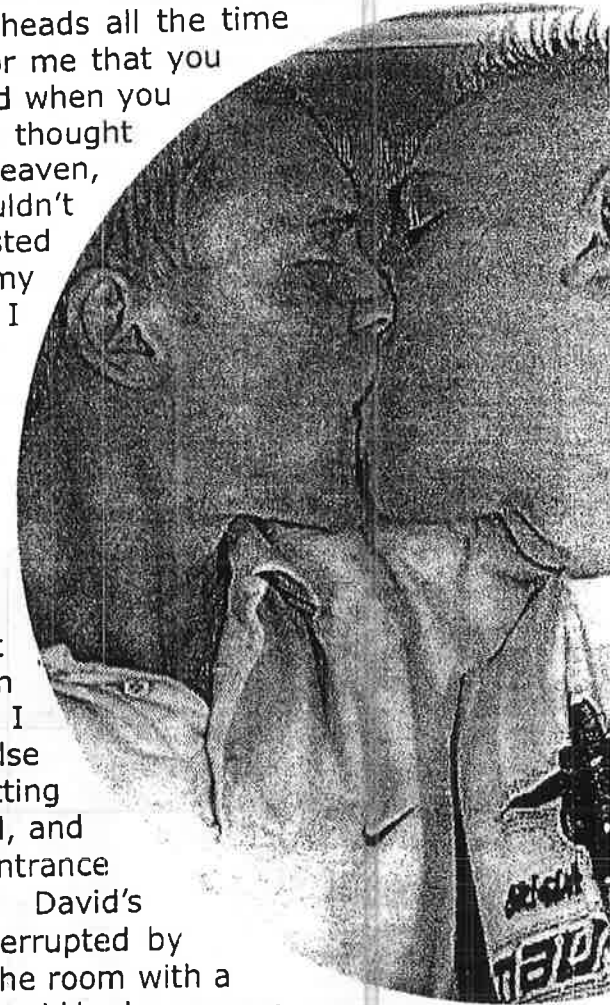
"Not the exams, it's just I've always been a live-at-home guy, only child, never been in any trouble, average bloke, really, and I reckon my parents would be upset if I cut my hair shorter and so on."

"But you like the thoughts of being a skinhead, don't you?"

David had to admit that he did - it all came out at once. "I think about skinheads all the time Buster, it was so lucky for me that you met me the other day and when you brought me round here I thought I'd died and gone to heaven, honestly I did, and I couldn't believe you'd be interested to meet me again, and my heart's racing, Buster and I don't know why..."

"Calm down, Lad," said Buster, crossing over the room and sitting beside him on the settee.

"It's just you're the first person ever I've told I'm a homosexual, and I don't even know how I got interested in skinheads in the first place, but now I can't think of anything else and the whole thing is getting out of control in my head, and then there's university entrance exams and all the..." David's second outburst was interrupted by Nisbo coming back into the room with a pair of the hugest boots David had ever seen.



Martens above anything else and actually wore them more often than not while having a wank, understand that he just loved everything about skinheads. He went for it. "Actually, I might be a bit queer myself."

Buster and Nisbo both laughed out loud. "Tell us something we don't know, mate," laughed Buster.

"Oh my God. How do you know? I've literally never told anyone that ever before in my entire life," gasped David, his voice getting higher and higher, looking at the two skins as if they were mindreaders.

"Cos you LIKE skinheads. No fucker LIKES skinheads, not unless he wants to either be one or shag one. Buster and I just haven't worked out which fuckin applies in your case," said Nisbo, looking at the youngster intently.

"Well, it's true I do like skinheads but I don't know too much about them. I just like how they look."

"So do you want to shag one or be one, Dave?" asked Nisbo pointedly.

"Not sure I'm ready to shag anyone yet, Buster. I guess I've lead a protected life."

"Well if you don't want to shag one, do you want to become one? Do you want to become a skinhead, lad?" asked Buster, being as patient as he could.

"Hey, I reckon he does, Buster," said Nisbo matter-of-factly.

"I'm not sure about becoming one yet to be honest," began David, cautiously, "maybe after my exams and so on."

"Not sure about becoming one? Is that why you're wearing Docs, and have a crewcut then?" asked Nisbo,

"Let's see those Docs anyway, how big are they?"

"They're size 9, and they're quite big, look," David pulled up the leg of his jeans to show off his ten-hole Doc Martens. The two skinheads looked at each other, knowing what each other was thinking. Nisbo left the room.

"So these fuckin exams of yours are puttin you off being



## DESCENDING ANGEL

His fingers were laced into the plastic rings of six of beer, less the one that was in his other hand. I led the way over the gentle grassy slopes of the Hamilton cemetery. Silently we wove in and out of the stone markers, over the thick sod of the yard. I found a grave deep in the rows, far from the noise and lights of York street. A wide pink granite pillar ample enough to hide both of us. I spread a blanket, he spread his black leather jacket. It was warm enough for us to sit sleeveless. Our white skin glowing in the light of the quarter moon. Arms rested on knees, cold beer cans sweating in our hands, we sat talking of mortal things and of his fragility. He was a masculine boy, one who wouldn't mention his emotions unless his gender deemed it appropriate. The cemetery relaxed him, so did the beer, and so did I. We spoke of smoke rings, mothers, fathers, and of what else... the grime that stained his hands and the metal embedded under his skin. I wanted to encase him in starch clean white, I wanted his dirt and grease to smear perfect sheets.

Some where near the end of the six cans and half way into the amber bottle of whiskey we turned to each other and we began again, like we have over and over. The known in the unknown. He smelled of metal, alcohol, and the glue used to shock his hair. I buried my face into his shoulder taking his body in as apart of mine. His arms encircled my body and mine his, our mouths found each others quickly. My mind left my body and watched from a distance. The two of us intertwined and writhing in a graveyard after midnight.

I was naked. The grass was soft and damp. The air, warm. I craved his skin on mine. He shyly let me pull his salt stained shirt over his head, taking care to not to disturb a

perfect mohawk. I rocked back on my knees, to drink him in. Propped up on one elbow dumping the last of a sliver can into his mouth. The beauty of rebel boys always has taken me aback, finishing the can he tossed it over his shoulder and reached for my skin in one fluid motion that I am sure he practiced for a fortnite before our meeting.

Finally his skin met mine and I surcame to the bitter force of that which we call Steve.

We, naked in the moon light, boots and red chucks. We fucked. He dug his boots into the soft earth behind me angling himself to reach deeper into me. Naked sounds of skin on skin drifted up out of the rows of quiet stones. Across the field we could have been seen, skin glowing in the moon, bodies bucking against each other with force.

He slowed his rhythm to reach for reach for the bottle of whiskey on the top of the gravestone. He stopped completely to draw liquid from the bottle. I could hear the pull and chug of booze into his throat. The hot cool liquor sloppily dripped from his lips onto my back and rolled down my spine. I arched my back

and he resumed fucking me, ploughing in to me harder and deeper then before. He whimpered softly just before climax, grasping my hips and pulling me further onto himself. Pulling himself deeper again into me.

Exsoused we fell onto to each other. I turned onto my back meeting his hip with mine. He pulled two ciggerttes from a unknown pocket . We lay, smoking into the silent darkenss, naked in public, naked in the Hamilton cemetery. F



hillside crypt

bacon, sausage, pudding, tomatoes, all piping hot with two fried eggs on top. A classic fry up and a far cry from the food that his mum cooked - all pastas and pulses with the odd bit of chicken thrown in for protein.

As they ate, Buster got David to tell the story of how they met again to Nisbo, and about the hiding he'd gotten from the Barnes-Forbes Twins.

"You know, Buster and I could sort those two out for you, mate. Would only take you to point us in the right direction as to where to fuckin find the bastards," offered Nisbo as David finished recounting his tale of woe.

"No, it's OK really, I'll never see them again after today hopefully - they don't do the same courses as me and they probably won't be in school when I do my exams, and they certainly haven't applied to the same university I have."

"University, eh? You didn't tell me he was a know-it-all too, Donkey Dick.." said Nisbo to Buster, jokingly. The glance that Buster shot to Nisbo was enough to say "never call me "Donkey Dick" in front of a young lad I just met a few days ago."

Seeing that David had obviously noticed the exchange, Buster broke the (short) silence, "look, mate, we're ain't only skinheads in this house, we're queer as well. You gotta know it, but we ain't goin to rape you mate, you've no worries." Nisbo looked at the floor, knowing it was his slip up that let the cat out of the bag, looking briefly up at David, he shrugged his shoulders. Buster looked at David, David shrugged his shoulders in the same manner that he'd seen Nisbo do a few seconds earlier. The tension broke.

"That's OK, I don't mind really I don't," said David. Inwardly he was doing backflips and winning Olympic gold. These people might really understand him, they might understand that it was the sight of a skinhead that made his dick point north, understand that everytime he got on the internet he surfed a whole bunch of sites looking for pictures of skinheads, understand that he loved wearing his Doc

"What guy? Who is he, do I know him?"

"No mum, he's just a mate from after school."

"Oh well," said his mother dejectedly, "OK then, just take care of yourself and don't be back too late, OK?"

"Will do, mum." With that David rushed up to his room and began to pick out what he'd wear to Busters. The Docs for sure. Probably a black tee shirt and a pair of jeans. Or a white tee shirt. No, the settee didn't seem that clean in Buster's place, the white one would get stained. Another thing he would do is trim his hair, number four as usual. David's dick started to rise. Time for a nice long shower. Approaching seven o'clock, David knocked on the door of the three skinheads' flat. It was Nisbo who answered the door, "come in, mate, come ahead."

"Thanks, mate," said David, as he stepped gingerly inside.

"Hello, Dave," said Buster as he stepped out of the kitchen.

"I'm cookin us some grub, will be with ya in a minute. Nisbo'll entertain ya."

Nisbo offered the young lad a can of Special Brew. David didn't drink, as he told Buster previously, but he didn't want to have to get into a discussion with Nisbo as they'd only just properly met, so he took the can and sipped at it gingerly. The smell of frying bacon wafted from the kitchen:

"So, Dave, Buster tells me you want to know more about being a skinhead..." began Nisbo looking at Dave square in the eyes. The latter shifted about a bit in his seat.

"Eh, well, yeah, I hope I'm not intruding on you both."

"Not at all mate, we're always happy to take questions from passing young schoolboys."

This last remark obviously was meant to put David more at his ease than he was feeling already and it worked. Just as young David's blood pressure was returning to normal and he was beginning to relax properly, (the two sips of Special Brew were taking effect), Buster came in from the kitchen with three plates of food, piled high with

## *The Exorbitant Tension*

We had finally gotten our clothing on and decided to head out for a drink. Late afternoon on a cloudy gray Thursday. We didn't make it to the front door with out dipping back into peeling clothing down for one more round. I had never noticed the mirror on the wall facing his front door, I could crane my neck and see thick hands gripped around my hips pulling my ass and thighs further on to his body. After getting my face slammed in to the door handle one to may times I unexpectedly stood, releasing his cock from my tight wetness. He stood shocked having his cock so quickly ejected. I turned and stooped to lick his rigidness dry and slip his pants back on then, mine own.

He turned from locking the door to his sixth floor walk up and I caught him in the mouth with a deep kiss. His mouth consumed mine and we stood with only a kiss holding us together. Below the hallway echoed; door being unlocked, familiar voices of neighbors in mid conversation.

The sky light above barley lit the scene. I gripped the square black steel banister, didn't have to look I could feel my knuckles whitening. The muscles in the backs of my calves and tights burned from being bent in half too too long. The neighbors conversed on while we fucked silently just a floor a above them. Our belts made rhythmic metallic noises on the tile floor but the sound went unnoticed to the crowd as they tramped down the stairs. He pushed in and out of me until I couldn't last one more pull.

As I came I let out a moan that drifted down the stairs echoing through the building.

We walked north towards the bar, holding hands each leading the other to the next site. I pulled him into an alley. He pushed me up onto the hood of a black sports utility, I swear my ass dented it. It was just after dusk now, the sun had set but people still crawled around the sidewalks, the

cars that never stopped moving down this street continued on. We kissed heavily pulling at each others clothing, again. I kept my eyes open so I could watch pedestrians jaywalk across the street at red lights. At points like this I am thankful for lovers my height of taller. Wrapping my legs around him I pulled him in closer to me our exposed partial nakedness rubbing together. Still kissing he enters me. My eyes are still locked on the road, passing cars and bikes I'm sure could hear us and if they looked in the right direction could see the back ally floor show. With the seductive of sex dripping from my every pore, corseing though swollen veins, my eyes blur, the pain numbs and downtown Hamilton in the evening light never looked to damn good. **F**

## chapter 2

# BUSTERS NEW BOY

by *Derek Skin*

Friday night couldn't come quick enough for David. He'd officially left school that afternoon, although he'd be back on Monday to start his exams, but he was no longer a schoolboy. He couldn't really enjoy his last day at school properly though, because he spent it trying to dodge the Barnes-Forbes Twins. When three o'clock came, David shot home to get ready to meet Buster.

"Where you off to tonight, love?" asked David's mother, sort of in passing. "The Brookes are coming over and Sharon's coming too."

"Aww, mum, I promised a mate that I'd go to his place for the evening."

"But you like Sharon." David knew that his mum would be happy to hear that he and Sharon were an item - what she didn't know was that they were in fact already good friends - they saw each other in school almost every day, after all. And besides, Sharon was already taken. By Rebecca. What his mother also didn't know was that David had wanked himself almost silly every night since he'd met Buster, such was the impression that the skinhead had made on the young lad.

"Aww, mum, I won't be here, sorry. I really promised this guy I'd go to his house."

