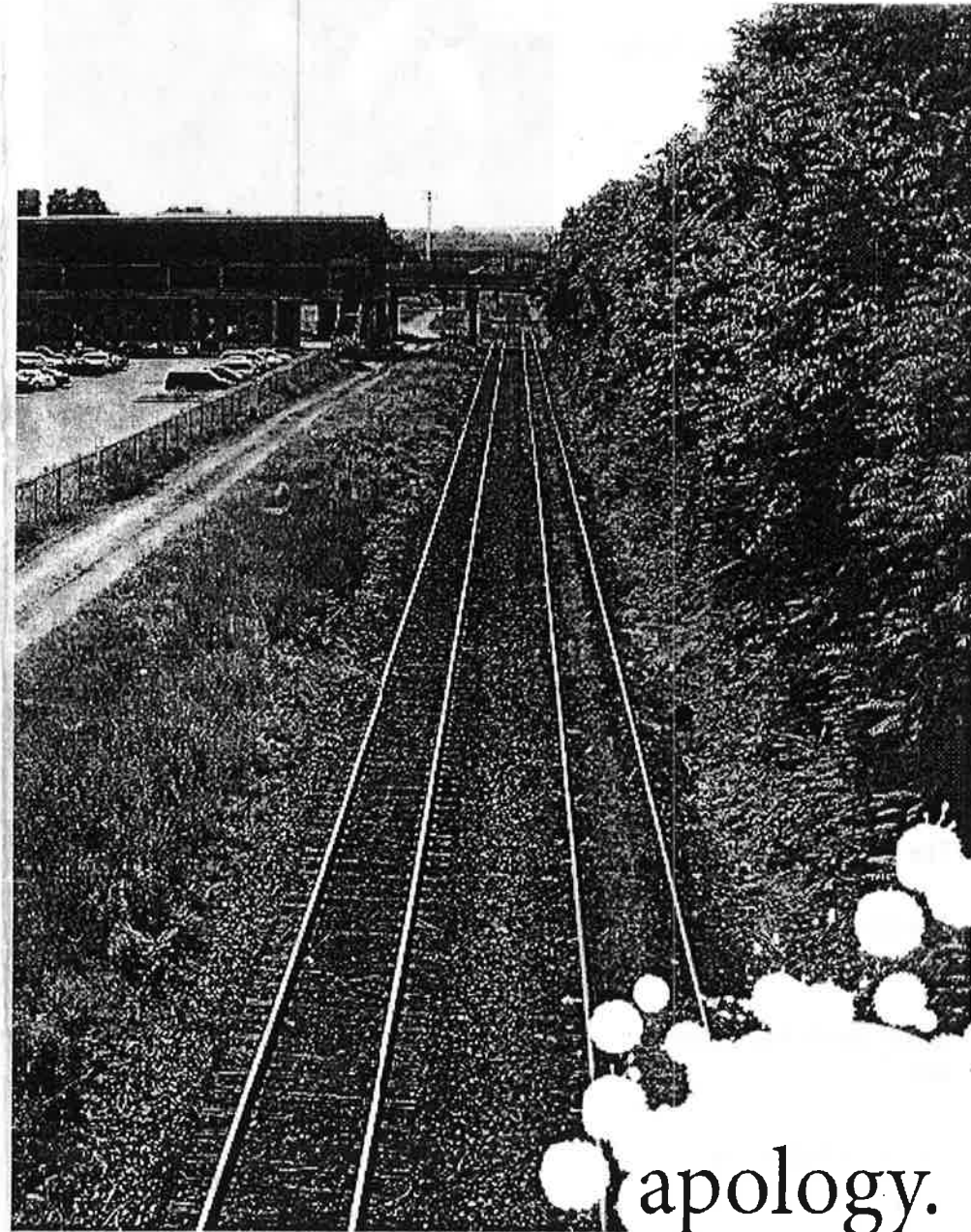


FAG PUNK 9



FAGPUNK_{AT}GMAIL.COM



apology.

Fag Punk 9

Dream Boy Mix Tape
Intro...the beginning
under the John Street Bridge
in the studio.....
cumming
Busters New Boy...chapter 3



Dream Boy Mix Tape



These are a few songs that helped me along the way to fagpunk 9ine. Boys make more mix tapes!

Speed River
The Tragically Hip

The International Sin Set
My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult

Never Wanted to Dance
MSI

Lets Buy Happiness
Boys Noize

1

2

Missing
Beck

on the Nickle
Tom Waits

Down with the sickness
Disturbed
(Richard Cheese version)

Under the Radar
Tragedy

said Nisbo, backing away from David and standing up.
“Nah, he wants it, Nisbo, look at him, he’s fuckin shakin.” That was true, David was shaking but not through nervousness, his heart was pounding inside his chest because he had fantasised about being a skin for at very least the last six months, ever since he first discovered what they were all about. He had dreamed of meeting some other skins so he could hang out with them and be like them. He just hadn’t figured on meeting Buster and Nisbo, two pretty extreme looking skins. He just couldn’t deny that he loved how they looked and how they acted. How they walked, God, even how they smoked and drank. Everything about them. The fact that they were queer was the icing on the cake...

“No he fuckin doesn’t. I reckon it’s better he fuckin goes home to his mum.....” began Nisbo again.

“Mmmm.....yeah, maybe he can come back.....” Buster was on the point of agreeing with Nisbo when the skins were interrupted.

“I’ll do it,” said a small voice from the young lad looking up nervously at the two big skins. F



the begining

"It's not goin to go away, mate, give in to it. You'd rather be wearin those boots on yer feet than anything else, wouldn't you."

"I love them, Buster, yeah." David was staring intently back at Buster. Nisbo was rubbing the lad's hair hard with his big hand as Buster mindfucked the boy.

"You're fuckin old enough now to make these decisions for yerself, ain't ya? If you want to be a skin, you'll fuckin be one, right?"

David looked straight back at Buster and could only swallow the lump that was in his throat and nodded quickly. The lump in his crotch was bigger than the one in his throat.

Buster turned his head slightly to Nisbo, without letting David loose his gaze. "Nisbo, get the phone. Dave's not goin home tonight."

Nisbo brought Buster the phone and resumed his position. "Phone yer folks and tell them you're stayin over. Tell them you'll be back early tomorrow some time." Buster handed the phone to David. It was a command not a suggestion and without further ado, David rang home. For the moment, Nisbo stopped rubbing his hand over the lad's head. Buster stared at David intensely as he made the phone call. David couldn't look Buster in the face as he phoned his parents.

"Mum, hi, it's David. Mum, my friend has asked me to stay over tonight, is that OK?.....Yes. I'll be home tomorrow sometime.....No, I haven't forgotten that the Prices are coming tomorrow evening.....Yes. Mum, I did my revision this afternoon.....No. Mum, I've studied enough.....Yes. OK.....No. I'm really OK, see you tomorrow.....Yes. tell them I said hello back.....Bye Mum."

"You want to be a skinhead, don't you. You've been wankin yerself off thinkin about bein a skinhead, haven't you?" Nisbo renewed his attack.

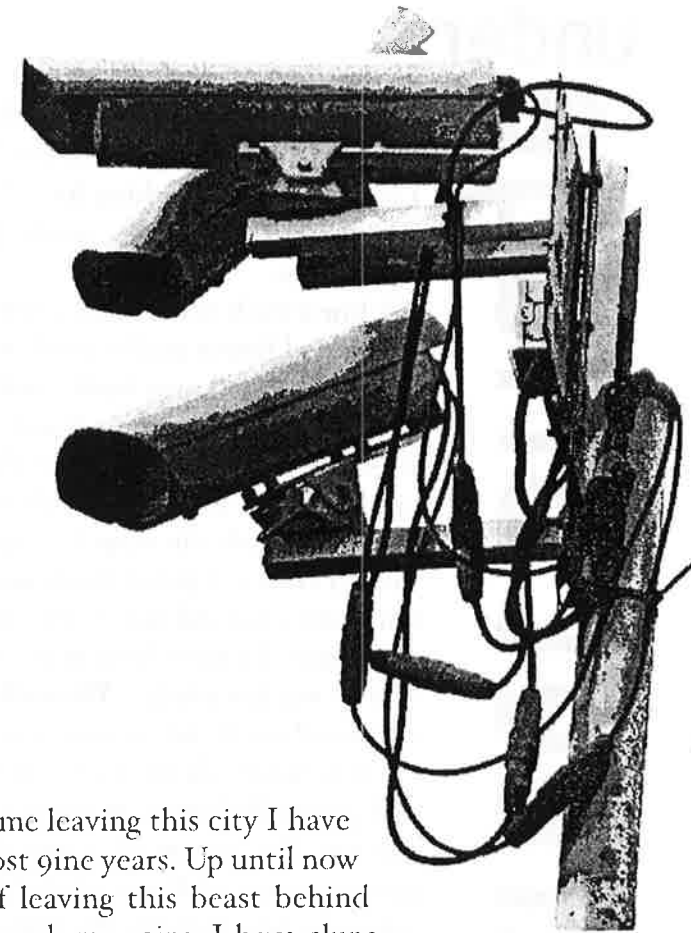
"Yes I have, how do you know all this. You even know what I'm thinking," admitted David truly astonished.

"Too fuckin right I do, Lad. I can see it in ya," replied Nisbo. Buster got closer to David and began to encourage him too. "Go on, mate, tell us you want to be a skin. Tell Nisbo what he wants to hear." David kept looking straight at Buster, mesmerized. "Tell him that you're up for it."

"You've fuckin wanted it for a while now, Lad," whispered Nisbo from the side into David's ear.

"Tell Nisbo that he's right," urged Buster. The tactic changed.

"I fuckin knew he wasn't up for it the minute I fuckin saw him, Buster."



Fag punk nine finds me leaving this city I have called home for almost nine years. Up until now even the thought of leaving this beast behind shot cold anxiety through my veins, I have clung to her belly for far too long. Living downtown Hamilton has found me travelling in many of the same circles running a beaten path into the hard dusty ground. Walking these streets all hours of the day in all levels of consciousness I have nothing to hide from Hamilton, and she is no longer a mystery to me. I have slept in her warm brick corners, fucked in her dark back allies, scaled and conquered her empty buildings. I admit it I have used her for my own selfish self pleasure and will now discard her beaten and broken hearted. I am not running away, like a coward from all my many mistakes, I am not forgetting all the gut wrenching events I saw myself re-enact over and over again. I am merely stepping away from a moment to collect myself. For I will return, stronger than before. Fag Punk nine is all yours now, enjoy. F

under the John Street Bridge

He just had made an awkward quick hand exchange of illicit substance for cash under the gaze of a few bike cops, he drifted north to cool.

I found him in a parking lot off Cannon street near Catherine. Gutter grace rarely spotted this far north of the core.

We knew each other from a few drinkins and parklife. We joined forces and headed on a crusade to the Beer Store. Small talk was made, both of us too close to sober to make any sense. Some where near Robert street he riffled through his pockets and producing a sandwich bag which promptly he emptied inside out into his mouth, chewing he changes the conversation subject to sex. I didn't think anything of it, folks know they can ask any question of me and I would give them the most honest and direct answer the best of my knowledge. We walked and comfortably twittered on about sucking and fucking for a while. I left him outside the beer store because of his age and proceeded inside to buy six tall cans of blue label old mill. We continued across the parking lot to the grocery store. Half way through the parking lot some silly joke, him sucking my cock. He became serious and confirmed that he would if I'd only let him. I assumed that this was his way of creating humor, flat sarcasm. After the food store I suggested the train tracks to down my beer and for his mushrooms to take effect.

At the end of Mary street we scaled the chain link to the tracks, 6 feet of me teetered on the top of the fence, he reached up his hand to steady my frame. I took his hand then wondered what it looked like to see two punks holding hands. He held tight until we stumbled down the shill after the fence, careful not to get out boots stuck in the thick clay mud. I dropped his hand as soon as we hit the gravel of the tracks afraid he might catch me enjoying his proximity.

"Dave, say, "they feel fuckin great"," urged Nisbo.

"They feel fuckin great." David again involuntarily touched his dick.

"That's better." said Buster, "we gotta get you talkin' like a skin too." Buster pulled up the small stool again and sat in front of David, and Nisbo sat beside him on the settee. David looked from one to the other.

"So what's it to be, Dave?" asked Nisbo, rubbing the lad's number four crop. "Yeah, Dave. I reckon you want to be a skinhead, don't you?" Buster put the pressure on as well.

"I'm not sure I'm ready for it. My parents would freak out. It might be better to work up to it, get my hair cut shorter gradually, and I'll get a bigger pair of boots like these ones next time I buy a pair, how's that?" David was bargaining, but inside his heart was racing. He knew he wanted this more than anything, but in his mind he was thinking only of his parents' reaction, how they'd feel if he ended up looking like Buster or Nisbo.

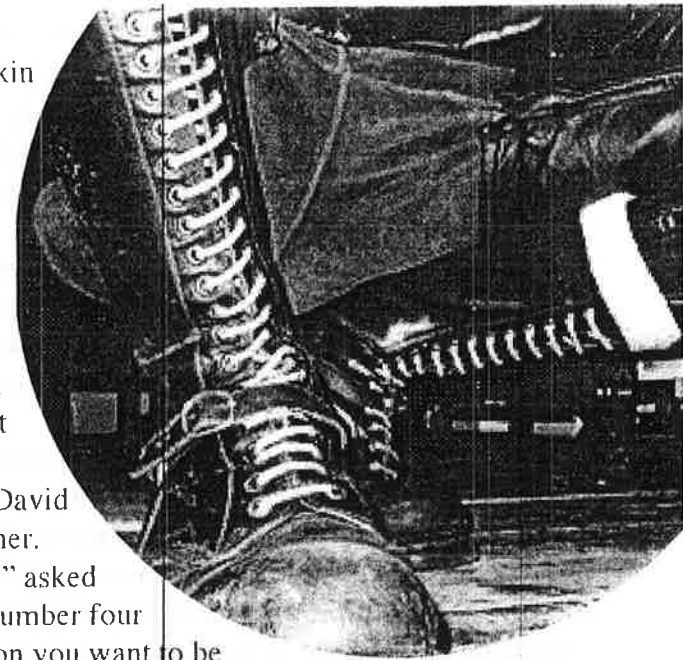
"Tell you what, why don't you stay with us for the weekend, mate, then make your mind up?" Buster was saying this, but he knew he'd only settle for the kid making his decision that night.

"Yes, but I've got my exams on Monday and I should be studying." "Yeah, well maybe if you relax you'll do better. Isn't that right?" "Maybe. My parents are expecting me back later tonight."

"But you like being around skinheads, don't you?" "Yes I do, Buster. I really am happy you let me come here tonight."

"And you know inside that you want to be a skinhead, don't you?" There was a slight pause. "Yes, I do." By now, David was visibly breathing faster and his heart was in his throat. Buster moved his face closer up to David's. "You want to be a skin, don't you, mate?"

"Yeah, I do, but...."





skinhead or not?" A glance from Buster told Nisbo not to rush the lad. "Give me the other boot, Dave," ordered Buster, "nah, better still, you do it yerself."

Buster guided David through how to properly lace the Rangers and although it took a lot longer than if Buster had done it for him, he got there in the end. "What do you think, Dave?" asked Buster.

"They feel really heavy on my feet, but they're great. I really like how they feel on me."

"Well lets show you how they look, come out into the hall."

David stood up in the twenty-hollers. He was only five feet four inches tall and they came almost up to his knees. Nisbo and Buster positioned him in front of the three-quarter length mirror. The young lad gasped when he saw the boots on his feet. His hand went involuntarily to his crotch where his

dick was enlarging rapidly, so much so that even his jeans (which were quite baggy) could not hide the tentpole he was producing. "He likes them," said Nisbo to Buster. "Yep, he sure does," replied Buster as he briefly patted David's crotch. Dave gave a boyish smile, he couldn't help himself.

"Don't they look stupid on me though?" he asked earnestly.

"Nah, that's only cos you have such ridiculous gear on you, Lad. If you were wearin more decent stuff, they'd look fuckin excellent."

The three went back into the living room and David sat down on the settee again and went to unlace the boots. "Hey, hey, keep them on for a bit, Dave," ordered Nisbo. "You gotta admit, you like how they feel all tight on yer legs, right?"

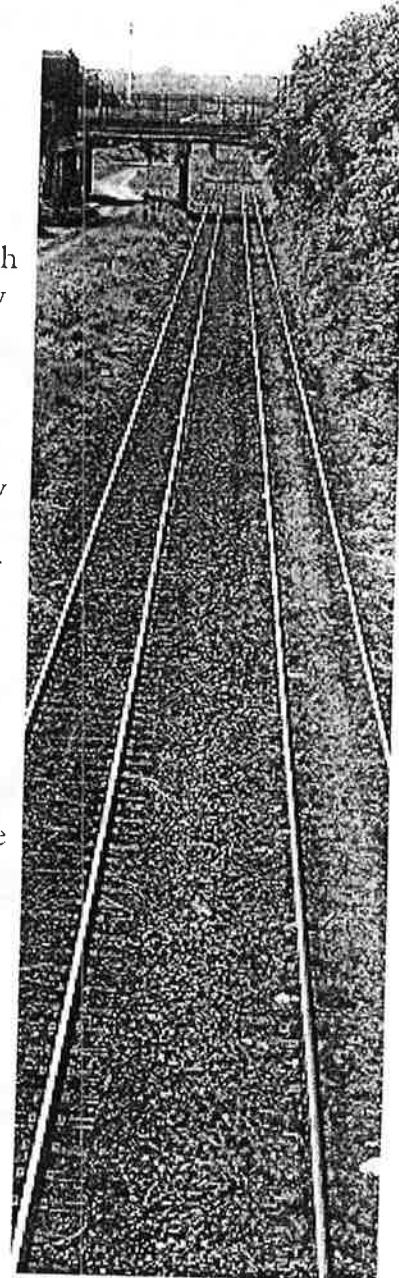
"Yeah, I do, they feel great."

It was a crisp October evening reaching into the night, light had started to fade but had not completely disappeared. We sat on thin cardboard under the John Street bridge forearms on our knees. Beer in numb fingers, wishing for gloves.

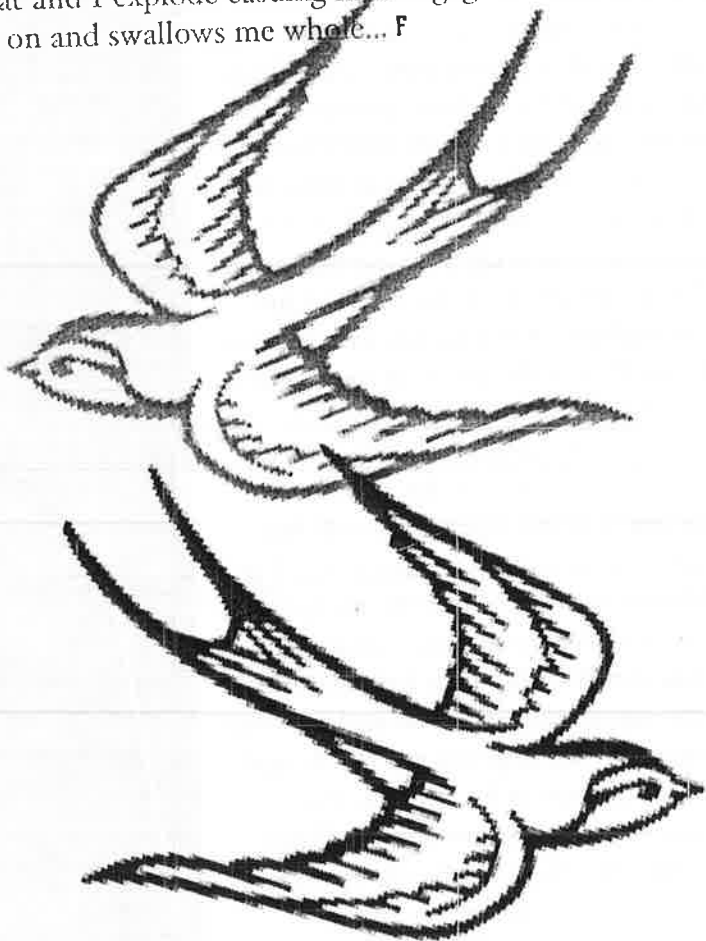
"so when can I suck yer cock?" again with the flat sarcasm.

I chuckled and threw it back in his face, "after this beer..".

Conversation went on. With a few of the silver tall cans in me I try my luck and catch him in the mouth with my lips. Completely expecting a recoil, he did the unexpected and took me in to him. He dropped his empty beer can and slid his hands into my open leather jacket, the can rolled down the concrete incline with a clattering empty sound. My hands went to the back of his neck drawing him closer to me. Our leather creaked together as the grip on each other tightened. We Kissed, I sucked on his lips, our oral studs clicking together. My hands found their way into his jacket, up under his shirts to his warm skin soft but tight muscles lean from the street. His lips dripped down my neck stopping to suck. He pulled his hands down my back around to my belt buckle. It didn't take long for him to be in my lap unzipping jeans and pushing away boxers and hauling out my thickened cock. Suddenly I am in his mouth, the hot hot hot sensation sends shivers down my spine, my mouth drops to expel a soft surprised 'Oooh.....' He was not a true beginner, it was as though he worked for his wages. His hands found their way deeper



into my pants and into his own. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him working his own cock with the same expert skill. I tried whole heartily not to burst right away, pulling the cool cold October air like glass deep into my lungs, feeling the concrete like little nails digging into my knees, watching the 7 O'clock commuter train passing on the tracks below us. I looked down to him crouched before me and tried to read the patches sewn to the back of his jacket. I lost myself in him, his hot and wet mouth. I placed my hand on the back of his head lacing my fingers in his long greasy mohawk. I push his head down on to me forcing my dick even further, to the back of his warm hot throat and I explode casuing him to gag and choke on my cum but he holds on and swallows me whole... F



Busters New Boy

chapter 3

By derek skin

David's jeans were baggy enough to allow him to get the twenty-holers onto his feet without any problem. Getting them on were no problem, David just didn't know what to do next. He reached down and attempted to lace them up. He pulled the white laces through as far as they were already done, but then he had to start to thread them through himself. He may as well have been trying out for Mensa.

"I told you I can't do this, Buster. Shall I take them off again?"

"Nah, Lad, give it here..." said Buster, realising that his work was cut out for him. Buster pulled up a small stool in front of the settee where David was sitting and pulled the lad's booted foot and rested it on his own crotch with the sole of the boot pressing through his bleachers and onto his dick, which was beginning to have a life of it's own at this point, but not so much that it showed too much to David, whose whole effort was in getting the boots on.

"You take one end and put it in the top hole and then you thread the other one through each hole from the bottom up, like a ladder, then you wind round the rest of the lace and tie em tight at the top and tuck em in, see?"

"No, I don't get it."

"You will." Buster continued to lace up the twenty-hole boot onto the lad's leg. It fitted him well.

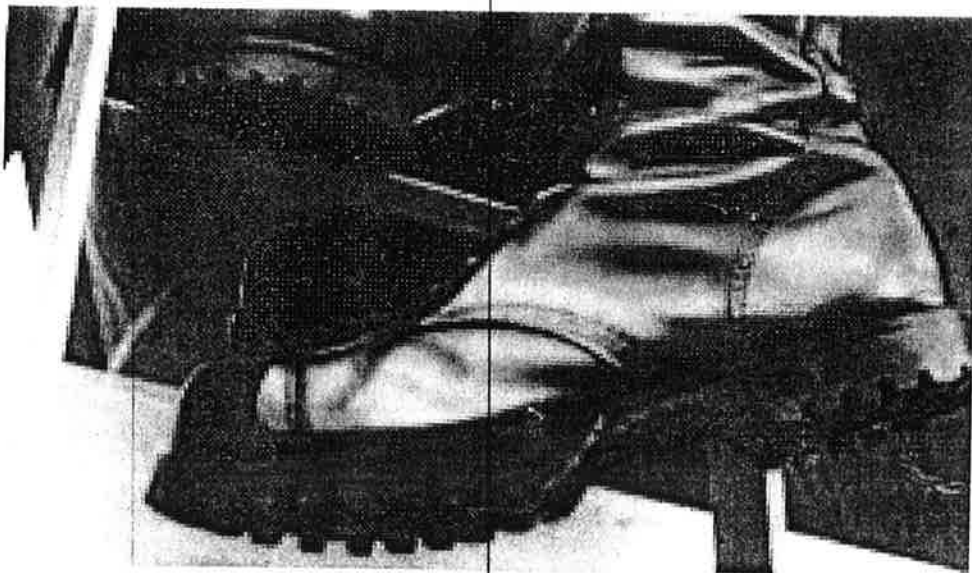
"Does it have to be so tight?" "Oh yeah, that's part of the fun, you'll never forget you've got a fuckin pair of boots on ya then, will ya, Lad?" Nisbo had cleared away the plates and had taken his place on the settee beside David. "Well, what's it to be Lad? You goin to be a



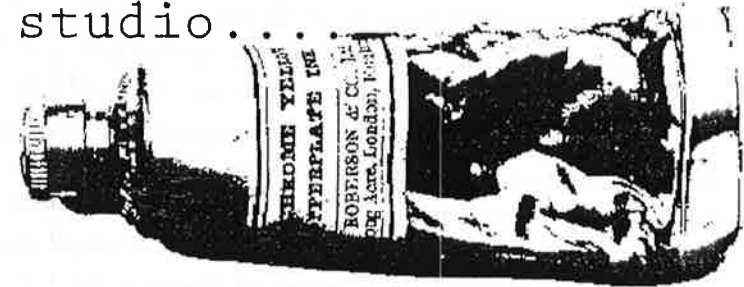


by ben.

For that second my body does not need oxygen. Waves of black roll into my vision. I'm not holding my breath. I'm just not breathing. I am drifting as if dead, floating as if suspended in my own thick goo. If my eyes are open they are wide and light crushes me. My mouth is open. Open to let the string of obscenities that for some reason always precede my orgasms. Now post climax it just hangs open silenced by la petite mort. My thoughts are fixed while my mind jerks back to reality. Breath returns. slow deep and quick. sometimes when I am face down pushed in to the mattress this is when I pull back glancing at the pool of drool that has collected. Im not really a drooler. Only when I comes to sex does it ever escape my lips. Color releases its grip and things fade back to pale. I respond to my venerability, nakedness and pull clothing back in to place, and still I lay. I am alive again and man do I have to piss. F



in the studio.



I hadn't gotten laid in weeks. I had stopped going to bars, I was spending more time at the library and at the drawing table. I had entirely given up on shaving and bathing, was just down to the bare minimum of oral hygiene and the occasional soak in the tub with a good comic book. I had also taken to staying late at the studio, either printing or goofing around in the digital lab. Another studio technician, Chris and I started to get along well, he began to stay late too. We would lock the front door, crank what ever was on the ipod and busy our selves with our own projects. The night usually consisted of me drinking beer under the table doing endless hours of volunteer data entry while he sat at the back of the studio bottle of wine on the floor at his feet bent over his latest etching plate wiping it, trying to obtain a perfect balance of ink. During the day and when ever we could we would work together on the tasks of cleaning and organizing the studio. Often we would head out on errands together, driving across town to pick up that important piece of something or other. The studio director hated that we grow to enjoy each others company, sending two people to do a one person job seemed silly to her but she couldn't stop us.

I knew he had a girlfriend, the constant vibrating and beeping of his pocket told me of every text message he received. Most of the time he'd be with plate on the press bed ready to be printed cell in hand, head down pecking away at number letters updating her on the latest mundane events of the day a waste of day time minutes.

Chris had picked up a print job. Some times people with no print experience would walk into the shop and ask for a prints to be made from personal designs. At that point who ever was on desk at the time would quote a ridiculous price and get the job. Sounds like easy money but most people don't know how to be creatively hands off and the job

turns into living hell instead of an easy 200 bucks. This guy walked in one afternoon, spoke to Chris about a print job, 4 different designs 5 different colors, poster sized silkscreens. I heard Chris quote a silly price and the guy took it. I waited impatiently for the client to leave and pounced on the opportunity. We decided on a 60/40 spit and I would assist, which means me doing all the shit work.

We set a printing date for the next week. With all the colors would mean we would need a few hours of drying in between steps and during the weekend we would be alone in the studio apart from the lithograph class on the main floor on Saturday. I set about prepping screens, buying ink, sourcing paper. The weekend came slow, we both were excited about working together.

I let him set the radio on the jazz station I hated it but it felt good to give him what he wanted. We shot the screen with no compilations, washed it out and then post exposed it. Chris got a few beers from the basement stash as I clamped the huge aluminum frame onto the biggest table and set to work, yellow first. Andy printed and I assisted. After the first color he volunteered to wash the screen out.

He came down the stairs and put the dripping wet screen in the dark room in front of a fan to dry. He returned to me, I handed his beer to him but he waved it aside and surprised me by slipping his damp hands into the waist band of my jeans. His wet skin felt cold against my smooth skin. I was shocked, he looked me seriously in the eye and continued to dig in my pants. Gripping me in his hands he leaned his body forward into my chest and pressed his lips to mine, I dropped a cleaning rag from my hand and encircled him with my arms and took him into me. We kissed wetly as he unbuttoned and worked my pants down to my thighs. I pulled my shirt over my head, he drifted down my neck, chest, and torso kissing and licking my skin to my cock. He took me into his hot wet mouth. I let him suck me. I relax, let my body soften onto to heels of my feet, I let him take all of me into his mouth. I stroke the back of his head smoothing his hair to the back of his skull and look down at him only to find him looking back at me, wide brown eyes. I cast my gaze past him and see his own hand drifting down into his own open stone washed jeans to his beautiful hardened cock. He stroked it dramatically to ensure I got a good look. I let him indulge himself on my cock for a little longer as that

he seemed to really like it, humming and moaning. I never predicted that this guy was going to be on his knees for me in a million years. I was enjoying this too much and I pushed him back off of my dick just before cum was about to splatter the back of his throat. I push him down to the floor the whole while he stares up at me with a confused but happy expression on his face. On the floor I wrench his pants off, pulling them with some difficulty over his purple Cons. I doff my own pants and straddle his head lowering my hardness into his willing and hungry mouth, falling forward I planted my palms on the cold concrete floor on either side of his hips and took his dripping stand-up cock into my mouth. We lay mouth fucking each other on the cold floor of the studio, my saliva drooled down his shaft, his hips lifted to drive his cock further down my throat. It didn't take long, us locked like that for him to loose his load. I swallowed and continued to suck his cock dry causing his whole body to shudder and shake from the exquisite pain until he begged me to stop.

He lay there sweating and panting still gripping my hips, he had stopped sucking me during his melt down. At this time I rolled up to my knees, and freed myself onto his chest and stomach. He didn't seem to mind and stayed on the floor in some sort of after cum coma as my semen pooled on his torso and dripped down his sides.

I dressed and threw his pants and a clean rag in his direction. We finished the print job that night, leaving the studio around 2am. It wouldn't have taken us so long if we didn't stop to rediscover our new connection every new layer of color. F

