

Sam

I heard the brick smash through my window. The tears streaked down my face as I sat there staring at the photo of me and Ben, his arm around my waist and joy spilling from our eyes. But these were past times, of another place, all the people here thought it was just a cry for attention and I guessed that that is why they treated me like this. But really this was the deepest love I had ever felt, but how could I know he felt the same. It had been nearly three days and I hadn't heard one word from him, even though I left countless messages on his phone and sent him endless texts asking what I had done wrong. Why was he avoiding me? I had given him everything, my place at Oxford was on hold until I found out where he was going, I knew that I wouldn't be able to survive if we went to different universities so I didn't want anything like that to be set in stone before I knew that we could definitely be together. I love him so much, but he doesn't seem to see that, he doesn't seem to see that I would gladly lay my life on the line for him. I practically am already, I know my parents certainly don't approve.

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Alex

I was so excited so excited; I had been planning this proposal for ages. Any spare time I had I dedicated to every significant detail – everything had to be perfect. It was so hard to do the right thing and keep it quiet. I just hoped that Sam wouldn't go off me, that Sam knew I was utterly and deeply in love with Sam.

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Sam

I had made my up my mind to do this, I knew that life was not worth living if I could not live it with my life – Alex. Why was he doing this to me? The secrecy was just too much for me, and he was trying to make it seem like nothing was wrong. Did he think I was stupid and that I couldn't tell he was hiding something from me? This was why I had to do it – nobody understood! I was ready to show our love to everyone, despite all the bricks through the windows and hurling abuse, but it didn't seem like Alex felt the same and it was slowly destroying me. I rose from the place where I had been frozen for the past hour, contemplating my actions. But now I had made up my mind and I slowly but surely crunched over the shards of glass which spattered the floor.

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Alex

I made my way to Sam's house, my heart pounding in anticipation to the answer I would receive for my well rehearsed question. The bus journey seemed to take twice as long as usual. Each time we stopped I jerked my head up to check the reasons for the delay. Every few minutes of so I lightly tapped my breast pocket, reassuring myself each time that the ring was in there. I nearly ran to Sam's house once I finally got off the bus.

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Sam

I tore the sheet into a long clean strip and looped it round the hook the hung in the centre of the room. My hands shook as I knotted the noose at the end of the rope and slipped my neck through the circle of sheet. I climbed onto the creaking chair and took three deep breaths, the last of my life.

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Alex

I got the key am had given me nearly a year ago out of my pocket and couldn't stopped smiling as I put it into the door and turned it. All this waiting had been worth it.

'Sam?' I called.

Silence.

That's when noticed the small pieces of shiny glass which littered the carpet and a frown appeared on my face which had been so cheery just moments before. Slowly I crept towards the living room, every second burning questions rose in my mind and then suddenly I saw a large red brick, looking out of place in the house, laying on the floor. On it was an innocent-looking white note. I crept forwards and read it – PUFF. I stared for what seemed like an eternity at that word, scribble across the stone. I knew how sensitive Sam had been about what people thought about our gay love. Terror tore through me like a lightening bolt and I ran as fast as I could up to his room

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Sam

Just as I was ready to jump, I heard footsteps downstairs, a rush of adrenaline pulsed through my veins as the footsteps came up the stairs. I turned around and saw his pleading face, the face that I loved, and a ring clasped in his fingers. A smile broke out across my face. But I was not in control of my body and the chair wobbled

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Alex

I saw his face streaked with tears and I knew there was nothing I could do but scream "I love you"

Charlie, Rachel & Vicky 10W