

Lance aims for the trash can, but the balled up piece of paper misses by a mile. He sighs deeply. This is his fifth try at writing the letter he plans to slip into his love's locker. Well, more like a crush. He has been lusting after this older boy for years. They are only a grade apart. As a junior, Lance is sure he has the guts to ask out his perfect boy. But so far, it isn't working.

"Why can't I just do this?" He argues out loud to himself. He pulls out another piece of paper and attempts it again. Taking a deep breath it, he begins to write down all of his feelings in the most creative way possible. Once he finishes, he groans.

"Okay, if I put this into his locker, I'll be screwed." Instead of crumpling the paper up, he sets down his pencil and pushes his chair back, closing his eyes. He dreams of the day when he can summon up the courage to walk up to the man he lusts for and kiss him in front of their peers... but that day isn't today.

He stands up and walks out of his room to the bathroom down the hall. He sits on the toilet and tries to think up another, more mature letter for his secret lover.

"Oh, screw it. This will never work out between me and him." After flushing and washing his hands, Lance leaves the bathroom. Once entering his room and shutting the door, he finds the letter gone. "Oh no, no!" He quickly begins to search around and under his desk for the love letter. He dumps his trash can onto his bed,

opening all the pieces of paper in hope that his brain had a malfunction and he really did crumple up the paper and throw it away.

"Do you have a thing for garbage Lance?"

Lance looks behind him at his now open door. His brother Joey's girlfriend's twin, who happens to be Lance's best friend, stands there and looks at him curiously.

"My letter is gone!" Lance frantically keeps searching through his garbage.

"What letter? The one you are going to put into hot boy's locker?"

"You obviously don't care, so just leave me be!" Lance slides off his bed and onto his knees, looking under his bed.

"Sorry, I would, but we have school. Come on."

Lance sighs and stands up, rubbing his face. He grabs his bag off of his desk and follows his friend down the hall and out the front door.

No one stole the letter. No one is going to put it into his lover's locker. No one is that mean...

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Lunch comes quickly for Lance and his group of friends. His mind is stuck on the letter that vanished that morning.

"What if my parents find it? My mom sees that, she will tell my dad who will beat me 'cause I am a boy who likes girls who also shouldn't be writing love letters

when I am a man who can face his troubles head on." Lance groans and drops his head on the table, out of breath.

"Trust me, the only person who will see that letter is your crush - who happens to be walking up to our table at this very moment."

Lance stares with wide eyes at his brother's girlfriend, who is grinning. "WHAT?" He harshly whispers across the table at her. He feels a tap on his shoulder and nearly jumps through the ceiling.

"Lance, right?"

Lance turns his body slowly around to stare at the man he has loved since he moved to this city back when he was a sixth grader. His curly blond locks are far above Lance's own head. Standing at six feet, the star of the basketball team always stares down at him with sparkling blue eyes whenever Lance passes him.

Lance feels small and weak compared to the strong angel before him. He nods his head slowly, taking a silent gulp in to ease his nerves. "Hi... uh, Justin."

"I got your letter."

Lance whips his head around and glares intensely at the girl who had placed the letter. She simply smiles back. Lance turns his head back around and stares at the senior.

Justin smiles. "I've always known that you had a crush on me."

Lance goes red. "Um... really?"

"Yeah. Do you want to see a movie tomorrow after school? I don't have basketball practice and I'd like to get to know you better."

Lance looks back at his table of friends. His friends all give him two thumbs up and smile.

Lance doesn't want it all to be a joke. He wants it to be as real as the sun shining, or as real as when he walked in on his brother having sex. He puts on a serious face and looks back at Justin who is holding the letter in his hands firmly. "You aren't pulling my leg here, just to make me a laughing stalk of the whole student body?"

"Hell no. I'm not like other jocks who date cheerleaders and mess with everyone. I am openly gay and really want to go on a date with you."

Lance watches his crush's face, trying to detect any hint of lying or laughter. All he sees is seriousness and earnest.

"Well?" Justin pouts.

Lance grins. "Sure!" Even though he doesn't have the guts to admit he loves a guy, he has friends who do.

What are friends for?

TA-DA!