

*Surf's up!* Jason thought excitedly to himself. "Oi, Teagen! I'm gonna go catch some waves!" he screamed out. Without waiting for a scream of approval back, board under armpit, he raced out, the heat clinging to him like sweat. *Gonna catch some girls too* he thought, smiling to himself.

The beach was crowded today. There were old people, young people and some people in between. He breathed in, hoping to smell the sharpness of salty water, but instead, the tang of sunscreen made him gag. He saw a surfer—probably in year 10 too—slopping the white cream on by the bucket loads. *He's tank, but he ain't gonna get a girl like that, way he's going* smirked Jason. A bunch of girls he recognised to be in his year were there too, sitting under an umbrella, watching. He sauntered away, trying to flex his muscles as he made his way to the water. The waves were enormous and he handled them like a pro. He looked around. The guy he saw before was in the water now too. His skin twinkled—glistened?—in the sunlight, probably because of all that sunscreen he had slopped on. He was a lousy surfer as well—Jason could tell he was only acting the part... *if I could get a buck*, he thought, *for every time that dude falls in the water, I'd be a rich man.*

Jason couldn't hear the girls gasping over the waves, but he was sure that they had admired him longer than was necessary. He jumped out of the surf and made his way to the juice bar, liking the stark contrast of his now tan skin against his white surfboard. He looked towards the umbrella; there was no one underneath. He shrugged, wondering if they were actually behind hedges spying on him. He went to the juice bar and as he walked in, he could hear the chatter of girls. *Can't blame them, it's hot out* he reasoned, looking around. They were crowded around someone and gushing all over him. He walked towards them. It was the other surfer dude.

"So, you really *are* a vampire?" asked a girl breathlessly.

The guy flicked his dark hair, "I can't tell you that, or else the Volturi will have my head." He sighed.

"Your *skin!* It's SO pale!"

"Oh, I saw you surfing! You were actually *sparkling!* Like *diamonds!*"

"It's even glistening *now!*"

*It's the sunscreen, you twerps* Jason thought with gritted teeth. *He isn't a vampire, vampires don't sparkle—fairies do!*

"Yeah, it's the glare. See how it isn't completely dark? I hate having to hide what I really am... It's tiring, y'know?"

"Tory, Tory, do you have plans tomorrow arvo?"

"Tory, bite me!"

Jason looked down at his tan. Suddenly, he wasn't liking the contrast all that much, anymore.