





CHAPTER ONE

“Wow! Those waves were great!” André said, shaking his wet, shaggy hair. He dumped his body board onto the beach. It landed next to a pile of backpacks, sunscreen bottles, and shoes.

“Yeah, that was awesome!” Lucas agreed, setting his board next to his twin brother’s. He dug around in his backpack for his glasses.

“Hey, check it out!” André said. He nudged Lucas and pointed back toward the water.

Lucas put on his glasses to see what his brother was pointing at. He laughed as

a huge wave crashed into their dad. Dr. Hainey's body board flew out from under him. It landed in the water with a splash.

"Nice wipe out, Dad!" Lucas called.

Dr. Hainey grinned and struggled to grab his body board.

André snatched up a fluffy beach towel and dried his face and body.

"Hey, that's my towel!" Lucas said.

"So?" André said. "Just use mine."

"But yours is grubby from the first time you used it," Lucas complained.

"Oops!" André said. "Do you want yours back?" He held the towel out to his brother. It drooped like a damp dish cloth.

"No, thanks," Lucas said. He snuck a peek to see if his dad was coming.

"Not when there's another dry one right here!" He grinned and snatched his

dad's towel from the pile.

“Good one!” André said. “But I bet you don't even need a towel. Your skin probably didn't even get wet. You're covered from head to toe.”

Lucas was dressed in a full-body wetsuit. He wore rubber surf shoes on his feet. His nose and half of his face were covered in thick, white sunscreen.

“At least I won't get a sunburn,” Lucas replied. “Skin burns in thirty minutes, you know.”

“Yeah, well at least I won't die of heat stroke,” André joked. “Aren't you boiling in that thing?”

“It *is* kind of hot in here.” Lucas peeled off his wetsuit and pulled on a T-shirt. He dried his hair with his dad's towel.

Just then, Dr. Hainey ran up the beach

to meet the boys. He was dripping with water. “Hey! Isn’t that my towel?” he asked Lucas.

“You’ll need to move faster if you want a dry towel,” Lucas joked.

Dr. Hainey piled his body board with the others. “When I was your age...” He paused to catch his breath. “I would have used all three towels before you could say *hang ten*.”

“Hang ten?” André asked. He tossed a damp towel to his dad.

“I think it’s an old saying,” Lucas replied. “Surfers used to use it back in the 1960s.”

“You mean you kids don’t say that anymore?” Dr. Hainey dried himself as well as he could and pulled on a T-shirt. “Good golly, I feel old.”

“Well, it doesn’t help when you say

things like *good golly*,” André teased.

Dr. Hainey laughed. He packed the beach gear in his backpack and swung it over one shoulder. “It’s a great day for body boarding but somebody has to work around here. I’ve got to get back to the clinic to pick up some supplies. Mr. Burke’s cows need check-ups. Do you guys want a ride home?”

Dr. Hainey’s veterinary clinic was only a few minutes away from their house.

“No, thanks,” André said. “I want to check out the waves by the point before we go.”

“Yeah, me too,” said Lucas.

“Could you unload our bikes from the back of the van?” André asked.

“And bring these back?” Lucas added. He picked up his body board and held it out to his dad. André did the same.

“Hmm...why do I get the feeling you’ve been planning this all along?” Dr. Hainey narrowed his eyes.

“Hang ten?” Lucas said with a grin.

“Okay, but stay out of the water when I’m not here. Deal?” Dr. Hainey stacked the body boards under his arm.

“Deal!” André said. “Thanks, Dad!”

“See you later!” Lucas said.

The boys grabbed their backpacks and ran off down the beach before their dad could change his mind.