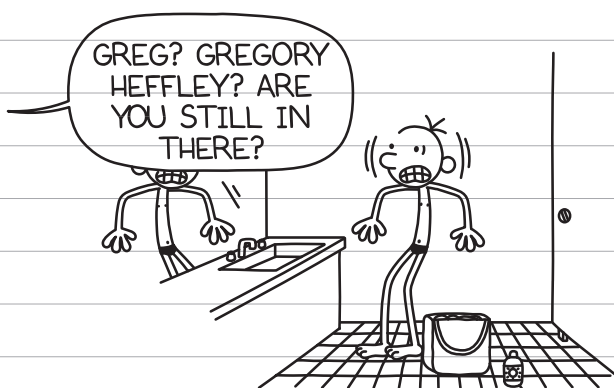


Well, that was pretty embarrassing, because it meant whoever was in there could see me flexing in front of the mirror the whole time. And, if that person was anything like ME, he couldn't go to the bathroom until he had complete privacy.

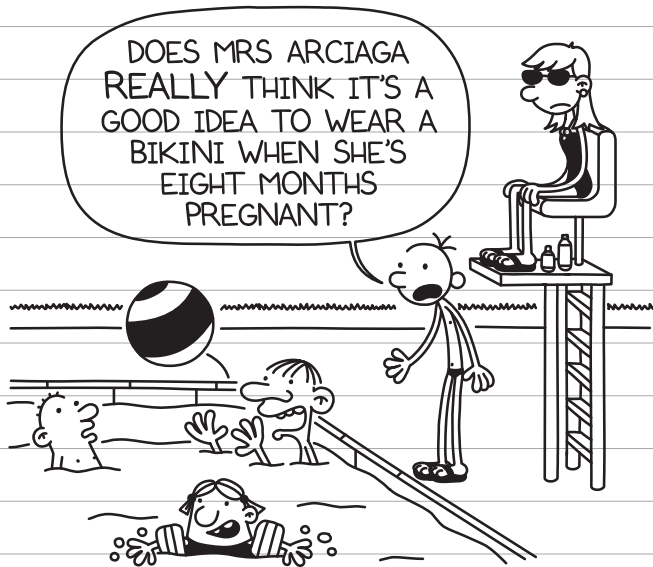
I figured the person in the stall couldn't see my face, so at least he didn't know who I was. I was just about to slip out of the bathroom when I heard Mom at the front of the locker room.



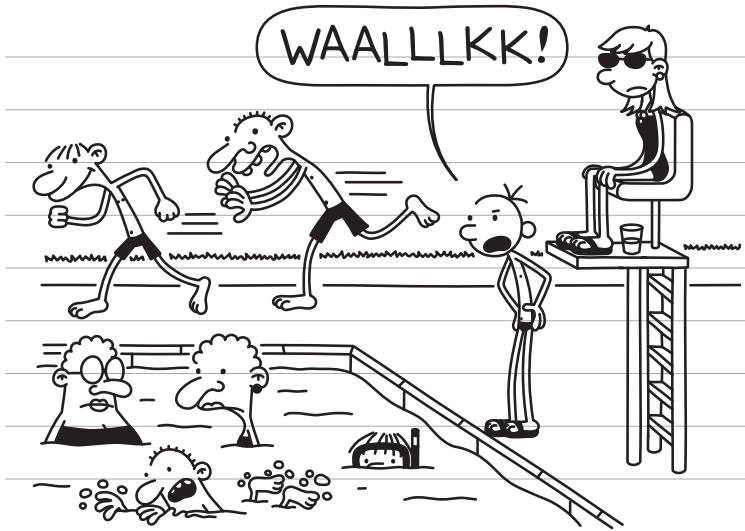
Mom wanted to know what took me so long and why I looked so "shiny", but I was already looking past her and scanning the lifeguard stands to see if Heather Hills was on deck.

And sure enough, she was. I went right over to her and parked myself underneath her chair.

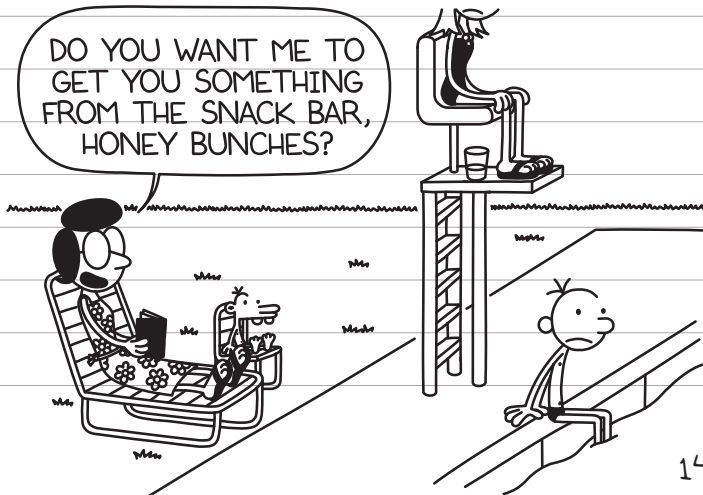
Every once in a while I'd say something witty, and I think I was definitely impressing her.



I'd get Heather a new cup of water whenever it looked like she needed a refill and, every time some kid would do something wrong, I'd speak up so Heather didn't have to.



Whenever Heather's shift ended, I'd follow her to her next station. Every fourth time, I'd end up in front of where Mom was sitting. And, let me tell you, it's not easy to be smooth when your mother is sitting five feet away.



I just hope Heather knows that I would do ANYTHING for her. If she wants someone to put suntan lotion on her back or towel her off after she takes a dip in the pool, I'm the man for the job.

I basically hung out with Heather until it was time to go. On my way home I was thinking that, if the rest of my holiday goes like today, this WILL be the best summer ever, just like Mom predicted. In fact, the only thing that can ruin things now is that stupid muddy hand. I'm sure it'll show up at the exact wrong moment and spoil everything.

