Tourist Trap

by andlat

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Chapter 1

Tourist Trap

Growing up in a seaside town, Mike was used to tourists. His parents always talked about how the whole town was really a tourist trap. He didn't really understand what that meant. After all, people seemed to be able to live without any problems. All the same, it meant he always had new friends to make as he rode his bike around town. Who would he play with today, he wondered. It made every day feel like an adventure.

He whizzed up and down the boardwalk. It was fun in and of itself to weave through the slowly walking tourists, but he needed something to do. Mr. Richardson who owned the bait shop always yelled at him if he rode his bike past there too many times a day.

"Guess I'll go by the condos." He muttered, standing up on the pedals of his bike to go faster past Richardson's Bait. A bit of wind suddenly caught the bill of his

cap and he jumped off his bike and chased after it as it danced along.
Well, he wanted to go by the condos, he thought, looking up at the
brightly colored buildings before him. He grabbed his hat and roughly
shoved it into the pocket of his cargo shorts, adjusting them back over
him as they took on the extra weight. He saw two blonde girls staring at
him. Other than the difference in height, they looked like twins from
their long blonde hair blowing in the breeze to their white sunglasses
to the light violet outfits they wore. Mike could not be sure if they
were swimsuits, dresses, or what. Even the large basket bags the girls
held were identical.

"Hi." The shorter one said with a smile. Her sister -- cuz they had to be sisters -- was still studying him.

"Uh, hi." He replied.

"We're going down to the beach." The taller girl said. She had to be about Mike's age, maybe a year older.

"You wanna come?" The shorter girl said, her tone a mix between a question and a statement. Mike shrugged.

"I guess? I don't have my trunks."

"That's fine. We're just gunna build a sand castle or something." The shorter girl said. "I'm Danielle, by the way. This is my sister, Dina." Dina was still staring at him, so he stared back. "And who are you?" Danielle asked.

"Uh, my name's Mike." Danielle giggled.

"Ok. Let's go, Mike!"

"Um, I'd..." he searched his brain for an excuse. "I gotta go do homework."

"It's summer." Dina said. "You don't have homework."

"Maybe he's in summer school."

"That's not a real thing."

"Is so!"

"Is not." As the girls argued, they walked closer to Mike. Before he knew it, each girl had grabbed one of his hands and began to pull him toward the beach, leaving his bike to fall to the pavement.

"Whoa, you two are strong." The girls giggled and pulled him along toward the sand.

Try as he might to pull free, the girls kept firm holds of his hands.
The more he pulled, the harder they squeezed. He had to stop pulling for
fear that they might actually hurt him! Who were these two?

"This is a good spot." Dina said, dropping her beach basket. Danielle did the same, still holding tightly to Mike's hand.

"Let's have some fun, just us three." Danielle said. Dina nodded, reaching over and taking Danielle's outstretched hand.

"Uh,
what's this?" Mike asked as the girls began to go around and around in a
circle, pulling him with them. Around and around they went, never
seeming to slow or to tire. Mike wondered why he wasn't getting dizzy as
they spun around and around and around. How long had they been
spinning? A minute? An hour? He had no way to know.

"And go!"
Suddenly, they let go of Mike's hands and he flew backwards, landing in
the sand with a whumpf! He pushed long blonde hair out of his eyes and
looked down at his light violet tutu... outfit... whatever it was. He

was dressed just like the girls, right down to the white sunglasses that
lay in the sand.

"Oh, she's perfect!" Danielle said, hurrying over. "Up you come!" She pulled Mike to his feet.

"What... what..." his voice was still the same in his panic. "What did you do to me?"

"Well,"
Dina said, coming over. "Our parents only let us play with each other,
so to play with you, you had to become our sister."

"What? You... how?"

"Don't worry about it." Danielle said. "All that matters, is you're our sister Daisy now."

"No, my name's Mike."

"No, it's Daisy." Dina said. "It might just take you a bit to remember."

"What? Remem... what, no. I'm Mike. I don't have any sisters or even brothers. I live here."

"Nope.
You're Daisy." Danielle said. "Don't worry. We're here for a week. By
the time it's time to go home, you'll remember everything."

"Exactly!"

Dina said cheerfully. "By the time we're back home, you won't even
remember Mike." The girls took his hands again, though this time they
were gentle, like sisters. They led him back over to their bags and
began building a sand castle, leaving Mike to his thoughts. This town
was a tourist trap, so why was he the one who felt trapped?