

The waters of Meteor lake were not Archer's favorite. The flame on his tail was understandably averse to it, and he was not keen on testing out any hypothesis. He had been convinced to come to the beach this time, the summer tourists also quickly filing in around him. Each spot on the beach had been filled likely before the sun had even risen, but that mattered little to Archer. Surfers caught the waves crashing into shore, and countless groups sat around concrete bonfire pits that sizzled, the delicious aroma of barbeque blowing on the gusty breeze.

Archer continued to stroll, keeping his tail close to him and scouting for a spot to lay. Although he didn't enjoy the water, he enjoyed the sun, its warmth beating down on his dark fur pleasantly. He could sunbathe for hours without the risk of burning, happily so. He enjoyed curling up in the sand, its own latent warmth comforting as the cold waves continued to roll in.

Archer spotted the perfect spot, near the edge of Meteor Lake's dunes, ringed by a bit of brittle grass that kept him sheltered and secluded. He scanned the water once more before settling down in his spot. He decided he would not worry about all the sand he would need to brush from his fur and wax, and that it would be far more enjoyable to simply enjoy the moment. Happily Archer wrapped himself up, curling his tail close to him to avoid it catching any of the dry grass alight.

With a long sigh he relaxed further into the sand. Archer was quickly asleep. The sun made his fur grow hot to the touch, but the warmth was not unnatural to him, quite the opposite. His body burned hotter, and often the world simply sapped him of that warmth in an attempt to equalize. He continued to snooze until the world grew cooler, waking up to see the sun set over the horizon, bathing the world in a multicolored splash of light. Slowly beachgoers packed their things, lowering their umbrellas and shaking their towels of sand before trudging back to the boardwalk, sandy and sleepy.

Archer figured he would join them too. His fur was still scorching, just the way he liked it. He stood himself, shaking back and forth sending sand in all directions. With his hand he brushed as much of the remainder as he could away, before following the crowds into town.