Bloomers

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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"Mom's gonna owe me big time." Sophie muttered as she stepped into the shorts. She did not care of great aunt Gwendolyn insisted they were bloomers. They were shorts to her! She glared at her reflection in the mirror. Did she have it all on? Top, bloom- no, she corrected herself. Shorts. Even if shorts did not normally have elastic at the bottom. She groaned as she grabbed the headband. No person dressed like this. At least no one she knew would ever see her.

"Can't she make normal clothes?" She looked ridiculous, she thought, recoiling as her hand brushed the fringe just above the hem of her top. Top was the only word for it. It did not seem like a shirt and was a far cry from the purple tee she had put on the guest room bed. She groaned and, shuffling toward the door, went to meet her fate: an inspection in front of her mom and Great Aunt Gwendolyn. All of Sophie's

gloom vanished
when she came face to face with a slight variation on her reflection.

For
as long as either of them could remember, Great Aunt Gwendolyn had
proved completely unable to remember that Sophie and Sam were not twins.
It did not help that they were only about eleven months apart, but they
tried to remind her every chance they got. All the same, it was not a
visit to her house without wearing some new outfit she had made for
them. So to see her brother standing there in his top and bloomers was
not all that unusual, but still hilarious. He groaned as she drank in
his ensemble. Perhaps Gwendolyn had finally conceded that Sam might, in
fact, be a boy. Rather than the shiny Mary Janes Sophie wore, he had
plain shoes, but long colorful socks.

"Are those poodles?" Sophie asked.

"Butterflies, I think." Sam muttered. "This is horrible." He tugged at the leg of his bloomers. "These shorts"

"Bloomers."

Sophie corrected with a giggle. Sam was about to tell her just what he thought when their mom came and shephered them to Great Aunt Gwendolyn, barely holding back her own laugh at her children's adorable outfits.

They grinned laboriously as Gwendolyn thoroughly inspected them before she declared with a curt nod that their new play outfits looked lovely.

"You two will be the hit of the village festival." She declared, standing. "Come now, let's get going. We've got a lot planned."

"What?" Sophie and Sam said in unison.

"Plus we can get some photos out in the sunlight." Gwendolyn said, ignoring their protests. Their mom ignored them as well as she adjusted the bows on their chests.

"Keep complaining and you'll wear them home." She whispered.

"You can never tell anyone about this." Sam whispered to Sophie. She smiled at her brother.

"We'll see."