Davey the Cub Scout

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Dave thought he was too cool for scouts, but his brother, a proud Boy Scout, came up with the perfect way to give him a new perspective. Are there merit badges for transforming your brother or age regression?

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Chapter 1

Davey the Cub Scout

"What are you doing in here?" Dave demanded, stepping into the cabin of his little brother and his friends. Even now, they mostly wore their Boy Scout uniforms, the dorkiest things on earth, in the opinion of a seventeen year old like Dave who had quit scouts like a million years ago.

"Dave! Get out!" Tim said, throwing a shoe at his brother. Dave caught it and frowned.

"Knew there was a reason your scoutmaster told me to check on you." He said. While not a Boy Scout, Dave had been coerced into chaperoning his brother since the adults would be busy with the Cub Scouts in the other cabin. "Keep your voice down,"

"Cuz the Cub Scouts are sleeping. I know." Tim muttered. "We're just talking. And they're all the way over there!" He gestured in the general direction of the larger cabin where they all slept.

"Yeah." Tim's best friend Brad said, smirking at Dave.

"What about?" Sure, he liked to think of himself as lightyears more mature than the thirteen year olds, but still, this was better than listening to the scoutmasters talk about their insurance.

"Oh, Brad's got a magic book."

"Magic? You guys are dorks."

"It's not like DND, Dave." Brad said. "It's real magic."

"Magic's not real."

"Then let us cast a spell on you." Tim said, wiggling his fingers at Dave. Dave rolled his eyes.

"If you don't think it's real..." Brad shrugged.

"Fine." Dave rolled his eyes. "But after that, it's lights out."

"Zachary, you're the best at this one." Tim said, handing the leatherbound book to the quietest member of their cabin. He looked it over.

"Uh, you sure you want to do this one?"

"Totally." Tim said at once, grinning. "Bet this works." Dave scoffed, but a chill ran down his spine as Zachary began to read. A breeze was coming through the tent, so he closed the flap, but the chill did not go away. Dave shivered as the bespectacled teen kept reading, his head seeming to spin. He stumbled and fell onto the floor of the tent. Why were his shoes so big? He looked at them behind him. He had literally fallen out of his shoes and now his socks were hanging off his feet. What was happening?

"Here." Brad reached down and helped Dave to his feet. All three of the Boy Scouts towered over him now and he looked up in them in fear as Brad pulled his now enormous shirt over his head. He could only be about four feet tall now, if that, and wore nothing but underwear.

"Dude." Tim said. "It worked."

"What did you do to me?" Dave demanded. He gasped, feeling like his voice was more of a squeak than anything authoritative.

"Good thing his underwear stayed on. Do you really wear tighty whities?"

"No, he wears boxers." Tim said. He grinned. "Well, wore, cuz I think they turned into these." He snapped the waistband of his brother's briefs, delighted beyond words with how well this had turned out. There was no possible way he was older than eight now.

"They're clearly his. They say Davey on the waistband!" The boys cackled, easily turning the now tiny former teenager around to see.

"Yeah, mom used to do that until we switched to boxers." Tim explained. "I guess she's back to doing that to you, huh, Davey?"

"Turn me back!"

"No way, man." Tim said. "I like you better this way."

"What's going on here?" They all froze as the scoutmaster came into the cabin. "Oh, I see."