Good Sport

by andlat

“What’s going on over at the Miller house?”

The Costume Box
2021

Chapter 1

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“What’s going on over at the Miller house?”

“Well, hi there, Leslie. We’re just getting ready for Halloween.”

“I see that! I recognize Amy and Ashley, but who’s the girl with them?”

“Believe it or not,” a smile played at her lips. “That’s their brother.”

“What? Bobby Miller? Dressed like a ballerina!”

“Yep. He made a bet and, well, lost.”

“I don’t recognize him at all.”

“Hair extensions and make-up. It’s almost like magic, isn’t it?”

“He looks. God, Meg, he looks pretty!”

"The girls did promise that they'd pick a scary costume. I just don't think he realized it would be scary for him!"

"Scary? I think it's adorable!" Leslie leaned forward so much, it seemed like she might fall over the fence.

"But you should have heard him caterwauling when they were doing his hair and make-up! You'd think the world was ending."

"Beauty is pain."

"Ooh, that's a good one. I'll have to tell him that once his sisters finish taking photos."

"Might be a while. He's very pretty."

"You should have seen him when he was still in his boy clothes with his hair and face all made up. I think Sophie took a few photos, but he was not really willing to pose, so who knows if those came out."

"Arms up, Bobby!" Ashley called. The boy bashfully complied.

"Even the blushing makes him look cute." observed Leslie.

"I agree. You gotta admit, he's a good sport about the bet."

"He sure is. And the girls are really going to take him trick or treating like that?"

"You'd better believe it! Course, once he opens his mouth, it's obvious he's a boy, so I'll just have to explain to the girls not to make him talk."

"Just imagine, house after house cooing over how pretty he is and he's not even able to defend himself."

"At least it means he'll be home early." Meg said with a chuckle. "I'll have him put on his pjs before I do a thing with his hair so I can get some more photos of his made-up face for you."

"Oh, please do!"

“Of course, I might have to run him to the salon tomorrow to get those hair extensions out before school.” Meg smirked slyly. “Might even have to borrow some of his sisters’ clothes for the trip to avoid him the embarrassment of being a boy with a girly girl hairstyle.” Bobby, none the wiser, was spinning for his sisters, trying his hardest to hide his anxiety about going trick or treating like this. He could only hear his mom and the neighbor giggling, but something told him it was not good.