Jake's Jammies

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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Jake surveyed the opened gifts around him. A couple new video games, an awesome new pair of sneakers, even the requisite new underwear that came at every birthday or holiday could hardly dampen his mood. It was the best sixteenth birthday he could have imagined, although getting the keys to a new car would have been the cherry on top. All the same, he felt pretty satisfied.

“Oh, there's one you missed.” His mom said, holding up a wrapped package.

“Are you sure that's for me?” Jake asked, eyeing the yellow wrapping paper festooned with teddy bears.

“It's from Great Aunt Gertie. It's amazing she even remembered to send you something. She's almost ninety, you know.” Jake nodded and sighed, unwrapping the present. “What is it? Hold it up!”

“Um, Spider-Man pajamas?” He held them up, perplexed. His mom smiled.

“Well, that’s nice of her at least.”

“They’re not even my size.”

“You don’t know until you try them on.”

“Mom, they’re like toddler sized.” Despite his protests, she still insisted he try. Jake shuffled into his room.

“I expect you out here in five minutes or I’ll dress you myself.” His mom called through the closed door. He knew she would wait out there for him, so he sighed and undressed.

Jake stared at the pajamas, unsure if he should try the shirt or pants first. With a shrug, he picked the shirt. Could his arms even fit into its sleeves?

“Doubt it.”

“Three minutes.” He looked at the shirt. Sure enough, it was size 4T. It would never fit in a million years. He slipped his arms through, his confusion growing as the shirt slipped onto his body as easily as could be. He buttoned it up as if in a daze and then turned back toward the pants. His bed seemed so much higher now, he realized. He looked down at himself and his feet seemed much closer to him. It took a moment for him to register that he had shrunk, and rather dramatically. He had been nearly six feet tall, but now, now even saying he was four feet tall was a stretch! “Mommy?” He called. He had not said mommy in years, but now it felt right. The door opened and she walked in.

“Well, you got halfway done.” She said with a smile. “But you can’t really run around in a jammies shirt and your undies.”

“Don’t you notice anything different?” He asked. His hand flew to his mouth. His voice! It was high-pitched and juvenile!

“Quit playing around, Jake.” She said. “I want you to try on

your new pajamas, not run around in your Pikachu underwear." Jake looked down, still expecting to see his boxers. Instead, he had, just like his mom had said, Pokémon underoos. He stammered, but his mom had no time. "Step into your pants, Jake." She said. "Honestly, with how long this is taking you, you might as well stay in them until bed. Doesn't that sound fun?"

"Mommy!" He insisted. Why could he not say mom? "I'm tiny!"

"No, you're perfectly on track for your age." She said. "Look." She pointed him toward his mirror and he saw a very little boy looking back at him, just as confused as he felt. "Now, c'mon." She picked him up. "Let's go have some birthday cake."