Kinsey in the Forest

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Kinsey in the Forest

Kinsey loved the forest. There was something so peaceful about getting away from home, her parents, even her friends, and just reconnecting with nature. The birds in the trees and the wind through the leaves was better than any music. She took a deep breath and sighed contently. She grinned as she came up to what she had come out here for; something one would not expect to see on this wooded path: a pink ballerina.

If it were not for the steady rise and fall of the ballerina's bodice, one might have thought her a hyper-realistic statue with how still she stood, one foot slightly extended, her arms held out elegantly over her tutu. Kinsey hummed cheerfully as she made sure the ballerina's tiara was on just right before snapping her fingers.

"Kinsey!" The ballerina demanded. "You... you..."

"Settle down, Kyle. You're not making any sense."

"You left me out here!" The boy protested. "Aren't people wondering where I am?"

"First of all, it's been like a day. Secondly, everyone saw you get on the bus to go to Camp Meadowlark, so no one's gonna wonder for a month." She smiled at her captive. He could speak, but he still could not move below the neck. "What have you been up to?"

"You know what." She smiled. The same spell that had frozen

him in place kept him in a strange dream state where he took ballet lesson after ballet lesson.

"Show me what you've learned."

"Kinsey!" She just shook her head and gestured for him to demonstrate. Realizing he had freedom again, he took off running. Sophie clucked and snapped her fingers. Kyle froze and rose up onto the points of his feet, turning smoothly and coming back over to her. It marveled her just how much his body language changed as the spell took hold again.

"Well, I guess you've only had one day of lessons." She said as he took up his original position, whimpering as he tried to fight it. "We'll try again in a few days."

"But Kinsey!" She shushed him, shaking her head. She smiled as the boy helplessly watched her.

"Face it, Kyle. You said girls should just stand there and look pretty, so that's what you're doing. And will be doing for the next month."

"But"

"But nothing. I'm in a tank top and shorts, you're in a pink tutu, so I think it's obvious who's prettier." She shrugged. "I might take pity on you if you try harder next time to show me how good of a pretty ballerina you can be. I'd hate to see how much your brain turns to mush with a whole month of nothing but ballet lessons."

"But"

"But nothing, Kyle. Now, back to ballet you go. I'll be back in... hmm."

"A couple hours?" She laughed.

"Nice try, buddy. Three days, let's say?" She grinned as he gasped. "Now, off to ballet you go, my pretty little ballerina." Kyle tried to call after her, but he could not move. His vision of the forest faded as he found himself back in the fantasy of the ballet studio. He knew it was fake, but that did nothing to help him perfect his pliés. Under the watchful eye of the instructor, he flounced over to the bar where the other ballerinas stood and got back to class.