Little League Ballerina

by andlat

“Alright, boys, hustle out to the outfield and I’ll hit some pop flys out to you.” Coach McAllister instructed, nodding approvingly as the team quickly complied. “You too, Jeremy.”

The Costume Box
2023

Chapter 1

Little League Ballerina

“Alright, boys, hustle out to the outfield and I’ll hit some pop flys out to you.” Coach McAllister instructed, nodding approvingly as the team quickly complied. “You too, Jeremy.”

“Just finding my mitt, coach.” Jeremy said, grabbing it and running out to join his teammates. As he reached the grass of the outfield, he slipped a bit before regaining his balance. He looked down to see that his cleats were gone. He had on a pair of pink ballet slippers, the sort his sister Olivia wore to her ballet class. “What the?”

“Heads up, Jeremy!” The coach called. “First one’s coming to you, bud!” The thought of his weird shoe change out of his mind, Jeremy looked up and focused on the ball coming to him. He hustled backward, keeping his eye on the ball. He raised his mitt and the ball bounced out.

“Got it!” He yelled, giving chase. He heard a few snickers as he ran after the ball, but ignored them. He picked up the ball and threw it back toward his coach, only then noticing that his shorts and grubby t-shirt had become a sparkly white leotard and white tights. He looked down at himself in shock. What was going on? He still had his mitt and his baseball cap on, but he wore his sister’s ballet outfit! He looked over to his best friend about ten feet away, but he did not seem to notice anything amiss with Jeremy’s attire.

“You feeling okay, man?” He asked. Jeremy stammered,

unsure of what to say. “You were running a little weird. Kinda like a girl.”

“Shuddup.” Jeremy said. Even if his clothes were changing, he knew he did not run like a girl!

He stood there, trying to focus on the drills, but he could not help wonder what on earth was going on. He waited for his clothes to change back or worse, for something more to change, but nothing further happened. He shivered a bit, the spring breeze brushing against his tights-clad legs. That was proof enough that he was not dreaming. This, whatever it was, was real! But what was going on?

“Jeremy!” He heard his mom call. Shaken from his thoughts, he watched her hurry toward him. “Honestly, I don’t know what I was thinking. Sorry, Mike.” She called to the coach. “I’ll have Olivia here in a jiffy.” She grabbed Jeremy’s wrist. “I suppose you think this is funny?”

“Mom, what?” He stammered as she pulled him along, his ballet slippers causing him to stumble as she pulled him quickly toward her waiting car.

“Oh, was this your sister’s idea?”

“What are you talking about?” He asked as she pushed him into the backseat.

“You really think you’re dressed for Little League?”

“Wait, you can see my” he blushed.

“I have eyes, don’t I?” She said. “I suppose your sister’s

feeling all out of place at the dance studio." She started to drive. "How did you not say anything when I dropped you off at the field instead of her?"

"I'm supposed to go to the field. I'm in Little League. She's in dance."

"Yeah, right. And it was you that scored that triple last week at the game?"

"It was!"

"Um-hmm." His mom said, clearly not believing him. "And let me guess. Your sister was the prima ballerina at your recital last month?"

"It definitely wasn't me!"

"Um-hmm" was all she said as they pulled up to the dance studio. Jeremy stared at his sister, wide-eyed. She was sitting on the curb outside the dance studio wearing his grubby t-shirt, his shorts, holding his mitt and wearing his baseball cap! His hand trembled as he raised it to his head, only to discover no baseball cap there, just his hair pulled into a tidy bun on the back of his head.

"What the?"

"Man, mom, I hope I didn't miss anything at practice." Olivia said, climbing into the car.

"Your brother was trying his best to participate, but I think they'll be happy to have their star slugger back." Mom said with a chuckle. "It's a miracle you didn't get any grass stains

on your new slippers, Jeremy." She looked at him expectantly. "Well, go on. You can at least catch the second half of your ballet class. I'm sure your instructor will make you apologize to the other ballerinas, but there's no reason to also get Olivia in trouble. I need to get her back to the baseball field." Jeremy stared at them both, puzzled and horrified.

"Go on, bro!" Olivia gave him a little shove and Jeremy climbed out, standing there in the parking lot as his mom backed out and drove off.

"Jeremy!" He heard Olivia's dance instructor call from the door. "Come, come. The other girls are waiting!"