My Size Barbie

by andlat

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Chapter 1

My Size Barbie - Chapter 1

“Alright. Have fun! Be good!” Mom said as Lisa opened the front door. “Zack, say bye to your sister.”

“Bye.” Zack muttered. She was just going to a sleepover, not leaving for a freaking month. At least with her out of his hair for the night, he might get to do something fun without her tattling on him all the time. “Oh, shoot!” He said as soon as the door closed.

“What?” Mom asked. “Miss her already?”

“No.” Zack said, walking past his mom and up the stairs. Lisa had promised to give it back, but she must have forgotten. What was he going to do with it?

The it in question was his Gameboy, which Lisa had stolen from him to get him to play outside with her earlier that day. She had said she would give it back before she left for Janie’s sleepover, but she had hidden it in her room for safekeeping.

“Great.” Zack muttered as he looked at her closed door. “Guess I gotta go in there.” He took a deep breath, his cheeks puffing out as he held his breath as he charged headlong into his sister’s bedroom.

He wrinkled his nose almost immediately as he saw all the dolls, the pink bed, everything was just over the top girly. How could Lisa live like this? All those dolls staring at her all the time. It creeped him out! Where was his Gameboy?

Zack's lungs ached, so he had no choice but to exhale. Where would Lisa have hidden it? What was the last place he would look? Her closet? He turned toward it and nearly jumped out of his skin as he saw a face looking back at him! His heart pounded in his chest as he realized it was just the reflection of the giant Barbie by the door, almost as tall as he was. He turned around to glare at her. She wore a wedding dress and a big smile on her face. What was she so pleased about? Scaring him? He knew it was a dumb thought, but he stuck his tongue out at her nonetheless.

Something about the doll seemed off. He stared at her again, almost afraid to break eye contact. For a plastic doll, she looked weirdly lifelike, almost as if… had she just winked at him? Zack's heart began to race again, but he shrugged it off. He was just so nervous about mom catching him in here that he was imagining things.

Confident now that his missing Gameboy was in Lisa's closet, Zack turned back toward the closet. At least, he tried to. His legs refused to move. It was like his feet were glued to the carpet. He tried to move his legs, his feet, even his toe, but nothing budged. He tried to move his arms, but he could not. He could not even open his mouth! He heard a soft rustle.

"Hmm" If Zack had been able to move, his eyes would have been as wide as possible as the Barbie, the Barbie nearly his size, stepped toward him, lifting her dress just enough to not trod on it. She smiled at him as she walked around him as if sizing him up. She remained just on the leftmost edge of his vision and he felt he grab his wrist and lift his arm straight up

in front of him. It remained there, as stiff as could be. “Well,” the Barbie said. Zack tried to speak, but all he could manage was the slightest, softest moan from his frozen lips. “Shh, it’s gonna be hard for you to talk.” Barbie said. “But don’t worry, I’ll take care of you.”

Zack could do nothing but stand there, frozen, as he listened to the Barbie do something. He could only guess what she was up to. The only sound he recognized was the creak of Lisa’s bedroom door as she closed it. She hummed a song he did not recognize, but finally returned into his line of sight. Zack blushed, or at least thought he did, when he saw Barbie had taken off her veil and dress and stood before him in nothing but pink underwear with a plasticy sheen to it.

“Oh, don’t be bashful.” She said. “I’ll be dressed soon.” Zack did not like the sound of that and it only grew worse as, moving his limbs around as she needed to, Barbie removed his t-shirt and jeans. “Oh, white! Perfect!” She said as she eyed his underwear.

Barbie left Zack frozen there for a moment as she dressed in his clothes. With barely an inch difference between them, the clothes fit her well enough, which only made Zack’s dread grow more. If she was wearing his clothes, that meant…

“What do you think?” She asked, twirling, her long blonde hair flowing behind her. “I could almost pass for you, right?” Other than your hair, Zack thought. “Lisa wouldn’t like it if I cut my hair, but I bet I could go” She disappeared from his limited view again. As Zack heard the door open, he

wondered if Barbie was really going to leave him here, frozen in just his underwear right in the middle of Lisa's bedroom.

He almost felt relieved when he heard her come back. How long had it been? Ten minutes? Half an hour?

"It was barely five minutes, mister dramatic." Barbie said. How did she know? "No, I can't read your mind," she said, coming back into view. She had tucked her hair up into a baseball cap of his. She still did not look the same as him in the face, but at a quick glance, someone would only see his clothes and think that she was a boy. "I just know what you're thinking, I guess. Every girl knows what her dolls think." Barbie explained, smiling at him. "Oh, you're going to look so lovely once you're dressed like a proper bride!"

Zack tried to move even so much as a toe, but the magic - that's what it had to be, right? - held him as still as a statue as Barbie dressed him in the bridal gown, veil, even the plastic jewelry she had worn when he had first entered Lisa's bedroom. He felt as if he might die. He was a boy and no boy wanted to be dressed as a bride!

"Oh, you look so wonderful in your glamorous gown!" Barbie gushed, adjusting his arms and head so that he was in the perfect pose. Zack tried desperately to move. He knew that if he could move, tears would be streaming down his face right now. He was a boy! A boy dressed as a Barbie bride. "Don't worry," Barbie said. "It's only for a little bit. I just want some time out of this room, is all." Why, Zack thought. Why did I need to find my Gameboy? "Oh, and if you're

wondering about your video game thingy, Lisa took it to Janie's with her." Barbie said. "Sorry. Well, at least you still get to have fun." She kissed his cheek. "I'll be back before she is." That was little comfort for the trapped boy. Lisa was spending the night, after all.

He tried desperately to call out to Barbie as she left his sight. He listened to her retreating footsteps. Was he going to be stuck like this? Wearing a bride's dress, only able to stare at his sister's wall for hours, if not a whole day?

"Oh, I can't do this." Barbie said, coming back into the room. Zack's relief washed over him, but he soon realized he had gotten his hopes up too soon. Barbie lifted him just enough off of the floor to move him. At first, he thought she was going to put him back where she had originally stood among Lisa's dolls, but she had other plans.

Zack saw his own face come into view as Barbie placed him right in front of the mirror. He recoiled inwardly as he realized just how much like a bride he looked. The veil mostly concealed his boy's haircut and, much like how Barbie's wearing his clothes made her automatically look boyish, the over the top wedding dress made Zack look undeniably feminine.

"There we go! Every bride wants to see herself on her big day!" Barbie smiled at him, standing next to him in the mirror as if to drive home just how dramatic of a transformation he had gone through. "Alright, I better get going. I want to go ride bikes in the park!" With that, she left

Zack to his thoughts, unable to look away from his reflection, unable to know how much time would pass before she returned. All he could do was wait.

Chapter 2

My Size Barbie 2 - Chapter 2

"What was I thinking?" Lisa said as she filled the cardboard box with dolls. "I'm not a little girl anymore!" Though she would not admit it to herself, the decision had come not long after Janie had come over and asked her if she really still played with dolls.

"Seriously? Is that a giant Barbie?" Lisa had nodded, blushing, but she had realized that she really did not play with them anymore. So, she had told mom her plan: get rid of all of them and redecorate, post haste.

"Well, we can put them in the attic, in case you change your mind." Her mom said when she announced her decision. "As long as you get them all boxed up, your dad or Zack can bring them up there." Lisa did not know it, but her mom figured that would dissuade her. Well, here she was, almost every one of her dolls stored in three cardboard boxes.

"What are we gonna do with you?" She asked the My Size Barbie, staring at her bridal gown. Had she really worn that when she had first gotten the doll for Christmas? It seemed like something only a little girl would do. "At least you freak Zack out." She giggled.

Zack had always burst into her bedroom whenever he needed something until he realized she had the My Size Barbie. Somehow, just seeing it made him turn around and run. Lisa did not know why. Mom and dad just said Zack was weird

and she accepted that as probably the only reason. Sure, the blank stare of the doll was a little creepy, but she just stood there smiling in her wedding dress. What was scary about that?

"Maybe I should give you to Zack." Lisa giggled. The Barbie did not answer, not that Lisa expected her to. "Naw, that seems mean." She closed up the last of the boxes, figuring she could go downstairs for a snack and see if dad was around to take her boxes up to the attic. She knew Zack would never do it. He was lazy. "Maybe I should play a prank on him. I could leave you outside his door. I bet he's in there." She stepped out into the hall and saw that his bedroom door was open. "Oh, right. He's at Nelson's, isn't he?" She shrugged and headed downstairs, but she could not get the idea out of her head. It was perfect.

Dad was also out, at the hardware store or something. Lisa had not really listened when mom told her. She headed back upstairs and her gaze fell on Zack's open bedroom door again. Did she dare? Was it that funny of a prank? She snickered as she remembered his high pitched shriek when he saw a spider in the bathroom a few nights ago. Yes. It was worth it.

She grabbed the My size Barbie and carried it to his room. Where could she hide her? Her first thought had been his bed, but he never made it, so she could not hide the doll in there. Her nose wrinkled as she saw shirts, socks, even those boxers he had begged and pleaded Mom and Dad for on his floor. What a mess!

"Guess we'll go with the closet, huh?" She said to the inanimate doll in her arms. She brought her over to the closet, liking this idea more and more as time went on. She waved goodbye to the smiling doll as she closed the door. “How often does he really go in his closet though?” She wondered as she left Zack’s room.

Of course, Barbie did not wait. When Zack returned home that afternoon, grinning as he realized Lisa, Mom, and Dad were all gone, he thought he had the house to himself until he reached his room and found Barbie standing there, right in the middle of the room, the closet door wide open.

“Why, hello there!” Barbie said with a smile.

“What” was the only word Zack got out before he froze.

“What a lovely surprise it is to see you too.” Barbie said cheerily. “Isn’t it wonderful? Lisa gave you to me! I mean,” she laughed merrily. “Gave me to you!” Zack could not speak, but he had a feeling she meant it the first way as she began to undress him again. "You’re going to make such a beautiful bride, just like you’ve always imagined." Barbie said with a giggle. "Don't worry. Now that I'm your doll, you'll never have to settle for only imagining being a bride." She smiled at Zack's reflection. "You know, for a bit there, I thought Lisa might actually put me in the attic, but isn’t this so much better!" Zack tried to move even a finger, but he was completely frozen, just like the doll should have been!

"At least the last time we played together,” Barbie said, looking around Zack’s room pensively, “you were in Lisa's

room. Here, you stick out like a sore thumb!" She arranged the veil on Zack's head. "How's it feel, being such a beautiful bride in the middle of your boyish bedroom?" She laughed as all he could do was mumble between his paralyzed lips. "You're right, I bet it feels wonderful to be back in your bridal gown!" She fluffed out the boy's skirt. "Yes, your bridal gown. Well, it's really ours. We share it now, but I hope you'll wear it much more than me."

And just like that, Zack's fate was sealed. He still went to school, but that was his only time in his own clothes. The moment he returned home, Barbie struck and he found himself once again frozen in place, wearing the wedding dress, veil, and every bit of her plastic jewelry. Zack used to play his Gameboy after homework, but now all he could do was stand before his mirror in whatever pose Barbie had chosen for him, unable to stop smiling or even look away from his reflection. One day he might be curtseying, the next holding a bouquet. He hated all of the poses, but his least favorite might have been his hands with interlaced fingers along the side of his head, a pose Barbie called "dreaming of your special day".

Day after day, he tried everything he could do to get free. He could never speak, but Barbie seemed to understand what he wanted to say. He tried to tell her he had homework, but she insisted he was busy.

"I'll do it for you!" She said cheerfully. "You just stay there and prepare for your special day." Just like that, he stared at his reflection, quietly repeating to himself 'A bride must

prepare for her special day, a bride must wear white for her special day, a bride must look her best for her special day'. Even after an hour, he was not sure if he was actually saying it or just hearing it in his head.

The more days he repeated it, the more Barbie seemed to take it to heart. One day, after she finished his homework, she looked him over.

"You make a good point, my beautiful bride." Barbie gushed. She lifted him by his waist as easily as if he was the doll and she was the human, setting him by his dresser. "A bride must wear white for her special day!" Grinning happily at him and loving that all he could do was smile that serene smile back, she methodically removed all boxers and colored briefs from his underwear drawer, not even leaving behind his faded Power Ranger underoos. All he was left with was his white briefs.

"I can't wear tighty whities!" Zack murmured through his frozen lips. Barbie laughed.

"Bridal panties like these are perfect for you!" She smiled. "Don't you agree?"

"I must wear white on my special day." Zack felt his mouth move, but he was not the one saying it, even if it was his voice. Barbie smiled. "I must look my best on my special day."

"You're right. Back over to the mirror! Mom's going to call me to dinner soon."

“Me!” Zack mumbled. It made no sense to him that his family had never commented on his absence or even that a Barbie with her hair tucked up in a ball cap sat at his place night after night. “I must look my best for my special day.” He said as she returned him to his mirror.

“That reminds me! I’ll have a special surprise for you tonight. We do need to start preparing for your special day.” She kissed his cheek and practically skipped out of his bedroom. How did anyone think that Barbie was him, Zack thought as he stared at his girly reflection in a gown and veil.

He had tried everything he could think of. He had gotten in trouble and stayed after school, he had tried to get his friends to let him live with them, nothing worked. He always had to come home and come back to Barbie.

He had almost forgotten about her ‘special surprise’ when Barbie came back after dinner. She smiled sweetly at him like she always did before grabbing a pink and white striped bag from the closet. That could not be good.

“You’re just going to love this!” Barbie gushed. Zack had his doubts, but had little choice other than to stand there frozen as Barbie undressed him, all the way down to replacing his boxers – his last pair of boxers! – with a pair of briefs. “Don’t you feel so much more bridal in your bridal panties?”

“I must wear white on my special day.” Zack said against his will. “A bride wears white on her special day.”

“Then you are going to love this!” She unfurled a long white

satin nightgown with bubble sleeves and a lacy Peter Pan collar. “So much better than your old pajamas, don’t you think?”

“A bride must look her best on her special day.” Zack heard himself say, though he had quite a few other things he wished he could have said.

“Exactly.” Barbie said as she dressed him in the nightgown. “Which is why I think it’s high time we start you on a nighttime beauty regimen.” Zack tried to move, knowing all too well that whatever that meant, it would not be good for him. “And you’ll need to start getting lots of beauty sleep, so from now on, after dinner, I’ll be doing your nighttime beauty regimen and then getting you tucked in nice and early. A bride needs to be well-rested for her special day, don’t you think?” Zack didn’t, but he had no ability to protest.

The helpless boy stood there, still as could be, as Barbie brushed his short hair before enclosing it in a white terrycloth hair wrap. She pulled a jar of something out of the bag and slathered a thick coat of it all over his face. Zack stared at his reflection in horror. He did not look like a bride anymore other than all the white. His green face made him look like something out of a horror movie!

"What did you do to me?" He mumbled though his frozen lips. The white satin nightgown, the wrap on his head, the green goop all over his face! It was all too much.

"I know you look a little silly, but that night cream is guaranteed to soften your skin, reduce puffiness, redness, and

blemishes, and make you oh so pretty for your special day!"

“Where did you even get this?” He could not explain why, but the goop made his face feel even more frozen, but somehow, Barbie still understood.

“I have a lot of downtime while you’re at school. But just like I’m sure you do, I think of nothing other than how to make you a breathtaking, beautiful bride!”

“I’m a boy!”

“A boy who plays dress-up each and every afternoon. And all weekend long, remember?” How could I forget? “You’re a bride-to-be and I think we’ll have you ready for your special day.”

“Who am I even marrying?” He wondered, but Barbie hung the wedding gown up in his closet and then, effortlessly lifting him, set him down on his bed. She smiled down at him, but he had never seen her do anything but smile.

“Trust me, Zack. I’m My Size Bride Barbie. I know how to make any girl into the most beautiful bride imaginable.”

“But I’m a boy!” Was he going to stay frozen all night? Normally Barbie let him go at bedtime. And this wasn’t even bedtime! It couldn’t even be seven yet!

“Your bridal gown fits like it was made for you.” Barbie pulled a pair of fuzzy white socks with ruffled ankles over his feet. “We don’t want our bride to get cold feet.” Now he looked every bit like a bride on the night before her special

day. “Now off to dream your sweet wedding dreams.” She turned off the light, leaving Zack frozen until sleep finally came.

His new nighttime beauty regimen just meant Zack had more to do in the morning. The green goop hardened overnight and he had to scrub and pick at it to get it off, especially when it came to his eyebrows. He would stare at his face in the bathroom mirror, yet nothing ever seemed different. Maybe Barbie’s plan wasn’t working?

Barbie always seemed a little less active in the morning, quietly watching him dress for school. At least she does my homework, Zack thought, furious at himself for thinking that made up for even one-millionth of the things she did to him.

Even with everything happening to him, his family seemed none the wiser. If he did not seem to remember something they had told him at dinner, they just figured he was forgetful. He was getting to that age where he barely listened to his parents after all. It baffled Zack, but how could he ever hope to explain just what was happening to him? What even was happening to him? It had been months and Barbie just kept talking to him as if his wedding – his ‘special day’ – was any day now.

Zack hated how much he puzzled over Barbie’s treatment of him. He was a human being and yet, to her, he was little more than a doll. He paced around the playground most days at recess, trying to figure it out. How could he fight it? Was there a way to sneak up on her? He did big laps of the

playground, unaware that anyone he passed heard him humming the Wedding March under his breath as he thought and walked.

“Seriously.” He moaned one day as Barbie posed him before going down to dinner. It mystified him how he never seemed to miss eating that meal. Just one more unexplainable thing. It seemed to pale in comparison to the fact he was the prisoner of a living doll, after all. “Why do you always get to go to dinner?”

“You’ve never asked why I’m the one who does the homework.” Barbie mused. In fact, Zack had had to explain to his teacher why his homework grades were better than his test’s. She had more or less arrived at her own conclusion: test jitters. Zack said nothing. "You really want to go to dinner, huh?" Barbie shrugged. "Well, who am I to deny a bride on her special day?"

"Y'know, when I hid that thing in your room, I expected you to freak out, not start playing with it!" To Zack's surprise, the whole family laughed.

"What can I say?" Barbie said. "I just think it's kinda fun to play with her." She shrugged in a way that unnerved Zack. That was how he shrugged, one shoulder slightly higher than the other.

"Oh, god! You're not like kissing her, are you?" Lisa made a face. Zack – the real Zack – could not believe his eyes. He was standing only a few feet away, but everyone seemed to think that Barbie in a ball cap was him! He wished more than

anything that he could move, but he remained frozen there, stuck in one place until Barbie carried him back up to his room.

“How do they even think you’re me?”

“The voice is the hardest part. You really sound like you’re asleep half the time.” Barbie said with a laugh. “I’m a boy. I like baseball.” Zack did not think she sounded like him, but she did sound like a boy. “What about you? Are you a boy?” She teased.

“You know I am” was what Zack wanted to say, but what came out of his mouth was “a bride must look her best for her special day.”

“You’re right! And you know you need your beauty sleep. And your bedtime beauty regimen, of course!”

"How much longer am I gonna have to have this goop on my face?"

"Lots of brides start preparing for their special day a year in advance!" Barbie laughed. "But we'll stop once your bridal beauty shines even when you're not in your dress." But I’m a boy, Zack thought glumly. If his parents did not even recognize him when he was right there in front of them, what hope of escape did he have? He had to ask tomorrow. Mom, dad, even Lisa. Anyone who might have noticed his absence.

"Didn't you miss me at dinner last night?" He asked Mom the very next morning, his face freshly scrubbed of the green goop.

"You were there." Mom said. "You brought that Barbie downstairs and Lisa teased you?"

"That wasn't me!"

"What do you mean it wasn't you? Are you feeling all right?" She came over and touched his forehead. "You're warm. Do you feel ok enough to go to school?" Normally, Zack would leap at the opportunity to miss a day of school, but reason won out and he knew what his day off would be like if he agreed to it.

"No, I'll go to school." It was really only delaying his time in the wedding dress by eight or nine hours, he knew.

The days continued to pass with Zack going to school and dragging his feet all the way home. He knew it was hopeless. Somedays, Barbie would freeze him right at the front door, get him dressed, and then grandly carry her bride all over the house. Sometimes he wondered if she was planning to marry him. After all, she spent even more time in his clothes than he did in her dress. She never mentioned a groom though. It was all about how Zack needed to wear white and look perfect, pretty, and beautiful for his special day. One day in school, his teacher mentioned they had a special day coming up and Zack nearly jumped out of his skin until he realized it was a holiday weekend. Then he settled into a bout of gloom as he realized that meant three days of fulltime bride time.

One morning, while undoing his beauty regimen, Zack noticed something off about his face. He stared at it in the bathroom mirror, trying to figure out just what it was. His

eyebrows looked different. Somehow. He shrugged and figured it was just his half-awake brain. He undid the hair wrap and gasped as long, blonde hair cascaded down his shoulders. Where had that come from!?

He charged back into his room and saw Barbie standing there, grinning.

"What did you do?" She smiled.

"What? Oh! Your beauty regimen is really doing wonders for you."

"My hair."

"You've been growing it out for your special day."

"It's like SO much longer." Barbie just smiled at him. "Argh! What am I going to do?" His eyes fell on Barbie's ball cap. It worked for her. "Give me my hat."

"What?"

"That's my hat. Give it." Barbie did not budge. He reached for it, but she stepped back. "I don't have time for this." He sighed.

"Hmm... maybe you can have it. If you ask nicely."

"Please?"

"Nicer than that."

"Pretty please?" He really really did not have time for this!

"Why should I?"

"Cuz... cuz I'm a bride... and I need it for my special day..."

“What was that?”

"I'm a bride and I need that hat for my special day." Barbie might have been pleased, but she still evaded him.

"A baseball jersey? Jeans? You're not dressed like any bride I know."

"I can't wear- argh." He tried to calm down. "I'm wearing white."

"Where? That little bit on your jersey? Doesn’t count."

"You know where!" She did not move. "My... my" he lifted his shirt and showed her the waistband of his briefs. "My bridal panties."

"Very nice. A bride must wear white for her special day, right?" Barbie smiled as Zack echoed it, but seemed unaware of his thoughts as she handed him the hat. Zack was so busy trying to stuff as much of his new do under the hat, he had left his room before he realized Barbie now had his old hairstyle.

No one at school seemed to notice Zack's new hair stuffed under the ball cap nor did anyone ask about his face. He was almost certain his eyebrows were wrong, but it had to be in his head.

After school, he froze and lost the ball cap as Barbie busied herself styling his new hair into an elaborate updo. Zack could not believe just how feminine he had become as he

stared into the mirror for hours while Barbie did his homework, ate his dinner, and got him ready for bed.

"This hair wrap is essential now." Barbie said. "We don't want your hair ruined for your special day." Zack resolved to do just that, spending every morning from then on attacking his updo in the morning to tame it so that it could fit under the ball cap, which Barbie still relinquished as long as he showed her his underwear and cooed about how excited he was for his special day, as well as how essential the ball cap was for that special day.

Something continued to bother Zack about his face. It was not just the new hair or the new hairstyle. His face was different. But how? One morning, as he left the bathroom still no closer to the answer, his eyes fell on a photo of him from last summer's Little League season. He stared at his face in the photo. He took the photo off of the wall and stormed into his room. Barbie looked at him with that infuriating smile.

"What happened to my face? I... look like you!"

"Don't be silly. You're much prettier than me." She looked at the photo with as much distaste as her plastic face could show. "Did you think all that beauty sleep and your bedtime regimen was for nothing?" Zack fumed, furious.

"Enough is enough! No more beauty treatments, no more playing bride, no more-" the words stopped as he froze in place.

"Clearly you're stressed out." Barbie said. "So how about

this? I'll go to school and you, my dear sweet bride-to-be, can have a nice, relaxing spa day." To his horror, he could only watch as she undressed him, wrapping him in a fluffy pink bathrobe. He hated that his first thought was 'at least it's not white' as she sat him down in his desk chair before smearing goop all over his face. "This isn't your night cream, but it'll accomplish the same wonderful beauty." She explained, as if he had any choice in the matter. He sat there, frozen, as she painted all ten of his nails before plopping plastic cucumber slices over his eyes. "More for the look than anything else." She explained. The next thing he heard was the sound of the Wedding March. "Bridal spa music." Barbie said with a laugh. "Oh, I better get to school. Have a nice, relaxing day, my beautiful bride!"

Zack had hoped that Barbie leaving would mean he could move again, but he remained frozen for the entire day until he heard Barbie come back in. Bracing himself for hours in the wedding dress, he was surprised when he heard her leave again. What was going on?

He did not get many answers when Barbie came back and wordlessly cleaned his face off only to apply the familiar green goop/night cream to his face.

"Isn't it remarkable how even after a relaxing spa day, you're ready for bed?" She laughed. "I hope you're relaxed enough to go to school tomorrow. I am so not a fan." She kept chattering away amiably as Zack stared at his reflection. With the green goop over his face, he could not tell if anything had changed. He hoped not. "Whew! It's sure a lot of work getting

my bride-to-be ready for a nice night of beauty sleep!" She looked Zack over before pulling the covers up to just below his chin. "But I know it'll be worth it when you're even more beautiful in the morning, won't it?" Zack murmured something. "I'd love to stay and chat, but it's family game night, so I gotta get down there. And you, my dear, have to get off to your sweet dreams of bridal gowns and wedding bells!" Zack tried to call after her, but it was too late. He stared up at the ceiling and realized that he really did hope she would let him go to school the next morning.

When he woke up and found himself still frozen, he expected the worst. Barbie, however, swooped in and got him cleaned up, even brushing and hiding his hair under the ball cap. He expected her to comment on the white t-shirt she dressed him in before hiding it under a hoodie, but she was behaving very well. Too well, Zack thought as feeling returned to his body. He turned toward his mirror. She had to be hiding something. His lips opened in shock as he saw his face. Everything looked the same except for his lips. They were bright pink! He rubbed at them, but they remained just as pink!

“My lips! What did you do?” Every word out of his mouth sounded strange, like his mouth was hardly moving and his lips were locked in a perpetual pucker.

“What are you talking about? They look kissable.”

“That’s the point!” He tried to glare at her, but his face seemed like it was not moving right. “I feel like I’m puckering!” He turned back and studied his lips. They looked

the same, if not so very, very pink. He growled, which also sounded weird.

“It’s all in your head. Bride-to-be jitters.”

“I am not a bride!” He snarled, storming out of his room.

The day passed like molasses. Zack could hardly focus, so convinced that his lips were puckered at all times. No one commented on that or how strangely he felt like he was talking. Maybe it was all in his head, but that was conceding that Barbie was right.

To his surprise, Dad was right outside the school when the day ended. He slid into the car, looking at his father inquisitively.

“I had a meeting just a block away, figured I’d pick you up. Lisa’s got soccer, right?” He nodded, running a hand over his lips. Surely Dad of all people had noticed? “When we get home, make sure you go upstairs and do your homework straight away. That weird story yesterday about Barbie needing your desk chair for a spa day? What was that?” Zack shrugged.

“Just a game.” He heard himself say.

Barbie was waiting like always when he got to his room. He wondered exactly when he had gotten so used to freezing the second he had entered his room. Barbie removed his cap, letting his hair pour down on both sides of his head. She smiled and unzipped his hoodie, wondering if he had at all that day. Zack had thought the shirt was plain white, but

instead, there was a bride's torso on the front, almost like one of those tux t-shirts he had seen, but the female version. Barbie laughed.

"All day was a bachelorette party for you. Did you even know?" She teased. Zack did know what to say.

Just for old time's sake, he tried to wiggle his fingers and toes as Barbie dressed him, doing his hair before finally dramatically turning him toward his mirror. The boy from the Little League photo was gone. Standing there was a bride from the updo to the pink lips and thin eyebrows to the veil and wedding dress. Zack had even gone a whole day with pink nails and hardly even noticed. If he could have cried, he would have.

Her bride all dressed, Barbie did homework and went down to dinner like always, even offering to help with the dishes. Finally, she returned upstairs to her waiting bride. She smiled at Zack, brushing his cheek fondly with her plastic hand.

"Well, I suppose it's your bedtime, my beautiful bride." Zack sighed inwardly, waiting for the nightie and all that to come out. He was shocked when Barbie simply picked him up and deposited him in the closet. "Sweet dreams of wedding bells and bouquets." She cooed, closing the door.

It was three days before Barbie came back. Zack could see through a crack in the door as Barbie went about his life, even putting on his pajamas before bed every night. He tried more than once to move, but he was frozen in the closet, right between Zack's old skateboard and his suit that he had not

worn since Great Uncle Alfred's funeral. He felt a swell of excitement when he heard the Wedding March just before Barbie finally carried him out of the closet and right in front of the mirror.

"Here comes the bride, all dressed in white." Was that him singing or her? He had no clue.

She did not say a word but something seemed different about her. She brushed his hair, fixed his veil, and fluffed his gown. Zack could not even mumble as Barbie posed his arms just the way she wanted them. The door opened and Zack's heart leapt as Lisa barged in, like she always did.

"Ugh, Barry." She said. Barbie smiled and Zack realized that was his smile! And Barry? "Are you playing with my old My Size Zack again?" What!?

"What can I say? It's kind of fun." Lisa laughed.

"Sure, when I first got her for Christmas, it was fun wearing her wedding dress while she wore my velvet one, but only little girls play with Zack dolls." She gasped. "You're not putting on her wedding dress and stuff, are you?" Lisa laughed at the very thought of her brother in a doll's wedding dress. "Then again, that's still better than practicing kissing her!" Her?! I'm your brother, Lisa! Zack thought, trying to project his thoughts at her.

"Don't be silly, Lisa. I doubt Zack's dress would even fit me."

"So you've thought about it?"

“Oh, you’re gonna get it!” Zack could only stand there, nothing more than a perfect smiling bride doll, as Barry chased Lisa out of his room.