

New Year Tradition

by HallowsEveWrite

Edward is trapped as Baby New Year since he is the smallest of the family. Lucky for him this is the last time..

The Costume Box

2023

Chapter 1

New Year Tradition

“Why do I always have to do it?” Edward complained from the backseat of the car. Their family on the way to their Aunt’s place for a New Years Eve party. This would have been fine if it wasn’t for their old and weird family tradition, the baby new year. He had thought last year he was too old for this, everyone told him their cousin had just had a baby and that he would take his place. But with the new baby still in the hospital and New Years Eve tonight he was stuck playing ‘Baby New Year’ one last time at ten years old.

“You’re the smallest.” Dad told him, it was his side of the family who had this weird tradition.

“Am not!” Edward complained. “The Baby is!”

“He’s not coming.” His younger brother, George, snickered. He had been the ‘Baby New Year’ until he somehow grew taller than him. “Think of all the attention you will get.” He said and poked Edward’s exposed legs.

Edward squirmed and batted his hand away. The worst part of being Baby New Year was the outfit, or the lack of one. He sat there in nothing but a diaper, sash and tophat. Mom and Dad used to let him change at the party but a couple years ago he refused to change so now they make him do it before they leave. “I look stupid.” Edward whined.

Edward sat awkwardly as George kept poking his exposed

bits, he wished he at least had a shirt on. The car eventually made its way to his Aunt's large house and they pulled into the garage. He steeled his nerves as he opened the door and stepped out. A cacophony of snickers heard from the top of the steps. "Another year as 'Baby New Year'" His cousin sneered at him.

"Shut up!" Edward demanded. He couldn't help but get flustered. George was one thing, at least he remembered when he had been 'Baby New Year'. Isabel on the other hand seemed to relish in the torment of him partaking in the silly game.

"Be nice Eddy." His father scolded him.

Edward scoffed as the family came inside the well decorated house. Snacks and games were set out for all the kids. He was scooped up almost immediately by one of the adults, his Aunt. "Well it looks like it's little Eddy's last year, isn't it."

Edward blushed at the intrusion and his face got hot with embarrassment. "Yeah." He agreed with her. "I'm too old for this." He added.

His Aunt seemed to ignore his protests, she set him down and pinched his cheeks. "You're just so cute in this little outfit, did Mommy put some blush on your rosy cheeks?"

"No." Edward grumbled. She was just repeating the same tired joke she did with everyone.

"Go on and play." She patted his padded rear towards the playroom. Everyone was dressed sharply for the party,

dresses and button ups worn by all the other kids, it somehow made it all worse.

“I can’t believe they still make you do this.” Isabel told him, staring invasively at his outfit.

“It’s the last time.” Edward said, clenching his fists. “Can we just play a game or something?”

“How about house?” George recommended, like he did every year. “We already have a baby.”

The kids all giggled as Edward grew more red faced and flustered. Despite his anger, house is exactly what they played and he was forced to be the baby of the group. Isabel took his protests as ‘fussing’ and his little brother played the part of ‘Daddy’.

“Can we do something else?” Edward asked, he was sat between George and Isabel who wouldn’t even let him eat or drink anything without help.

“Baby Eddy is getting fussy.” George said to Isabell.

“That’s because he doesn’t have his teddy.” She told him and held out a brown teddy bear.

Edward scoffed at the stuffed animal and batted her hand away. “Stop it, I’m not a baby.” He pleaded.

“Our baby babbles so much.” George mused with a smirk on his lips. “Baby just needs some cuddles.” George wrapped his arms around Edward.

Edward fought and pushed back against his younger brother to very little success. "Let go of me!" He squealed.

"Did baby Eddy have an accident?" He asked and reached behind him pulling on the backside of the diaper on his waist.

Before Edward screamed Isabel finally put up her hands signalling the game to end. "Okay boys let's play something else, before Eddy throws a real temper tantrum." She told them.

"Those were real tantrums." Edward huffed, his face red from fighting his brother.

"Uh huh." Isabel dismissed. "Should we see if the adults have an idea for what to play?" She asked.

"Sure." George said and ran out of the room before Edward could protest. Edward got up grumbling and peeked out of the playroom at the room of adults chattering away.

"Is that the Baby New Year!" His Aunt exclaimed. "Let's see him!"

Edward stepped out from behind the door frame and walked across the floor with little slaps of his bare feet. "Hi." He squeaked and started blushing.

The adults pretty much pounced on him and started their tradition. They were giving him a hug and kissing his cheeks, all apparently for luck. He got more and more frustrated and wanted to run away, each one making him more angry.

Edward was about to throw his hat to the ground when the

doorbell rang. Eddy hid behind the couch hoping that no one else would see him in the ridiculous getup. Listening to the door he heard the high titer of his cousin and the giggle of a tiny child.

“Emily!” His Aunt squealed and ran to the door. “You brought the baby!”

Emily carried the baby into the room, her fiance carrying many bags behind her. Edward looked at the little baby boy wrapped up in a blanket. He was impossibly cute, smiling and giggling meeting all the new faces.

“Looks like there is a cuter baby New Year.” George came up to Edward and slapped his back. “Shouldn’t the two babies say hi?” George said and grabbed his hand, pulling him towards his brand new cousin.

Edward saw a surprised look on Emily’s face as he approached. “Eddy, good news you can go change. Little Peter here will be the baby new year.” She told him sympathetically.

“I...” Edward said and looked at George who was holding back a laugh. “I didn’t bring a change.” He admitted. He looked at his parents who just shrugged at his predicament.

“Oh.” Emily mused. “I guess you can both be baby new year then.” She knelt down and placed Peter in his arms. “You should hold him.”

All the adults cooed at the two of them. The two of them were forced into so many pictures, everyone couldn’t help but

call the two babies cute.

Edward's sour expression grew throughout the night, he was placed in the centre of the large couch so everyone could sit beside him. Eventually George and Isabel sat on either side of him and a family picture of the kids was taken.