

Perfect Prank

by HallowsEveWrite

Hunter's 'perfect prank' backfires and he ends up attending his sister's ballet class. Why didn't his prank work?

The Costume Box

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Chapter 1

Perfect Prank

Hunter paced back and forth in his room seething with anger, he took a large stomp every few steps trying to blow off some steam.

“Keep it down up there.” He heard his mother shout from downstairs.

Hunter clicked his tongue making a harsh ‘tsk’. He knew why he was sent to his room. He played a prank on his sister. She was such a tattler! His mom had sentenced him to his room with his punishment to be decided later.

He slammed into his computer chair at his desk. He knew he was going to get his allowance cut, or video games taken away. He didn’t even deny it when confronted, he had at least thought his Mom would find some humor in the joke. He rattled his fingers on his desk, there was no way he was even going to attempt his homework so why bother pulling it out?

"This is so dumb!" Hunter complained in frustration. He considered what he could do to get her back, he reached to his drawer and hesitated for a moment. Did he really want to do that?

Last week Hunter had purchased a bottle of itching powder from his favorite joke shop, he had intended to only use it as a threat but now he felt his sister actually deserved it. If he was going to get in trouble anyway it might as well be for

something good!

He pulled open his drawer and lifted the shaker bottle out and put it on his desk. This was the first time using it but the bottle already looked open. He opened the flip top on the lid to a small puff of powder which he closed immediately, he didn't want itching powder all over his desk.

He looked at his clock, it was an hour before his sister had ballet practice. All he had to do was sneak into her room, open up her duffle bag and fill her ballet clothes with the stuff. If he was really lucky she wouldn't notice until she was already in class!

Hunter grabbed the bottle and went to his door and peaked out, no one was in the hallway and he could hear his Mom and sister from downstairs. He tiptoed from his room to his sister's, careful to avoid the squeaky floorboards or knocking into the hall table. Her door was older than his since his was replaced as a result of a prank earlier that year. He knowingly twisted the door handle and gave the door a shove with just the right amount of pressure, the door flew open without any creaks. Catching the door the moment before it hit the wall he gave himself a smile, he was almost too good at this.

The room's walls were painted pastel pink and purple, dolls lined her shelves and posters of ballerinas and unicorns adorned her walls. Her room was almost a shrine to the girliest hobbies available, could his Mom really blame him for teasing her a little?

Hunter stepped over her clothes and games spread out over

the ground, at least her room wasn't any more tidy than his. He opened her closet showcasing her large clothe and toy collection, she really hasn't thrown anything away. He started moving things aside looking for her duffle bag, she had practice twice a week so it had to be in here somewhere.

Dolls, toys and accessories tumbled out of her closet as he dug through it. How could his sister have buried it under all this stuff? Eventually he grasped the handle of her duffle and yanked it out of her closet. "Finally." He said, a little too loudly.

Hunter threw the bag onto her bed and snatched the zipper to open it. He dug through the bag, past the water bottles and towels. Pulling out the pale pink tights, leotard with attached tutu and ballet slippers and tossed them on a cleared spot on her bedroom floor.

Hunter yanked the outfit inside out and read over the bottle of itching powder one more time. He flipped the shaker top open and started dusting the outfit with white powder, being vigilant not to get any on himself.

“What are you doing?” Hunter’s sister, Brenda, asked from her door. Just as he was finishing up.

Hunter caught off guard, still holding the bottle and had already flipped the outfit right side out and froze for a second. “Alright you caught me.” He admitted. “Are you going to tell Mom?”

“Why shouldn’t I?” Brenda asked with a knowing smile.

“How about I clean your room?” Hunter offered to try to get out of punishment. He motioned around to his sister’s usual mess.

“No, that’s not good enough.” Brenda shrugged.

“Fine, I’ll give you my allowance.” Hunter offered her.

Brenda waved her hand. “Nah, I don’t need it.”

“Then what do you want?” Hunter asked her directly, hoping there was something she would want.

Brenda grinned at him. “Why don’t you put on the outfit?” She pointed to the outfit still carefully held away from him in his hands.

Hunter scrunched up his face, normally he would have just put it on to get out of further punishment but he didn’t really know how bad the itching powder was. “I can’t do that.” He mumbled.

“Oh, should I get Mom then?” Brenda threatened.

Hunter thought about it for a moment, he was already in hot water from earlier. He looked pensively at the pink garment in his hands. He had almost gotten his sister to suffer the itching power, how bad could it be? “No pictures.” He blurted out.

“This isn’t a negotiation.” She scoffed. “Put it on, or I tell Mom you were putting itching powder in my things.” She pointed at the bottle which sat in plain view.

Hunter felt defeated, he didn't really have much of a choice if he ever wanted to play a video game again. "Fine." He grumbled.

The squeal of delight that elicited from Brenda was ear piercing, she knew she won. Brenda turned around to allow him to change.

Hunter eyed his itching powder again, he had bought it from a joke shop it couldn't possibly be that bad. He then looked at the pink sheer fabric in his hands, he couldn't decide what was worse. He took off his shirt and pants and placed them on her bed, keeping his underwear on not really knowing what he was meant to wear underneath and took off his socks.

Hunter started with the pale pink tights, leaned against her bed and took a deep breath. He pushed and pulled the tights up his legs, there must be some trick to these he didn't know as they bunch everywhere and he felt like he was pulling them up forever. He noted the powder didn't start itching yet, maybe it was a slow reaction?

"Okay, you can look, the tights are on." Hunter told his sister who gleefully spun around.

She grinned. "Come on, get that tutu on."

Hunter looked at the leotard with the attached tutu, he could see the flakes of powder and worried about having an itchy back. Carefully he stepped into the holes for his legs and hoisted it up, he already felt uncomfortable at the way the outfit seemed to cling to him. He reached behind him and

zipped up the back. “There it’s on.” He grumbled.

“The slippers too.” Brenda demanded.

Hunter groaned and snatched the pink satin slippers, he wasn’t surprised the outfit fit him; he and his sister were always the same size. He grabbed the slipper with the attached ribbons. “I don’t know how.” He moaned.

“Sit on the bed.” She instructed and Hunter followed. She grabbed the slippers and tied them to his feet. “See, it’s not that much different than shoes.”

Hunter sat there uncomfortably looking at his pink legs, arms, feet and the awful tutu billowing around him. He had almost forgotten about the itching powder but it remained to not cause him any issues.

Brenda stepped back pleased with herself. “You’re a ballerina now!” She squealed and pulled out her phone. Too eager to take pictures of her grumpy messy haired brother. “How do you feel?” She asked.

Hunter crossed his arms. “Humiliated.” He grumbled. “You better not post those anywhere!”

Brenda smirked. “I won’t...” She thought for a moment. “If you do some ballet positions.”

“What?” Was all Hunter could muster.

Brenda pointed to a helpful poster taped to her wall that showed an illustrated ballerina in positions labeled one through five. “Just do the first five.” She demanded.

Hunter was in disbelief, he should have just let her tattle. He studied the poster and snorted. “That doesn’t look very hard.”

“It’s not.” Brenda agreed, almost too quickly.

Hunter stood up, he couldn’t believe he was actually going to do this. He moved between the five positions depicted on the poster. Multiple times Brenda adjusted his form to his ever growing humiliation.

“This is dumb!” He finally shouted, ready to give up. “The powder isn’t even itchy, this isn’t worth it at all!”

Brenda snorted. “That’s not my problem.”

A loud thump on the door shook the room. “Hunter! Are you in there!” Mom yelled from behind the door. “You’re supposed to be ground-” She opened the door and froze at the sight of him. “-ed” She finished in a whisper. Their Mom’s anger melted from her face and transitioned quickly to confused and then smiling. “What’s going on here?” She asked, clearly holding back her laughter.

“I... Uh...” Hunter stammered trying to form a complete thought only now realizing he had been holding first position this whole time and let his hand fall to his sides.

“Hunter wanted to join me today in ballet class.” Brenda lied to her Mom who looked at her with skepticism.

Hunter looked to his sister who raised her eyebrows, he knew if he protested even a little she was going to reveal the truth. “Um, uh, maybe?” He questioned himself more than anything.

Their Mom smiled. "Really?" She asked. "Boys usually wear different outfits but I suppose you're ready either way." She thought out loud.

"Yeah..." Hunter agreed half heartedly. "But since I'm grounded..."

His Mom looked at him with a smile on her lips. "Oh I don't think we decided that yet." She told him. "Brenda, would you like your brother to join you today?" She asked her.

"I think that would be fun." She agreed quickly. "I'll wear my white one today."

"Then it's settled." Their Mother agreed and grabbed him by the wrist, no way for him to escape.

It wasn't long before Hunter, Brenda and their Mom were driving towards the ballet studio. "This is stupid." Hunter whispered to his sister in the back seat. "I don't want to do ballet."

She shrugged. "I could tell Mom what you were doing." She whispered back.

Hunter considered it. He may have even agreed if he wasn't sure his Mom would decide to put him into the class either way as a way to teach him to respect his sister. It would be better if she thought it was his idea.

After a lengthy explanation with the ballet instructor she was more than happy to accept a last minute addition to the class. What he didn't expect was his Mom deciding to fuss over his

messy hair and brushing and pulling it into a tight bun.

“You look very... Handsome.” His Mom told him.

“I doubt it.” He grumbled.

“I think you’re pretty.” Brenda told him. She had been decked out in her pure white outfit.

“That’s worse.” Hunter grumbled at her.

Brenda simply grabbed her new ballerina partner and the two of them entered the studio hand in hand while their Mom sat on the benches and watched.

Joining the class had been a simple affair, the ballet tutor barely even raised an eyebrow at the tutu clad brother. There were two other boys who took ballet, however he wasn’t sure if they noticed he was a boy in a tutu or didn’t care. They were wearing mostly black with white shirts, Hunter felt down right envious of their attire.

Hunter thought the worst part of the class would be that he was in a tutu but it was actually that he didn’t know ballet, like at all. He never paid attention when he was dragged out to Brenda’s recitals and thought it was just about poses and jumping around. But those poses were hard to keep and the instructor painstakingly asked Hunter to repeat each one over and over again. He had almost forgotten about the tutu in his frustration.

“Good. That’s right.” She finally said to him after the umpteenth vague instruction she gave him.

Hunter was breathing pretty heavily at this point. He could feel humidity in the room. He was actually building up a sweat from prancing around the room for what felt like an eternity. “This is awful, I can’t believe you do this by choice.” He grumbled at Brenda during a quick break.

She shrugged. “I like the performances, no one likes practice.”

Hunter could relate a little to that, he didn’t like soccer practice but he enjoyed the games. “Guess I’ll never know.” He told her. “I’m only doing this once.”

“Tell that to Mom.” She said and pointed at her and the instructor smiling and looking their way.

“There is no way I’m keeping this thing on a second longer than I have to.” Hunter told her. Brenda just flashed him a grin.

The instructor quickly gathered up the group and had them start to practice for an upcoming recital, since Hunter wasn’t part of it and it was his ‘first’ day he was allowed to sit down on the bench beside his Mom.

“So what do you think?” Mom asked him sincerely, like it wasn’t a joke to her anymore.

Hunter looked at her a little bewildered. It had been a while that he just wanted his opinion, like it was his choice. He and his Mom have been bickering at each other for what felt like a year. She was always grounding him, or telling him what to do, or nagging him about something. “I uh.” He started but his Mom just interrupted.

“It looked like you were really trying.”

“Well it’s harder than I thought.” He admitted.

“Don’t like it then?”

“I didn’t say that.” He said argumentatively.

She nodded. “I started doing ballet when I was your age.” She told him. “That’s unusual, usually you need to be little, like when Brenda started.”

“I didn’t know that.” Hunter said. Talking to his Mom like this was calming him down, like he wasn’t just paraded around for the last hour showcasing an inept display in a tutu. He looked over at the boys who were dutifully dancing beside the girls. “Was I any good?”

Mom smiled. She never smiled like that when it was just the two of them. “You were better than me, I think you got something right.” She told him sweetly and nudged her shoulder against his.

Hunter blushed. He felt embarrassed again but it was different this time. He wasn’t used to his Mom praising him.

For the final gathering Hunter was once again pulled back into the circle and the instructor gave them all some practices she wanted them to work on and told them she looked forward to seeing them all again.

Brenda and Hunter went back to Mom who was smiling at the two of them. “Want to get ice cream?” Mom asked them.

“Yes!” Brenda cheered.

“Mom!” Hunter exclaimed. Mom smiled again, showing some teeth.

“Actually I think Hunter might want to change.” Mom told him. “We’ll go out later.”

Brenda looked between them sensing that the mood had shifted. “Isn’t Hunter grounded or something?” She asked.

Hunter rolled his eyes. Of course Brenda was trying to get him in trouble again, just when Mom was being normal. “I wore the tutu, didn’t I?” He grunted at her.

“Only because...” Brenda started but this time she was interrupted by Mom.

“I know Hunter didn’t want to wear the tutu.” Mom explained. “I know you tricked him.”

Hunter looked shocked, mouth agape and eyes wide. Not that Mom saw right through the two of them but that she was taking his side.

Brenda rolled her eyes. “He had this powder and I- ” Again Brenda was interrupted.

“No punishments, I think we can end this little fued here.” She told the two of them.

“Fine.” Brenda growled.

“Fine...” Hunter agreed, still trying to recover from this revelation.

Mom did stop for ice cream, however they just went through a drive through of a Dairy Queen so they didn't have to get out. It somehow felt like a reasonable compromise all things considered.

Hunter wriggled around in the backseat as he ate his ice cream, he was actually trying to be careful not to stain his sister's tutu. His sister kept looking back at him with a look of concern on her face. "I think Hunter really liked ballet." She told their Mom

"I think he liked it more than he's willing to admit." Mom agreed.

Hunter just looked between them not really sure what to say and just stuffed another spoonful of his dessert into his mouth.

"I bet he loves the tutu." Brenda added. "Like I bet he wants to wear it all the time, that's why he put it on."

"What? That's not true." Hunter said with his mouth full and swallowed, the ice cream was a little too cold causing a shiver to run through his body.

"It's okay to like the tutu Hunter, no one minded." His Mom reassured him. "You won't be in trouble for borrowing Brenda's outfit."

Hunter glowered at his sister. She knew perfectly well that wasn't the case. He and his Mom were in a good place so he decided to let it go, better for her to think the whole thing was his idea after all.

“Hunter can keep the pink one.” Brenda added. “Suits him better than me anyway.”

“That’s nice of you.” There Mom said smiling. “Hunter, thank your sister.”

“Thanks.” He said sharply.

“For...” Brenda went on.

“The tutu.” He added.

“You can wear my tutus whenever you want.” Brenda dug in causing her brother to roll his eyes.

Eventually Hunter arrived back at home and raced up to his room to shed the horrible tutu off. He rushed past his Mom and sister and took the steps two at a time. Brenda followed him.

Once in his room Hunter started pulling at the fabric only to realize he was just pinching and pulling at his skin painfully. After a couple moments of pulling he saw his sister smirking at him.

“I need some privacy.” He told her.

“Having trouble?” Brenda asked.

Hunter’s eyes narrowed. “What did you do?” He demanded.

“Oh nothin.” She started then walked over to a box in Hunter’s closet and brought out a small container. On the side it read ‘powdered glue, water activated’. “Just refilled your itching powder.

Hunter stopped pulling at the fabric and nearly fell over. His time in the tutu was nowhere near finished.