

# Size Matters

*by HallowsEveWrite*

A pair of twins learn what it means to grow up from different perspectives. Willy and Dylan had been the quintessential twins until the younger of the two hit their growth spurt much earlier than they expected.

The Costume Box

2022

*Chapter 1*

## Size Matters - Chapter One

After a long ride up the side of the mountain Willy's Dad finally pulled into the ski resort their family are going to be spending the holiday weekend at, this had been an annual trip for the four of them and something they looked forward to every year. Willy was relieved to finally be arriving at their destination, he was perched atop a booster seat with his legs dangling below him. His back was sore from his booster seat forcing him to sit with good posture.

"It's about time!" Dylan, Willy's twin brother said.

Willy looked over to his twin brother, he had hit a growth spurt this year and now there was no mistake they weren't identical twins, he was over a foot taller than him and his parent's had removed his booster seat months ago. Dylan looked downright comfortable with the seat leaned back, it wasn't fair since Dylan was technically his younger brother, at least by a few minutes.

Their dad parked the car and everyone started to get out, Willy was used to waiting for their parents to let the twins out of the booster seats but since Dylan had grown he had taken the job of unclipping the seatbelt for him. The car doors opened and their dad pulled two large suitcases out of the trunk, he took one and handed the other to Dylan. Willy took hold of several garment bags that held their ski outfits for the weekend.

They shuffled through the familiar hall of the draughty ski chalet, Mom checked them in and gave each of them a key for their room. The family made their way to their rooms, two adjoining rooms. “We are going to head down and meet some friends, why don’t you two go swimming in the pool?” Their mom suggested.

“Sure, that sounds good.” Dylan said as he unlocked the door and pushed the suitcase inside.

The room looked like a cozy cabin with wooden walls, a big window with a view of the mountain and a large bed in the centre of the room. To the right was their own bathroom.

“Only one bed?” Willy asked his brother.

Dylan just shrugged. “I guess we’ll have to share.”

Willy just sighed, at least his parents hadn’t completely forgotten they were twins but it only ever seemed to come up when they could save a few dollars.

“Let’s just get changed then.” Dylan suggested and heaved the suitcase on top of the dresser. He unzipped it and started digging through it. “Which bathing suit did you pack?”

“I don’t know, Mom packed my things.” Willy told him slightly embarrassed that he had forgotten to pack his own clothes.

“Here it is.” Dylan said, holding it out to him. Dangling in front of him was one of their one piece swimming outfits with a back zipper. Willy took it from him and held it out, it

was a dinosaur themed outfit with a green stegosaurus on the front. “Why don’t you change in the bathroom and I’ll change out here.”

Willy was still staring at the outfit annoyed, he had a plain blue swimsuit he would have preferred over the dinosaur one. After another moment of lamenting over it he decided there was nothing to be done about it now. “Yeah, I’ll be right back.” He told his taller twin brother.

Willy shuffled into the bathroom and took off his sweater, khakis, underwear and socks. He unzipped the back of the onepiece swimsuit, stepped inside, pulled it up and put his arms through the sleeves. Just a couple years ago he wouldn’t have cared what his swimwear looked like but ever since Dylan grew over the last few months he had been left with all the ‘twin’ clothes while Dylan slowly got his own wardrobe, it had been the first time the two had their own clearly defined wardrobes.

Willy tried to zip up this suit and had forgotten this particular swimsuit had a teeny tiny zipper on the back of it, normally the two would zip each other up so he called for his brother. “Dilly, can you get my zipper?” Willy called to him.

His brother stepped into the bathroom and zipped up the swimsuit from behind him. Willy looked at himself in the mirror with the happy stegosaurus staring at him, he frowned at himself in the childish swimwear. He looked at his brother's reflection and saw that he was wearing plain red swim trunks and a black T-Shirt, he almost looked like a

lifeguard.

“Mom bought you swim trunks!” Willy gasped, their Mom had given them countless excuses why she preferred the swimming sun suits that he was wearing.

“Yeah, those aren’t popular in my size and this was on sale.” Dylan told his brother. “She said it would be fine since it’s an indoor pool anyway.”

“That’s not fair, I have to wear this little kid stuff.” Willy complained to his brother.

“It’s not so bad! I kind of wish this came with a top too, I don’t really feel comfortable going shirtless.” Dylan took a turn to complain to his older brother.

The two brothers stared at each other in the mirror both wishing they were wearing the other’s outfit, a long silence shared between them.

“Should we head down?” Dylan suggested and handed Willy a towel.

Willy left the bathroom and picked up his hotel key. “Hey Dilly, are you bringing a key?” He asked.

“Yeah, I’ll bring one.” Dylan agreed, noticing that Willy’s suit didn’t have any pockets. The two stepped out of the room and Dylan locked the door and went down the elevator.

Willy and Dylan crossed the hall and made it to the pool, the smell of chlorine and the sound of other kids splashing around rang in their ears. The pool had a large slide and

diving board at the deep end, it was one of the highlights of the ski resort. Dylan and Willy learned over the years that they were too tired after skiing to go swimming so now want to go first thing.

A life guard greeted them and told them about all the rules of the pool, no running or rough housing and to play nice.

“Do we need to do that swim test for the deep end of the pool?” Willy asked looking up at the lifeguard, he just noticed that Dylan was slightly taller than even the guard on duty.

The lifeguard looked at the two of them and shrugged. “As long as you stick with your big brother it shouldn’t be a problem.”

“Okay!” Both of them said in unison, which caused them to look at each other with a confused look. Willy was used to being called the little brother over the months and eagerly took the chance to skip the test, Dylan on the other hand didn’t catch on that his height was the reason they could skip the test. Willy knew his brother was about to explain that they were in fact twins, since he would tell anyone who would listen so he grabbed his hand and pulled him away from the lifeguard.

“What was that about?” Dylan asked. “You’re the big brother I was going to tell him we are twins.”

“Who cares about that, it’s like a ten minute difference.” Willy dismissed him.

“You used to rub it in my face all the time!” Dylan told him.

“It doesn’t matter now, look at us!” Willy gestured to their swimsuits. “Who’s going to believe we are twins now!”

“I like being twins!” Dylan told him. “Remember, we are Willy and Dilly!”

Willy wasn’t sure if it was the change in environment or the chlorine in the air, he couldn’t understand why his brother couldn’t see the difference between them now. “I’m the only one who still calls you Dilly.” He told him.

“Yeah I know.” Dylan said sullenly. Once their height difference was pronounced enough to warrant a new wardrobe it seemed like the world started calling him exclusively Dylan. “I liked Dilly.”

The two twins shared awkward glances at each other, Willy had tried to get his parents to change to Will or William but they would still only call him Willy. “Let’s just go swimming... Dilly.” Willy broke the silence.

“Yeah, okay Will!” Dylan agreed and started smiling again hearing his nickname. The two found some lounge chairs to store their towels. Dylan hesitated before finally deciding to leave the black T-Shirt with the towels. “It’s still weird not having a swim shirt.” He complained.

“If you could fit into this suit I would gladly trade!” Willy told him finally, causing the both of them to laugh as they took a leap into the deep end of the pool.

The two ended up having fun splashing around the pool, challenging each other in diving for rings, Dylan was easily able to outpace Willy much to the smaller twin's annoyance. "This isn't really a fair game anymore." Willy complained.

"It's perfectly fair, we are the same age!" Dylan argued. "You're just upset you lost!"

"Let's just go on the slide for a bit." Willy offered his brother, changing the subject.

"Think we are tall enough for the big slide?" Dylan asked him.

"You probably are!" Willy spat. "I'll probably have to ride all the little ones again."

The two rushed over to the staircase leading up to the slide, beside each set of stairs was a sign with rules about how they worked. Willy stood there reading the sign while Dylan measured himself against the clearly shorter height marker. Willy read the rules over again and noticed the line 'Height restriction for unaccompanied minors'.

"See I knew you would be able to ride it." Willy complained knowing he was still too short. "Let's just go up and see what the attendant says." Willy thought he might be able to get away with it if he was with his brother.

They climbed the high steps, much further than they were used to, this is the first time either of them had such a good view of the pool area. "It's a little high up." Dylan said softly.

“That’s what makes it exciting!” Willy spoke with glee, he turned around and noticed that Dylan had stopped climbing. “We are almost there!”

“I don’t know about this.” Dylan whined. “I’ll meet you at the bottom.”

“Wait!” Willy said and clambered down a few steps, he looked face to face with Dylan since he was a few steps higher. “Don’t be scared! Just hold my hand.” He reached his hand out to his taller twin brother, which he quickly took. “I need you to come, Dilly.” Willy’s cheeks grew pink; he didn’t want to explain that without his brother they wouldn’t let him go on the slide.

Dylan looked at his hand holding his brother’s and then up to his brother. “Okay, I’ll come with you.” Dylan whispered.

The two slowly made their way to the top hand in hand to be greeted by a teenager in a red bathing suit and a whistle around his neck, he smiled at them.

“Hey are you two ready for the slide?” He asked the two. “You’re going together.”

“Yeah. That works I suppose.” Dylan stammered, still a little nervous.

“Do we have to go together?” Willy asked, thinking he could go down by himself.

“Let’s go together!” Dylan announced squeezing Willy’s hand a little harder.

“Your brother is worried about you, you should go with him.”  
The teenager said. “Sit right here.”

Dylan sat on the slide first and then the teenager guided Willy in between his legs. “Hold on to your brother.” He instructed.

Dylan wrapped his arms around Willy and pulled him in tightly. “Who is going to hold onto me!” Dylan shrieked.

Willy scoffed at his terrified brother and grabbed one of his brother’s hands that was holding onto his chest. “There, feel better?” He asked.

“You two ready?” The teenager asked, both the boys nodded.

Water rushed out through the slide and carried the boys into the tube. Dylan shrieked and screeched as the two rocked back and forth. Willy laughed and whooped as they slid through the tube. Dylan pulled Willy tighter as they made it to the end and they crashed into the pool at the bottom. Eventually Dylan let go and the two swam to the surface and caught their breath.

“That was awful!” Dylan whined.

“It was amazing!” Willy cheered.

The boys threw water at each other and spent the rest of the time going up and down the smaller slides. Eventually the boys headed out of the pool and back to their towels, they knew they needed to get ready for dinner with their parents.

Willy wrapped his towel around him while Dylan tried to dry off, his sun suit dried fast and soon he was just standing there

waiting for Dylan.

“These trunks don’t really dry off, I wish I had a bathing suit like yours.” Dylan complained again about the trunks, which Willy would have preferred to be wearing.

“I look like I’m seven in this thing, why would you want to wear it?” Willy finally confronted him.

“Well then we would be matching again.” Dylan stated, he wrapped his towel around him and put his shirt back on.

Willy rolled his eyes at his brother and the two headed back to the elevator. His brother was shivering in the cold air of the ski resort as the elevator headed up.

“Your towel looks like a blanket wrapped around you.” Dylan whined through his shivers, clutching the towel wrapped around his shoulders.

“I’m not that little!” Willy complained to his brother even though he knew he was only whining because he was cold.

The two made it back to the room, Willy had to wait while Dylan fumbled for the key in his wet trunks.

“We should get ready for dinner with Mom and Dad.” Willy told his brother who was already collecting clothes from the suitcase.

“Okay, I left your clothes on top, I’m going to change out of this cold bathing suit.” Dylan told him as he rushed into the bathroom.

Willy felt annoyed that he left him so quickly. “Hey I need you to unzip me!” Willy shouted through the door.

“Just let me change first.” Dylan yelled back.

Now Willy had to wait for his brother to be let out of his swim suit. He looked at the small pile of clothes and groaned when he saw them.

*Chapter 2*

## Size Matters - Chapter Two

Laid out before him were the khakis he had worn earlier and a dinosaur themed button up T-Shirt, many different dinosaurs printed on it and were even labelled. He sat on the end of the bed waiting for his brother to get out of the bathroom, when he finally opened the door and revealed he had the same shirt just larger Willy sat there in shock.

“Look, we have matching shirts again!” Dylan announced.

“Did you seriously get Mom to buy this same stupid shirt just larger?” Willy asked his brother.

“Yeah, that way we are twinning!” He explained through his goofy smile.

Willy rolled his eyes at his brother. “That’s dumb, now this stupid shirt will be in the wardrobe for years.” He complained.

“I like this shirt, it’s fun!” Dylan smiled at him, he stepped over to him and grabbed the zipper of his swim suit and pulled it down, freeing his brother.

“Thanks.” Willy grumbled clearly, still annoyed at his brother. The boy quickly changed into the dinosaur shirt and pants and felt a little nostalgic wearing the same outfit as his brother. He stomped over to his shoes, he hated his shoes since it seemed like his brother was two sizes bigger than him and he was stuck wearing his dorky hand-me-downs.

The shoes he was stuck wearing were colorful velcro sneakers, they even lit up every time he took a step, Willy hated everything about them. He roughly kicked his feet into the slightly too big shoes and pulled the velcro straps tight to keep them from falling off. He looked at his brother who was struggling with the laces of his shoes, these were his first pair with laces.

“Need a hand?” Willy asked his taller brother.

Dylan scoffed and struggled for a few more seconds. “Yeah, I miss my old shoes though.” He complained.

Willy paced towards his brother lighting the floor with each step and crouched down in front of him. His face flushed as he had been the one to convince his brother to get these shoes and now he was tying them for his brother while his feet were buried in velcro.

“Thanks Will.” Dylan said sheepishly looking down at his now tied shoes.

“It’s not that hard, you shouldn’t have worn velcro shoes for so many years, now I’m stuck with them.” Willy complained to his brother.

“The velcro shoes are easier and don’t come undone all the time.” Dylan whined as his brother finished up with his other shoe. “Let’s go meet Mom and Dad for dinner.”

The twins took the elevator down to the main lobby, Willy saw the two of them in the mirror and smiled at their matching outfits. For once Willy felt like they were twins

again and the same age rather than years apart like most people thought they were. Dylan had a grin on his face as he saw his brother smiling at the outfits.

“I knew you would like twinning again!” Dylan proudly boasted.

Willy cheeks flushed as he had just been complaining about the shirts. “A little I guess, I just wished our shoes matched.” He looked down and wiggled his toes, Dylan did the same.

“I do too.” Dylan agreed, eyeing Willy’s shoes.

The two of them crossed the lobby and met up with their parents, the four of them entered the resort’s restaurant and were seated at a table.

“Do we need a booster seat for the little guy?” The waitress offered the table.

Willy’s face flushed red knowing she was offering him a baby seat to sit on, before he could protest his father quickly replied. “No thanks, that won’t be necessary.” His father winked at him.

The waitress had three leather bound menus and a kids activity sheet and kids menu, she placed a small cup of well used crayons on the table beside Willy.

“Hello, my name is Melissa and I will take care of you today.” The waitress happily told them.

Willy looked at the mountain themed activity sheet and kids menu then looked at the adult menu sitting in front of his

brother and frowned. “Hi Melissa, me and my brother are actually twins so we should have the same menu.” Willy told the waitress hoping to receive the adult menu.

Before Willy could say anything Dylan continued to explain. “Yeah, we need the same menu!”

Melissa just shrugged and picked up the leather bound menu and replaced it with a second activity sheet for Dylan and moved the cup of crayons to sit between them. Willy was about to ask for the adult menus but Dylan eagerly grabbed a well worn green crayon and started filling in the maze on the activity sheet.

“I’ll give the twins some time with the menu and be back soon.” She said with a wink and walked away with the adult menus.

“I wanted to order off the regular menu.” Willy pouted to his parents.

His Mom was smiling and trying to hold back a laugh at his predicament. “It’s okay honey, the children’s menu is cheaper and has all your favourites.”

Willy looked away from his Mom and defiantly doodled on the activity sheet refusing to actually do the games depicted on the paper menu. Melissa came back to the table and started to take their parents orders then turned to the boys.

Dylan quickly flipped the page over and decided what he wanted. “I’ll have the chicken tenders and fries.” He then looked at his parents. “And a chocolate milkshake.” He spoke

in a soft sweet voice.

His Dad rolled his eyes. "It's a vacation so alright." He agreed.

"And for the smaller twin." Melissa asked, causing him to blush.

Willy tossed the crayon back into the little cup. "I'll just have what he ordered." He decided without even looking at the menu.

"Coming right up!" Melissa cheerily left the group.

Dylan tried to get Willy to play some games of tic-tac-toe but he just sat staring away from his brother waiting for dinner to be over, he was getting tired of being treated like a little kid while his juvenile brother was treated like a teenager.

Dylan told their parents about the afternoon in the pool until Melissa finally returned with their drinks, a couple wine glasses for the parents and tall milkshake glasses for the two boys. She placed them down and hurried off to attend to other tables.

Willy and Dylan looked at each other, usually they wouldn't be allowed such an unhealthy dessert. Willy carefully grabbed the drink with both hands and slowly sipped from the straw, for once feeling like a kid felt good. Carefully placing the barley drunk milkshake back on the table he looked at his brother who was quickly taking big gulps from his glass.

Their parents started to tell them the plan for tomorrow and how it is important to get a good night's sleep tonight. Both boys nodded since tomorrow they got to go skiing which they looked forward to every year, this year was special since they would be able to go around unsupervised on the taller hills. His brother greedily slurped his milkshake, finishing much faster than Willy who was still taking small sips. Food arrived quickly and the boys ate while the family chatted.

As Willy finished his meal and was about to finally work on his almost full milkshake his brother clumsily swung his arms when explaining the length of the slide they slid down and knocked Willy's milkshake off the table and dumped it onto his shirt and pants.

“Ah!” Willy shrieked in the restaurant causing the other patrons to turn and look.

“Will! Your milkshake! Let me help!” Dylan cried and tried to wipe off the chocolate with some spare napkins and only managed to rub it deeper into his shirt.

Willy felt the weight of the other patrons staring at him, he heard whispers about a messy boy and how his big brother is kind enough to help. Willy was getting embarrassed and overwhelmed and tears started blurring his vision.

“I want to go to the room and change.” He told his parents while whipping away his tears.

Their parents looked at them with concern. “You two need to act your ages, spilling drinks and crying over it.” His mother

scolded them. “Now be patient while we finish up.”

Willy blew his nose and tried to calm down while he sat there wet, cold and covered in chocolate while the other patrons slowly lost interest. Willy tried to sop up the drink with the remaining napkins, and eventually was left in his damp and stained clothing.

The waitress brought the cheque over and looked at Willy with concern. “Sorry about the milkshake buddy, we took it off the bill so don’t worry about it.” She explained sweetly.

“That’s very nice of you. Willy, thank Melissa for being so understanding about spilling your drink.” His Mom demanded.

“I didn’t spill it Mom, it was D-” He tried to explain before being cut off.

“No need for excuses, just thank Melissa and then you can go get cleaned up.” His Mom told him in a strict tone.

Willy looked at Melissa who was still smiling down at him, he felt cold, wet and embarrassed. “Thank you.” He mumbled softly.

Melissa smiled at him while the parents paid for the food. Their Mom and Dad told the boys to head off to their room, get cleaned up and go to bed, they were going to stay in the restaurant a bit longer. Willy jumped out of his seat noting how sticky his hands had become and noticed that the dinosaur shirt and his khaki pants were ruined.

Willy felt the glare of the bystanders as they watched the chocolate covered boy slink away with his taller brother, he took a deep breath and marched towards the elevator as Dylan followed him. When the elevator doors closed Willy finally started breathing again and looked at himself in the mirror. The chocolate stain covered the front of his shirt and carried down his legs, he was furious at his brother. "You spilled my milkshake all over me!" He snarled at Dylan.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to!" Dylan pleaded with him, looking more upset than Willy.

"You let everyone believe I spilled it!" Willy grunted through his teeth,

"I didn't know what to say." Dylan told him, looking away from his reflection. "Please forgive me." He gave his signature frown to his brother.

"It's not fair." Willy told him finally calming down, Dylan frowning always made him calm down since he knew if he continued to be mad he would start to cry. "I need to change."

Willy and Dylan went back to their room. "Can you just get me my pajamas, I'm going to clean my hands before I get chocolate on everything." He demanded of his brother who quickly went digging through the suitcase.

Willy stormed into the washroom and pulled off his ruined clothes, even though he didn't like the shirt he was annoyed to see it stained like that, it had been Dylan's favourite. Willy decided to just have a whole shower to clean himself off since

he felt sticky all over the place.

He grabbed a towel and stepped out of the washroom to see Dylan had already changed and was sitting on the bed, he was wearing flannel pajamas bottoms and a grey long sleeve shirt, he looked worried and sullen.

“What’s wrong with you?” Willy told him, still annoyed from earlier.

“You’re already upset and I don’t think you are going to like the pajamas Mom picked out.” Dylan told him softly.

Willy froze in the middle of the room, after the swimsuit from earlier and then the dinosaur shirt he had a feeling he knew exactly which pajamas she packed. “I thought I threw those away!” He boasted.

“You did!” Dylan confirmed. “But I had them too, and that’s what she packed for you.”

“Yours were worse than mine!” Willy told him remembering the silly pajamas she had bought for them years ago, even then he had deemed them too childish to wear more than a few times over the years.

Folded on the bed beside Dylan was the familiar green fleece fabric, he looked at it with trepidation. He picked up the soft material and held it up with one hand, the outfit unfurled from its neat fold revealing itself. The ensemble was a dinosaur themed pair of footie pajamas, it had spikes running up its back with a dinosaur hood made to look like a mouth. A cartoonishly long dinosaur tail was attached to the back

with buttons running down the front.

“These were too childish when we got them!” Willy told his brother, frustrated again, that he didn’t pack his own clothes for the trip and was forced to be dressed as a dinosaur loving little boy. “Why is everything dinosaur themed?”

“We own a lot of dinosaur stuff! I love dinosaurs” Dylan mused, glad to see his brother was distracted from the earlier incident.

Willy stared at the diminutive outfit while a breeze finally sent a shiver down his spine prompting him to finally start to unbutton the front of it. “This is so ridiculous.” He grumbled to his brother.

He pulled the fleecy warm material up his legs and shoved his feet into the pretend dinosaur feet. Willy messily tried to pull his arms through the sleeves and was having difficulty finding them, his brother came to his aid and held up the outfit for him so that he could slip his arms into it. After buttoning the outfit’s many buttons Willy finally held his arms out revealing the whole thing. “This thing is like a dorky costume for babies, even Mom let me get rid of mine.” He said to his brother.

“It’s a fun outfit!” Dylan confessed to his brother. “Who doesn’t want to be a dinosaur sometimes?”

Willy rolled his eyes at his brother, he said some of the most childish things sometimes. As Willy paced around the room his oversized dinosaur tail dragged along the floor. He

looked at his brother who still seemed disappointed in something. “What’s wrong now? You wanted to wear this ridiculous getup?” He demanded of him.

“Sure, I would wear it but that's not the problem.” Dylan started to explain. “I just forgot to pack something.”

“What did you forget?” Willy asked, interested to hear about something he didn’t pack for a change.

“Just the little light up thing from my night stand.” Dylan admitted.

“So your night light.” Willy grinned. “You forgot your night light?”

“It isn’t a night light!” Dylan contested. “It’s just a little toy that happens to light up!”

“A toy that you keep on at night, every night, since you got it?” Willy asked him.

“Yeah, but it’s not a night light.” Dylan confirmed.

“So why do you need it?” Willy asked him, already knowing the answer and just wanted to hear his brother say it out loud.

“I don’t need it!” Dylan snapped. “I just don’t like sleeping in the dark.”

“Because you're afraid?” Willy pushed a little further.

“I’m not afraid!” Dylan said a little too loudly.

Willy started laughing at his brother and went to the light

switch. "Fine let's just turn this off and call it a night!"

"No wait!" Dylan cried, but Willy flicked the light off plunging them into darkness.

Willy was still laughing but soon noticed his brother was giggling as well. "What's so funny?" He asked him.

"I forgot those pajamas had glow in the dark spikes and patches." He told him pointing at the light up dinosaur in front of him. "I guess tonight you can be the night light."

Willy was stunned, he had completely forgotten about this particular feature of these pajamas. With his face flushed and his brother had at least admitted he had a night light he finally made his way over to the bed to sleep beside his brother.

"Let's just get some sleep." Willy finally gave up and climbed into the large bed.

"Have a good night, Will." Dylan told him, getting into bed after him.

"Good night." Willy wished him back and the two of them shortly fell asleep.

*Chapter 3*

## Size Matters - Chapter Three

As the sun crept through the slats in the window Willy started to wake up, he tried to roll over and look at the light but something was pinning him in place. Willy opened his eyes to see that his brother had pulled him up to his chest while he was asleep and moved his leg over his. Willy started trying to wiggle out of his grip but between the pajamas, blanket and his brother holding on to him it was no use.

“Hey! Dilly!” Willy called to his brother who just grunted back at him, he pushed against his chest trying to shove him awake. “Wake up and let go of me!”

Dylan started to release his brother as he rubbed his eyes awake, Willy now free tried to get out of the bed and fell to the floor on the other side with a shriek. “Are you okay?” Dylan asked him.

“You’re lying on the stupid tail.” He called from the ground, Dylan sat up and he heard Willy’s leg flop onto the ground completely.

“Sorry about that.” Dylan apologised to his brother.

Not wanting to start the day completely ticked off Willy stood up now appreciating that he was finally free of the bed. “What’s with all the hugging while you sleep?” He asked him, being more curious than annoyed at his brother. He was surprisingly in a good mood this morning, most likely due to

the upcoming skiing.

Dylan's face flushed red. "I don't know..." He trailed off. "I usually sleep with my stuffed animals at home."

Willy snickered at his brother. "You really couldn't handle one night without cuddling some stuffed dinosaur?" He asked mockingly, knowing he had a collection of stuffed dinosaurs on his bed at home.

"Well they don't usually fight back in the morning." Dylan mumbled.

Willy's face was now turning red as it dawned on him that he had replaced his brother's stuffed toys. "Whatever!" He dismissed him and went to change. "Hug a pillow or something tonight."

Willy shifted through the suitcase looking for his winter underwear and skiing outfit, usually he just wore his pajamas under his snowsuit but figured his mom must have packed him something else since she packed the dinosaur footies. When he finally found what he was looking for he had forgotten about how old and worn his winter thermal underwear were, torn in some places and had seen many wears after years of hockey practice.

"You're going to wear that all day?" Dylan asked him, looking at the worn out underwear.

"Yeah, it's not like anyone will notice in that stupid old snowsuit anyway." Willy reminded his brother whose face lit up at the mention of the outfit.

“I love those snowsuits!” He smiled at his brother. “It’s too bad mine didn’t fit this year and I had to get snow pants and a jacket.”

Even Willy had to admit it would be a waste to try and insist to buy him a new skiing outfit when they owned two snowsuits that still fit him. “Well I can’t wait till I get a new one, those snowsuits are really stupid.”

Willy started to unbutton his dinosaur footies and tossed them on the bed for the evening, he then pulled up a worn set of long red thermal underwear and pulled on the matching long shirt. “These will be fine, super warm and no one but you will see them.” Willy told his brother.

“There is a hole in the butt!” Dylan snickers at him.

“Doesn’t matter, no one will see.” Willy told him defiantly. He then pulls out the garment bag where his snow suit is and starts to unzip it. He pulls out not one but two one piece snowsuits, one bright green and the other bright red. “Why did Dad pack both of them?”

“I think he just took all the bags and we used to keep ours together.” Dylan explained as he was preparing his own skiing gear which consisted of black snow pants and a red jacket.

The snowsuits were the same except for the color scheme. Like everything else on the trip they were made to look like dinosaurs, the windbreaker material gave the outfits a shiny sheen. Spikes ran up the back of the snowsuit, green and

yellow on one and red and black on the other, the suits had attached mittens to look like dinosaur claws and a small tail sticking out the back which wasn't large enough to get in the way. Like the pajamas he had just taken off, the hood was made to look like the mouth of the dinosaur and was lined with decorative teeth.

Willy picked the green one since it's the one he usually wore when the two of them both wore them. He pulled on the old zipper and hoisted the warm snowsuit up his legs and pushed his arms through the sleeves which ended in mittens with three fingers made to look like the claw of a cartoon dinosaur. He grabbed the zipper pulled tab and yanked hard to pull up the old zipper. "Ready to go?" Willy asked his brother.

Dylan had finished putting on his own gear and had started packing his pockets with a couple granola bars and the room key. "Hey Dilly." Willy squeaked. "I forgot my lanyard and I don't have any pockets. Could you bring a few extra for me?"

Dylan smiled down at Willy. "Sure, no problem." He agreed as he stuffed more snacks into his coat's many pockets.

The two went to their parents room and knocked on the door, their Dad opened it to reveal him in a similar skiing outfit as Dylan. Their mom was wearing a white snow outfit which she has worn many times over the years. "Are you two ready to go already?" Their Dad asks them. "Why don't you head down to the ski rentals and pick up your equipment, we will meet you on the slopes." Their Dad then hands Dylan some ski lift tickets to pick out their things.

Dylan and Willy head for the elevators and once again are shown their reflections standing beside each other, Willy scoffing at his fun looking snowsuit in the mirror. “Are you going to complain about all your outfits on this trip?” Dylan asked his shorter brother.

“I didn’t say anything.” Willy whined still looking at how different they looked.

“These outfits are supposed to look dumb, they all do.” Dylan tried to cheer him up.

“Not yours!” Willy grunted. “Yours is cool!”

Dylan blushed at the compliment from his older brother. “Yeah, I suppose it's nice.”

“It doesn’t matter anyway, it’s not like I can change it now.” Willy accepted. “Do you remember our promise from last year?”

Dylan’s eyes went wide and started to look a little worried, he remembered the promise but had hoped Willy had forgotten. “The one about snowboarding?”

“Yes!” Willy shouted as the elevator opened to the ground floor and the two headed toward the ski rentals. “You agreed that this year we will try out snowboarding instead of skiing, it’s going to be awesome!”

“We don’t know how though.” Dylan tried to reason with him.

“We will take those lessons.” Willy told him. “How hard could it be?”

“Fine, let’s do it then.” Dylan agreed as they got in line to pick up equipment.

“We are going to look so cool snowboarding no one is going to think I’m a little kid.” Willy said, smiling as the two shuffled through the line.

The two got to the front of the line and were greeted by a bored looking teenager. “Tickets.” The teenager grunted at them.

Dylan handed them the rental tickets. “We wanted snowboards this year.” Dylan paused briefly. “With helmets and classes!”

The teenager looked between them and finally stepped back and bought some boots and helmets for them, Dylan handed Willy the smaller set of equipment. She then gave Dylan a bright red snowboard that perfectly matched his jacket. “We don’t have snowboards small enough for your little brother so here are some skis.” The teen told the boys who just looked at each other. “Classes start soon, just talk to Jack outside.” The teen motioned for the boys to move along.

“If Willy can’t snowboard I don’t want to either.” Dylan told the attendant.

“It’s all signed out now, you need to take it to the return desk and come with a new ticket.” They told Dylan.

Dylan and Willy were stunned as the teenager started helping the next ski resort guest and they made their way to the benches to put their boots on. “It’s too bad they don’t have a

snowboard for you.” Dylan told him.

“Yeah, I was really excited.” Willy frowned, shoving his foot into the heavy boot. “At least you can still learn.”

“It won’t be the same.” Dylan complained as he put on his own boots.

“I’ll wait for you.” Willy casually offered. “Then we can go down the slopes together.”

The two of them finish getting ready with their boots and make their way outside and walk slowly in their heavy boots to the ‘Ski School’. There are already many youngsters wearing ‘Ski School’ bright pink vests and waiting for the class to begin. Dylan and Willy head towards the adult instructor who is wearing a ski resort jacket with a large nametag on the front that reads ‘Jack’.

“Hi, Jack!” Dylan awkwardly squawks.

“Hello, are you here to drop off your little brother?” Jack happily asks him while grabbing an extra pink vest.

“What? No.” Willy informs Jack. “It’s Dylan that doesn’t know how to snowboard, he needs the lessons.”

“No problem, kids of all ages are welcome to learn how to snowboard.” Jack informs him. “Sandra here will lead the snowboarders and I will lead the skiers.” He takes Dylan over to Sandra who is waiting with a couple of other older kids for the lesson to start.

Willy starts to set up his skis and figures he would at least

practice while he waited for Dylan to finish his lessons. A shadow creeps over him from behind, he spins around to see Jack holding the pink vest over him and he hooks one of his dinosaur clad arms into the vest.

“I’m not taking the lessons.” Willy insisted.

“Your brother dropped you off here while he is taking his own lessons, we can’t just have you wandering around on your own.” Jack told him as he guided Willy’s second arm through the other vest sleeve.

“He didn’t drop me off! We came here together.” Willy tried to explain to the instructor.

“Either way I’m responsible for you until your brother or parents pick you up, so you may as well participate in the lessons.” He sternly informed him, clearly not taking no for an answer. As Willy tried to think of something to say he heard him clip up the vest from behind. “Do you need help with those skis?”

“It’s okay, I know how.” Willy said frustrated and felt like he was being dressed like a preschooler.

“Sounds like you’re joining us then.” Jack confirmed and picked up his skis. “Then let’s show the others how to put on their stuff.”

Willy had no choice but to follow him, still not quite sure how he had been corralled into the ski school meant for little kids. Jack planted Willy’s skis in a snowbank and started collecting all the kids. Willy looked around and there were

various kids wearing jackets and ski boots, all of them also had pink vests clipped on that read 'Ski School Student' on it. Willy looked at his classmates, they were about the same height as him, maybe a little shorter and all looked inexperienced and nervous.

Jack blew a plastic whistle and everyone looked at him. "Alright kids, we are going to have a lot of fun today so let's start with some rules. First if you get lost there is a little whistle attached to your vest, everyone give it a little blow to test it out." The kids all started blowing while Jack clapped for them, he then gave Willy a look. "Aren't you going to blow the whistle?"

Willy's cheeks flushed red that he was being reminded to perform such a simple task. He picked up the whistle and blew a note to please the instructor who immediately clapped for him. "The second rule is to have fun!" Jack said in a sing-song-like voice which made the smallest kids giggle.

"We are going to go over how to put on skis, I'm going to have our green dinosaur here to help demonstrate." Jack said and motioned for Willy to stand beside him. Willy cautiously trodden over to Jack and looked up at him as he picked up his skis and placed them on the ground. Jack spent the next few minutes lifting Willy's feet up and carefully showing the others how to put on the skis. Willy felt increasingly humiliated as he was used as a teaching doll for the other kids, his only saving grace was when Jack thanked him for helping demonstrate since he already knew how to.

Jack spent the next thirty minutes explaining how to ski by making different shapes with the skis and had all the kids mimic him, including Willy. Willy felt immensely bored at the whole activity since he wanted to just find an opportunity to show Jack he knew already but they went painfully slowly through the lessons as the younger kids tried to keep up.

Jack asked Willy who at this point was staring at the other skiers to demonstrate what they had learned so far. Willy took a moment to race through the lesson quickly but Jack wasn't satisfied. "You need to pay a little closer attention." Jack told him and corrected what Willy felt was an unimportant part of his stance. "There you go." He smiled at him.

Willy rolled his eyes, he knew he didn't need to be here but everytime he tried to tell Jack he seemed to be busy helping one of the other kids. Jack took everyone over to the bunny hill where they would practise using the ski lifts, finally Willy felt like he could escape a little. Willy followed the class to the little conveyor belt that took him up the hill, his classmates looked scared but he confidently skied over to it.

"I know how to do it." He proudly told Jack.

"Okay, why don't you show the class then." Jack asked him, finally giving him the opportunity to show his skills. Willy gracefully stepped onto the conveyor belt and grabbed the handle for support, he slowly started heading up the hill. "Great job! Everyone, that's exactly how to do it." He gave him a pat on the back as he went past and the other kids

clapped and cheered for him.

Willy felt a little embarrassed about receiving so much praise for such a simple task, something he had done hundreds of times in the past. His cheeks turned a rosey pink and not from the cold. Soon the rest of the students were ascending behind him. A couple of kids fell as they made it to the top which Jack quickly righted them using a handle on the pink vest to pick them up. Willy figured they were heading down the bunny hill a few times but Jack led them to a small opening in the trees, above him was a sign that read 'Bunny Hill Adventure Trail'.

"Okay kids, we are going to head down this trail, you will have every opportunity to practice your new skills and if anyone falls we will stop." Jack told them and led the class through the trees.

The group had to stop frequently to allow kids to pick themselves up as they tumbled to the ground. Willy was even more bored as all the trail was just a windy path through the woods, it was barely even a little steep.

"I like your snowsuit." a young boy told him.

"Thanks." Willy grumbled, he had almost forgotten about the dinosaur themed ski attire.

"I love dinosaurs!" The boy went on.

Willy just breathed heavily. "Oh yeah?" He spoke in a bored tone.

“They are so big and cool!” The youngster went on. “I wanted a snowsuit like yours but my mom said it would be too challenging to go to the washroom.”

“That’s too bad.” Willy grumbled, why was this kid talking to him about washrooms?

“Is it harder to go to the washroom?” He asked.

“It’s fine.” Willy finally told him. “Look, I’m going to focus on this turn now.”

“Oh, okay!” The boy said and held back. “I’m Harry by the way.”

“William.” Willy shot back and skied away. Willy had no intentions of making friends with the ski school kids, once Dylan finished his class they would be hitting the slopes together.

After slowly gliding down the hill Jack had taken them right outside a restroom. “Okay kids, let’s take a break here then you will get some free time on the bunny hill!” Jack told the group as he began unclipping the ski school vest off of them.

Willy figured he may as well go to the washroom and after getting unclipped followed the other boys into the large washroom with many stalls. He closed the stall door behind him and grasped the zipper pull of the snowsuit with the three fingered claw-like mittens. Willy tried to pull the zipper down but it seemed to be jammed right at the collar of the suit and he couldn’t get it to budge at all.

Illustration by @dani-drawz

*Chapter 4*

## Size Matters - Chapter Four

Willy fought with the zipper for about ten minutes before giving up, in the end the zipper didn't move an inch. He figured he would need some help but also knew he could hold his bladder at least a few more hours and could go to his hotel room with Dylan. There was no way he was going to ask Jack or even worse the other ski school kids for help.

Willy stepped out of the washroom to a waiting Jack who was holding on to his vest. "Took you a while dino-boy." He told him.

"My name is William." Willy told him.

"Well Willy, we have some free time so go have some fun." He instructed and helped him put the vest back on. "Look, your brother is over there on the bunny hill."

Willy clipped his skis back on and skied over to the hill watching his snow covered brother take what looked like his latest in a series of falls into the snow. The look of anxiety and disappointment were clear to him but everyone else seemed to be encouraging enough. He waited at the bottom for Dylan to crash a final time at his feet.

"How is snowboarding going?" Willy asked with only a slight mocking tone.

"I've lost count of how many times I've fallen." Dylan complained. "Going downhill is easier, it's stopping that's

impossible.”

Willy laughed at him but that only made the pressure on his bladder more noticeable. “See, it’s not so bad.” He told him.

“It’s a little fun, the others are so much better though.” Dylan lamented.

“How long until your course is done?” Willy asked knowing he wanted his brother’s help with his snowsuit.

“Probably another hour.” Dylan guessed. “It looks like you have your own class to get back to.”

“Not by choice!” Willy huffed. “They think I’m some little kid.”

“Probably easier to let them think what they want.” Dylan shrugged. “Don’t you do that to get a cheap ticket to the movies?”

“That is completely different!” Willy tried to defend himself, but he knew his brother was right. “Fine I’ll meet you here in an hour, I need your help with something.”

The two of them went back to their respective classes, Dylan looked like he fit right in with all the older kids. Willy skied toward the pink vested ski school kids who had decided to spend their free time having a snowball fight.

“Shouldn’t you kids be practising?” Willy asked the group which was a mistake since he was now the main target of their icy projectiles. “No! Stop!” He sputtered and quickly unclipped his boots from the skis.

Willy gathered up some snow from the ground and whipped it back at the kids, if they wanted a snowball fight he wasn't going to hold back. The kids heard a whistle blow just as Willy managed to wallop Harry in the back of the head with a snowball, much to Willy's giggling delight.

"Okay kids, free time is over, let's practice going down the bunny hill." Jack announced to the group.

Willy just accepted his fate as one of the ski school kids, how could he even try denying it now. He spent the next hour slowly going up and down the slopes with the other kids, on multiple occasions he stopped and helped Harry who seemed to be struggling with his skis.

"Willy, I need help again." Harry called from the ground. Willy held out his hand and pulled him up. "Thanks."

"That's okay, and I've told you before, William." Willy reminded him, he wasn't going to let the much younger Harry call him his kiddy name.

Jack skied up behind them and expertly stopped. "Willy, thank you for helping Harry again. You're so good I'm surprised you took the course, happy to have you though." Jack praised Willy.

"I told you!" Willy shouted he felt at least a little bit vindicated about hearing it from an adult.

Jack laughed at Willy. "It's almost over, then you and your brother can go off on your own." He pointed to Dylan who had finally gotten the hang of stopping without getting a face

full of snow. Dylan's jacket was flapping in the wind as he unzipped it at some point like the other snowboarders.

Willy finally finished his last run with the ski school kids and sat down on the ground a little tired from the morning. Jack was waiting for everyone to get to the bottom of the hill to end the class. The students slowly wobbled in and sat down next to Willy, Harry sitting right beside him.

"Great job today kids, you all did awesome!" Jack praised the group. "I have a special badge to award you to prove you completed ski school, this will let you on the tougher hills without supervision!" Jack went around and looped a metal ring around the zipper tab of their jackets, Willy was close to asking him for help right there in front of everyone but decided against it.

"I also wanted to present an award today to our favourite dino-boy Willy" the kids started their muffled gloved hand clapping for him as Jack gave him a badge that read 'bestest friend' with a smiling face on it. "Thank you for helping Harry all morning." The two abashed kids looked at each other for a moment but Willy turned away blushing profusely.

Kids started to get picked up by their family and pretty soon it was just Willy and Harry sitting in the snow. Willy was getting restless now and wanted to go to the bathroom, he knew he still needed a hand with the zipper though. He looked at the badge Jack had given him, without pockets he was left holding it. "Do you want this?" Willy said to Harry, holding out the badge to the kid.

Harry's eyes went wide as he looked at the 'bestest friend' badge. "Yeah, okay." He said with glee and took his prize. "Thanks, I guess that makes us best friends now."

"Sure, Harry." Willy agreed, trying to sound much older than he looked. "Have a great vacation."

Eventually a snow covered Dylan with his coat unzipped and his snowboard hanging underneath his arm walked up to him with a second older looking boy from his class. Jack reached in behind Willy and Harry, grabbed the handles of their vests and pulled them to their feet. The pressure of the straps against Willy startled him and he had to focus on holding his bladder.

"Hey, a little warning!" Willy cried as he adjusted to standing up. Jack took a moment to free Willy and Harry of the pink vests.

"Have fun on the slopes boys." Jack told them and took his equipment away with him.

"Hey Will, you should meet Spencer. He's been snowboarding for a while and just took the class to meet people." Dylan excitedly explained to Willy.

"Hey, nice to meet you." Willy told Spencer.

Spencer looked between Willy and Harry. "Hey kid, I see you met my little brother at ski school?" He asked.

"Yes! Willy and I are best friends now, see" Harry told his brother and showed him the badge.

Willy felt uncomfortable and shifted awkwardly, he wanted this conversation to end. "Yeah, sure we are friends. Dilly, I need your help with something." Willy spoke quickly.

Spencer spat and then started laughing. "Dilly! Aww that's such a cute name!" Spencer then punched him in the arm. "You're little brother is too cute, look at his adorable dinosaur outfit."

Dylan and Willy shot each other knowing looks. "Actually Will and I are twins." Dylan told Spencer.

"No you aren't, he's the same size as my brother." Spencer declared.

"We are! in fact Will is the older one" Dylan explained as he always liked to.

"You expect me to believe the little dino kid and you are twins." Spencer smirked. "Harry and I are five years apart, there's no way."

"It's true." Willy confirmed. "I'm just short and he's tall."

"My best friend is an older kid!" Harry said gleefully. "My other friends are going to be jealous."

"Whatever, can we go? I need your help!" Willy pleaded with his brother.

"Okay." Dylan agreed. "Spencer I'll meet up with you later and the four of us can hang out."

Willy leads Dylan away from Harry and Spencer who looks

at them with concerned faces. “Will, what's going on?” Dylan asked.

“I need to go to the bathroom.” Willy whispered to his brother. “And this zipper is stuck.” Willy’s face turned red in an instant, embarrassed about having to ask his brother for help.

“Is that all?” Dylan told him. “You couldn’t just hold it until later?”

“This is later!” Willy was getting louder in frustration and picked up speed to the washroom. “I’ve been holding it all morning.”

“Why didn't you just ask your new best friend for help?” Dylan teased him.

“Oh my god Dylan! He’s a little kid, I would die from embarrassment.” Willy told him. He finally made it to the bathroom door and pushed it open, Willy noticed all the stalls were either occupied or out of order.

“Can you wait any longer?” Dylan asked, getting a little worried for his brother.

“Not really, I need to go.” Willy told him, doing all sorts of fidgeting. “I’ll just use a urinal, can you just unzip this stupid dinosaur already?”

The washroom door opened again to reveal Spencer and Harry also joining them in the washroom. They also noticed all the stalls were occupied, Harry just waved at Willy when

he saw him.

Dylan grabbed the zipper and tugged hard to pull it down, just like Willy's attempts nothing budged. Dylan used both hands roughly pulling at the green material and the zipper. "It's stuck!" Dylan told him.

Willy's heartbeat picked up pace. "Dylan I need to go to the bathroom, hurry up." He pleaded.

Spencer and Harry had noticed the two of them fumbling and had gotten curious. "Hey Dylan, need help?" Spencer asked Dylan.

Willy's heartbeat started racing, he did not want an audience at the moment. He suddenly felt a chill up his spine but he knew he was sweating. Dylan looked at Willy's fidgeting and was getting concerned. "Actually Spencer I can't get Will's zipper undone, can you try?" Dylan asked.

Spencer now tried to undo Willy's zipper, much to his humiliation as his face turned red and he started to take short breaths. Spencer pulled hard on the zipper, Willy could feel the snowsuit strain at his back as he tugged the unmoving mechanism. Spencer grunted and then suddenly his hand flew away. "Oh crap!" Spencer told them. "I think I just broke it."

Sure enough in Spencer's hand was the zipper tab complete with his ski school badge still attached. Willy couldn't hold it anymore, with the three boys staring at the trapped boy, he started peeing. Since the snowsuit material is so thick there was no way to tell except for Willy's beat red face and tears

just starting to form.

Willy looked back and forth to Dylan, Spencer and Harry. Fear was clawing at him, he grabbed the suit and tried to pull it away from him. He took short fast breaths trying to breathe, he felt like there was no air in the washroom at that moment. Sweat was now beading down his face and his heart was racing. Willy looked at his brother and was about to ask for help again but couldn't get the words out.

Dylan knelt down to his level so that they were eye to eye, he leaned into his ear so that only Willy could hear. "Did you have an accident?" He whispered.

Willy was still breathing in short gasps trying to answer his question, but he felt like he was going to throw up. Willy looked at the stalls, one had finally opened up, he tried to take a single step towards it but his heavy ski boots seemed to have him planted in place, he felt weak.

Dylan looked at him with concern, his brother was struggling to breathe, sweating profusely and wouldn't answer him. He placed a hand on his shoulder and could feel that Willy was trembling in fear. "Will, are you okay?" He asked him.

Willy couldn't answer his brother, fear gripped him and his heart was pounding. Willy had never felt his heart pound so hard, it was starting to hurt his chest and he let out a groan. Willy was now gasping for air. "Dilly." He croaked out.

"Is your brother okay?" Spencer asked with genuine concern in his voice. "Should we get help?"

Dylan wasn't sure what to tell them, he knew Willy wouldn't want a huge audience if he had an accident but his brother was freaking out. "I'm not sure." He finally told them.

"I'm going to find someone, come on Harry." Spencer grabbed his little brother's hand and led them away from the washroom with urgency. Harry looked at Willy with tears in his eyes as he was pulled along by his older brother.

Dylan was getting worried, it was usually Willy who took care of him in these situations. Willy placed his hands on Dylan's shoulders trying to stay upright, he felt dizzy and weak and was still gasping for air. "Outside." He croaked out again. Willy felt like there was no air in the washroom and something terrible was happening, he wanted fresh air. He tried to move his feet but it was no use; he could barely stand up straight.

Dylan leaned in and gave Willy a hug for lack of knowing what to do. Somehow Willy felt slightly better by the hug and he pulled Dylan in closer, it felt like with Dylan being there he wasn't going to die. Dylan rubbed his back, his brother was still trembling in fear.

Willy was now letting his brother support his weight, he felt less nauseous that way. He took in a deep breath through his nose, finally able to breath in more than a short gasp, his nose was filled with the scent of his brother's childish cherry berry scented soap. For a moment Willy was distracted by the smell and was able to take in a second deep breath.

Dylan reached down and moved Willy into position, his

brother would never let him do this under normal circumstances but he needed to get Willy away from the crowd forming in the washroom. He braced himself and with his legs pushed himself to a standing position lifting his brother up with him. Instinctively Willy put his arms around his brother and let him carry him without protest, this was the first time he had ever been picked up like this by his brother.

Dylan carried Willy out of the washroom and into the fresh air, he could feel his brother's rapid heartbeat pounding softly against his own chest. Willy was now taking more consistent deeper breaths but he was still trembling and sweat was beading down his face. "Will, I'm going to take you back to our room." Dylan declared and marched toward the chalet, abandoning their ski gear in the rack by the washroom.

Willy just took deep breaths and allowed his brother to carry him, normally he would have been embarrassed to be carried by his younger brother. "Dilly, I'm sorry." Willy told him in between breaths.

Dylan just held him tighter as he walked past skiers getting closer to the chalet. Dylan was feeling relieved that Willy was catching his breath. He noticed their Mom and Dad coming out of the chalet and ran over to them. "Mom, Dad, Something is wrong with Will." Dylan desperately pleaded with them.

"Did he fall while skiing?" Their Mom asked while taking a look at Willy.

"No Mom." Dylan looked around and softly whispered. "He

had an accident and-”

“An accident, like he peed himself?” His Dad demanded, there was an inflection of anger in his voice.

Willy gripped tighter to his brother and his breath became more laboured, he let out a small groan.

“That’s not the issue, he-” Dylan tried to explain, but got cut off.

“Not the issue!” His father boomed. “Having accidents at your age!” His father yelled at Willy who seemed to be taking increasingly shorter breaths again. “Your brother is carrying you around the mountain like some baby!”

Willy was embarrassed he felt like his father’s speech was only reserved for Dylan when he wouldn’t give up some childish toy. “I’m sorry.” Willy rasped. His breathing is getting increasingly shorter.

“Dad! You’re upsetting him!” Dylan shouted with a crack in his voice. Dylan had never yelled at his parents before which caused them to be silent for a moment. He then marched past them and into the chalet.

He saw Spencer and Harry at the front desk and they rushed over. “You just carried him?” Spencer asked, impressed at Dylan.

“Yeah, were you able to get help?” Dylan asked.

“They said they would send someone to the washroom, but I guess you left.” Spencer explained.

“I’m going to take Dylan to our room.” He told them and stepped into the elevator, the two other boys followed their friends.

Dylan handed Spencer his key who unlocked the door and the four of them hurried inside. Dylan placed Willy on the edge of the bed and once the door of the room closed Willy started catching up to his breath. The whole ordeal felt like it had lasted hours but it had only been a few minutes. Willy’s breathing became normal and he stopped sweating so much, he just couldn’t stop his heart from racing and he still felt like he might die.

“I’m going to get that snowsuit off him, I don’t care how.” Dylan declared. Willy looked at him with curiosity, he had never seen his brother so calm and determined during any other situation.

Spencer unzipped a pocket inside his coat jacket and pulled out a red pocket knife. “Will this help?” He offered it to Dylan.

Dylan took off his jacket and picked up the knife, unfolded it and sat down beside Willy. “I’ll be careful.” He told him reassuringly. He then tugged at the material at the collar and sliced the suit down the seam of the zipper. Willy just closed his eyes during the process and put his trust in his brother.

Dylan only needed to cut a small amount to allow his brother to work his shoulders free. Once his arms were free Willy’s heart slowly stopped pounding. “Dilly.” He paused, able to get his words out, surprising him. “I don’t know what to say.”

Willy looked at his brother's face and saw it clearly for the first time, tears rolling down his cheeks with red puffy eyes, had Dylan had been crying the whole time? Willy brought his brother into a hug and Dylan started sobbing. "I was so scared!" Dylan cried. "I didn't know what to do!"

The intense fear and racing heart seemed to go away as fast as they came. Willy rubbed his brother's back and eventually they both calmed down and felt exhausted from all the emotions.

Willy looked down at the bottom half of his snowsuit, his face was still red but it seemed like a trivial problem to deal with now. After his ordeal he didn't even mind that Spencer and Harry were there, he was almost happy to have people worried about him. "I'm going to have a quick shower to clean up and Dylan and I will meet you at the washroom where we left the skis." He told the two of them who just looked relieved and left, giving them some privacy.

Dylan and Willy stared at each other, questions lingered on their minds. "What happened?" Dylan asked him. "That was more than just upset, you looked sick."

"I don't know." Willy told him, he felt tears welling behind his eyes but he was trying to keep them down. "Something felt wrong, like really wrong. I couldn't breathe, everything was blurry." He looked at his brother. "I'm glad you were there."

"Mom and Dad were useless." Dylan grumbled. "They wouldn't even listen!"

Willy was shocked at his brother, first yelling at his Dad and now actively complaining about their parents. It was usually Willy who whined about their parents and Dylan defended them, he just smiled at his brother. “Who needs them anyway.” He told him, which caused his brother to smile back.

Willy went into the bathroom and closed the door, his first moment of privacy since the morning. He looked at himself in the mirror, his face was red and his eyes were bloodshot. His thermals had been soaked through with sweat and clung to him uncomfortably. He took off his boots and set them aside, he then finally completely wriggled out of the snow suit. He started tearing up as he saw the dark red patch of his thermal, he refused to let himself cry again and kicked the snowsuit away. He peeled the soaked thermals off of him and threw them into his growing pile of soiled clothes.

While taking a shower Willy paused at the two soap bottles sitting on the shelf, his was labelled ‘electric blue’ and had a lightning bolt across the front, Dylan’s was bright pink and labelled ‘cherry berry’. He opened his brother's soap and took in a deep whiff, somehow the scent he scoffed at before was now oddly calming. Willy shrugged and decided to use the pink soap today instead of his own, he knew his brother wouldn’t care.

Willy finally felt like his normal self after the shower and he felt clean, he snatched a towel from the rack, wrapped it around him and moved into the main room. He looked at Dylan who was lying on the bed staring off into space. “Feeling better?” He asked.

“Yeah, thanks.” Will said and trodded over to the suitcase. He looked through his various options and nothing was actually appealing to him. “Mom should have packed more things.” He complained, although on the two day trip he didn’t expect to soil so many clothes. “I’m going to borrow some of your things.”

“I don’t think what I have will fit you.” Dylan told him then snickered at what his brother was holding up. “You’re going to look silly.”

“Yeah, but hopefully no one will see me this time.” Willy said although he had a lingering worry that he might freeze up again. Willy started with a pair of Dylan’s boxers, he pulled them up and they fell past his knees like a pair of shorts. He then took a pair of his own long socks and pulled them up as high as they would go, leaving only a small gap in his legs. The last item was one of Dylan’s T-Shirts, it was a white shirt with a silhouette of a T-Rex on it. Willy slipped it on and it fell down covering the boxers.

“You look goofy.” Dylan told him. “Those don’t fit at all.”

“It’s just for something under the snowsuit, it’ll keep me plenty warm.” Willy said and with a gulp reached into the garment bag and pulled out the second red dinosaur snowsuit. “This one was yours.”

“It’s yours now since we just destroyed the other one.” Dylan said regretting it immediately. “We don’t need to go skiing, we could go back to the pool or that arcade.”

Willy took a deep breath. “No, we are going skiing.” He declared and unzipped the suit, he then zipped it back up and down a few times, testing the zipper. “See, this suit’s zipper is fine!” He then started pulling it up his legs.

Willy got the rest of his gear on and the two of them headed out of the chalet, everything felt a little different. Willy didn’t feel as ridiculous in the red dinosaur suit and he noticed his brother was keeping an eye on him more often than usual. Willy and Dylan met up with Spencer and Harry, finally able to collect their gear. The four of them headed over to the blue diamond hill and spent the rest of the day on the slopes together.