Strut!

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2023

Chapter 1

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"Dude!" Mike pointed ahead of them down the street. "Check it out!"

"What? Where?" Tim asked.

"Probably the line of frou-frou ballerinas." Andy said, punching Tim in the arm. "What else would he be pointing at?"

"Oh. Geez." A line of ballerinas, each in a white ballet outfit complete with a tutu were strutting along in a single-file line, hands on their hips, tutus swishing -- there was no other word for it -- as they walked on their tiptoes. They all looked regal and downright feminine! Tim made a face. "What are they even doing?"

"Making a video, I bet." Mike remarked, sitting down on a bench.

"Some of them are kinda hot. Should we go talk to them?" Andy said with a wolfish grin. Tim scoffed.

"Bet I could do that." Tim scoffed. He rose up onto his toes and began to walk back and forth, hands on his waist like them, exaggeratedly shaking his butt. Mike and Andy laughed.

"Didn't you text Grace last night?" MIke asked.

"Yeah, but she never answered." Andy shrugged and dug in his pocket for his phone.

"Hilarious, dude." Mike remarked, seeing Tim still going back and forth on his toes. Tim could sense that the moment

had passed.

"Sweet! She texted back!" Andy pumped his fist in the air and Tim knew the moment had passed. No big deal. He shifted his weight, but for some reason, his heels did not touch back down. If anything, he seemed to be even more on his tiptoes. He looked down just in time to see his Nikes transform into white satin ballet slippers.

"What the?" Almost before the words had even left his mouth, his jeans suddenly snapped to his legs, seemingly to drain of all color as they became white tights. "What's happening? Make it stop!" His hands were still at his waist and he felt his t-shirt transform under them into a leotard.

He turned to his friends, wobbling on his new pointe shoes. They were so immersed in Andy's phone that they had not noticed Tim's startling transformation. Facing them, he could now see his reflection in the window behind the bench they sat on, watching with horror-filled wide eyes as his hair suddenly tripled its length, if not moreso, cascading down his shoulders before tidying itself into a tight bun on the back of his head.

Terror gripped him as he felt himself turn away from his friends and back toward the ballerinas. This time, he did not wobble, seeming to instinctively know how to balance. He knew what was about to happen, but could do little to fight the overwhelming urge to strut, falling into perfect sync with them as he began to head toward them. Even with his head held high and confident, he caught a glimpse of a tutu blossoming around his waist. As he took his place in the line of strutting ballerinas, he wondered just where they were all

heading to. Would Mike and Andy ever figure out what happened to him?