

The Halloween Parade

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Everret not only finds a new costume for Halloween but a new relationship with his bully.

The Costume Box

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Chapter 1

The Halloween Parade

I can't believe I forgot about today, sure Halloween was actually on Monday but Friday was the costume party at school! I had managed to get through the first class unscathed but Ian and his cronies threatened to pound anyone who decided to skip the contest into the dirt. It's not like I didn't dress up on purpose, I actually had a perfect costume planned. I just forgot!

I had my head perched on my hands with my elbows on my knees sitting on the toilet, it's not like I could sit in here all morning, eventually someone would come and check on me. I stupidly promised that I just needed to step out of the room to change. My feet kicked back and forth as I read the bathroom stall graffiti for the umpteenth time. Giving up, I finally got up. I didn't even use the washroom, just used it as a place of refuge for the last twenty minutes.

That's when I spotted it, the colorful backpack leaning underneath the sink. I picked it up thinking some primary student must have forgotten it, maybe returning it could buy me some more time away from class? The one pocket backpack opened smoothly but was mostly empty, just an orange T-Shirt with a jack-o-lantern face on it and a diaper. What kind of kid wears diapers to school? This must have been left by some baby. I pulled that out and underneath that was a pacifier in the shape of a pumpkin, obviously some toddler's halloween outfit.

The backpack was empty otherwise, no names or contact information. I suppose I could take it down to the office or kindergarten. That's when inspiration struck. I checked the size of the T-Shirt, I know I was small for my age and the shirt was my size.

I stuffed everything back in the bag and went back to the stall. I pulled off my own T-Shirt and pants and set them aside. Was I really going to do this, wear a diaper? No it's just a costume, only for Halloween, just a big funny baby. I grabbed the elastic waistband of my underwear then stopped myself, I'm not actually going to use the diaper, may as well leave these on.

I unfolded the crinkly blue and white diaper and pressed it up against my waist. The tapes were weird but easy enough to manage. The strangest part about the undergarment was how I couldn't keep my legs together forcing me to take an awkwardly wide stance. I looked down and gulped, this was a terrible idea. This is worse than not having a costume at all!

The familiar creek of the washroom door opened causes me to freeze in place within the stall. "Hello." Ian's voice rang into the washroom. "Everett are you in here? Mrs Thomas wants you back in class, you better be in costume!"

"I'm changing!" I blurted out. Why did I say that?

"Let's see then!" He said bossily. "You were the last one so we all have a pizza party now!"

His demeanor changed so quickly, it was almost a little

encouraging. I stuffed my old clothes into the colorful backpack and put on the orange pumpkin shirt and held onto the pacifier. I reached down to the lock on the door and hesitated. Was I really going to do this?

I spun the lock and Ian almost instantly pulled the stall door open with a rush of air. "Oh! Wow! Everett! Wow!" Ian said, sputtering with a huge grin crawling up his lips.

"It's a costume!" I exclaimed. "For Halloween!"

"I can see that!" He said excitedly. I looked him up and down, he was wearing a pretty standard vampire costume with a cape. "You're a baby!"

"Uh, yeah." I agreed, the initial shock wearing off. I grabbed my arm and looked away feeling very exposed. "It's a little embarrassing."

"You make such a cute baby!" He praised and ruffled my blonde hair. "You need your binky!"

"M-m-my binky?" I stammered lifting up the pumpkin shaped pacifier.

Ian swiftly plucked it from my hand and planted it in my mouth. I was totally grossed out. I didn't even know where that thing had been and spat it out instantly. "Dude! Gross!" I spat.

"What? It's your binky, isn't it?" Ian asked, a little confused.

"Uh, I guess." I agreed not wanting to tell him I had just found this outfit in the washroom.

Ian picked it up off the ground along with the backpack with my clothes. "Ian?" I questioned. He stood by the sink washing the pacifier.

"Come on little dude, let's get to class." Ian took my hand and pulled me along. "Everyone is going to love your outfit." He carried the colorful backpack with my clothes and shoes as I struggled to keep up running through the halls in my bare feet.

"Ian! Slow down or let go!" I whined practically being dragged through the halls with my hand tightly gripped.

"Hush, baby." Ian said and inserted the pacifier into my mouth and held it there. "No spitting." He demanded and let go.

I held the pacifier there in my mouth, the foreign object feeling weird and unwanted. I had no time to complain as we entered the bustling classroom which seemed to drop to a dead silence when we walked in.

The look of shock on my classmates' costumed faces was unsettling. Here I was standing in full display, the diaper hardly covered by the bright orange shirt with nothing else but a pacifier.

One of the girls dressed as a witch was the first to break the silence. "Is he a baby?" She asked so directly.

"Umm, I, uh." I stammered, not able to make a coherent sentence. My face flushed and shifted my weight back and forth nervously. "Yeah." I managed to squeeze out through the pacifier.

Like a damn being broken, a flood of childish laughter filled the fourth grade classroom. Emotions flooded me and tears blurred my vision.

"He's going to cry!" One of the boys yelled.

"Like a real baby." Another added.

I hiccupped trying to hold myself together when Ian comfortingly squeezed my hand. "Anyone messing with Everett is going to get a pounding!" He told the class and put an arm around my shoulder allowing me to take refuge in his large cape. That shut them up and shortly after we joined the costume party. I clung to his side as he kept his arm around me, happy to have him there.

Ian looked down at me with his grin. "Want a juice box, baby?" He asked me, was he teasing me or actually asking? He was being so weird and nice.

"I'm not a." I was about to say baby but for today I was clearly going to be not only a baby, but Ian's baby. "I, uh. Don't know." I stammered through the pacifier.

"Okay baby, let's get you some apple juice." Ian said sweetly and led me to a table with snacks. Ian worked the straw into the box and handed it to me, taking the pacifier away so I could drink.

I sipped on the sweet and tart drink, eyes still falling on me. "Did he lose a bet?" A boy in a ninja costume asked.

"Found the poor little guy like this in the washroom." Ian

answered. "He just needed some help back to class."

"Looks like he belongs in kindergarten." He continued.

"He is little." Ian agreed.

I didn't like this. "I'm not-" I tried to start.

"All done with your juice?" Ian asked immediately and took away the box, swiftly plonking the pacifier back in my lips.

"I'm not little" I said, muffled by the pacifier.

The classroom door swung open and the principal stepped in.

"It's time!" He announced. "You all look great."

"Time for what?" I mumbled.

"The costume parade of course!" Ian said. I felt terrified. How could I march around the school dressed like a baby, I'll never live this down.

"I don't want to." I told him, trying to find a reason not to do it. "I'm not wearing shoes." I wiggled my toes as everyone started lining up at the door.

"Come on then, little dude." Ian knelt down and scooped me up, placing me on his hip. The diaper loudly crinkled every step he took. "Little guy was getting shy." He told our teacher who just shrugged, she was no help at all.

I held onto Ian's fancy dress shirt as he carried me into the hall, a little worried I might fall. The girls from the class snickering at us. Ian flashed them a toothy fanged snarl ending their fun and held me a little tighter. "Don't worry

about them." He looked at me, his face changing to a happy grin. He is being way too nice.

The teacher had us walk through the halls as the kids from the classes watched, Ian and I got stares and even people pointing. "Is he a baby?" I heard one of the older kids say. "Do you think that's his little brother or something?" Another girl asked loudly.

I looked up at Ian and even though he was blushing a little, he saw me looking and made a funny face with his vampire fangs. I giggled at him, I had never seen Ian like this. "Do you like that baby?" He asked.

"Uh, I, umm" I stammered.

"Such a shy baby." He said sweetly and touched my nose.

We marched through the halls, he took my hand and waved to all the older kids and eventually we were met by more people admiring us then people who were laughing at us.

Then we entered the Kindergarten class, all the kids in cheery Halloween garb, yet none of them in something as infantile as mine. I didn't want them to see me but Ian put me down on my feet in the carpeted classroom. "Ian!" I mewled, reaching back up to him.

"Hang on baby, I need to stretch." Ian said sweetly while he stretched his back.

I felt a tug on my orange shirt as a kindergartner was tugging me toward the play area. "Hey stop!" I told him, batting his

hand away.

“Everret, play nicely.” Ian scolded. “Why don’t you stay here?”

“I’m not a baby.” I told him.

“You are today.” He shot back. “You’ll have fun, like a game.”

“We’re both pumpkins!” The little boy declared pointing at my shirt. “We match!”

“What? I’m not a pumpkin.” I said looking at the boy dressed in orange and green fleece head to toe with a big poofy pumpkin belly. “I-I’m a baby.” Blushing as I admit it.

“No!” The petulant boy spat. “We match! Both pumpkins!” He took my hand and pulled me away from my classmates.

“Ian!” I called to him, but he just waved and smiled as I was pushed down onto the carpet.

I flopped onto my butt and watched as a kindergarten teacher approached me with a plate of pumpkin shaped cookies. “Would my little pumpkin patch like some cookies?” She asked. The pumpkin clad boy rushed over to grab one as she handed me my own.

“I’m not a pumpkin.” I told her as I craned my head trying to see my class behind her, where did they go? “I need to leave with my class.” I told her, standing up.

“Your class is right here, silly pumpkin.” The teacher informed me.

“No! My class, with Ian!” I tried to explain.

“You can find your friend later.” She explained and walked away leaving me sitting with the kindergartners with a cookie in hand. I nibbled it slowly trying to figure out a way to sneak out of the classroom.

The room was in complete chaos. It's no wonder the teacher accepted a new student without another thought. Kids were running around playing all kinds of pretend games in their costumes and eventually a third pumpkin clad boy joined us on the carpet.

I scarfed down my cookie and left the colorful carpet, there was nothing actually keeping me in the classroom. Trodding over to the door it was as if none of the teachers even noticed. However, I didn't even get a chance to touch the knob as the door swung open to reveal the principal. “It's time.” He announced to the classroom. He looked down at me with great concern. “Ready to show off your pumpkin shirt squirt?”

“Time for what?” I found myself asking even though I think I knew the answer.

“The costume parade!” The principal said loudly as the teachers corralled everyone behind me.

The two boys dressed as pumpkins ran up beside me each taking one of my hands. “We are a pumpkin patch!” The hyper kid shouted at the principal.

“I see that, why don't you three lead us through the school.” The principal knelt down and told him.

“I’m not supposed to be here.” I told the principal.

“It’s okay, Everett.” The principal smiled at me. “You can play pumpkin patch with the Kindergartners.” Then winked at me.

I stared at him bewildered, he knew exactly who I was! He knew I was in fourth grade and not a little boy. For some reason it was all more embarrassing this way and I gripped the hands of my pumpkin companions tightly.

My face was candy apple red as I marched through the halls a second time, pulled along by both the pumpkin boys, my bare feet slapping the tile floor. As we walked from class to class I heard the comments again.

“There is the little baby from before.” One girl excitedly shouted.

“Looks like the little guy found his class.” A boy surmised.

I kept my mouth shut hoping this parade would end soon when we took a turn down my class’ hallway. I was pulled into the classroom where all the students clapped and waved to us. My eyes darted around the room looking for Ian who gave me a wave from his desk.

I quickly snatched my hands away from the kids and ran over to Ian, he picked me up and placed me on his lap. “See I told you it would be fun.” He whispered to me and held me in place. “Happy Halloween.” He told me.

“Shoulda just skipped the costume.” I stated, causing Ian to

snicker.