

The Kid's Table

by HallowsEveWrite

Oliver get

The Costume Box

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Chapter 1

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“Mom, why do I have to wear this. It looks stupid!” Oliver complained to his mom.

“I don’t want to hear it Olly, you are the smallest and it only fits you! Your brothers and cousins are also wearing costumes. Now hurry up, I don’t want to be late to Thanksgiving pictures.” His Mom reassured Oliver.

“Yeah but theirs are just clothes with hats. Why can’t James wear it? He’s the youngest, I don’t want to wear a Turkey costume.” Oliver complained more to his Mom.

“James is taller than you, this wouldn’t fit him” His Mom explained. Even though James was a year younger than him, he was about half a foot taller. She pulled out the costume from the closet and unzipped it.

Realizing he wasn’t going to win Oliver just grumbled and started pulling off his clothes. He angrily threw them on the ground until he was standing in his underwear. “I’m going to look stupid.” Oliver whined to his mom.

“Here put these on” His Mom demanded, handing him a pair of long yellow knee high socks. Oliver snatched them from his Mom and started pulling them up his legs. The socks went past his knees and then his toes were separated into three sections to look like talons, there was a little stuffing at the end to make them pointed with a little plastic on the bottom.

Oliver stood up and looked down.

“These look stupid.” Oliver whined as he approached his Mom who held the costume.

“Arms up.” His Mom demanded.

Oliver complied and his mom pulled the whole suit over his head. The costume was one piece not including the socks. His arms filled the sleeves which were made to resemble feathers. His Mom started to adjust the head of the costume to line up to his face, she lined it up and then adjusted the shoulders so everything was symmetrical. Oliver just let her finish up. She spent a moment making sure the tail feathers were all fluffed and sticking up in all directions, the tail feathers were wider than him and came up just over his head, Oliver could feel the weight of the extra material on his back. She then kneeled down and started zipping it up, the costume opening was at the bottom of the suit and zipped up in between his legs, the costume legs ended in cuffs at his knees. She then turned him around to appreciate the whole look and took him to his mirror.

“You look adorable,” She said.

“I look like a dweeb” He complained, crossing his arms. His Mom now found his attitude funny in the outfit, an angry Turkey on Thanksgiving somehow felt appropriate.

“Come on grab your things and let’s go.” His Mom left the room checking on his brothers.

Oliver looked at himself in the mirror, the costume looked

ridiculous, he even questioned how much it actually looked like a turkey and instead more like a cartoon character of a turkey. He scoffed at himself and went over to his desk to grab his tablet, at least he wanted to play some games. He tried to pull up the oversized sleeves made to look like wings and realized there were no openings for his hands. “This is a dumb costume, I won’t even be able to use the tablet like this.”

“Boys let’s go, we need to get pictures before dinner!” He heard his father call up.

His little brother James stepped into the room wearing a pilgrim costume with a tall hat. “Olly you look like a dork in that thing! I can’t believe Mom got you to wear such a silly costume” James teased his brother.

“Shut up! I don’t want to wear it.” Oliver angrily said. He walked forward and heard clicking as he stepped, the plastic in the socks clicked on the ground as he walked. James chuckled at the sounds.

“We better go then.” James grabbed Oliver's wing and pulled him out of his room. In the hallway he saw his older brother Grant, who was eleven years old, one year older than him.

“Nice costume Olly, I thought these were ugly but I guess we lucked out?” Grant smugly said. James and Grant chuckled at that.

Oliver’s face was turning red and starting to match the fabric around it. The three of them walked to the front door.

“Finally, you all look fantastic!” His Mom said. The two boys dressed as pilgrims were all smiles and Oliver just looked grumpy and looked away. He heard his Mom snap a picture on her phone. “Get in the car, we are heading to Grandma and Grandpa’s for dinner.”

The boys put on their shoes but Oliver was struggling with his. “Mom I can’t put on my shoes with my arms in these wings!” The other boys were laughing at him, he was getting noticeably frustrated.

“Don’t get so flustered! Just slip on these flip flops for today.” Hi mom pulled out a pair of his flip flops from the summer. Oliver slipped them on and headed for the car.

“Everything is packed and ready to go.” His Dad said. All the boys piled into the car, Oliver needed to sit in a middle seat since his tail feathers were so big.

The family drove out to a farm where their Grandparents lived. It wasn’t a huge place but Oliver loved coming here in the summer. The car rolled into the driveway. “Looks like my sister is already here” His father said. That meant his twin cousins were also around somewhere. Aaron and Alice who were both twelve.

As they started shuffling out of the car the front door of the house opened and everyone came out. “Late as always brother!” Oliver’s aunt teased his Dad.

“Don’t worry about that, let’s get some pictures at the pumpkin patch!” His Grandma said. “Oh Olly you look so

cute in your Turkey suit!” His Grandma pinched his cheek.

Oliver got red in the face “Thanks Grandma.” He mumbled.

His older cousins were already at the pumpkin patch and when they saw Oliver they were howling with laughter. “Wow! Grant you sent me a picture but I didn’t expect it to look so good.” Alice shouted. “Olly you look great, really festive” She couldn’t hold back her laughter.

“Let’s just get this over with.” Oliver grumbled.

His Grandfather setup the camera and started snapping pictures in various poses, he made one where it looked like everyone was chasing him. Then one individually, then just the families and finally one all together. “These are going to make great Christmas cards!” his Grandfather said.

Everyone started heading for the house, it looked like everyone had finally got their laughs out over his costume. Once inside he followed his cousins to a living room where they were watching some movie.

“Oh Olly, you better change before dinner.” His Grandma told him.

Oliver got a little excited. “Oh I can change now!”

“Yes, the pictures are over.” His Grandma smiled at him.

Oliver then had the realization he wasn’t wearing anything under the Turkey costume. He went to look for his Mom who was setting up the tables to eat at. As usual there was an adult and kids table. “Uh, mom?” Oliver said.

“Yes Olly, what do you need?” His Mom said.

“Did you bring me any clothes I can change into?” Oliver asked with hope.

“No Olly, I didn’t. I told you to grab your things before we left. You are old enough now to pick out your own clothes.” His Mom smiled at him.

Oliver frowned. If he was old enough to “Pick out his own clothes” how did he end up like this. He didn’t say that to his Mom who would just tell him not to talk back. “Is there anything else for me to wear?”

“Sorry Olly, I can’t help you here.” His Mom just continued to set up the tables.

If Oliver knew he could change he would have packed an outfit. He walked back to the kitchen to ask his Dad if he brought a change of clothes. “Dad, do you know if there is a change of clothes in the car?”

“I didn’t pack anything Olly, you should have brought something though, dinner is just about ready. Actually, can you go tell the others?” His Father asked.

Oliver sighed. “Sure Dad.”. Oliver walked back to the living room. “Hey everyone, dinner is ready.” He announced to the room.

This brought forth giggles from the four of them. Grant eventually stopped. “It’s a little funny, A Turkey announcing that dinner is ready for Thanksgiving.” Oliver just rolled his

eyes and headed for the kitchen.

“Oh Olly, you didn’t change?” His Grandma asked.

Oliver got embarrassed some more. “No, this is all I brought to wear, I didn’t realize I could change.” He explained to his Grandma.

“Oh I see, well enjoy your dinner.” She walked towards the dining room. The Kids Table was in the kitchen separated from the adults, the kids didn’t mind since they were all so close in age.

Oliver sat down at the end of the table since the tail feather spread out so much. He looked at the great spread in front of him. His plate was filled with turkey, Mashed Potatoes, Stuffing, Carrots, Turnips and cranberry sauce. Everyone was smiling and looking at him.

“What!” He stared back at the group.

“Oh nothing, just waiting for the Turkey to start eating turkey.” James said giggling.

Oliver again just rolled his eyes at the lame joke. Instinctively he tried to roll up his sleeve and remembered that these wings don’t have openings for his hands. He looked up at the group who were watching him fiddle with the wings.

“Having some issues?” Aaron said smugly.

“There just aren’t any openings for my hands” Oliver explained. This comment got them all giggling again. He

tried to pick up his fork through the costume material, once he tried to pick up some food though it would slip out of his hand. The table was watching him struggle, laughing at him.

“Need some help?” Alice offered.

“No! I’ll manage.” Oliver said confidently, he didn’t need his cousin helping him eat dinner. Oliver tried to bring some potatoes to his mouth only to drop the fork back onto the plate before it reached his mouth. The kids were all laughing at him and started eating their own dinner. Oliver’s stomach grumbled as he struggled for another couple minutes.

“Just let me help, you’re struggling.” Alice then grabbed his fork and brought it up to his mouth. Oliver didn’t want to be fed by his cousin like a baby and refused. “Just eat it, it will be faster!” She exclaimed.

Oliver’s stomach growled again and he finally opened his mouth. Alice then took turns eating and feeding Oliver. Oliver was so embarrassed by the end there were tears in his eyes. “Thanks Alice” Oliver mumbled at the end of dinner.

“No problem Olly!” Alice said.

After dinner everyone said goodbye and headed home, it was dark out. Oliver felt tired on the car ride home and ended up falling asleep in the car.