The Pajama Swap

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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Mike looked at the pajamas on the bed and sighed. Somehow, grandma always found him the most childish pajamas in existence. He was almost a teenager! Where did she even find Thomas the Tank Engine pajamas in his size. "Well, guess I better"

"Good, you're not dressed yet." His sister said, barging in without even knocking.

"Hey! What if I had been naked?"

"First of all, why would you get naked to put on pajamas? Plus, I've seen you naked before." She scoffed. "And thirdly, I know you're about as thrilled with yours as I am with mine." She gestured with the white lacey nightgown in her hand.

"I'd take mine over yours any day." Mike said with a smirk.

"Mikey!"

"It's Mike."

"I don't care what your friends call you. You're still Mikey to me." She patted his cheek, which was a weird thing for a little sister to do. She did it all the same. "And it's funny you say that you'd take yours over mine."

"Why?"

"Cuz I propose a trade."

"A trade?"

"That's right, Mr. Echo." She said. "I'll wear your pajams, you'll wear this thing." She tossed the nightgown next to his childish pajamas. "I don't know why grandma thinks I'm

some little girly girl who wears this stuff."
"And I don't know why you think I want to wear it."
"Simple." She smiled. "Either you do that or you're going to school Monday with a full-fledged makeover. What'll your friends think of that, Mikey?"
"You wouldn't dare."
"Wouldn't I?" She giggled.
"Well, grandma will"
"Grandma's like blind. As long as someone's wearing that nightie, she'll be happy. Aren't you excited to watch this movie anyway?"
"Yeah, but"
"But what?"
"Our hair." Their hair was the same color, but his was far shorter than the dark blonde cascade pouring down her shoulders.
"Mhm." She pulled a hairtie off her wrist and pulled her hair back into a nice, tight ponytail. Mike blinked and his sister suddenly had the exact same hairstyle as him! "What do you think?"
"Cool, but" he froze and backed away, but his back met the cool wall. There was no escape. He tried to lunge around his sister, but a single touch was all she needed. By the time he got to the other side of the room, his hair was just as long as hers had been. Worse, she was now much closer to their pajamas.
"There. If you want me to put your hair back to normal, you're wearing the nightie." Mike groaned.
"Fine."

"Keep pouting about it and I'll do your nails too." Mike looked at the nightgown and groaned again. It even had a bow on it! No wonder she was so upset about wearing it! "I'm not getting off that much easier than you." She said, looking at her reflection in the mirror. "I look like a little kid." She turned and giggled as she watched her brother, now in just his underwear, pulling on the nightie. "You're right, Mikey! Could be a lot worse!" They looked enough alike that she knew the photos their grandma was bound to take would not give away Mike's secret, but she knew the truth. A photo of her older brother in the nightgown was sure to come in handy...