The Watcher

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2023

Chapter 1

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Logan leaned against the column, trying to look as nonchalant as he could as he watched the dance studio across the street. He could not say why, but he had spent every Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday this summer standing right here, watching the dancers do their classes. It was about the girliest thing Logan could think of, something that would normally repulse him. He had even thrown out a pair of pink boxers because they were too feminine to his eye. All the same, he felt transfixed by the girls twirling, their tutus bouncing.

Shifting his grip on his longboard, he noticed a new development as one of the girls stepped out of the dance studio and looked directly at him. He tried to pretend like he had not noticed. After all, he was not watching the girls, was he? No, she was looking directly at him. She stood there in her pink tutu and tights, clearly looking at him. When she noticed his gaze, she waved and gestured for him to come over. Confused, Logan hesitated for a moment. What if she was going to yell at him for staring at her and the other girls? He looked away again.

"Hey, you!" She called. He sighed and crossed the street.

"Hey" The girl grinned as he drew near. Suddenly, she lunged toward him and grabbed his wrists. Logan blinked and she was suddenly wearing his hoodie, his jeans. He looked down.

"What the?" The girl snickered.

"Thanks. I hate ballet." Grabbing his longboard, she skillfully skated away, leaving him outside in her ballet outfit.

"What are you doing out here?" The teacher asked, poking her head out of the studio. Logan stammered, but how could he explain? She sighed knowingly. "That girl. Alright, come inside. Do your best to follow along with the rest of the class. She's normally back before her mom comes to pick her up." Tutu bouncing, Logan dashed inside, blushing as the girls giggled at his predicament. She's normally back? What if she didn't come back?