Time Out

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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"But mom! Jake said"

"I don't want to hear it." She looked from her son to her daughter and back again. "Alright, let's all take a deep breath. Now, Jen, what did Jake say?"

"He said that" the whole story came out. Jake had plans to pelt Jen and her friends with eggs when they came out of their ballet lesson tomorrow afternoon. Jake watched as her brow furrowed the more his mom heard.

"Well." She did not even have to ask if Jen was telling the truth. It was written all over her son's guilt-ridden face. "Jen, sweetie, can you go grab your ballet outfit?" Confused, Jen complied, bringing her duffel over. "Here's what we're going to do, Jake. You are going to put on each and every article of clothing in Jen's ballet bag and then you're going to stand in timeout." Jake was baffled.

"What? Wait, what?"

"I said what I said. Take this into the bathroom and put it on. Tights, leotard, the works. Every single thing in there." She checked the time. "I'll give you ten minutes before I come in

there and put you in it, understand?"

"But mom!"

"Now or you'll be undressing right here in front of me and Jen." While Jake was in the bathroom, she talked with Jen about the position Jake would take for timeout. It was something Jen was quite good at doing after years of practice, lifting her foot up behind her back. For a less flexible boy like Jake, it would be difficult to hold for very long at all.

It was eleven minutes before Jake emerged, but Jen was laughing so hard at his appearance that mom let it go.

"There, I'm in it." He muttered.

"And that's everything from the bag? Slippers, tights, leotard and tights. Oh! What's this?"

"A weird ribbon."

"It's for your hair." Mom explained. "Jen, would you mind?"

"Ow!" Jen forced Jake's shaggy hair into an almost bun.

"So pretty." Jen teased, flipping her brother's skirt before beating a hasty retreat before he could hit her.

"Jen, would you mind showing your brother what pose he'll be doing for timeout?"

"Pose?" His jaw dropped as he saw Jen gracefully and effortlessly lift her leg. "I can't do that!"

"You're going to try." Mom said. "You can use the wall for

support, but you're going to hold your leg up just like that until you realize how difficult ballet is." She smiled at him. "It is a punishment, after all. What's more" she looked to Jen. "Jen's been kind enough to say that that is now your ballet outfit. You'll wear it for each and every punishment for now on. Timeouts, but if you really misbehave, maybe you'll wear it to Jen's ballet class." She could see rage and confusion welling up in Jake. "Alright, my ballerina boy, take your position!" She checked the time again. "I think you can keep practicing your new ballet position until dinner's ready. And in that outfit until bed."