Vienna

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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"Because you're a good brother." Zoe said with a smile as she put the finishing touches on my make-up. "Though, remember"

"Yeah, I know." I said. "I'm not your brother Zack, I'm your" I shuddered just thinking about it. "Sister Vienna." I hated the name, but Zoe had given me since last night to pick my own. Since I couldn't, I got the name she had picked. Vienna.

"And how old are you, baby sis?"

"Zoe!"

"What? That's how sisters talk to each other." I knew the story she had made up for me.

"I'm six and a half." I muttered, knowing from my reflection I really did look it. How she had turned an eleven year old boy into a six and a half year old girl with just make-up and a headband, I did not know. "All I do know," I muttered to myself. "Is I'm sitting here in my underwear."

"We'll get you dressed soon. Then"

"It's an hour of photos."

"Hour tops." She said. "Hour and a half tops."

"What?"

"Shh, don't yell. Remember, these photos are for my design

final, so you gotta make them look good." Zoe went to this artsy high school for fashion design and her final was to make an outfit chosen at random by the instructor. Somehow, she had gotten six year old girl princess dress or something and decided it was easier to blackmail me, her own brother, into modeling it for photos.

"I can't see my feet!" I complained as she fussed over the dress, all sleeves and a enormous skirt. I felt ridiculous, but at least the mirror was behind me and I couldn't confirm how ridiculous I was.

"Wiggle your toes and you'll know they're there. Lift your foot." She pushed shoes onto my feet and I sighed.

"This better be worth it."

"It will be, Vienna." She said. "What? That's your name until we're done."

"What girl would wear this?" I complained, slamming my hands down on the skirt.

"Careful! You don't want to ruin the shape! Just gently lay your hands on it." I did my best. I had to look absolutely insane!

"I swear to god, if even one person says I'm a boy."

"Seriously, no one would ever in a million years imagine you're a boy in this dress." She said with a laugh. I glared at her.

The photoshoot was not even that bad. The photographer was obviously just trying to get things done, so he relayed his orders to Zoe, who then had me stand by the door or the window or wherever, my feet clacking on the floor in the cavernous space as I did my best to follow his orders. It

seemed like every time I turned my head, I saw my massive sleeves. Again, what girl would ever wear this?

Finally, after I stood at a piano, the photographer said he was done. I wanted to change immediately, but Zoe chatted with the photographer until he left, only then coming over to me.

"Finally! Can I change?" Zoe smiled and I felt my heart sink.

"Can you unzip yourself?" Between the sleeves and my general inflexibility, all I could do was turn in circles, trying to grab the elusive zipper. "Huh." Zoe said pensively, as if it had only just occurred to her how trapped I truly was. "Guess that means I have a little sister for as long as I want."