

# MY SISTER'S SHORTS

By: Steve Bolin

I may only be 14, but I've learned a few things in that amount of time. And as much as it pains me to say it, some of those lessons have been taught by my sister. Of course, *she'll* never hear me admit that.

The big thing I learned from her is that being the oldest doesn't always mean much. She showed me that brains overcomes brawn every time. Who'd have thought she had it in her?

It started last night just before bedtime. My sister was hogging the bathroom as usual, taking her nightly shower. How anyone can spend so much time in the bathroom is beyond me. This was the perfect time for a little practical joke.

I snuck into her room, crept over to her dresser and put a frog in her underwear drawer. I went to my room since she wouldn't find it until she was out of the shower – if she ever got out. While I waited, I got everything ready for school the following day. I've got my daily morning ritual down to a science.

I do everything I can to maximize my morning sleep time so that I never have to wake up any earlier than possible. That's why I lay out all my clothes before bedtime. My lucky ball cap is on my bedpost and my jacket is on the door knob. I have everything organized so that I can be out of bed and dressed in 3 minutes flat.

My sister's scream indicates that she's found my little surprise. Her yelp is like music to my ears. To my surprise, she told Mom & Dad that she'd seen a mouse.

I was already in bed when she came to my room dressed in her pajamas. The look on her face was unreadable. I asked her if she was mad. She said that she doesn't get mad; she gets even.

Whatever. Like I was worried about what my little sister could do to me. Putting a frog in my sister's underwear – or shorts as I like to call them – wasn't the worse thing I could've done.

The next morning when I got up for school, I'd forgotten all about the incident. As usual, I was more focused on getting ready for the bus. Strangely, my lamp wasn't working. Because I was already organized from the night before, I didn't really need much light to get dressed anyway. I'd get Mom to change the bulb for me when I got home from school later in the afternoon.

I rushed out the door and barely made it to the bus before it pulled away. The morning sun was just beginning to shine its first rays of light. By the faint illumination, I could see that my sister was already on the bus. She had a big, dumb looking grin on her face. It was one of those "I know something you don't know" kind of looks.

Yeah, right. Like I cared about any dumb old secret she had. The weird thing about getting on the bus though, was that my kid sister wasn't the only one smiling strangely at me. Lots of other

kids were too.

Great. She probably told everyone on the bus some stupid lie about me. I suddenly remembered last night. Chances are, this was her way of “getting even” with me like she’d promised.

All the way to school, kids kept staring at me and giving me that same strange smile. I couldn’t help but wonder what outrageous thing she’d told them all. Whatever it was, no one seemed willing to let me in on the secret. I couldn’t wait to get off the bus and get around some of my normal friends at school.

At school though, it was more of the same thing. People were looking at me and giving me that same strange smile. Girls would walk by and snicker amongst themselves as though sharing some big secret about me. I hadn’t been to school long enough for my sister’s rumor to spread *that* quickly.

In the hallway near my locker, I saw a group of my friends. I hoped things would get back to normal now. But they were laughing even more outrageously than anyone else so far.

What in the world was going on? Did my sister tape a “kick me” sign on my back? I felt my back – nothing there – then checked my pants. I could neither see nor feel anything out of the ordinary. I even checked my zipper, but it was up. Had everyone in the world gone loony tunes?

In desperation, I asked one of my friends to please tell me what was so funny. He stopped to wipe away tears of laughter. He said that I needed to go to the bathroom and take a good look in the mirror.

In the bathroom, I immediately saw it. My sister had taken her revenge. It’ll be a long time before I play another prank on her.

In the mirror, wrapped over the top of my lucky ball cap, I saw it. It was a small, pink, lacy item – girl’s underwear. It was a pair of my sister’s shorts.

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A life long resident of Indiana and full time writer, Steve Bolin has previously published poetry and short stories in, "Black Petals," and "Dark Moon Rising."

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