

# Summer Wardrobe Mishap

## Stargazer Overalls

*Created May 2025, main storyline supplied by Carg, text by ChatGPT 4o.*

### Chapter 1: Arrival

Jamie Walker stepped off the bus into Misty Hollow with a duffel bag, earbuds in, and his hoodie pulled over his head. He wasn't excited to spend the summer with Aunt Elise and his older cousin Ivy. The town was too quiet, the roads too empty. And when the bus drove away, so did his last bit of control. Especially when they learned his luggage hadn't arrived.

"Delayed," Aunt Elise sighed, reading from her phone. "Looks like it's stuck in Chicago. Should be here in a few days."

"Days?" Jamie groaned.

Then came Ivy, all confident calm with her paint-splattered shorts, galaxy-print tank top, and smirk. "Guess you're about to experience a very fashionable week."

He didn't like the way she said that.

### Chapter 2: First Fit

That evening, Jamie found a folded pile of clothes on his bed. At the top were soft, sky-blue overalls embroidered with tiny white stars. They looked brand new, probably handmade. He picked them up, sighing.

"These are for toddlers."

Ivy leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed. "You want to wear your travel clothes to bed again? Be my guest."

Grumbling, Jamie changed. The overalls were a challenge. The buttons at the straps confused him at first, and it took three tries to get both fastened. Once on, though, they were surprisingly comfortable—soft fleece inside, the legs slightly cropped, pockets deep enough to hide his phone and pride.

He came out to dinner in them, arms crossed.

"You look like a dreamy farm boy," Ivy said. Jamie blushed.

### Chapter 3: The Romper Test

Next came the romper. The following morning, Ivy handed him a pale yellow one-piece with ruffled cap sleeves and sunflower prints.

"Are you serious?" Jamie asked, eyes wide.

"It's comfy. Stretchy. Trust me."

He reluctantly pulled it on. It zipped up the back, which meant awkward twisting, and the elastic at the thighs made it feel snug in unfamiliar ways. It was breathable, soft, and once on, kind of cute—though he'd never say that out loud.

"Ten out of ten," Ivy said, circling him. "You pull off bright colors."

He looked away, embarrassed but weirdly flattered.

## Chapter 4: Discovery

Jamie began to settle into the rhythm of the household. Ivy's world was all pastels, patterns, and personality. She dressed without apology and seemed to see Jamie as her personal project.

One afternoon she handed him a zip-up onesie covered in cartoon frogs.

"It has a tail," he said flatly.

"That means it's deluxe."

It was fleece-lined, warm, and took effort to get into. He had to sit to pull the legs up, then shimmy the arms through, and zip carefully to avoid the neckline catching. He nearly gave up twice.

Once on, though, it was like a hug. Cozy. Ridiculous. But kind of perfect for movie night.

That night, they watched cheesy horror films while sharing popcorn. Jamie didn't notice when his head leaned against Ivy's shoulder.

## Chapter 5: Cracks in the Shell

Jamie found himself watching Ivy more. Her laugh came from her whole body. She teased him gently but praised him honestly. One day, she painted tiny gold stars on his fingernails while he wore her favorite hoodie: soft lavender with a velvet moon patch on the chest.

"You're kind of beautiful like this," she said, then added quickly, "I mean, aesthetically. You're symmetrical."

Jamie flushed. He didn't respond, but his heart thudded.

## Chapter 6: The Limit

She brought out a romper one night that was clearly a challenge: pale lavender, lace trim, pearlescent buttons, puffed sleeves.

"Absolutely not," Jamie said.

"Just once," Ivy pleaded. "For me."

He gave in.

It took several tries to button the back. Ivy had to help, her fingers warm against his spine. The fabric hugged awkward places, but Ivy stepped back with a soft gasp.

"You look like you walked out of a storybook," she said, almost reverent.

Jamie met her eyes. Something in his chest shifted.

## Chapter 7: Almost

They sat under the stars on a blanket. Jamie in soft pink overalls. Ivy in a band T-shirt and skirt.

"You've changed," she said.

"I know."

She reached for his hand, examined his painted nails. "You're brave. Braver than most."

Jamie looked at her. The air between them was quiet, warm, charged.

Then she smiled and squeezed his hand.

"Don't worry. I'll always dress you better than you dress yourself."

He laughed, heart aching in a way he didn't yet understand.

## Chapter 8: Homeward

Jamie's suitcase finally arrived. He unzipped it and stared at the bland T-shirts, the cargo shorts, the plain jeans.

None of them felt like him anymore.

He turned to Ivy. "Can I keep the stargazer overalls?"

She smiled. "You better. They suit you."

He packed his bag with soft pastels, rompers, painted nail polish, and one lavender hoodie.

When he hugged Ivy goodbye at the station, he felt the weight of something unspoken.

And as the bus pulled away, he looked down at his outfit—painted nails, canvas shoes, and overalls with tiny stars—and smiled.

He hadn't just found new clothes.

He'd found a new self.