

Jenny and Claire were always at odds with each other. Claire was more timid and rather polite, but Jenny had been the child from hell growing up. Claire figured that once Jenny had started going to college, she would either move out of their parents' home or, at the very least, chill out on the endless bullying she had gone through. But to her dismay, somehow Jenny ended up ramping up the bullying.

It was one mid-November day when things had finally come to a head. Jenny called down from the top of the stairs, "Hey Claire, I've got a surprise for you. Come here when you get a chance." Claire, hearing this and knowing it couldn't be good, sighed a heavy sigh and called back, "Sure, I'll be up in a minute."

Now, Claire had just started her first year of high school at the start of the fall, and for some reason, it felt as though Jenny was trying her hardest to make it a living hell for her. She had removed important items from her bag, hid her clothes, and even stolen her makeup, causing

her to show up late. Every time she tried to tell her mom, she just said that she must have just misplaced them and would always take Jenny's side, which only ended up empowering her more.

With this emboldened power she had from the constant and unimpeded bullying, she had ended up doing the most cruel thing she had come up with so far. Claire made her way up the stairs to see Jenny standing in the doorway of the upstairs bathroom with a very sinister grin on her face. "Why are you smiling like that?" Claire asked. "The real question is, do you think this is funny?" replied Jenny.

"Do I think what is funny?" asked Claire, even more confused. Jenny simply pointed at the toilet, still holding the same twisted expression on her face. Claire looked in and saw all of her panties stuffed into the toilet. "Are those my panties!?" shouted Claire. "Sure looks that way, squirt. Why did you put those in there? I know you, they need to be washed with how bad you stink, but that's definitely not the way to do it."

Jenny busted out laughing after saying this, making Claire tear up.

Claire knew the drill by now and simply went about removing the panties from the toilet. She wore rubber gloves, of course, or at least she would have had Jenny not hidden those away, so she'd have to do it with her bare hands. It was a completely disgusting thing to do, and Claire was more than pissed off at this point. She was so more than willing to get her revenge by any means necessary. Now, Claire was a bad person, but even good people will hit a breaking point at some point, and she had hit hers a long time ago.

While she was cleaning, she kept cursing her sister, saying things like if only she could see what it was like to have even a shred of pushback on the messed things she does, I'm sure she would stop. Also, things like she needs to stop acting like a child; anyway, she's a whole 8 years older than me, but she still acts like a 12-year-old.

It appeared that someone was listening in on her because a being appeared before her, introducing himself as a djinn. But not just any djinn, but one who deals exclusively in revenge. He heard her pleas of payback and couldn't help but intervene in her plight.

Claire was more than a little bit overwhelmed at the sudden appearance of this somewhat ethereal man that promised revenge for all the pain she's gone through over the years, and while it was tempting, she didn't want to just agree outright. After all, Jen was a total pain, but she was still her sister. Claire asked, "What kind of revenge did he have in mind? You're not gonna hurt her, are you?"

"Well, I've heard your calls, and I think I've got just the thing for you. It's a standard they-do-this-and-that-happens. In this case, I'd recommend when she does or says something mean, then she gets younger. And if she can last a month without hitting the age of what was it you said? Hmm, oh yes, 12. If she can make it a month

without hitting the age of 12, then she will return to normal and will have learned a valuable lesson. But if she continues her bratty ways, she will be trapped as a child and forced to deal with growing back up, hopefully a bit nicer this time around," the djinn explained.

Claire thought about it for a minute, and she was actually liking this idea. She then said to the djinn, "Ok, I'm in. Let's do it. How do we start?"

"It's actually rather simple. Now that I've got the consent of the revenger, I will now pay your sister a visit and explain the curse to her. It very well wouldn't be very fair not to explain it to her, and it sure wouldn't teach her anything that way," he said with a knowing smile.

The djinn disappeared in a plume of smoke, leaving Claire to continue cleaning up the mess she had nearly forgotten, only to hear a scream from the other room, presumably Jenny had just met her djinn friend. Fortunately for Claire, she and Jenny were home alone at the moment.

The djinn appeared right in front of Claire, causing her to scream, and in a powerful voice, he declared, "You have caused harm to far too many, and in your path of destruction, you have brought down the ire of an all-powerful djinn. You shall now be tried and forced through a trial. If you can pass the trial, you will be rewarded with one wish. Your trial shall begin upon my departure. I shall now explain the rules of the trial. It's very simple; all you must do is not say or do anything mean for one month! If you are to do or say anything mean, one year of your life shall be shaved off the top, so to speak. If you are to hit the age of 12, you will have failed the trial. Do you have any questions before I depart?"

Jenny, somewhat stunned, asked, "Do I have to do the trial?" "Yes, you must," he replied. "Uh, OK. Is there any stipulation on the wish I make?" "No, there is not," he said. "Won't it be unusual for people to see me get younger? You know, if that happens?" "No, none shall know that you've been any other age than the one you are at the time,"

he once again replied, although not being completely truthful, as Claire would also remember everything.

"OK, I guess that's all the questions that I have," said Jenny. Normally, in a situation of someone trying to boss her around, she wouldn't have it, but one wish of unspecified power that could be hers, and all she had to do was not be mean for a month, and she could be mean like 9 or 10 times before she had to stop for good. She felt like it was an easy task, little did she know how hard it'd actually be for her.

The djinn was now gone, not to return until the end of the trial. Now, if Jenny was to pass, she would gain a wish, but if she was to fail, Claire would be the one to receive the wish. The djinn purposefully left out that detail in case Claire decided to get Jenny to slip up on purpose, which, in the end, Claire wouldn't have done. Regardless, in all honesty, all Claire truly wanted was for her sister to stop being so rotten to her.

It was at this time that Jenny decided she would do her best to keep social interactions to a minimum, knowing that any little thing she said could be taken as a mean statement. She was also contemplating if the djinn had been telling the truth. Aside from the magical appearance in his room, she had no other proof of his abilities. She thought about testing it out, but she figured it wasn't worth the risk. After all, she would find out if she ended up slipping up anyway, so why risk doubling up and losing two years anyway?

Jenny spent the day locked up in her room while Claire spent the day doing laundry and cleaning up the mess in the bathroom. It was around dinner time that Claire and Jenny had another encounter. Their mother called them down to eat, and the three of them sat down to eat dinner together.

Claire asked their mother if Dad was gonna be working late again, which she simply nodded, and then asked if anything exciting happened today. This made them both somewhat nervous,



but they both said nothing really happened today. But then Claire said, "Well, actually, I did spend a good portion of the day cleaning the bathroom and I got some laundry done, so it wasn't a completely wasted day." Their mother was pleased with this and said, "Well, isn't that good of you to take some initiative and get some chores done? Even though it was a weekend, you're such a good girl." This made Claire beam and say, "Thanks, Mom."

This annoyed Jenny, and she said, "Well, she only did it 'cause I made her. After all, it was her mess in the bathroom anyway." After she said it, she covered her mouth, but she didn't notice any changes. Her mother then said, "Well, even if that's true, she still did a good job doing her chores. Did you do anything today in the same vein or did you hide in your room like you have been since I got home?" This took Jenny by surprise as normally her mother would have agreed with her, and she said, "Uhm, well, I did do some cleaning in my room, but no, not really," trying her hardest not to say anything mean.

While it appeared that the comment she made earlier didn't affect her, she wasn't sure if that just didn't count as a truly mean thing or that the djinn was just lying, but she really didn't want to risk it. It was about this time that Jenny noticed something or noticed the lack of something. The tattoo she had gotten a few months back was now gone, wiped from her wrist, almost as if she had never gotten it.

Claire had noticed when Jenny had been mean earlier that she had changed. It was very subtle, but it did happen, but she had noticed the missing tattoo first, mostly since she was looking for it. Jenny then blurted out, "What happened to my tattoo? It's gone." Her mother looked over confused and said, "You don't have a tattoo unless you got one without me knowing about it?" Jenny said back, "I did have a tattoo. I even showed it to you. It was right here. It was a tiara that said 'Princess' under it. It was very classy," Jenny explained. Claire responded, "You're probably better off. That sounds more

trashy than classy, sis." Their mother couldn't help but laugh at that and said, "Oh honey, Claire is right. That doesn't sound like a good tattoo. If you get a tattoo, it should really be something more important than something like that. It doesn't sound like the tattoo a real princess would get anyway."

Jenny bit her tongue and just went back to eating her dinner, trying her hardest not to be involved in the conversation.

At risk of getting younger, Jenny was sure at that point that the djinn's powers were indeed real, and she hadn't even gone a full day without slipping up. The thought of getting younger frightened her. What if she ended up being 12 again? She'd be two years younger than her baby sister. She couldn't let that happen. She had to make sure not to be mean for the next month at all costs.

After dinner, their mother asked them to do the dishes. Claire agreed, but Jenny was trying to

get out of there as quickly as possible. She silently began collecting the plates as her sister filled the sink with warm, sudsy water. It took only a few minutes, but Jenny was really struggling. Claire, still somewhat mad at Jenny from the incident earlier, didn't really want to talk to her either, so it ended up being a fairly quiet chore. Once they were done, they both went to their respective rooms and got ready for bed, it being a school night and all.

Claire had a fairly normal night before bed, but Jenny found that her textbooks and other classwork were different but not unfamiliar. A lot of them were from the courses she had taken last year. Then she grabbed a class schedule from one of the folders and realized she was repeating last year's courses all over again. She was now 100% certain that she was going to have to take this seriously if she wanted to stay an adult. She figured there was nothing she could do about it, so she figured she'd just have to go to class, whether that was an old class or not. Besides, she had already passed the

classes, so it should be a breeze for her anyway. She went to bed, dreading what she'd have to face the next day.

It was around 11 am when Jenny's alarm clock went off. She looked at it and got up, saying, "But wasn't class at 8 am today?" But then she remembered the djinn and the change in her schedule. She grabbed the class schedule off the desk to reexamine it and saw that her class was now at 12:45 today. She also saw that it was her only class for the day, albeit a 4-hour lecture. Jenny went and showered, got ready for her day, and thought about how, since her classes were so late, she didn't have a chance to mess with Claire. But she smacked herself and said, "No, I can't be mean, and that includes to the little twerp." She pushed it out of her mind, grabbed her stuff, including the class schedule, and made her way out the door. She made it to the school with no incident and entered the building, looking for the lecture hall where her class was being held. Eventually finding it, she sat in an open seat.

Class went on, and it did indeed drag on. But Jenny did her best to listen. She was actually rather surprised at the information that the course had. She figured that it must be because of the professor being different that the information he was presenting was all new to her. She ended up shrugging it off and continued to take notes and listen until they had a short break to go grab something to snack on or to use the bathroom.

Jenny took the chance to get a drink, but she mostly just wanted to stretch her legs. After all, she'd been sitting for two hours straight. So she made her way to the nearest vending machine and stood in line. Some of the other students were surprised to see that, because normally Jenny would push them out of the way, declaring herself the princess as she does it. This ended up being a nickname that she became all too proud of, hence the tattoo she would have had, had the djinn not intervened in her life.

Seeing Jenny actually standing in line made

some of the people from her class approach her and strike up a conversation with her. One of the guys said to her, "Oh, you're not gonna cut the line today 'Princess'?" Jenny replied, doing her best to stay calm, "Oh, that? I just thought it was funny, you know, like no one even stopped me. I just wanted to see how long I could keep it going, but then no one ever did. Hahaha," she said while nervously laughing.

One of the other boys who was waiting in line overhead that and said, "I call you out on it every time you do it, and you always push people out of the way?" Jenny turned red, embarrassed at being called out on it, and said, "Well, it was just a joke. You don't need to be so mean about it." "Mean? That's rich coming from you," shouted one of the girls in the crowd of classmates. Then the rest of the class just murmured in agreement.

This was Jenny's breaking point, and she really couldn't take it any longer. She shouted, "F@\*k you all!" As the words left her mouth, though, she found that she wasn't at the school anymore, but

she was in her bedroom. She smacked herself in the face. "Great, now I'm back to being 20 before I started going to college. It's not like I really wanted to go in the first place, but still, I'm not liking this. It's only been 24 hours, and I'm already down two years. How am I gonna survive a month of this?"

It was then that she had an epiphany. "If I can just be nice for the next month with no incidents of being mean, I don't have school, I don't go to work. All I need to do is hang out in the house and chill." So that's what she did. She spent the next three days hiding away in her room, only leaving it to eat and use the bathroom and the occasional chore she was forced to do either by her mom or her dad. But after three days of being a shut-in, her mother made her go out to the store with her.

Jenny was sure she had to try her best to not lose her cool, but she knew that was gonna be much more difficult when she saw Claire get in the back seat. She asked, "What Claire was



doing here?" Claire then said, "I wanted to go get some new makeup at the mall and maybe some new clothes as well." Jenny said, "Isn't that fun? Sounds like a blast." Jenny was clearly gritting her teeth, knowing that she had just been forced to go to the mall with a landmine. After all, Jenny would never admit it, but Claire fueled her anger. It was something that had never made sense to Claire, but to Jenny, she knew exactly why. After all, Jenny was 8 when Claire was born, and that can be very difficult on a child. She never wanted to deal with being a big sister. She was fine being an only child for 8 years. She didn't feel like she needed it to change, and as the years went on, the resentment only grew and grew, leaving Jenny with a more than bratty disposition. So now that her source of anger was now so near while she was not only trying to avoid her but regular people as well, it only made things grow more complicated for Jenny.