

The Pink Tutu



by Robert Prins

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The person who wore it was Uncle Andrew. No one knew where he found it, but it was rumoured to be much older and more magical than it looked. Why Uncle Andrew would have put the silly thing on in the first place was something no one knew. Uncle Andrew is a refined man with taste and flair, but the fluffy pink tutu made him look absolutely ridiculous. But the deed had been done. Uncle Andrew was dressed in the tutu and the magic began.

None of the rest of us were expecting it. I sincerely doubt that even Uncle Andrew was expecting the magic to begin its work. But all at once his brain began churning our great and wonderful thoughts. Thoughts so profound, none of us could understand them. They were thoughts so deep and intelligent, we wondered if he had lost his mind. After all, a grown man, normally sane and respectable, was now wearing a pink tutu and philosophising about the mysteries of the universe.

As we gathered around him, Uncle Andrew stopped his discourse and stood still. His eyes hazed for a moment. We held back, wondering what was going on.

“I’ve got it!” he yelled.

We jumped.

“I know the secret to time travel!” he exclaimed.

Without warning he ran from the room, his pink tutu bouncing up and down like candyfloss in the hand of a jumping child. We ran into the kitchen after him, following white flashes of bare leg each time the tutu sprung upward. He pulled open the freezer, scrambled in the pantry, poured boiling water and vinegar into a concoction of powdery white pantry ingredients, and then handed us each a popsicle as the kitchen filled with a sweet-sour cloud of vapour.

“This is it!” he shouted. “Hold on to your popsicles!”

All at once the mist in the kitchen enveloped everything in whiteness. I heard the vague sound of Uncle Andrew shouting, “Woo Hoo!” Then the mist cleared as quickly as it had come.

I looked around me. The kitchen had disappeared. We were sitting on the back steps of the house – the back steps that had been renovated to become a kitchen 40 years previously. Uncle Andrew was still in his fluffy pink tutu, but sitting there as a three-year old. We had travelled 50 years back in time. We were all children, just as we had been 50 years ago.

Uncle Andrew was bouncing around in his pink tutu. “It worked!” He pulled his phone from a fold of his ballet dress, set it on a chair and clicked the timer for a photo. “Smile,” he called.

As we finished our popsicles, the magic reversed and we found ourselves back in the kitchen as adults again. Somewhere on the way back the tutu was lost, leaving Uncle Andrew dressed in nothing but underpants. The loss of the pink tutu meant he hasn’t been able to remember the secret since then. But the photo is proof that we travelled in time.

Believe it ... or not.



**A pink tutu
A touch of magic
An old photo?
A surprising story
Believe it ... or not**