

Dennis The Menace

By Morpheus

I didn't create a single one of these characters and make no claim to any of them. The characters were taken from the comic strip, Dennis the Menace, and I only used them for this story. I felt in a slightly humorous mood when I started writing this one, though towards the end my mood shifted a little. Still, I hope you enjoy it. Mindy may archive this story. If anyone else wishes to archive this story, please contact me.

SRU: Dennis the Menace

By Morpheus

"MR. WILSON!!!" Screamed the toe-headed little boy as he ran cheerfully up the front steps, coming to see his favorite neighbor and bestest friend in the whole world, Mr. Wilson.

George Wilson cringed, hearing that voice. Quickly, he dropped his paper, and looked around, trying to see if there was some place he could hide from that monstrous Dennis Mitchell. The door flew open, and in charged the small boy, making George squirm uncomfortably in his chair. "What do you want?" He asked Dennis, as if he didn't know. That boy kept coming over and constantly pestering him. Here we was, already retired and just wanting to relax, and that damn boy kept coming over and making a racket.

"I just wanted to show you my new bugle" Dennis said cheerfully, holding up his prized new toy, making George cringe more. As Dennis blew an awful note on the offensive horn, George covered his ears, trying to protect them from that sound. That horrible noise that sounded like some sort of rhino mating call.

"CUT OUT THAT RACKET!" George yelled at the little boy, feeling the ulcer in his stomach protesting. Dennis just smiled enthusiastically, oblivious to George's discomfort. "Don't you have a home to go to?" George said, looking back into his paper, trying to ignore the pest.

"C'mon, Mr. Wilson", Dennis asked cheerfully, "Wanna go out and play band with me and Joey?"

"When hell freezes over" George muttered, lighting his pipe, trying to think of how he could get rid of Dennis. Before he could come up with a solution, Martha, his loving wife walked in from the kitchen, carrying a plate of cookies.

She offered one to Dennis, who said, "Wow, Mrs. Wilson, you make the best cookies on the whole block"

"Why thank you Dennis" She said smiling towards the boy.

"Don't encourage him Martha" George grumbled, wishing for just once that Martha would take his side and get rid of that brat. George shivered, just knowing that something was going to happen.

"Don't be such a grouch, George" Mrs. Wilson said, a pleasant smile still on her elderly face.

George just "Harumphed" and went back to reading his paper, while Dennis talked on and on.

"Hey Mr. Wilson" Dennis said, pulling something out of his pocket, "I've been practicing with my slingshot, and got real good"

George's pulse raced, knowing that something was going to happen, "NO" he screamed, but too late as Dennis demonstrated his accuracy, by shooting a marble at the wall, making even Martha cringe as it bounced off, smashing into her favorite vase.

"DENNNNNIS!!!" George screamed as the small culprit ran out the door thinking to himself that he'd better hide out till Mr. Wilson cooled off.

Alice Mitchell held the phone at arms length, wincing as Mr. Wilson ranted on about her son Dennis. She sighed, hanging up, wondering just how much money it was going to cost her and her husband to replace whatever it was. Dennis broke this time.

As Dennis came running into the house, she winced again, seeing the mud he was tracking through the house, just after she'd gotten done doing the floors. "Dennis Mitchell" She said loudly, "Get upstairs and put some clean clothes on" Exasperated, she bent over, and started cleaning up the trail of muddy footprints. She wished, that for just once, she wouldn't have to clean up after Dennis. Absently, she started daydreaming about the next time they could send Dennis over to his uncle's farm for the weekend.

Dennis was sitting in his room, playing with his dog, Ruff, when his Mom popped her head in. "Dennis" She said, "I've got to go pick up something from the store, and I don't think that leaving you over at the Wilson's would be a good idea just now, so come on"

"All right" Dennis said, jumping up, absently sliding a frog into one of his pockets as he ran out the door to follow his Mom.

Dennis hurried up, trying to keep up with his Mom, absently noticing how tired she looked as he ran over to the fountain in the Mall, throwing a penny in. Dennis sighed as his Mom pulled him away from the fountain, just when he almost had his penny back too. Wiping his wet hands on the front of his overalls, he went along, wondering what he could do for fun next.

Stopping, Dennis said "Wow" noticing a cool looking store. It said "Spells R Us above it, and Dennis carefully sounded it out. "A magic store" he said to himself, "Hey Mom, can we go in" and at this, Dennis ran into the door before his Mom could say anything. Reluctantly, Alice followed behind him, thinking that another few minutes delay couldn't hurt much more.

"Wow" Dennis mouthed as he looked around the store. An old man wearing a wizards robe was behind the counter, and Dennis ran up to him, "Hey mister, are you a real Wizard?" he asked excitedly.

"I sure am" the Old Man chuckled. "And how are you today, Dennis?"

Dennis smiled, realizing that he didn't even have to tell the wizard his name. "Can you do a magic trick?" Dennis asked, and the Old man smiled. He pulled a coin out of the register, and held it up for Dennis to see. He waved his other hand over it, and suddenly the coin was gone, leaving an egg in the wizards hand. Dennis "Aaahhhed" and the Old Man smiled. The egg suddenly cracked open, and a bird flew out of it, landing on the Old Mans shoulder, and shimmered, turning into a pretty girl that looked sort of like that lady from I Dream of Jeannie.

"Do another" Dennis said. He started asking the Old Man to do another, and another, and then asked him how he was doing that. The Old Man sighed, deciding that maybe he shouldn't have gone with the little boy this time. This kid was beginning to get on her nerves.

"Here" the Old Man said, handing Dennis a small black marble, with colored swirls within. "Take this" He hoped that would get rid of the kid.

"Cool" Dennis said excitedly, holding the marble up to get a closer look at the swirls, "Its a smasher" As Dennis started to slip the marble into his pocket, the forgotten about frog hopped out, landing with a splat on the floor. "OH, Hoppy" Dennis said, remembering the frog. As he reached for the frog, it hopped away.

Again he grabbed for the frog, but it hopped away. Quickly, Dennis chased the frog, trying to get it, but being too slow. The Old Man winced as Dennis bumped into one of his shelves, knocking a bottle to the floor with a resounding crash. The boy didn't seem to notice, being to intent on the frog.

Several more times, crashes were heard, making Alice run into the store quicker, and opening her mouth in horror as Dennis slipped jumped for the frog, smashing into one of the shelves full of odds and ends, knocking it askew, and dropping several things to the ground. "I'll fix it" Dennis announced, just noticing the shelf was sitting at an angle.

He pushed on it, just as the Old Man screamed, "NO" The shelf straightened out a little, then its weight sent it crashing the rest of the way, into the next shelf over, which in turn fell into the next, sending things all over the floor in a massive crash and clatter. The Old Man stared in horror, then turned bright red, "GET OUT" He screamed, pointing to the door.

"I'm so sorry" Alice started to say, quickly hurrying Dennis out of the shop, as the Old Man just sat there, sobbing into his hands.

"But Mom" Dennis protested, "It was an accident. And I even lost Hoppy. Can we go back for Hoppy? Please?"

"No" Alice said, trying to calculate how much all that damage was going to cost them. "You're grounded. Stay in that corner until your Dad gets home" With that, she stormed off, leaving Dennis sitting on a small stool, facing the corner.

Dennis leaned over, whispering to Ruff, "I don't think now's the time to ask for a bigger allowance." Ruff just wagged his tail in response.

As Dennis was going to sleep, his Dad looked down at him, saying, "He actually looks like an angel when he's sleeping"

Alice nodded, responding, "Well, he has had a busy day" They looked at each other, thankful that Dennis was finally asleep and that they could have some peace and quiet for a while.

Waiting until his parents closed the door, Dennis sat up, and pulled his new marble out, looking at it smiling. "Cool" He whispered to Ruff. "I can't wait to show this to Joey tomorrow" Ruff thumped his tail lightly, and Dennis continued, "Wow. He won't believe it when I tell him "I'll fix it" I got it from a real live wizard"

The next morning, Dennis ran out to go see Joey, his being grounded apparently forgotten by his parents. "Look what I got Joey" Dennis said proudly, holding the marble out to his friend, then telling him how he got it.

"Looks neat" Joey responded, rather unsure. "And you got it from a real wizard? Wow" Joey said. "I wish a wizard would give me something"

"Well" Dennis said with authority, "I'm sure that you'll meet a wizard who will give you something someday. Maybe a magic baseball. Now that would be real neat" Joey brightened up, accepting Dennis's predictions.

Suddenly they stopped, staring down the street in horror, seeing their worst nightmare coming towards them. Facing each other, they both said, "Margaret" then they looked back, seeing the red haired girl, pushing her glasses further onto her face, and keep walking towards them, pushing her doll carriage.

"Lets run" Joey suggested.

"Its too late" Dennis said, wincing, "She's already seen us"

"Well hello boys" Margaret, nose held high, "I thought I'd show you my new doll, Susie P Alot"

Both boys held fingers in their throats, making gagging sounds.

"That is so stupid Margaret" Dennis said "That doll looks like a car ran over its face"

"Yeah" Joey broke in, wanting to help, but not being creative enough to come up with any good insults himself.

"Well" Margaret said sputtering, angry, "You're so dumb, that when you grow up, you're going to be kindergartners" She looked at Dennis, and in a snobby manner said, "And I'm going to be President"

Dennis laughed, "When we grow up, we're going to be cowboys, and cowboys don't go to school" Dennis stuck out his tongue, "So there"

"But I thought we were going to be firemen" Joey broke in.

As the boys left an annoyed Margaret behind, Dennis said to Joey, "I'm glad we showed her", with Joey nodding in agreement. "I know" Dennis said suddenly, "Lets go find Gina and we can show her my new marble"

Dennis smiled across at Joey and Gina. Gina had long black hair and was a definite tom boy, which made her all right in Dennis's book. A lot of the time, she was so fun to be with that he even forgot that she was a girl.

Smiling, Dennis used his new smasher marble to knock one of Joey's marbles out of the circle. Gina suddenly grabbed the new marble, and pulled it out, surprising Dennis since they were in the middle of the game. "It looked like it was glowing inside" She explained, making Dennis laugh. Then he told her where he'd gotten the marble.

"Hey, let me see it" Joey said, trying to grab it from Gina. Suddenly, there was a spark flying through them, making them both fall backwards, much to Dennis's surprise.

"Joey?" Dennis asked, "Gina? Are you all right?" "I'm all right" Gina said sitting up, "Me too" Joey said. Then they stopped, turning and looking at each other, mouths open.

"What's wrong?" Dennis asked, seeing confusion on the faces of his two friends. "Joey?"

"But I'm Joey" Gina said. "And I'm Gina" Joey said.

"You're in each others bodies?" Dennis asked, a little surprised. Since he'd gotten the marble from a wizard, he'd thought it might have some magic, but he'd certainly never suspected anything like this to happen. He'd just thought that it might be really good luck playing marbles with.

Joey looked down at himself, in Gina's body, "But I don't wanna be a girl", and started crying.

"You think there's something wrong with being a girl?" She asked Joey angrily, punching him in the arm, seemingly oblivious to the fact that it was really her own arm.

Dennis bent over, picking up the dropped marble. "Neat" he said. "I've got to show this to Mr. Wilson" and he ran off, momentarily forgetting about his two confused friends, looking over their new bodies.

Dennis started running home, but stopped when he nearly ran into Margaret. "Where are you running to Dennis?" She asked him in that tone of voice that made Dennis cringe.

"None of your business" Dennis tried to step around her, but she moved her doll carriage, blocking his way.

"You never looked at my new doll" She said, picking it up, and holding it in front of Dennis. He backed up, glaring at her, wishing that this annoying girl would shut up, for just once. Dennis clenched the marble tighter in his hand, glaring at Margaret and at the same time, thinking about Mr. Wilson, and how he couldn't wait to show him the marble.

Dennis barely noticed the look of confusion on Margaret's face, but sensed her distraction enough to take advantage of it and run.

George Wilson, carefully put his pipe down, yawning, and considering a nap. He was in, for him at least, a good mood. That menace hadn't been over yet to ruin his day. "Martha dear" he said aloud, "I think I'd like some roast beef for dinner" As he finished saying this, a sudden wave of confusion hit him.

Suddenly, George realized that he was holding something in his hands, and realized that it was a doll. He looked around, noticing that he was outside, and becoming completely confused. "Martha?" he asked aloud, shocked to hear a little girl's voice instead of his own.

Dropping the doll, he put his hands to his face, startled to find his mustache was gone, and his whole face seemed different. He looked down, seeing that he was dressed in a frilly dress, and seemed to be a child. Horrified, George screamed.

Confused, Joey stood up, thinking that it didn't really feel that different being a girl, except that he had long hair. He realized that he was a little bit taller too, which made him curious since he was usually the smallest one around.

"This is weird" Joey said aloud, speaking to himself.

"We'd better find Dennis" Gina said, in Joey's smaller body, annoyed at Dennis for running off and leaving them like that. She looked down at her body in distaste, not liking being smaller. And as she got up and moved around, she felt something uncomfortable between her legs, but wasn't sure what it was. Time enough to check that out later she decided, starting to head towards Mr. Wilson's house, where she knew Dennis was most likely to go.

Reluctantly, Joey followed behind her, wondering that since he was now a girl, did that mean that he'd have to be like Margaret and start playing with dolls?

George Wilson stopped screaming, and in a panic, ran his hands over his body, slowly realizing that he recognized this stupid dress, and that baby carriage. They were that girl Margaret's. It was with great shock that he realized that he seemed to have turned into this Margaret girl.

Slipping his hand between his legs, he was horrified to discover that it was the little girl's as he feared. Gulping, he thought, "I'm insane. I've turned senile" He looked around and cried aloud, "That Dennis has finally driven me insane. Whatever this is, its Dennis's fault" He gritted his teeth, suddenly sure, that whatever had happened, it was all Dennis's fault.

Feeling extremely light and energetic, George abandoned the baby carriage where it was, and started running to his house, needing to tell Martha what had happened.

"George dear" Margaret heard, seeing Mrs. Wilson there, "I'm going to the store, and I'll be back in just a little bit. Try not let Dennis get to you if he comes over" and with that, Mrs. Wilson left, leaving Margaret confused. She sat up, realizing that she felt heavy and clumsy.

She looked down at her body in horror, shocked and disgusted. She saw quickly that she was in the Wilson's house, and realized a few seconds later that she seemed to be Mr. Wilson somehow. "I must be hallucinating" she said to herself, surprised to hear Mr. Wilson's gruff voice instead of her own voice.

She wandered into the bathroom, staring at herself in the mirror, realizing that she was indeed Mr. Wilson. She felt herself starting to cry, then bit it back, hearing someone calling through the door. "Mr. Wilson" she heard, and brightened, recognizing Dennis's voice.

As Dennis walked in, Margaret stood up, loving how she was towering over Dennis. He looked so small to her now. "Now, Dennis Mitchell" she said, in her accustomed manner, "You have to treat me with respect"

Dennis stopped, seeing what looked like Mr. Wilson, standing in a ridiculous pose, arms on his hips, and he couldn't help but laugh. "Wow, Mr. Wilson, you sound just like Margaret. I didn't know you could do impersonations"

"I am Margaret" She snapped at him, making Dennis stop, mouth open staring at her.

"Uh, Oh" he muttered, looking down at the marble in his hand. "I was going to tell Mr. Wilson about this, but I guess he probably already knows now" Dennis said, holding the marble out. Margaret's eyes went to the thing in his hand, and he knew that somehow that was the cause.

"Give me that Dennis" Margaret Demanded in her arrogant tone, and reached to take it away from Dennis, who dodged out of her way, and ran back out the door before she could move more than a couple feet.

"Oooh, that Dennis" Margaret snapped, annoyed at him. She turned around, and caught her reflection in the mirror again. "Ew" she muttered, not liking the way she looked. She decided to go to Mr. Wilson's bedroom, and see if she could find something prettier to dress in until she could change back.

Dennis ran home, wondering if Mr. Wilson really turned into Margaret, feeling sorry for him if he really did, since he wouldn't wish turning into Margaret on his worst enemy, much less his best friend Mr. Wilson. Dennis brightened up a little though, thinking that now Mr. Wilson was his age, maybe they could play together and he wouldn't be such a grouch.

Running through his back yard, he stepped into a large mud puddle that he'd forgot making with Joey the day before. Absently, he looked down, noticing he was soaked with mud, but not caring since that was rather common for him.

As he walked into the door, Dennis stopped, seeing his Mom glaring down at him, "Where do you think you're going all covered in mud?" she asked him patiently.

Dennis looked down again, self consciously, then clenched the marble tighter in his hand as he looked back at his Mom. "I'm sorry" he said, not really meaning it. As he looked at his Mom, a strange feeling hit him.

His vision blurred for just a second, then cleared up, and he realized that he was now looking down. At himself. He stared, mouth open, seeing his own body below him, looking so small, and completely confused. He put his hands to his own body, feeling really weird. Then it dawned on him. The same thing that had happened to Joey and Gina had happened to him. He'd turned into his own Mom.

"What happened" Dennis heard his Mom ask in his voice, and couldn't help but break out laughing. It sounded so funny.

"I don't know" Dennis said, looking at the marble in his Mom's hand, or actually his own hand. Somehow that marble did it, but he wasn't sure exactly how it caused them to trade. Dennis wondered if maybe he should tell his Mom about it, but wasn't sure he wanted to do that until he knew how to use it.

Dennis watched his Mom burst into tears and go running upstairs. He noticed the mud being trailed behind her, and couldn't help but yell out, "What do you think this is? A barn?" He laughed afterwards.

With his Mom gone, Dennis looked down, amazed at how different he felt. He put his hands on the breasts pushing out of his chest, and pushed on them, amazed at how soft they were. He looked over at the sink, laughing.

Normally he'd have to stand on a chair to look in, but now, he could look down into the sink with ease.

"Hey Ruff" he said over to the dog who just came in, "This is kind of neat"

Margaret looked at herself in the mirror, not liking what she saw, but at least satisfied that she was dressed as best as she could be. She hurried outside and down the street, hoping to find some explanation. As she hurried down the street, she missed seeing Mr. Wilson going into his house, in her body.

As she got near the last place she remembered being, she saw her baby carriage sitting turned over on the sidewalk, and her doll on the ground.

"Oh, my baby" she cried, picking up her beloved doll, and clutching it tight. After she straightened up her baby carriage, she gently laid her doll into it, and started pushing it home.

Gina finally got to Dennis's house, dragging a reluctant Joey behind her. Since the back door was open, they walked in, and saw Mrs. Mitchell standing there, looking down at the sink. "Mrs. Mitchell" Joey said, "Is Dennis here?"

"Yes" She replied, then smiled. "Hi Joey. I'm Dennis" Joey and Gina stared up at the grown up, who claimed to be their friend. "It happened to me and my Mom too" he explained, surprised at how small his friends looked to him now. "Cool" he said, laughing.

"Wow" Joey said, "What's it like being a grown up?"

"It's kind of neat being so tall" Dennis said excitedly, "but it just happened a few minutes ago, so I'm not really sure"

"I wish I'd turned into a grownup" Joey said enviously. "But not a girl like you", then he looked down at himself, embarrassed.

George got home, feeling humiliated to look like a little girl. It was all Dennis's fault he knew, even if he had no idea. "Martha?" He called out, surprised to hear his voice again, and worried when he didn't get any response.

Quickly, he ran through the house, trying to find Martha, but she wasn't there.

Finally, he went and sat down into his favorite chair, and started crying, something he hadn't done in a very long time. With the rare exception, which he'd never admit, of when Dennis had pushed him too much.

The Old Man finished putting the last piece back onto the shelf, looking around happy that things were back to normal in his shop, and the horrible mess was all cleaned up, though he had lost an unfortunate amount of his stock. Still, most of it was replaceable.

Now, he decided, to check up on his most recent customer. He shook his head at what he saw. Normally, he wouldn't have minded such trouble, and in fact would have enjoyed it. But this time, for some reason, it didn't sit right with him. Perhaps because he hadn't originally meant to give that marble to the boy. He'd originally had something else in mind, but that boy had frustrated him so much, he'd just handed it to him to shut him up. He shook his head, realizing he'd have to keep better control over himself next time.

With a wave of his hand, he made the marble reappear in his hand. Then with a smile, he undid the changes, putting each one back into their rightful bodies.

He chuckled, putting a small frog into a glass jar, wondering if maybe he should try them again in a few years.

Dennis was startled to find himself upstairs, and back in his own body. He ran to the mirror, and saw that he was indeed himself. Smiling, he grabbed for his slingshot, ready to go out and have some fun.

Joey and Gina looked at each other, smiling, both glad to be back to themselves, though both slightly regretful that they hadn't had a chance spend a little more time like that.

Alice looked down, thankful to have her breasts back, and to not be a little boy. She shuddered at that thought, thinking it was hard enough work just being the mother of one.

Margaret ran out of Mr. Wilson's house, wanting to get her doll again, furious of having lost it yet again.

George Wilson suddenly found himself being grabbed roughly by the police, and looked down in horror to see that he was indeed back in his own body, but then, why the hell was he wearing one of Martha's dresses, and clutching a doll in his hand.

"Common mister" One cop said, "I know you've probably forgotten your medication. I know some people that would be happy to talk with you about your choice of dress and toys"

George struggled a little, realizing how hopeless it was as they hauled him away, then screamed out, "DENNNNIS!!!"