

Game Show

By ChronoEclipse

“And now for everyone’s favorite time-bending game-show it’s ‘What’s My Age Again?’ With your host Caaaaaarl Eldritch!!” The announcer proclaimed.

The crowd cheered as Carl ran onto the stage waving to them in a flamboyant suit. He stood at his podium holding cue cards and grinned widely at the audience.

“Are you folks ready to meet our contestants?” He asked in a big enthusiastic voice. The crowd cheered yes. “All right! Let’s bring them out here then!” Carl said with a big wave of his arm. Three young women walked across the stage with a bit of trepidation. They waved to the audience and then stood in front of the podiums with their names on them.

“Great! We’ve got three great contestants this week. Julia, Laura and Katharina. Girls, why don’t you tell us a little about yourselves?” He asked them enthusiastically.

Julia, a pretty yet bookish young woman, went first. “Uh hi. I’m Julia and I’m 20 years old. I’m a student and I’m studying to be a teacher!” She smiled nervously at the audience. Her shoulder length red hair glistened under the studio lights. She fussed with the cardigan she was wearing. The other girls were showing a lot of cleavage and Julia considered popping open another button.

Next a spunky looking blonde girl in fantastic shape smiled wide and waved at the audience. “Hiya! I’m Laura! I’m also 20 years old and I’m a vinyasa yoga instructor. I want to give a shout out to my boyfriend who’s also here. Hi Ryan! Love you baby!” She said and vigorously waved at a guy in the front row who smiled and waved back. Laura, despite being with her boyfriend, was dressed in a very revealing midriff-baring top and shorts that left little to the imagination.

Finally a brunette girl dressed in an ornate black corset and a black and purple dress introduced herself. There is a bit of a bored tone to her voice. “Hi, my name is Katharina. I’m also 20. I’m a philosophy major at school.”

Carl grinned widely. “That’s fantastic! Now before we begin let’s go over the rules of the game. The show consists of two rounds consisting of five questions each with a bonus round in the middle that I’ll explain when the time comes. Each of you has a buzzer you’ll use to buzz in if you know the answer. Buzz in first and get the question correct and you’ll win cash prrrrrriiizzzzzeeee!!!” Carl announced with great showmanship. “Sound simple enough?” He asked rhetorically with a sly grin.

The girls all smiled and nodded. This was sounding like a lot of fun. “I’m ready Carl! I wanna WIN THAT MONEY!!” Laura yelled enthusiastically jumping up and down causing her impressive breasts to bounce around appealingly.

“Okay, just one final rule – After you answer you will get to spin this wheel numbered 1 through 20. Whatever number it lands on will determine how much money you will get for a correct answer and how many years of aging will be applied.” Carl added very matter-of-factly.

The girl’s smiles faded into looks of confusion. “Uh wait – what do you mean ‘how many years of aging will be applied?’” Julia asked, afraid to hear the answer.

Carl laughed. “If you get the question correct you’ll win the amount shown on the dial in dollars times 100 and we will age your two opponents by that many years. However if you get the question wrong, no money is awarded and you will have the amount of years shown on the dial applied to your OWN age... Everyone walks home a winner here at What’s My Age Again!” Carl declared and the crowd cheered.

“Uh but we’ll walk away older than we are now? That doesn’t sound like a win to me.” Katharina said, folding her arms across her perky chest as if in self preservation. She didn’t want to get any older naturally, never mind for a stunt game show.

“Yeah uh we didn’t sign up for getting turned into old ladies. I was just asked if I wanted to answer questions for cash prizes.” Laura explained.

“Yeah, same here. They didn’t say that you’d be AGING us.” Julia said feeling a pit in her stomach.

“Oh well sure we did. It was in the fine print of the contract you signed before coming out onto the stage.” Carl explained calmly. “And you won’t have to worry about growing any older if you’re quick with that buzzer and get all of your questions correct!” He added.

The girls looked around nervously. The screens on each of their podiums read their name followed by:

Age: 20
\$0

“Well what if we don’t want to do this?” Katharina said defiantly. “Yeah, we could just, you know, leave.” Julia chimed in.

Carl’s face dropped his big smile for a brief moment. “Well then you would be in breach of contract in which we would have the right to hold you here until our lawyers straighten things out. Isn’t that right Britney?” He asked an extremely shriveled old woman who looked to be around 100 years old sitting in an ill-fitting t-shirt and cut-off shorts breathing from an oxygen tank. She took a big inhale of oxygen and then rasped: “Don’t try to run!”

Carl laughed. “Oh and before I forget, it’s your birthday isn’t it Britney? You turn 19 years old today? Well happy birthday!” The withered old woman nodded, thanking the host as her milky, sunken, eyes teared up.

“All right then. Now that all that business talk is out of the way, let’s get right into it shall we?” Carl suggested with his big enthusiastic grin back on his face. The three contestants reluctantly nodded. They looked at themselves and each other helplessly not sure what they had gotten themselves into.

“Who wants to win some money!?” Carl asked. The girls don’t answer. “I can’t hear you! I said, ‘Who wants to win some MON-EY’!?” He asked again, putting his hand up to his ear.

“Uh we-we do?” Julia mumbled.

“Come on girls! You’re all going to be walking out of here with wads of cash! Now, WHO WANTS TO WIN SOME MONEY????” Carl yelled in a booming voice into the microphone.

“I do Carl!!” Laura finally piped up. She had come to a decision that there was no way out of this so she might as well try to have fun and look at the silver lining. “I want to make MON-EY!!!!” She called out enthusiastically and the crowd cheered.

“All right then! We’ll jump right into it. Here is your first question!” Carl said, holding up his first card. The girls quickly scrambled to grab their buzzers.

Carl began reading the card. “This animal has been known to live over 200 years making it the mammal with the longest life span. What is its name?”

The girls all quickly buzzed in, knowing that the only way to get out ahead in this show was to get all ten questions correct. Katharina’s podium lit up denoting that she was the first one to buzz in. The other two girls tensed up not sure what would happen next. Katharina had a moment of pure joy and relief at having buzzed in first. Then she remembered that she had to answer the question correctly.

“Wh-what is... The Arctic Whale. My answer is the Arctic Whale!” She sputtered. There was a tense moment of silence followed by a DING DING DING. Katharina’s face radiated with pure joy and relief while the other two girl’s eyes widened in fear.

“That’s correct! Now you get to SPIN THE WHEEL!” Carl announced motioning to a large wheel with numbers 1 – 20 bedazzled into slices. He walked her over to the lever and she pulled it. The wheel began spinning very

fast and then slower and slower. Julia and Laura crossed their fingers praying for a low number. The wheel finally settled to a stop.

“FOURTEEN! That’s \$1400 dollars for you! And 14 years added to your opponent’s ages.” Carl declared excitedly. Katharina walked back to her podium nearly crying with happiness.

Two beams of blue light came down on the other girls who looked shocked and stuck in place. The number next to their age raised one at a time until they were both 34. When the blue light subsided the two girls were no longer college-aged but rather grown women about to leave young-adulthood. Julia’s skin had less of a youthful shine. Her face looked tired with small lines creeping up along her eyes and mouth. Laura, next to her, had lost her cute chipmunk cheeks and had a more angular adult face now. Her breasts were ever so slightly lower and the glossiness of her blonde hair was washed out into more of a sandy blonde tone.

Now the three podiums read:

Julia

Age: 34

\$0

Laura

Age: 34

\$0

Katharina

Age: 20

\$1400

Carl, now standing back at his host podium clapped at the aging as the audience cheered. “Wow a whopping 14 years right off the bat! So exciting and we’re only one question in! Let’s move right into the next one!”

The girls quickly grabbed their buzzers. “Ponce De Leon was a 15th and 16th century explorer-“ Carl began to read. Suddenly a buzzer was pushed. Laura

and Katharina look over, shocked as Julia's podium lit up. Carl smirked. "You're going to want to be careful not to buzz before I finish reading the question or you're going to run the risk of getting the answer wrong. Now then, Julia, what is your answer?"

Julia's heart was thumping a mile a minute. She knew that she had screwed herself by buzzing in too quickly but it was the only way she could be sure of beating out the other two girls to the punch. She didn't want to get any older. She was already standing on the cusp of middle age and she hadn't even finished college yet! She carefully, almost in a whisper, answered. "The fountain of youth..."

The moment of silence following her answer felt like an eternity and then finally DING DING DING. Julia looked up, overjoyed. "I got it right!?" She blurted out.

"You got it right! Now it's time to spin the wheel!" Carl said with a chuckle.

Julia walked over and pulled the lever watching the wheel spin. She didn't know what she wanted it to land on. She didn't know these other two girls, they had never met before today, but she felt empathy for them knowing how low her heart sank when the wheel had landed on a high number. On the other hand she had already lost 14 years of her life and had no idea if she would be getting those years back so she at least wanted something to show for it. The wheel finally stopped at 10 which was a fair compromise in Julia's mind.

"\$1000 Julia! Way to go!" Carl said enthusiastically. Julia walked back to her podium as blue light encased her opponents. When it was done Katharina looked a little less fresh-faced but otherwise mostly unchanged. Laura however now had bags under her eyes and deep lines across her forehead. Her cheeks and chin line were less defined giving her a slight hint of the jowls to come. Her boobs sloped a bit farther down her chest, deepening the cleavage she was showing off and Julia could see the lumps of cellulite that had appeared on the backs of her formerly toned thighs. The poor girl now looked like a soccer mom.

The podiums updated:

Julia

Age: 34

\$1000

Laura

Age: 44

\$0

Katharina

Age: 30

\$1400

Carl lifted up his cue cards. “Okay girls... or should I say LADIES... get ready for your next question. What process occurs in Women typically around ages 49 – 52?” He read and then grinned at the appropriate timing of the question. The three women quickly buzzed in. Katharina’s podium lit up causing Julia to deflate a bit and Laura to look visibly upset.

“That would be menopause!” Katharina declared quickly and confidently. DING DING DING the sound effect chimed above them and Carl ushered her over to the wheel. She spun it hoping for the 20. Katharina didn’t care about the other two girls at all. She was only 30 and if she could rack up enough money on this show she could just travel around and see the world – who cares if she missed out on her 20s! She liked older guys anyway, she could find a man her own age... her own *new* age and they could travel together. The wheel landed on 9 which was slightly disappointing for her and not much of a relief to the other two women.

Blue light surrounded Julia and Laura once again as the numbers on their screens rose. Julia could feel her skin loosening with each moment. Finally it stopped. Julia looked down to see her body was still thin and her arms and legs still appeared to be delicate and alluring, in her opinion. She noticed that the inside of her podium could slide up to reveal a mirror. She looked down at her older face and saw her mother staring back at her. Her red hair wasn’t as vibrant as it had been when she first walked out onto the stage and there were

definitely large creases framing her nose and mouth. But she had that look of 'the hot professor' that all the guys in class fantasized about when they thought of making love to an older woman. Her cardigan still fit her pretty well though her stomach was a bit softer and her breasts were no longer as perky. She looked over at Laura who now had a mix of grey working through the sides of her dirty blonde hair. Her cheeks drooped and she had definitely put on some weight. Her clothes were stretched trying to cover her pudgy middle-aged spread. Katharina grinned meanly at Laura who now looked old enough to be her mother.

The podiums now read:

Julia
Age: 43
\$1000

Laura
Age: 53
\$0

Katharina
Age: 30
\$2300

"All right, are you ladies ready for the next question?" Carl asked not waiting for an answer. "Abraham Lincoln famously said 'Four Score and Seven years ago'. How many years did he mean?"

The girls quickly buzzed in. Julia was shocked for a moment at the sight of the veiny hand holding her buzzer. Katharina's podium lit up. Laura let out an audible "No c'mon!" with a huskier-sounding voice.

"87!" Katharina proclaimed triumphantly. They all knew what was coming next. DING DING DING! Carl ushered the 30 year old once again over to the wheel. She pulled the lever and hoped for a high number. It landed on the 15.

“Wow you’re really racking up the dough Katharina! And the years on your opponents! I believe this is going to put poor Laura over retirement age.” Carl pointed out prompting a yelp from Laura as the blue light came down over her and Julia again.

The numbers climbed up an additional 15 years and the light went away. Julia quickly slid the board up to look at the mirror on her podium. The Hot Professor thing she had going on a moment ago was now a distant memory. Staring back was an older woman with brownish red hair and greying temples with a lined, severe face. She brought her bonier hand up to trace the deep crows feet next to her eyes and the loose skin of her neck. She would have been a tenured professor by this point in her life with adult children through college, maybe even a little grandchild or two. She looked over at Laura again and saw that the formerly spunky yoga instructor is now a gray haired retiree with a saggy chest and drooping face. Laura was on the verge of tears looking at her senior-aged self in the mirror. She tried to put on a brave face, turning to flash a wrinkly smile and wave at her boyfriend in the audience for comfort but the boy half-heartedly waved back, sinking down in his seat, clearly uncomfortable with getting that kind of attention from a woman in her 60s. Julia felt sympathy for the boy too. He looked to be around her age – her original age, that was. And if the show ended now he’d have a girlfriend nearly 50 years his senior. Laura looked like she could be the boy’s grandmother and there were still 6 questions left to get through!

The podiums now read:

Julia
Age: 58
\$1000

Laura
Age: 68
\$0

Katharina
Age: 30
\$3800

“Now then, on to our final question this round!” Carl announced and the women grabbed their buzzers. Julia was determined to beat Katharina to the buzzer this time. Carl began reading: “The Oldest verified person lived to be 122 years old. What-“ Julia buzzed in and her podium lit up. Julia panicked for a moment. The question could be what the name of the person was, what country they were from, what year did they die or what year they were born... it could even be what was the age of the second oldest person ever. She was taking a huge gamble here.

“The clock is ticking Julia. What is your answer.” Carl said calmly but firmly.

Julia decided to go with her gut. If she got it wrong was it any different than Katarina buzzing in and getting it right? “Jeanne Louise Calment.” She said with a little less confidence than she would have wanted.

The moment of silence was excruciating. Finally: DING DING DING. Julia jumped for joy causing her back and knees to ache in protest. She couldn’t really do a lot of bouncing around at her current age. She walked slowly over to the wheel, bracing her lower back the whole way and then pulled the lever. It landed on the 14.

Blue light encased the other two women as Laura’s age crept through her 70s into her 80s while Katharina sped through her 30s and into her 40s. The blue light faded leaving a puffy shrunken elderly woman in a grey ponytail showing off way too much wrinkled skin and a middle-aged goth woman looking like a mother of a teenage rebel who decided to dress up in her daughter's clothing.

The podiums now read:

Julia
Age: 58
\$2400

Laura
Age: 82
\$0

Katharina

Age: 44

\$3800

Carl was back at his podium smiling at the cheering audience. "That's the end of round one! We've had a lot of fun so far. Before we move on to the bonus round I just want to check in with our contestants!" He looked over at the youngest woman who was a pasty looking 44-year-old with heavy black eyeliner and lipstick. "Katharina dear, how are you doing after the first round?" He asked gleefully.

Katharina frowned, accentuating the lines on her older face. "Well Carl. I'm the same age as my own mother now. Sooooo not great." She said to him and then folded her fishnet covered arms over her droopier chest. Carl smirked. "But you're currently in the lead! You took 3 out of five questions that round for a whopping \$3800!" He said excitedly. Katharina twirled a finger in the air. "Big whoopee! I look like a desperate cougar with a jello-ass and a muffin top - not really a fair trade!"

Carl rolled his eyes. "I guess you can't please everyone. Let's move on. Julia, honey, how are you holding up after that first round?" He asked with a sympathetic smile.

Julia forced a smile on her worn face and replied "Well, um I look pretty good for my age... I guess. Like, not good for '20'... I look awful for 20 but for... 58 I think I don't look too bad!" The audience laughed. "But, uh, do we get to go back to our normal ages at the end of the show? I mean, I haven't even graduated yet and I'm looking like I'm about ready to retire..." Julia asked with a hopeful look. Carl smiled and replied quickly. "That all depends on how you do in round two! ...Now finally, Laura, you didn't answer a single question that first round. How do you feel? Still have that pep in your step that you had at the beginning of the show?" Carl asked the oldest woman of the three. Laura nodded her gray head slowly and took a few wheezing breaths. "Yes I'm trying to stay positive. With age comes wisdom right?" She said in a creaking voice that was meant to sound chipper and perky. "I'm just glad I have the love and support of my boyfriend!" She said, squinting her tired eyes into the audience

and waving her wrinkled hand over to the boy again who had now sunk very low in his chair and was barely raising his hand to wave back instead using both hands to hide his face from the cameras. The audience 'Awwwww'd. "Who knows, maybe I'll get a Guinness world record for the world's oldest yoga instructor or something?" Laura added, twirling a strand of her stringy gray hair around an arthritic finger.

"Maybe you will. Maybe you will. But right now you're in luck because it's the LIGHTNING ROUND!!!" Carl announced and flashing lightning bolt signs lowered down onto the stage. "You've got a chance to come back, Laura. Since you're in last place you're the one who gets to spin the special bonus wheel!" He explained as the bonus wheel was rolled out. The prizes on it included: 'back to your original age'; 'correct answers count double'; 'swap places with an audience member' among others. Carl helped the little old lady out from behind her podium. Laura's belly was pale, soft and incredibly wrinkled. It drooped below the seam of her pink top and jiggled as she hobbled forward along with her empty formless breasts that rested on top of her tummy. Carl steadied her crooked back and she held onto him with a frail bony arm as she slid her liver-spotted feet, one in front of the other, forward until she was at the wheel.

"This is my favorite part of the show because ANYTHING can happen!" Carl announced giddily. "Laura, are you ready?" He asked the old woman. Laura licked her thin lips and nodded, staring at the wheel trying to decide which reward she wanted it to land on. She leaned down slowly and gave it a weak spin. It moved a couple segments and stopped on "\$4400 age spending spree".

Laura was so excited by it that she attempted to jump up and down with joy like she would when she was a young woman. But as soon as she leaped she felt a sharp pain in her hip and back. Her pendulous boobs flopped up and slapped down painfully on her stomach as well. Carl winced at the sight of Laura trying to act like the 20 year old she had been at the start of the show.

"Congratulations Laura! You just won \$4400! ANNNND you get to spend any amount of it on years from your opponents! Each year is worth \$100. Now think carefully about how much you want to spend." Carl explained as a 'tick

tock' sound began playing. Laura, still rubbing her sore hip and back, immediately answered. "All of it." The old woman groaned.

Carl looked surprised. "All of it? That's a lot of money!" He pointed out. "I'm really old!" Laura countered. "Fair enough. Who do you want to buy the years from?" Carl asked. Again Laura didn't hesitate. "Katharina." She said coldly.

Both of the other contestants gasped and Katharina began to yell something but her curses were muted out by red light. The dollar amount and age on Laura's podium dwindled as the age on Katharina's increased.

44 years transferred between them. Katharina sailed through her forties into her fifties and sixties. Her dark hair went gray and lines deepened on her make-up heavy face. Her cheeks looked like they were melting as they sagged lower and lower, becoming jowls. She put on some added weight causing her corset to burst from her expanding midsection revealing her fat freckled drooping breasts which was censored out for the viewers at home. Her purple dress pulled up to accommodate her expanding rear. As she passed into her 70s and 80s her body thinned out again causing lots of loose wrinkled skin to dangle in folds off of her decrepit body.

Meanwhile the blonde had returned to Laura's hair and the lines quickly retreated from her face as her body lifted and toned back up. She youthed from her dotage back through middle age, straightening her back and feeling strength return to her. The audience could see her bare midriff suck in and unwrinkle as it became the toned stomach of a 38 year old yoga instructor. The aches and pains she was feeling subsided and she stretched gratefully toward the ceiling causing her, once again, impressive chest to thrust out bringing the enthusiasm back to her boyfriend in the audience.

Katharina on the other hand had finished up at age 88. She brought a withered hand, painted with black nail polish, up to her collapsed face and trembled in horror feeling all the sagging skin and lines. Julia shivered, thankful that Laura hadn't chosen her. She'd have ended up at nearly 100!

Carl clapped at the restored youth of Laura. "Good job Laura! How do you feel?" He asked. Laura did the jump that she had failed at a few moments

before. It still looked a bit odd for a woman in her late 30s to be bouncing that way but understandable under the current circumstances.

“I feel GREAT Carl! Those 44 years made a HUGE difference!” She said with a giggle. Carl smiled and gave the woman, who was now close to his own age, a once over. “I’ll say!” He quipped and the audience roared with laughter.

“I have another surprise for you. You have another quick chance to gain some years back and get a bigger advantage going into the next round. Sound good?” Carl asked and Laura nodded enthusiastically. “Okay, on the screen here in a minute we are going to show you a bunch of pictures of ordinary people. All you have to do is tell us the age of the person in the photo. Get ready...” Carl cationed and looked at Laura enthusiastically. Laura nodded her head and wiggled her hips readying herself. The pictures appeared on the screen very quickly. “Uh 20! 45! Uh 70! 33! 8! 19! 57! 2! 13? 25!” She called out. After a few seconds of flashing images the buzzer sounded the end of the round. Carl led the blonde woman back to her podium and stood at his own.

“Okay Laura! You got 3 of those correct! Which means you get back another SIX years!” He announced and the light came down on her once more. Her face looked a little fresher and her breasts raised a fraction of an inch. The podiums read:

Julia
Age: 58
\$2400

Laura
Age: 32
\$0

Katharina
Age: 88
\$8200

“We are going to take a quick commercial break but come right back for round two!” Carl announced to the camera. A stagehand yelled “Okay that’s a 30

minute break!” and a young producer came on to usher the three women off stage. “You’re doing great ladies.” Carl called to them, sincerely.

The three women were led into a green room with a couch, a make-up station and some chairs. Julia walked in nervously, not sure what she was supposed to do. Laura bounced in behind her and took the opportunity to powder her 32-year-old nose. Katharina shuffled in slowly behind them. She looked like a wicked witch from a Disney on ice production in her goth dress and long gray hair. She straightened up and looked in the large mirror at the sad old woman staring back at her then turned to the perky blond beside her and lunged at Laura, wrapping her crooked hands around the younger woman’s throat.

“You bitch!!! Give me my youth back!!” She rasped as she tried to choke the blonde woman. Julia quickly rushed over to try to break them up. She pulled the elderly goth off of the yoga instructor, who gasped for breath now that her air passage was open again.

“Stop it! It’s not her fault!” Julia tried to explain rationally. Laura rubbed her neck and nodded. “Yeah I had to be young again! I couldn’t dance anymore! I had arthritis in my toes! I could barely even walk!” She tried to explain.

Katharina growled. “Oh and it’s cool for me to be a decrepit old woman with shriveled tits and bad hips?” She tried to lunge at Laura again but Julia stopped her. Katharina began sobbing. Tears streamed down her wrinkled cheeks. Laura rubbed her competitors hunched back as the young producer came into the room. “What happened? Did she have an accident?” The producer asked. Julia looked up at the woman who had just entered. “What? No... there was just an emotional... what do you mean ‘accident’?” The 58-year-old contestant asked.

The producer shrugged. “It happens when contestants get to be that age. Control issues, that kind of thing. Well, let me know if you do need help and we can get any of you a diaper to wear for the rest of shooting. Also, you can head down to hair and wardrobe if you ladies want something that fits you a little better.” She explained to them.

Julia grimaced. “That’s okay. We’ll fit into our old clothes by the end of the show anyway.” She replied with a hopeful smile. The producer smirked. “Sure whatever you say.” The woman said and left the room.

Laura stood up and Julia helped Katharina up off the couch. “I’ve got to go find my boyfriend...” Laura said and hurried out of the room. Julia wiped the dust from the floor off of Katharina’s dress as the old woman sniffled. “C’mon Katharina. It looks like that corset is toast and you don’t want to have another wardrobe malfunction on TV...” Julia said to the old woman. Katharina smiled wryly “Oh yeah, because rapidly growing old in front of an audience is really flattering but exposing my shriveled empty breasts – THAT would be embarrassing.” She said sarcastically and the two women giggled, finding appreciation for the absurdity of it all. The middle aged Julia held out her leathery arm and helped Katharina shuffle down to wardrobe.

They passed Laura making out with her boyfriend. Even though Laura was the youngest of the women currently she still looked like she was robbing the cradle of the college aged boy. “God, I really didn’t like seeing you all old and wrinkly Laura...” The boy said between kisses. “Do you like me now?” Laura asked, thrusting her bigger chest out at the lad. The boy enthusiastically nodded and groped at her before going back to kissing. “Yeah you’re a total MILF!”

Julia and Katharina rolled their eyes and shuffled into the make-up room where two young men waited for them. “Hi ladies, I’m John and this is Pierre. I’ll be handling your new hairdos and Pierre will help you pick out something more appropriate for women your age to wear.” The younger of the two men explained and then grabbed Julia by her pasty hand and brought her into a chair. Pierre helped the elderly Katharina over to a rack of dresses.

John fussed with Julia’s graying straight hair. “Okay let me tell you what I’m thinking. We just cut it all up into a nice little bun you can wear.” He suggested pulling her hair back and wrapping it into what looked like a quintessential old lady wig. Julia smirked. “Why don’t you just give me pin curls!” She joked.

John seriously contemplated the suggestion. “I just don’t think we’re going to have enough time...” He said, picturing it. Julia’s eyes widened. “Woah, woah,

woah. I was kidding. I mean, I don't want a GRANNY hairdo... I want a look that's not going to be incredibly embarrassing when I'm young again. You know?" She explained with a smile. John gave her a crooked grin in return.

"Suuure, when you're young again... okay, how about this. We cut it real tight into, like, a pixie cut. It'll look really hot if- WHEN you're young again but if you get any older you'll just look like you're rocking the 'Judy Dench'. Sound good?" He proposed.

Julia nodded and John began to cut away. As he chopped off her gray and red hair he leaned down to confide something to her. "You know, If you don't mind me saying so, you're a very beautiful woman." He admitted with a flicker of flirtation in his eyes. Julia's wrinkled face blushed. "Oh thank you! You should have seen me premenopausal though." She said with a nervous chuckle.

John played with her hair a bit, keeping eye contact with her in the mirror. "Oh, I did. You were certainly very cute when you started the show. But, I hope you're not offended if I say that you've certainly grown into a very gorgeous, mature woman." He told her as he began cutting again.

Julia's heart started to race at the thrill of being hit on in her 50s. "But I'm so much older than you now, I mean you must be barely older than me!... at my real age I mean." She sputtered. John shrugged. "When you work on this show you get used to admiring women in a 'fine wine' sort of way, if you know what I mean." He said with a wink. Julia found herself grinning, not sure how to proceed. John was a very attractive young man. "No, I don't think I do... but I'd like to..." She said softly, batting her crinkled, aging eyes at him.

John bit his lip excitedly. "Then you'd go on a date with me after the show?" He asked. Julia's face lit up like her podium. "Yeah, uh sure! That would be great!" The matronly woman and young hairdresser continue to make eyes at each other and flirt throughout the rest of her haircut.

Suddenly an old woman in fishnets and an ill-fitting black lace bra came hobbling out from behind the clothes racks. "I'm not putting on a fucking moo-moo!" Katharina wailed as she shuffled forward, her long gray hair

tossed about wildly. Pierre followed her out holding a couple of flower-print house dresses.

“But madam they are more suited for your advanced years!” He pleaded, chasing after her. “You take that back!” Katharina screamed in a shaky old voice and put her crooked fingers up in the shape of a cross as if warding off the granny gowns.

She spotted a simple black velvet dress. “There! I want to wear that one!” She cackled and hobbled over to reach for it. Pierre tried to stop her and ended up knocking the old woman, dressed only in her underwear, onto the couch.

Julie saw in the mirror that Katharina had a belly button ring that was lost in the wrinkled folds of her belly. It looked very bizarre on such an old woman. The goth granny kicked at Pierre as he tried to help her get dressed. He grabbed one of her fishnets and began pulling it off of her veiny legs.

“Madam, you want to dress like you are a teenager, but this – it does not flatter you.” He tried to explain as she continued to halt his advances with her wrinkly bare feet.

“The velvet dress or nothing! YOU’RE the one who needs me to wear clothing in the next round, not me, sonny boy!” Katharina said with a look of joyous madness on her withered face. “Fine, why not have John put your gray hair into pigtails and you can look like Friday Addams had a run in with a bad curse.” Pierre said bitterly and tossed the velvet dress onto the old woman. Katharina pulled the dress off her face and spat “This whole show is a bad curse!”

A few minutes later the female producer brought the women back on stage. Pierre determined that Julia’s current clothes were age appropriate enough, which Julia didn’t know if she should take that as an insult or a compliment.

Her new short pixie hairstyle made her feel a bit like a middle-aged woman after going through a divorce, trying to get her life back on track. Katharina had had her way and wore the velvet dress and a pair of black flats on her swollen old feet. They hadn’t done anything elaborate with her hair. John just

put some clips in it to keep the scraggly mess in place. She looked very much like a senile old woman revisiting her childhood. Laura stood between them in her same clothes and hairstyle that she had started the day with looking flushed and disheveled, like she clearly had had sex with her boyfriend somewhere backstage.

Carl stood back at his podium with his cue cards and smiled at the ladies. “You ladies look lovely. We had a wild first round and bonus portion in which Laura stole, current money leader Katharina’s years. But it’s anyone’s game now as we head into round 2!” He announced to the audience’s cheers.

“Now, round 2 is similar to round 1 except – when you answer a question correctly not only will your opponent age the amount of years the wheel determines – you’ll REGAIN that number of years. So if you were feeling a little long in the tooth, ladies – here is your chance to get it all back!” Carl explained excitedly. The three women perked up at this revelation and quickly steadied their hands on their buzzers.

“Not only that, but prize money is worth 10,000 times the number shown! Okay are you ready?” Carl asked enthusiastically. The three women shouted back: “Ready!” Carl smiled and held his hand up to his ear. “I can’t hear you! Are you ladies ready for round 2?” He asked. The women nodded vigorously. “Yes, we’re ready!” They called out loudly, causing both Julia and Katharina to cough afterward. Carl grinned and turned to the audience. “Do they sound ready? Okay one more time. Are you ready?” Carl asked loudly. Finally Katharina screamed. “Yes we’re fucking ready, okay?! Ask the next goddamned question!!!”

Carl looked embarrassed for a moment and then grinned. “Looks like someone has gotten a bit cantankerous in her old age.” The audience laughed. Carl straightened his tie. “Okay here is your first question! Grandma Moses began her career at age 78, what was her profession?”

The women all buzzed. Katharina discovered that her buzzing hand was slower due to arthritis. So Laura’s podium lit up.

“Laura! You’ve got the question. What was Grandma Moses' profession from age 78 onward.” Carl asked softly.

Laura thought hard for a moment. “Oh, I know! She was, like, a painter!” The blonde woman said excitedly. DING DING DING. “That’s right! She was an artist. C’mon over and spin the wheel!” Carl said and Laura bounced over to pull the lever. As she put her hand on it she had a brief moment of concern. She hadn’t thought about how this round would make you younger. She didn’t want to get too high a number. If it landed on the 20, sure she’d win \$200,000 but she’d also go back to being 12 years old again. Her boyfriend would have to wait 6 years to sleep with her, if he even decided to stick around... She crossed her fingers and said a small prayer and... it landed on the 12.

“That’s \$120,000 for you Laura AND I believe that puts you back to your original age! That’s very lucky indeed.” Carl said as the blonde woman skipped back to her podium and light engulfed all three ladies. Julia felt her face wrinkling up. She slid open her mirror and looked at the severely pruned face of a professor well past retirement. Her short hair was completely gray and her blouse hung a little looser on her old bony body. On the other side Katharina shriveled up some more as her hair thinned and began to fall out along with all of the teeth in her mouth. The old woman sucked in her onyx painted lips around her gums and looked down at her shrunken old body with tired sunken eyes. Next to her, now young enough to be her great-great-great granddaughter, Laura jumped up and down at regaining her tight, sexy 20-year-old body now perfectly filling out her outfit.

The podiums read:

Julia

Age: 70

\$2,400

Laura

Age: 20

\$120,000

Katharina

Age: 100

\$3,800

“Okay next question!” Carl announced pulling out the next card. The three women readied their buzzers. “What vessel did Doc and Marty McFly use to travel through time in the movie Back to the Future?” He asked. The three women buzzed in. Laura’s podium lit up again.

“Oh uh, I didn’t actually want to get this one. Can one of the other women take it?” Laura said sheepishly. Carl shook his head with a smile. “Sorry Laura, you’re the one that buzzed in. It’s your question.” Laura hung her head and answered: “A Delorean?” DING DING DING. “That’s correct, come spin the wheel!” Carl called, waving her over.

Laura nervously turned to go back to the wheel. “You shawd hab gibben a wong ansah you stupah bimbo!” Katharina rasped toothlessly at her. Laura mouthed ‘sorry’ at the shrunken old woman. She then gulped, looking at the numbers. She’d end up a baby again if she landed a big one – then her and her boyfriend would REALLY be in trouble. She gave a tiny pull of the lever and the wheel jerked forward a couple ticks landing on the 2. Laura and the other women breathed a huge sigh of relief.

The three women were drowned in light again. Julia didn’t notice many changes, maybe a new wrinkle or gray hair or two. Laura noticed her nose has become a bit more upturned and her skin looks even more vibrant while Katharina’s hands had begun to tremble uncontrollably.

The podiums read:

Julia

Age: 72

\$2,400

Laura

Age: 18

\$140,000

Katharina

Age: 102

\$3,800

Carl pulled out the next card. "Okay on to question eight! Who is the Greek god of time?" He asked. Only one buzzer was hit. Laura wisely didn't even hold hers this time and Katharina couldn't manage to get her trembling old thumb to press the button. Julia's podium lit up. "Julia! You've got the question." Carl said with enthusiasm. Julia quickly replied "Kronos!" DING DING DING.

"C'mon down to the wheel and get ready to win some big money! Love your hair by the way." Carl told her as the 72-year-old former redhead hobbled over to the wheel. She looked back at her opponents for a moment. Laura could afford some extra years. She was seriously in danger of reentering toddlerhood if she got another question right, but poor Katharina. What would happen to her if Julia struck it big here and launched the poor old woman into her 120's? Would she just keel over? No, there had to be safeties in place to prevent death otherwise this whole thing would get shut down. Julia reassured herself so that she would feel less guilty about getting back as many years as she could so she could be young and sexy again for her date with John after the show. She pulled the lever, whispering "Sorry Katharina" to herself. The wheel spun around and around and then flipped through 15, 7 and lingered on the 20. Katharina's cataract riddled eyes stared in horror as she also feared what would happen to her if she became the oldest woman in recorded history. Finally the wheel tilted one more notch and landed on the 1. There was a WOMP WOMP sound. "Ooo tough break kid." Carl said to the aged woman as she shuffled back to her podium.

Julia frowned as the light engulfed them all and adjusted them the one year. Hey, at least she just made \$10,000.

The podiums now read:

Julia

Age: 71

\$12,400

Laura
Age: 19
\$140,000

Katharina
Age: 103
\$3,800

“All right! We’re almost done here. Question number nine!” Carl began reading. “This is a long one so bear with me. If a young man from the future traveled back in time and met a teenage girl and taught her some hot new sex moves and then went back to the future while the teenage girl grew up and got old. Then that same girl, now an old woman, found the young man before he traveled to the past to meet her and taught him those *same* sex moves – this is would be an example of what?” Carl finished reading and then smirked at the audience who laughed at the bizarre, complicated, bawdy question.

Julia pressed her buzzer but Laura’s podium lit up. “Hey! I didn’t press anything!” Laura yelled in a higher-pitched teen voice. Carl shook his head. “Laura, the question is yours. If a man goes back in time and teaches reverse cowgirl to a teenager and then, years later when she’s an old woman living in a nursing home she teaches reverse cowgirl to that same young man when HE is a teenager – what would you call that?” Carl asked in a hushed, tension-building tone.

Laura frowned. “Gross?” ERRRRNNNTTT! The ‘wrong answer sound’ blared loudly above them. “Ooo sorry Laura we were looking for ‘A paradox’. That was an example of a paradox... because where did the knowledge of the sex move first originate?” Carl explained and led the teenage girl over to the wheel. Laura was actually pleased with herself and so were her competitors. She pranced over and proudly spun the wheel. It landed on the 18. Laura frowned. She didn’t want to be THAT generous.

She came back to her podium and light engulfed all three ladies. Julia felt her shoulders straighten and her skin tighten as the color came back to her short hair. Laura rushed out of her teens and twenties as her face matured again and

lines reappeared around her mouth and forehead. Her muscles softened a little and her hands and feet looked a bit more veiny. Katharina, though still old, looked much better as her teeth reappeared and she un-shriveled back into just an old woman instead of an ancient one. Julia was amazed to see how many wrinkles she lost going backwards through her 90s and she even gained an inch of height back.

The podiums now read:

Julia

Age: 53

\$12,400

Laura

Age: 37

\$140,000

Katharina

Age: 85

\$3,800

“Wow well we’re back to pretty close to where we started at the beginning of round 2. But all is not lost! Because our final question is worth a lifetime... figuratively speaking. Our tenth and final question is worth \$100,000! Not only that but you will be able to wager as many years as you’d like. The person who comes out the youngest after the round will go home with a cool even MILLION DOLLARS! But be wary! Because if you guess wrong we will double the years you’ve wagered and add them to your current age. Are you ladies going to be old and bold or sexy and safe? The choice is yours. Put in your wagers now.” Carl explained bombastically. The three women looked at their podiums where they could secretly wager their years.

“Hey, mine is broken. It won’t let me wager past 17!” Katharina quailed. Carl nodded and shrugged. “That’s right. You’re 85 now. Remember that if you get the question wrong we would add DOUBLE your wager to your current age. We wouldn’t want you climbing past 120 years old now would we? You don’t want to walk away from here, the oldest woman on earth...” He said with a chuckle.

Katharina slammed her wrinkled hand on the podium cracking the mirror. "You jerks would've made me 122 a minute ago if Julia didn't roll low!" She grumbled then sighed and turned back to entering her wager.

"Okay we're all locked in? Great. For your final question, tell me when H.G. Wells' Time Machine was first Published." Carl read the card to them and the women quickly wrote down their answers.

Carl walked over to Julia's podium. "All right Julia. You think you've got the right answer?" He asked. The matronly redhead grinned. "I KNOW I have the right answer." She said confidently. "Okay let's see what you put." Carl said and put it up on the screen "May 7th 1895" There was a moment of silence where the audience and other contestants looked nervous but Julia just grinned in self-assurance.

Then: ERRRRRRNNNNTTTTT the buzzer sounded. "Oooo I'm sorry. That's not the answer we are looking for." Carl said with a solemn frown. Julia's face filled with fear and bafflement. "No! That's right! That's the correct answer!" She screamed as the light engulfed her. "Let's see how much you wagered." Carl continued sadly as the screen displayed '33'. "Yikes, That's an enormous 66 years for you." He said as Julia felt herself aging.

The muscles on her body quickly atrophied as her modest breasts shriveled and slid down her chest into pendulous sacks. Her teeth fell out and the hair on her head thinned and became pale white. Her bony wrinkled legs shook, threatening to give out, causing her to grip her podium for support. The loose skin on her neck jiggled back and forth as her head trembled uncontrollably. Her back hunched forward as she clung to her podium with gnarled, age-spotted hands. Just like that the college girl was now 119 years old. She thought about her pending date with John. He'd have to wheel her to a restaurant in a wheelchair and spoon pureed food into her wrinkled mouth. Then he'd probably have to change her Depends, if he hadn't run away already. "I was right...my answer was right..." She kept mumbling in a quavering, tired voice.

Carl walked over to Laura. "Okay Laura. What do you got for me?" He asked the 30-something yoga teacher. "Hopefully the right answer Carl!" Laura said enthusiastically. Carl put her answer up on the screen. "December 11th 1899" Carl read. There was a pause and then ERRRRRRNNNNNTTTT. "Sorry Laura, that's not it either. What did you wager?" He asks as he puts her wager up on the screen. It said '19'. "Nineteen years... that would have made you younger than your original age wouldn't it?" He asked. "Oops. I'm not super good with math!" Laura said, making a cute ditsy face as she was showered in light. "Hopefully we'll all find you just as cute when you've had 38 years added to your age." He said to her and Laura launched forward once again through middle age and retirement. Her body swelled and wrinkled. The grey began working its way through her long blonde hair. Her wrinkled belly pooched out under her shirt and her arms began loose flappy bingo wings while her thighs withered into pale cottage cheese. Her massive boobs flop down sadly onto her shriveled gut as the light subsided leaving a 75 year old yoga instructor still trying to look pretty and adorable with her withered features. In the audience her boyfriend felt himself getting sick.

Carl moved over to Katharina. "Okay Katharina. In order to win this you just have to get the question right and wager more than 10 years. Did you do it?" Carl asked, building the suspense. The old goth woman rolled her eyes. "Yes and I think instead of the million dollars you should just let me go back to my original age." She said insistently. Carl nervously laughed. "Heh, those uh, those aren't the rules of the game. But let's see if you win ONE MILLION DOLLARS!" He put her answer up on the screen. "May 29th 1895. Is that the correct answer?" Silence and then DING DING DING!

"It is! Congratulations! Let's see what you wagered!" Carl yelled excitedly. The screen read '17'. "You just got back 17 years making you the new champion!" He said. Katharina looked non-plussed as the light engulfed her and shaved 17 years off her age. The 17 years took her from her mid 80s back into her late 60s. Some of the dark color returned to her hair along with the grey. She looked down at her still wrinkled hands and hefted the sagging breasts in her velvet dress in frustration. She was still on the wrong end of retirement. Though... it could be worse. She looked over at the shriveled old bag of bones that was Julia. The formerly pretty, young academic was practically nodding off at her

podium; she looked so frail and worn out that she would likely have to go from the studio straight to an old folks home to be cared for!

Katharina felt something she hadn't felt for anyone before – empathy. She turned to Carl and said. “Julia’s answer was correct as well. It’s when the piece was ACTUALLY first published in a magazine. May 29th was just when the book was first published.” The goth woman explained with a bit of reluctance. Carl looked surprised. “Really?... judges?” He asked and looked up. After a pause a DING DING DING sounded. Julia lifted her heavy wrinkled eyelids and wheezed trying to pay attention to what was happening. A light engulfed her again and suddenly she felt her body regaining energy. Her back straightened and her body toned up. The wrinkles vanished and the red worked its way back into her hair and then brightened into the stunning color she had originally. She felt her 20 year old face and body with young smooth hands while crying tears of joy.

“That means Julia, YOU are actually our winner! You get to go home with one million dollars!!” Carl announced. Julia jumped for joy as the two aged women beside her clapped their veiny wrinkled hands.

“And we will see you back here in a month for our champions game!” He said, prompting loud cheers from the audience. Julia was laughing and celebrating and then stopped abruptly. “Wait what??” She asked. The music of the end credits drowned everything out as the contestants were ushered offstage.

Backstage Julia tried to find Katharina and John but she got stuck filling out a bunch of paperwork regarding her winnings. As she rushed through the backstage area she witnessed what could only be a break-up. Laura had tears streaming down her wrinkled face as her (ex?) boyfriend folded his arms in front of the older woman. “What do you mean?” Laura wailed. The boyfriend looked uncomfortable. “Well, I mean, you’re like a grandma now...” He tried to explain, causing the former yoga instructor to wail harder. Julia hurried past them and saw a retirement-age woman in a black coat and boots smoking by the stage door.

“Katharina!” Julia called and the old goth woman turned around. “Come to gloat?” She asked bitterly, flicking her cigarette on the ground. “No! No! Of

course not. I came to thank you!” Julia said with a hurt look on her face. “Yeah well, fair’s fair.” Katharina said with a half-hearted shrug. “No, what happened to you and Laura isn’t fair at all... and I, uh, wanted to, uh, maybe split my winnings with you.” Julia said. “I just want to be a teacher. I don’t need like a MILLION dollars.” She explained. Katharina smirked. “Well I suppose it would help me afford some plastic surgery. Maybe a seniors cruise or two...” She said as she lit another cigarette and stuck it between her pruned black lips. “Oh you really shouldn’t smoke.” Julia said with concern. Katharina looked patronizingly at the younger woman. “Oh yeah you’re right. I hear it, like, adds years to your appearance.” She replied sarcastically. The two women paused awkwardly and then burst out laughing. They laughed until they could hardly breathe and then Katharina held out her hand and Julia shook it. The older goth woman winked at her and headed out the door.

Julia finally made it to the hair and wardrobe room where John was packing up. Julia slid into the doorway propping her long toned leg up on the frame and tilted her head back seductively, like an actress in an old noir film. She finally unbuttoned her blouse letting her modest cleavage appear. “Hey young man...” She called playfully in a breathy voice. John looked over at her and smiled weakly. “Oh hey...” He said as he finished closing his kit. “You ready for our date, stud?” Julia asked in a breathy voice while sashaying towards him. John frowned and took a deep breath before looking at her in the eyes very seriously.

“Hey listen, when I uh, when I asked you out... I didn’t think you were going to end up back at your original age.” He explained. Julia grinned cupping her perky breasts. “I know, lucky for us right?? I was really terrified you were going to run away screaming when I aged to 119.” She admitted not understanding what he’s getting at. “But see, the thing is... I *LIKE* older women.” He stated bluntly. “But... I’m not an older woman. I’m only 20. You knew that.” Julia sputtered, not believing what she’s hearing. “Yeah but, like, there is such a small chance of you leaving this show as young as you are when you come on it... I thought that you’d walk away maybe 50-something, 60-something.... 70 or 80-something if I was lucky...” He explained. “If you were LUCKY!? You WANTED to date me as a doddering little old lady?” She said, now sounding pissed. John threw his hands up defensively. “Well, like I said. You’re cute at 20 but you really come into your own later in life. You’re going to be one smoking

hot granny...” He said with a smile. Julia was mortified and quickly buttoned her blouse back up and turned to leave.

“Hey” John said from behind her as she reached the door. Julia turned around hoping that he was about to say he was just joking.

“Maybe we can finally have that date after your next show...” He said with a grin and a wink. Julia gave him a look of utter disgust and ran out of the room shivering at the thought.

The End