**Angie goes back to University**

Dormouse

Intro

It was Angie’s big day, her first solo job for Greta’s Greet-o-grams.

It had all started when she needed a job, and didn’t mind what it entailed. Then a friend told her about Greta – that really was her name – and her company that specialised in providing entertainment in pubs, clubs and offices.

“It’s right up your street,” said the friend. “I remember the time you streaked round the university the night after finals finished. Stripping off in a pub should be nothing to you.”

“I don’t know about that,” replied Angie. “I was drunk that time.”

“Well, if it’s in a pub, you can tank up before you go on.”

So it was that Angie turned up at Greta’s office one morning. The office was at one end of a long corridor of offices in a building near the centre of town. Greta, a woman in her mid-forties, greeted her. A young girl was doing secretarial stuff with a computer in the corner.

“So you’re Angie,” she said. “Have you got what it takes to be one of my girls? Take your clothes off.”

“What, here!” replied a startled Angie. She looked nervously at the girl sitting at the computer.

“Jo here won’t mind,” said Greta. “She’s seen it all before and besides, if you can’t take your clothes off in front of us, you’ll not be able to do it in public, and you’re useless to us.” Greta tactfully didn’t mention that the office was fronted with un-frosted glass windows, meaning that anyone in the corridor or the office opposite could see in and also watch her. Workers in the office opposite considered it one of the perks of the job.

Reluctantly at first, Angie started to remove her clothes, but as she realised the strangeness of the situation she began to enjoy the attention the two women were showing her. Finally, she was standing naked in front of them.

“Not bad,” said Greta. “In fact, very nice indeed. We can certainly use you. Can you dance?” She switched on some music from a somewhere on her desk. Angie started gyrating in time to the music.

“OK, that’ll do,” said Greta at last. “Only, not so vigorous in future. With your boobs, you could give yourself a black eye. There’s some forms to fill in, and then you’re hired.”

Angie went over to the desk and sat down and started filling in the forms, totally oblivious to the fact that she’d left her clothes the other side of the office. She’d just about finished the paperwork when the door to the office opened and another young woman walking in.

“New girl?” asked the newcomer. “You’ll fit in here perfectly with that body. I’m already envious.”

“Rosie, this is Angie,” said Greta. “Maybe you could take her to your lunchtime job to show her what she’s let herself in for.”

“Sure,” she replied. As she headed to the door, she turned back to Angie and continued. “It’s a good idea if you get dressed first, though. The idea is to arrive clothed and take of our clothes there.”

Rosie drove Angie to a pub in another part of town. There were a group of men from a near-by office celebrating someone’s birthday in one corner of the pub. These were Rosie’s clients for the session.

Rosie left Angie in charge of her music player, not usually an option when she was working solo, she said, whilst she first checked with the person who’d booked her. This was not the person whose birthday it was, who wasn’t expecting this. When she knew all was ready, she went over to the victim.

“I’ve got a special birthday present for you,” she said, and gave Angie the nod to start the music. Her clothes were quickly discarded in a heap on the floor and she was vigorously dancing in front of the man. Digital cameras and mobile phones were recording the session all round the pub.

She ended by leaning over the man and wobbling her tits in his delighted face before giving him a big birthday kiss. Then she grabbed her clothes from the floor and disappeared.

A few minutes later she reappeared fully dressed and accepted the large drink proffered by the man who’d booked her.

“Well, do you think you can do that?” Rosie asked Angie in the car afterwards.

“Aren’t you worried the men are going to take advantage of you, dancing there in the nude?” Angie asked in return.

“The thing is,” explained Rosie, “is that men find naked women intimidating if the woman is confident enough. Look, don’t touch, is what they end up doing, and they usually enjoy just looking. So, are you confident enough?”

“I’ll try to be,” said Angie, nervously.

Angie sat in on another couple of sessions the next few days. Each girl emphasised that confidence was all she needed, as did Greta when she gave Angie details of her first job. Angie didn’t have the luxury of anyone helping her; she was being thrown off the deep end.

The job was another birthday party in another lunchtime pub. She took the bus to the pub – she was hoping that the job would pay enough so she could afford a car. A man was standing at the door to the pub.

“Are you the girl Greta sent?” he asked. Angie nodded. “I’m Dave, this is Mike’s birthday do. I’ll point him out to you. Do you want me to operate your music?”

Angie said she did, handed the player to him, and they walked into the pub together. Dave hid the player behind him and surreptitiously pointed out Mike, who looked like he’d been celebrating his birthday with large quantities of beer already. Angie told Dave she was ready and went over to the group.

As her clothes came off, she realised every eye in the pub, male and female, was looking at her. The adrenaline rush this gave her was indescribable. Too soon, the music came to an end, and she did her best to copy the closing flourish Rosie had shown her, taking care not to knock Mike out as her breasts were larger than Rosie’s. She then turned to grab her clothes.

They weren’t there. So intent had she been in performing, she hadn’t noticed that someone had taken her clothes away.

“Where are my clothes?” she asked Dave, trying not to sound nervous.

“You had clothes with you?” Dave replied with a smirk. “She turned up here dressed like that, didn’t she, lads?” The rest of the party all agreed. “Here, have a drink,” he concluded, thrusting a pint into her hands.

OK, keep calm, she told herself. They’re only having a bit of fun, seeing how long they can hide my clothes. If I’m confident enough, they won’t hurt me. Besides, it’s fun being the centre of attention like this. For, indeed, all eyes were still on her, and she was finding it quite a turn-on.

She took a gulp from the drink and sat down. The men on either side of her edged away slightly. Rosie was right, she thought. Look, don’t touch. They’re being on their best behaviour.

She spied a payphone in the corner by the bar. Maybe Greta would be able to help. Then she realised her bag was missing as well.

“I have to make a phone call,” she said. “I don’t appear to have any money on me. Can somebody lend me some?”

Several hands reached into pockets and brought out coins. Angie picked one and went over to the phone. Greta answered and Angie explained the situation to her.

“They’re always doing that to first-time girls,” Greta told her. “Consider it your initiation. Show that you don’t care and they’ll soon get bored and give you your clothes back. You’ll probably get a good tip for being a good sport. And remember, be confident and they won’t hurt you.”

The trouble was that when she returned to her seat, everyone wanted to buy her a drink, and one pint turned into several, at which point Angie was too relaxed to even notice she was naked any more. Of course, her drinking companions noticed, but they weren’t going to point it out to her. And the landlord wasn’t complaining. As people were coming into the pub, they were phoning their friends to tell them there was a naked woman drinking in the pub and the friends were coming to look for themselves.

So the afternoon moved on into evening and Angie was past caring and she was wondering why she had so many new friends. She kept telling herself, be confident, and look, don’t touch, but she couldn’t remember if that meant she couldn’t touch them. She liked the way men seemed to squirm out of her way if she got too close to them, but she couldn’t work out why it was happening.

Finally, the landlord called last orders, and Angie thought it was time she went home. Despite the protestations from her new friends, she said she really had to get home and left the pub. She wondered why she’d never noticed before how refreshing the night air was on bare skin and she walked up the street, trying not to stagger from side to side.

It was too late for a bus, she thought, but the walk would do her good. The few people who were still about seemed to be remarkably friendly, calling to her and whistling. She waved to them as she made her way through the streets home.

It was only when she got home that she realised she had a problem. She seemed to have forgotten her keys. She must have left them in the pub, she realised, but that would be closed by now. Then she remembered Greta. She’d know what to do. She headed off towards the town centre.

Nine o’clock the next morning, Greta opened up her office just as Jo was arriving for work. A few minutes later, the two women were astonished to see a still-naked Angie stroll into the office as if that was perfectly normal. Maybe at Greta’s Greet-o-grams it was.

“Ohmigod!” exclaimed Greta. “I totally forgot to check you were OK yesterday. What happened? Are you all right?”

“Oh, I’m fine,” Angie said. “Just a little hung-over. Amazing how many free drinks you can get if you’re naked in a pub. I was so drunk last night that when I realised I couldn’t get into my flat, I thought I’d come here and wait for you. The office was locked of course, so I spent the night sleeping in the bus shelter across the road. Gave a couple of schoolboys a surprise when they came to catch their early morning bus. Since then, I’ve been hanging around across the road until you got in. You meet some pleasant people at this time of the morning.”

As Angie was explaining, Greta was phoning the pub.

“The landlord has all your stuff behind the bar,” she told Angie. “They were rather expecting you to come back for it. I don’t think they realised how far gone you were.”

“Good, I’ll go and get them,” Angie said, heading for the door.

“Er, don’t you want something to wear?” Greta asked.

“Nonsense,” said Angie. “Who needs clothes if you have confidence?” She disappeared into the street.

**Part 1**

It didn’t take long for Angie to become Greta’s biggest attraction. Her habit of hanging around to have a drink with the clients after stripping made her very popular, although some of Greta’s other girls caught on and did the same. The trick, she discovered, was to remember how much you’d had to drink.

After a few months, Greta phoned Angie with an interesting offer. It was from the local university, from a Dr Weber in the psychology department, who wanted to know if Angie could help her in her research.

Angie was intrigued. It was the same university she’d graduated from a year before. She phoned Dr Weber and made an appointment. On the allotted morning, she drove over there, a new car being one of the rewards of her new-found wealth. She drove through the familiar buildings looking for the psychology department.
Dr Weber had an office in a corridor lined with grey breeze blocks, an architectural style popular in university buildings dating from the sixties. Dr Weber, a serious looking woman in her mid-thirties, was sitting behind a desk. She indicated a chair the other side of the desk for Angie to sit on. She was dressed in the obligatory white coat and reading a pile of papers. She looked up when Angie walked in.

“I imagine you’re wondering what sort of research I’m doing that you could possibly help me with,” she started, after she introduced herself. The thought had crossed Angie’s mind. “Well, I’m sure you won’t be surprised that it has to do with nudity and nakedness.” Angie was intrigued. The doctor continued. “What I’m trying to discover is what parts of the brain are involved with how we react to naked people and how we react when we are seen naked by other people. There’s a large range of responses. Some people are happy to be seen naked, some people won’t even get naked in front of their spouses. I want to find why that is.

“I’ve been reading your CV,” she continued. “It’s been an impressive few months, from what I hear. Quite a few displays in pubs and offices. You even streaked a football game. Were you freelancing?”

“Another arranged job,” Angie answered. “The club thought it might attract more people to their games if word got about that there’d been a streaker.”

“One of my students saw you in a local pub and reckoned you had no self-consciousness about public nudity whatsoever and thought I might be interested in meeting you. And when I checked your background I found you were a student here last year. Apparently, the CCTV footage of you streaking around the campus is very popular among the security guards.”
Angie grinned when she heard this, and wondered if she could get a copy for her publicity pack.

“So, to business. Are you interested in helping me? For a start, if I asked you, would you take your clothes off?”

“Sure, no problem.” And before Dr Weber could say anything, Angie had stood up and taken her top off.

“Before we continue, you have to sign a consent form. I don’t want you saying later that I coerced you into doing anything you didn’t want to do.”

Angie finished unhooking her bra before looking at the papers put in front of her. She sat down and started reading through to see what she was getting herself into. All the while, Dr Weber seemed mesmerised by Angie’s breasts. When Angie finished reading, she signed the papers and finished undressing. She sat down, waiting for what was to happen next.

“And if I asked you to walk out of my office like that, walk down the corridor, you’d have no problems?”
“Of course not,” said Angie and got up and went to the door.

“But you don’t know what you’re going to find out there. Other members of staff and students will be wandering around.”

“That’s part of the excitement,” said Angie. “Seeing how people react is part of the fun.”

She opened the door and walked out. Dr Weber got up and followed her. To Angie’s disappointment, there was no-one in the corridor, and as Dr Weber didn’t tell her not to, she carried on walking.

Instead of going towards the entrance, she decided to explore. She heard voices in the distance, and, determined to give the doctor a good show, she went towards them. They were coming from a common room. A number of students were relaxing on chairs, reading books, papers and laptops whilst drinking coffee that came from a vending machine that was up against the wall.

The looked up as she walked in. Their faces broke into a variety of expressions, mostly broad grins but the occasional shocked look.

“You must be taking part in Jennifer’s research,” said one male student sitting by the door. At this point, Dr Weber walked in, and Angie guessed that her first name was Jennifer. She looked around the room, noting the reactions of the students, and the relaxed attitude Angie was showing, despite being the centre of attention.

“I definitely think I can use you in my research,” Dr Weber concluded.

The next few weeks, when Angie wasn’t earning her living by taking her clothes off, she was spending her spare time taking her clothes off for science. She had her brain scanned wearing clothes and not wearing clothes. She had her brain scanned when in a room full of clothed people and in a room full of naked people. Sometimes the naked people were all men, sometimes all women, and other times mixed. The men she guessed were all from the university rugby club. She remembered witnessing their legendary post-game celebrations, which usually involved them running around campus naked. Actually, she remembered, not all of them were naked. Some of them were each wearing just one rugby sock, and not on their feet.

After one set of tests in the psychology department labs, she and Dr Weber were walking back to Jennifer’s office, where Angie had left her clothes. Someone was waiting outside the office. At first, Angie couldn’t tell if it was a man or a woman, as they were wearing shapeless, baggy clothes. The most prominent feature was a head covered with short-cropped bright red hair. This person looked shocked to see Angie naked and turned their head away. Finally, Angie decided it was probably a young woman who seemed very nervous about something.

When Dr Weber shut the door of her office behind them, Angie turned to her and asked, “What’s with Ginger?”

“You noticed her,” Jennifer replied. “Before you get dressed, go out and talk to her. Tell me what you think. Oh, and she does answer to the name of Ginger.”

Ginger seemed horrified to see Angie striding towards her.

“Hi, I’m Angie. I’m working with Dr Weber,” she said, extending her hand. Ginger visibly squirmed. She didn’t acknowledge Angie’s proffered hand, and Angie reckoned a hug was going to be right out.

“So are you one of Dr Weber’s victims, too?” Angie continued, desperately trying to make conversation. She’d found that nudity did unsettle some people, but this was exceptional. She was looking in all directions except straight at her. She couldn’t look her in the eye.

“Sort of,” was all the muffled answer she got to her question.

“So, are you going to be taking your clothes off, too?” she asked in what she hoped was a light-hearted manner. To her surprise, Ginger’s response was to let out a scream and go running down the corridor.

“So, I repeat my question,” Angie said to Dr Weber as she started getting dressed. “What’s with Ginger?”

“Amazing, isn’t she,” Jennifer replied. “I found her working in the computing department as a computer operator. She’s your complete opposite. She always wears those sexless baggy clothes – I’ve never been able to even get her to take her sweater off – and she runs a mile when she sees a naked person. I’m surprised she didn’t run as soon as she saw you.”

**Part 2**

After that, Dr Weber had completed her tests, and Angie’s life went back to normal, well as normal as a life can be when you spend half of it wandering around in the nude. Then, one afternoon, Jennifer phoned her and asked if she could come over to the lab.

“Sure,” Angie replied, “I’ve got nothing on this afternoon.” It never failed to get a laugh when she said this to her friends.

When she entered the lab, she saw Dr Weber standing, next to someone sitting down reading a book. That person was naked, not that rare a sight in this lab, but the shock of red hair was familiar to Angie. She realised with a start that this was Ginger. Ginger looked up from her book and got up to greet Angie. This time, Angie did get a hug.

“Now, this is strange!” said Angie. OK, she’d been hugged by a naked woman before, of course, but only when working with another girl on a job, and only when naked herself. And to be hugged by a naked Ginger, who had run away rather than shake hands with a naked woman, well that was extraordinary.

“I’ve got a slight problem,” said Jennifer, with great understatement. Ginger went back to her book. Angie noticed there were now two eye-catching displays of ginger hair, as she was in possession of a magnificent untrimmed bush.

“I tried to be too clever,” went on Jennifer. “The brain scans I did of my subjects showed that there’s an area of the brain that is active in people like you and usually inactive in people like Ginger, well like she used to be. Are you familiar with transcranial stimulation?”

“I only take my clothes off for a living, I don’t do anything kinky,” joked Angie.

“It’s where you apply magnetic fields to the brain by bringing a device close to the head. You can get people to lose all control of their limbs if you apply it to the right spot. I tried activating the spot in Ginger’s brain, and she got a sudden desire to take all her clothes off. And I haven’t been able to get her to put them back on. I’ve tried to reduce the stimulation but to no avail. I’m at a loss at to what to do with her. She can’t go back to work like this. Imagine what an office full of geeks would be like with a naked woman in there. I was rather hoping that you might be able to look after her, having had experience of this sort of thing.”

Angie felt as if she was being lumbered. “For how long?” she asked. “I still have a job to do, and I can’t be taking a naked woman around with me. It sort of completely defeats the object of the job.”

“I’m hoping it’ll wear off in a couple of days. Meanwhile, I’ll keep investigating and see if I can work out a way to reverse the effect.”

Reluctantly, Angie led Ginger out to her car. Angie did wonder where Ginger’s clothes actually were. She seemed not at all concerned about bring them with her, but she did pick up a small wallet.
This was an odd experience for Angie, but it gave her something of an insight of how others saw her. Ginger was walking almost as if in a trance, peering in all directions to see the reactions of the people they passed.

“This is fun,” she said. “I don’t know why I’ve never done this before. The way people are looking at me, it’s giving me a great feeling. Hi, there, lovely day,” she said to a random passing stranger. Angie suddenly realised she was about to give him a hug. She pulled her back. The man looked disappointed.

Angie had to check in with Greta at the office, and she didn’t want to leave Ginger alone in the car so she took her with her. She couldn’t park near the office, so had to lead Ginger through a crowded shopping area. Then, disaster nearly struck. Angie was distracted by something she saw in a shop window, and when she turned back, Ginger had wondered off. It wasn’t difficult to spot her, but seeing that she was talking to a policewoman caused some alarm. She hurried over, thinking Ginger was about to get arrested for sure. Ginger was obviously in a hugging mood today, for she hugged the police officer and gave her a peck on the cheek. To Angie’s surprise, all the woman did was smile sheepishly and then continue on her way. Beginner’s luck?

Greta and Jo were greatly amused to see the pair of them walk into the office. “Now that’s a turn-up for the books,” Greta said. “Who’s your naked friend? Is she after a job?”

Angie explained the situation and said they’d be on their way soon, and if they knew what she could do with a naked redhead for the rest of the day, she was open to suggestions. All she got in response was smirks.

Whilst Angie was sorting out the business she’d come in for, Jo started cursing her computer, which had locked up. Ginger went over and offered her assistance. Now that’s an idea, thought Angie. There are companies that offer naked cleaning services. I wonder if Ginger could set up a naked tech support service.

Angie decided to take Ginger home with her, not having any idea what to do. Her neighbours had seen her naked enough times that seeing another naked woman entering might not cause too many problems. Ginger wasn’t keen on this, wanting to go for a walk around the town, but Angie suggested she should take things easy before trying for too much in the way of naked adventures. OK, she’d done it herself many times, but she was a professional.

She was making them a pot of tea when her phone rang. It was Jennifer, sounding even more worried than before, if that was possible. Angie told Ginger to stay put and grabbed her car keys.

When Angie saw Jennifer, her first words were, “Oh no, you haven’t.”

“I have, I’m afraid,” she replied. Jennifer was sitting at her desk completely naked. Her office door was open, as if she wanted people walking past to see her. Angie realised, incongruously, that this was the first time she’d seen her not wearing her lab coat.

“My curiosity got the better of me,” she explained, “and I wondered what the stimulation would do to my brain. And now I know. What am I going to do? I keep on telling myself to get dressed, but I can’t do it. I can’t give lectures like this. Most of the men in my classes find that I’m a woman distracting enough. The intellectual part of me wants to hide away until this is over. But there’s an emotional part of me that wants to go running around the campus. And the two parts are now in conflict.”

Angie went to the vending machine to get Jennifer a cup of tea to calm her down, realising this was the second time today she had prepared a cup of tea for a naked woman. Obviously it was becoming a habit. As they sipped tea together in Jennifer’s office, she tried to take her mind of her predicament by talking about Ginger, how braver she seemed to be now. And, whilst they were talking, in walked Ginger.

“I got bored in your flat,” she explained. “Don’t you have any books?”

“You didn’t walk here like that, did you?”

“Of course not. I took the bus. I have my bus pass,” she explained, brandishing her wallet. “Really must fit a strap to this. Having no pockets is a bit annoying.”

“This is what I was trying to explain to you,” Angie said to Jennifer. “It’s as if she’s not only got more confidence, her confidence stops other people from being at all offended by her nudity. I was told when I started out in this job that being confident helps control the audience, and this is what’s happening with Ginger, too.”

Jennifer’s eyes lit up. “Mirror neurones!” she exclaimed.

Angie looked puzzled.

“Mirror neurones,” Jennifer explained, “are neurones that fire not only when you perform an action, but also when you see someone else perform the action. It has been speculated that faults in the mirror neurones is what causes autism. An autistic person literally doesn’t experience what other people experience. Ginger is now enjoying being seen naked so much, that when others see her, their mirror neurones cause them to feel her enjoyment. I think I’ll be able to get a paper out of this. I guess you have this naturally. You’ve never been in trouble with the law, for instance, in all your escapades, have you?”

Angie thought back through all her adventures. She’d been naked in some very public places, with many onlookers, but nobody seemed to have taken offence that she noticed. Then she had an idea. She started taking her clothes off.

“What are you doing?” asked Jennifer.

“I’m used to being naked in a group of clothed people. Being the only one clothed in a group of naked people is freaking me out, so I’m going to join you. Then, I’m going to show you how to enjoy yourselves until this effect wears off. Firstly, we’re going on a pub crawl.”

Several hours later, after midnight, the three naked women staggered into Angie’s flat. Angie saw that the light was on in the flat above, and Mr Rodgers, hearing the noise in the street outside, was looking out to see what was going on. A big grin appeared on his face.

Angie brought out some spare bedding and told the other two they could argue about who slept on the couch and who on the floor. Then she disappeared into her own bedroom and collapsed after an exhausting day.
The next morning she went into the living room and found there had been no argument. The two of them were entwined on the couch. They looked very happy together. Angie realised, even if the effect of the device wore off, the lives of the two of them were now changed, and they would be seeing a lot more of each other in the future.

**Angie – One Year Later**
It was the first anniversary of the day that changed the world.

The events of a year ago had not only changed her life, Angie reflected as she drove the now familiar route to see her friends at the university. A year ago, if there had been anyone walking naked through the centre of town on a busy afternoon, it would have been her. Now, there were several naked people walking around. In contrast, Angie herself was still wearing jeans and a t-shirt. She hadn’t become the extremist for public nudity that some people had become.

Once the details of Jennifer’s machine had got out, there was no putting the genie back in the bottle. The device became like some new underground recreational drug. The daring used it on themselves, the practical jokers on their friends. People found themselves wanting to parade around naked, and nobody seemed to object.
Well, some people objected on aesthetical grounds. Some people you didn’t want to see naked, they said. So, if you consider someone has an ugly face, they should wear a mask in public, their opponents responded. No, we didn’t mean that. The arguments fizzled out as people tried to work out what they meant. Meanwhile, people got on with their lives, some of them naked.

Ironically, this meant that Angie’s previous job of taking her clothes off in public was now in danger. After all, what’s the point of going into a pub to take your clothes off if several people in the pub are already naked? Even worse, what if the person you are there to entertain is naked also? Someone did suggest she go into the pub naked and get dressed in front of the person, but that was getting too post-modern for Angie.

Fortunately, Jennifer had patented the device jointly with Angie and Ginger, so there was some money from licensing deals. And there had been appearance fees when they were interviewed when the news story broke. Angie had been interviewed nude on daytime television. That Angie was to be naked was planned. Totally unscripted was the interviewer turning the device on herself and finish the interview naked herself.

There was more nudity once Angie reached the university campus. Jennifer had told her that many of her students had embraced the naked lifestyle. She did wonder if it was because it saved on not doing laundry.

Jennifer was dressed, demurely for her – tight white shorts and a crop top. Or maybe it was her underwear. It was getting difficult to tell these days. Her lab coat had disappeared long ago.

“Hi,” she said. “Ginger will be here soon. She had to finish doing some techie thing.”
It was also the first anniversary of Jennifer and Ginger becoming an item. Angie had been their “best man” when they took out a civil partnership. And, in keeping with the spirit of how they had all met, all present had been naked.
And, apparently, they weren’t the first to do that. Angie had also learned that Ginger’s real name was Amelia, which she now found much more embarrassing than being naked.

“Plenty of time,” said Angie. “The table’s booked for seven o’clock. Time for a drink in the pub first.” As she said that, she heard a door opening down the corridor, and the familiar flashes of orange appeared.

Yet another anniversary. It was now exactly one year since Ginger last wore clothes. Although the effects of the device wore off after a couple of days, Ginger found that by then she so much enjoyed the attention she was getting, she became addicted to using it. She was also one of those annoying people who seem to be totally impervious to hot and cold. Memories of seeing Ginger the past winter walking in the snow whilst others were dressed in heavy clothes still caused Angie to shiver.

“Well,” said Angie to Jennifer, “shall we undress for dinner?”

“Yes, lets”, said Jennifer, removing her two items of clothing. The three friends, now naked again, went out to celebrate.