**Ashley's Diary -- Wednesday, May 6, 2009**

It's taken me a while, but I'm starting to feel more comfortable now without my panties on.  Even in a short dress, the breezy feeling that would have so upset me just a few weeks ago now doesn't bother me as much.  I know some of the freshman boys hang out near the bottom of the stairs so they can look up our skirts, but I suppose that's to be expected.  As a joke, I sometimes flip the back of my skirt up, just as I round the turn, out of their view.  I make sure to spread my legs when I do that, just to give them an eyeful.

That's the good news, I guess.

But there's some bad news that goes along with that.  Just as I'm getting bolder, the other girls are getting bolder, too.  And not just in my homeroom class, either.  I think a lot of girls have been "forgetting" to wear panties.  Some girls have been wearing lingerie -- slips, nighties, pajamas and the like -- to school instead of ordinary clothes.

For the past few days, I've been coming to school in a short dress or t-shirt, with nothing under it, hoping to pick up a few points, but the other girls have beat me to those points in even shorter tops.  Have they no sense of decency?  I mean, some of the girls -- and I don't mean to pick on Taylor, Jenny, Becky and Hanna -- they don't even try to cover their butts.  It was almost funny when the four of them were sitting on one of the bench seats in the cafeteria, the kind I try to stay away from, because there's no ladylike way to swing your leg around.  Anyway, the four of them were sitting with their backs to the door as I walked in, and not one of their tops even reached to the top of the butt crack.  Maybe it was just the way they were sitting, with their arms all around each other, giggling and carrying on, but they really looked bottomless.

Sorry for being such a party pooper.  I guess I'm just scared I'll be the one who will be stripped this month.  I promise I'll lighten up by tomorrow's post.

Sometimes fashion needs to trump animal magnetism.  Today's pretty girl may be unaware that her butt is among the most beautiful in the world.  So she covers it with a dress that is perhaps a little longer than absolutely necessary.



Don't get me wrong.  It's a pretty dress; just longer than necessary.  Her bad judgment in dress length notwithstanding, I find myself captivated by her soulful brown eyes.  Aren't you?



**Ashley's Diary -- Thursday, May 7, 2009**

Let me apologize once again for being such a party pooper yesterday.  I don't know what got into me.  Today I wore a man-tailored shirt, with nothing under it, and I felt really sexy for the first time in a while.  You see, the tails of the shirt were exactly the right length for me to feel decent, and the sides were open, so I could feel sexy, too.  I got a lot of compliments from the boys, and from some girls, too.  I felt frisky, and my mood was infectious.  After lunch, I went outside and played like a little girl, and a lot of my friends came along to play with me, or just watch.

Now that we're seniors in high school, our teachers want to get us ready for the College.  They've been dropping hints about the unusual Dress Code at the College, and especially about the Inspections.  It makes sense to inspect the girls from time to time, to ensure they're following the Dress Code.  I have no quarrel with that, but it shouldn't be necessary for the girls to strip naked just to verify they're following the Dress Code.  That really seems a bit extreme.  Maybe my teachers are exaggerating.

But anyway, in History class, our teacher decided we should be prepared for college, so each day at random, she calls on a girl and tells her to strip.  If the girl is naked in a few seconds, then she's allowed to put one item of clothing back on right away, and the others are donated to charity.  But if it takes her more than a few seconds to get naked, then the class picks which item she gets to keep, and even then, she can't have it until the end of the period.  It took a few naked crying girls for the rest of us to realize the best idea was to wear just one or two items of clothing, and be prepared to whip them off at a moment's notice.

We all had a laugh at Lee Ann's expense today.  She was so keyed up because she hadn't been called on yet to strip, and she's been expecting it.  Today she was especially worried because she wore a tight minidress with panties under it.  So when the teacher called on her to give the answer to a question, she whipped off her dress, and started to pull down her panties before she noticed everyone laughing at her.  "Go ahead, Lee Ann," said the teacher.  "Finish stripping, and then answer the question."  This caused even more laughter, but she did it.  Standing crimson-faced and naked next to a pile of her clothes, she answered the question.  Even though it took her quite a while to finish stripping, the teacher gave her a break.  She was allowed to put her dress back on, but not her panties.  This embarrassed her, because her dress was really too short to wear without panties.

This?  It's just a little think I picked up in Paris.  Do you like it?



**Ashley's Diary -- Friday, May 8, 2009**

I never gave my gym uniform a second thought.  It was a t-shirt with my class on it, 2009.  The seniors color was green.  The next class, 2010, had yellow shirts, then blue, and the babies who won't graduate until 2012 wear red shirts.  All the shirts are the same size, which means they cover the freshman girls a whole lot better than they cover the seniors.

All of this brings me up to the next point, which is our bull dyke gym teacher, Miss Phineas.  She has started to enjoy humiliating some of the girls in our class.  Like I said, the shirts are starting to get kinda tight on some of us, and so our panties, if we wear any, have started to show.  I've been told that in other schools, the uniform includes shorts as well as a shirt, but not at ours.  Well, Miss Phineas says she's sick and tired of seeing our panties.  One day she told us the girl wearing the next pair of panties she sees is going to get the "treatment".  But she never said what that meant.  Some girls think the "treatment" calls for hanging from the high bar with legs spread wide, while the entire class walks under her, taking whacks at her butt.  In any case, the treatment has -- so far -- not been needed, as we have all "voluntarily" left our panties in the locker room.

Now that we are suitably bottomless at every gym class, Miss Phineas has begun taking particular delight in assigning us to teams labeled "shirts" and "skins".  She makes us count off, 1, 2, 1, 2, etc. and then she calls the 1's to one side of the gym, and the 2's to the other side.  Then she makes us spread our legs, bend over, and touch our toes to help her decide which team will be skins, and which will be shirts.  She actually fondles the bottoms of some of the girls as she walks among them, judging them.  The first girl who squeals, or laughs, is stripped, and her team becomes the "skins".  We know this, so we just let her fondle us.  Sometimes, she pauses for a long time, and I try not to look, but I think I saw her bring one of the girls in my class to silent orgasm.  If that's true, I'm so proud of that girl for cumming in total silence so as not to cause her whole team to have to strip.

Eventually, though, some girl slips up.  She could be goosed by surprise, or spanked suddenly.  So then we all have to strip, so we can be the skins.  Lately the weather hasn't been so good, thank God, so we haven't had to play outside.  And on those rare days we've been outside, I've been lucky enough to be on the "shirts" team.  I could see all the faces lining the windows of the classrooms, getting an eyeful of the naked girls.

Lately, Miss Phineas has been on a new kick: running.  She says the last ten girls, whoever they are, just aren't trying hard enough, so she strips them.  So far, I've been fast enough to keep my clothes on.  It's a good thing, too, because the only way to get your uniform back is to follow Miss P into the cafeteria, naked, and wait for her to call your name.  The girls who don't make it lose their uniforms forever, and I suppose you can imagine the special punishment Miss P gives girls who have lost their uniforms.

It isn't pretty.

I'm embarrassed because I didn't think ahead.  You see, my panties just don't go with my skirt.  But now, it's really hard to take off my panties, and pull them all the way over my rollerblades, but I guess I'm gonna have to do that -- for the sake of fashion.

