**Awakened**

by That Guy

*Callie Moye desperately wished she had more hands.  
  
She was in the worst situation a high-school girl could be in: naked in school.  
  
She didn't know how or why she'd become naked, but here she was. Naked as the day she was born, with her classmates' laughter ringing in her ears, wolf-whistles taunting her, her breasts and ass and ever her most private parts exposed for all to see. She needed hands to cover all of those, and also to cover her furiously blushing face ...*  
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**Callie awakened.**  
"So what does Queequeg symbolize in this chapter?" droned her English teacher. The class was reading Moby Dick, which Callie found quite boring.  
  
Callie blinked her eyes and looked around. Nobody was laughing at her, or even looking at her. She was sitting in the last row of the class, across the aisle from her best friend Mindy.   
  
"Wake up, girl," whispered Mindy, "you're lucky he hasn't noticed."  
  
Callie nodded. Mr. Uhland, the English teacher, was not above embarrassing students who didn't pay attention in class. Callie had once found herself blushing in front of the whole class at his sarcastic comments, and didn't want that to happen again.  
  
Callie reached down to smooth her skirt across her legs and was shocked to touch only her bare thigh. Had her skirt ridden up so high while she was sleeping?  
  
Callie looked down and saw that she was naked.  
  
Absolutely naked from head to toe.  
  
She looked around. Mindy was looking toward the front of the class. The nerdy boy sitting on the other side of her showed no awareness that anything was out of the ordinary. Since she was sitting in the back row, nobody else really had a good look at her.  
  
She must still be dreaming. That was it. But how to tell for sure? She pinched her leg and had to stifle a cry of pain. That sure felt real.  
  
The nerdy boy raised his hand to ask a question.  
  
"Yes, Sheldon?" said Mr. Uhland.  
  
Callie cringed as half the class turned to look at Sheldon. She was sitting right next to him ...  
  
"I think Melville was being deliberately ironic when he said real places like Kokovoko are never on maps," said Sheldon.  
  
Half the class had their eyes directed in Sheldon's direction, but nobody gave any sign that there was a naked girl sitting right next to him.  
  
"I think there's more to it than that," said the teacher. "Callie, what do you think about it?"  
  
Callie felt every eye in the class turn upon her. Nobody blinked, nobody laughed, nobody leered.  
  
"Uh, I think Melville meant fictional places are more real than actually real places," she said, still not quite believing nobody could see her nakedness. She fought the urge to cover up with her hands, and was quite sure she was blushing hard enough to light up the room.  
  
"You're getting close, Callie. Anyone else?" asked the teacher.  
  
Finally the class ended. Callie sat in her seat for a few extra seconds as everyone else got up to go to the next class.  
  
"You're going to PE, girl?" asked Mindy.  
  
"Uh, sure," said Callie, standing up. Surely now Mindy would see that she was naked.  
  
"Is something wrong, Callie?" asked Mindy.  
  
Mindy let a few seconds pass, then said, "why would anything be wrong?"  
  
"You're got this weird look in your eyes," said Mindy. "C'mon, let's get going. PE is going to be ballroom dancing with the boys starting today, remember? I hope you're ready to learn to waltz."

**AWAKENED - 2**

Callie walked past her English teacher, who was engrossed in grading papers from another class, and stopped at the door of the classroom. Did she dare go out into the hallway? Maybe her English class had been so benumbed by a 900-page 19th-century novel that they failed to notice a naked girl in their company, but what about everyone else in the hallway, now full of students changing classes?  
  
"Callie, are you coming?" shouted Mindy, several steps down the hallway.  
  
Callie took a deep breath, wondered for a second how she'd managed to lose the skirt and sweater she'd begun the day with, and boldly stepped into the hallway.  
  
She'd been so wrapped up in her own thoughts she hadn't noticed Frank standing in front of her and bumped into him, bare breast to shirted chest. She quickly stepped back.  
  
"Um, sorry ..." she began.  
  
"Hey, Callie, can I walk you to the next class?" asked Frank. Frank had a crush on Callie, which Callie didn't want to encourage, but he was so nice it was difficult to be forceful. Besides, her own crush on the star football player was hopeless; he was known to be sleeping with the head cheerleader. But Callie could dream.  
  
Frank showed no sign of noticing her nakedness.  
  
"Uh, sure, Frank," she said. "Ballroom dancing. Sounds like fun."  
  
They walked around the corner which led to the gymnasium. Callie carefully looked at the students passing her for some sign that they saw her nakedness. She could feel the breeze from their passing on her whole body. Not to mention the chill of the school's very efficient air-conditioning system. But nobody gave her a second glance.  
  
"So, ballroom dancing," said Frank. "I hope we can dance as partners, Callie."  
  
"Uh, sure, Frank," she said, still looking around.  
  
"You seem distracted today," said Frank.  
  
"Just a normal day," said Callie, looking at Frank to see if he reacted.  
  
Frank stopped. Callie noticed they were at the entrance to the girls' locker room.  
  
"See you in a few minutes, Callie," said Frank, cheerfully, walking toward the boys' locker room.  
  
Yeah, though Callie, you'll see me. All of me. Except that you and everyone else doesn't seem to notice.

**AWAKENED - 3**

Callie suddenly realized her locker would contain her gym suit. She'd have something to wear the rest of the day.  
  
She quickly entered the locker room and opened her locker.  
  
No such luck. Just a towel to dry off with after her shower.  
  
"Callie, are you sure you're OK?" asked Mindy, changing into her gym suit.  
  
"Why do you keep asking me that?" said Callie.  
  
"Maybe you have a fever," said Mindy, "your face is kind of red."  
  
"Must be the heat. Or something," said Callie, not quite sure what to do since she had no gym suit to change into, or clothes to change out of, for that matter.  
  
"Are you kidding?" said Mindy. "In this air conditioning, girl?"  
  
"I'm OK," said Callie, thinking in her mind that if Mindy would just look at her she would notice that she was stark naked.  
  
"Time for ballroom dance," said Mindy, standing up. "I thought we were supposed to wear ballgowns to do that. And the guys in white tie and tails? But, no, gym suits for us."  
  
At least you get to wear something, thought Callie.   
  
Callie stopped for a second to look in the locker room's mirror as they walked toward the gym. She was certainly naked. She thought her breasts looked too small, as usual, but at least that was convenient on a day like this - no bouncing around. She had a figure somewhere between curvy and boyish, and was one of the few girls who didn't think her thighs were too big.  
  
Looks like me, she thought. All of me and nothing else.  
  
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Callie had ended up with Frank as her partner. She occasionally looked across the room longingly at Brad, the star halfback on his way to breaking the county single-season touchdown record, currently held by a boy who had made it to the NFL. He was learning the waltz position with his girlfriend and head cheerleader, Desirée.  
  
I suppose he might be interested in me if he noticed I was naked, thought Callie.  
  
Meanwhile, Callie and Frank were being shown the "closed position" by the girls' PE teacher: boy's right hand on the girls's back (in Callie's case, a naked back; Frank didn't seem to notice); girl's left hand on the boy's right shoulder. The other two hands are clasped together at shoulder height.  
  
Callie watched as the teacher demonstrated the waltz with one of the boys who had already been taking ballroom dance lessons. ONE-two-three, ONE-two-three, the basic waltz rhythm.  
  
So then it was the turn of the whole class, and soon Callie was waltzing, more or less correctly, with Frank. ONE-two-three, ONE-two-three.  
  
"Notice anything about me today, Frank?" asked Callie.  
  
"Uh, uh, did you change your hair?" said Frank, uncertainly.  
  
"Uh, yeah, that was it. I'm glad you noticed," said Callie, sighing.   
  
"It used to be longer, right?" said Frank.  
  
In junior high, thought Callie.  
  
ONE-two-three, ONE-two-three.  
  
How can we be dancing so close and he doesn't notice I'm naked, she thought.  
  
Uh-oh, he at least noticed I'm a girl, she thought, because he's getting an erection under his gym shorts.  
  
Awwwk-waaard.  
  
Callie looked up at Frank's face. He was staring off at the wall and blushing bright red.  
  
Callie gulped. Her nipples were getting hard. And she was naked. Surely now they'd notice?  
  
The music stopped and she and Frank let go of each other, both breathing heavily. They didn't dare look at each other.  
  
The teacher began demostrating some refinements with the boy who'd had lessons, but the bell rang ending the class. Callie bolted for the locker room.

**AWAKENED - 4**

Callie showered and dried, but had nothing to get dressed with. Still naked, she walked out of the locker room into the hallway. She hoped to avoid Frank. At least he wasn't in her next class.  
  
Callie ducked into the girls' restroom and stood before the large mirror. Why on earth was nobody noticing that she was naked? Could she still be dreaming?  
  
Callie stretched her right arm out to the side, opened her hand, and slapped herself in the face.  
  
"Owww!!!" she screamed.  
  
A freshman girl came out of one of the stalls, stared at her, and started to leave.  
  
"Hey!" said Callie. "Look at me! What do you see?"  
  
"A girl who slapped herself," said the freshman, looking frightened, edging away from Callie.  
  
"And what else?" said Callie, practically shouting.  
  
"You're crazy," said the girl, who then bolted out into the hallway.  
  
Yeah, maybe, thought Callie. She looked in the mirror again.  
  
Still naked.  
  
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Callie's next class was Calculus. Only five students had qualified for the class, and other four were boys. How can four high school boys not notice a naked girl? To say nothing of a male teacher still his 20s.  
  
After her bathroom visit, Callie arrived late to the Calculus class. She stopped at the doorway, made sure the others were looking, then raised her arms above her head and did a slow pirouette.  
  
"Nice dance moves, Miss Moye," said the teacher, "but we're integrating trig functions today."  
  
Callie saw there was a problem on the whiteboard in front of the class.  
  
"OK, can I take this one?" she asked.  
  
"Certainly," said the teacher. The other boys were mostly scratching on notepads, appearing not to notice Callie.  
  
Callie stared at the problem for a few seconds.  
  
"Integration by parts?" she suggested.  
  
The teacher raised his eyebrows.  
  
"Very good, Callie. Not obvious in the context of trigonometric functions, but you're quite right."  
  
"Sometimes even obvious things are missed," said Callie.  
  
"Um, excuse me?" said the teacher. "Were you referring to the problem on the board?"  
  
"No," said Callie, finishing the solution, "just, uh, obvious things in general."  
  
Callie sat down. The teacher started writing a new problem on the whiteboard.  
  
Callie was sitting behind a boy named Bryan, a chubby boy with glasses.  
  
Callie, remembering boys who had dropped their pencils in an effort to see up her skirts, dropped her own pencil on the floor in front of her.  
  
"Bryan," she whispered, "I can't reach my pencil. Could you pick it up?"  
  
Bryan turned around to pick up the pencil. Callie spread her legs wide apart. Surely Bryan would notice ...  
  
"Here you go," said Bryan, handing her the pencil, and not showing any sign that anything was unusual.  
  
"Have you cleaned those glasses lately, Bryan?" whispered Callie.  
  
"Just before class," said Bryan, looking puzzled. "I can see fine."  
  
Callie shrugged.  
  
The class went on. Several more problems were solved.  
  
As class was about to end, Callie spoke again.  
  
"Does anyone else in here think it's cold? I'm getting goosebumps," she said.  
  
"Most people like the air conditioning on high," said the teacher.   
  
"I guess I'm not dressed for it," said Callie.  
  
The bell rang, and everyone got up to leave. Noticing nothing, saying nothing.  
  
Callie left too, to meet with Mindy and some others for lunch in the cafeteria.

**AWAKENED - conclusion**

Callie was going through the cafeteria line with Mindy.  
  
"Interesting day, isn't it, Mindy?" she said.  
  
"In what way?" said Mindy. "Are you being weird again?"  
  
"Weird? I don't think that's the right word," said Callie.  
  
Callie picked up two oranges, turned around to face the boy behind her, and held the oranges just below her naked breasts.  
  
"Do these remind you of anything?" she asked the boy.  
  
The boy saw Mindy roll her eyes.  
  
"Uh, oranges?" said the boy.  
  
"Oranges remind you of oranges," said Callie, with an edge in her voice. "I love deep thinking, don't you, Mindy?"  
  
"It's the only kind I like," said Mindy.  
  
The two girls stepped into the cafeteria carrying their trays. No eyes turned to look at Callie, although almost every seat was full.  
  
"It's really unbelievable," said Mindy, looking at her tray of food.  
  
"What? Deep thinking? Oranges?" asked Callie.  
  
"That this crap is considered food," said Mindy.  
  
"No, what's really unbelievable is that nobody has noticed that I've been stark naked all morning," said Callie.  
  
Mindy's tray went crashing to the floor.  
  
"OH, MY GOD!!! CALLIE'S NAKED!!!" she shrieked.  
  
The whole cafeteria turned to look. Cries of "she's naked!", "look at her ass!", "look at her boobs!" and more.  
  
Callie's own tray went crashing to the floor as she tried to cover herself, but she needed more hands. She wanted to run away but turned around and saw she was being surrounded on every side by pointing, laughing, leering, wolf-whistling students.  
  
She wanted to cover her face, where she was blushing harder than she ever had before.  
  
After all, what could be worse for a high-school girl than to be seen naked in school?