**Medical College of BlankeSchande**

by Buffy  
  
"Well, you can certainly understand how it would put patients at ease! Welcome to the Medical College of BlankeSchande." The admissions officer reached out his hand to offer his congratulations.  
  
I stood naked, shoeless, before the six members of the admissions committee, the interview over, and it hit me all at once. I was convinced, surer now more than ever. YES, this was the school for me!  
  
The path to a career in medicine had been roundabout for me. I was not your   
usual student. You could say the end of the interview was the beginning of my   
second career. I had burned out on the modeling circuit. I knew I would never   
be a household name, content as I was to be tucked away on a few pages each time in the Venus Swimsuit catalog as well as the occasional VS and Vogue shoot.   
Never did get the cover of Vogue, boo hoo for me. I just didn't have any   
interest in playing the politics necessary (and to do the drugs and to do the   
agents necessary!) to get ahead in that field. Thank goodness the money had   
been tremendously good anyway, so at least that wasn't a concern. Having always had an interest in emergency medicine (I was a volunteer Paramedic as well as a Ski Patroller not long after high school) and having placed out of a number of college prerequisite classes while I was modeling, I decided that medical school was the next step. I'd applied to, and had been accepted to, USC, Johns Hopkins, UChicago, Cornell, and BlankeSchande. Who would have thought that the best place for me to study medicine was all the way across the country, at a small liberal arts college?  
  
The thought of attending classes, eating meals, labs, clinical, all daily   
activities... all nude... at first terrified, and then intrigued me. My first   
thought -- Anatomy class must be a real trip at that school! Before I knew it,   
BlankeSchande had booked a flight from my home to LAX, arranged for someone to meet me, and had scheduled an interview.  
  
  
It surprised me just a little that I was asked by my guide, a stunning brunette   
named Charlie, to strip to the skin as soon as we drove through the gate and   
parked in the "mandatory changing lot" just inside the school grounds. She was out of her clothes in a flash, which made the transition easier for me. After   
gaining my breath, I asked her to help me unbutton and lift off my sundress,   
right over my head, and before I gave myself a chance to think it over further,   
I bent over and peeled off my knickers, then unbuckled my sandals. I've been   
nude before among other people, it's the way it is in the chaotic jumble of   
backstage at any fashion show, and I've even been photographed topless, but this was different. This was the first time it would be me, just me, with no   
clothing to grab if I got a case of the nerves.  
  
  
"Why don't we stop for a snack? I find that eating in the quad helps new   
students get accustomed to being nude in public, and it especially gives you a   
chance to work off some of your jitters. I see that you're pretty nervous about  
all this, Buffy. It's perfectly understandable, and natural. Try to eat   
something."  
  
  
Honestly, my mouth felt like it was stuffed full of cotton, and eating was the   
last thing on my mind, but I didn't want to hurt Charlie's feelings. And she   
was right, a little time in public before my interview would help a lot.  
  
  
There were several vendors there in the quad. She bought me a sparkling water, and had one herself, and she bought a plate of fresh veggies. One thing I noticed right away was the complete absence of junk food -- everything appeared to be organic, and if not organic, at least fresh and delicious looking. We had a great talk -- I learned that Charlie had been at BlankeSchande as an   
undergraduate, had graduated cum laude in Chemistry (we both howled with   
laughter over that!), and was now working on her Masters degree. She and I were the same age (23), and shared quite a few interests. We watched people walk by, naked girls and clothed boys, and as time passed it seemed more and more natural. I even was able to watch a couple girls who were asked to "present."   
Before we knew it, it was time for my admissions interview.  
  
  
Charlie took my hand and led me down the cool cobblestone walkway toward the admissions office. It was still spring, so temperatures had not had a chance to rise much. Indeed, the stones were cool and smooth against my feet, and I   
noticed that at least someone at BlankeSchande had thought to pave the walkways with light-colored cobblestones to keep them relatively cool even in the high heat of summer, in any case nowhere near as hot as the parking lots. No, not bad on the feet at all... even for initiates like myself. We climbed the four stone steps to the main building, and swung the heavy wood door open. Charlie and I were about to enter the admissions office when she stopped me.  
  
  
"Buffy, you're going to make a great doctor someday, and a great student here.   
I know it! Believe in yourself, and you'll do great in this interview!" With   
that she gave me a huge hug and a kiss on the cheek "Good Luck! I'll be back   
here in an hour to see you after your interview!"  
  
  
Charlie was right, she was right in so many ways. Her kindness, right from the   
moment we met at the airport, to the way she helped me remove my clothing in the parking lot, even to her insistence that we stop for a bite to eat to give me a chance to get used to being nude outdoors among people, it was all so right. I  
strode into the interview, the picture of confidence, ready to answer anything   
they threw at me!  
  
  
And question they did! What were my favorite classes, least favorite classes,   
explain my previous career, why did I want to go to medical school when I would be 26 upon graduation, even with advanced placement I would be several years older than the other students, what was my family background, friends, interests, even my hobbies of skiing and scuba diving!   
  
  
With the interview over, and the admissions committee convinced that this was a good "fit," my admission to the Medical College at BlankeSchande was complete.   
So many thoughts raced through my mind... I felt like after enough time I would fit in well here, BlankeSchande's reputation was first-rate, the class work would be tough (and God knows unusual), but overall it felt like the right place to be, allowing me to get into any residency I chose. I would study hard. I would be able to set my patients at ease (after all, who could be all that   
concerned when your physician walks into the office naked). I could do good   
medicine.  
  
Such a jumble of thoughts, and happiness! Before I knew it, I had turned to the admissions officer, and instead of shaking his hand, jumped into his arms,   
wrapped my arms and legs around him, and gave him a huge kiss, right on the   
lips! Rather than be embarrassed (though I doubt this was an everyday event,   
even for him) he made a small joke about having to accept students more often, the rest of the committee cracked up with laughter, and I felt... I was home!  
  
  
Charlie met me at the door as promised, and gave me an even bigger hug than   
before! I knew that BlankeSchande was the place for me!