**College Roommate Prank Freshman Year**

**By Janie**

When I was growing up, I always slept nude. Maybe that’s because my mom did. I never knew others slept differently until I was around eight or ten and started going to slumber parties. Then my mom explained to me that some people wore pajamas, although we didn’t, so it was polite to ask first before I slept nude sleeping over at their houses. Most of the time my girlfriends didn’t care, not even their parents. Sometimes they even made my sleep habits the point of fun at the party, as I got older. More than once, they pranked me while I slept. One time, my GF pulled my blanket off in front of her brothers. Another time, my friends worked the blanket up so my bottom showed while I was sleeping. They took pictures of my butt naked on their cell phones and showed them to me in the morning. Mostly it was all in good fun, until I went to college. There they pranked me once so bad I was really embarrassed.

I roomed with another girl from a single parent family in college, and we hit it off pretty well. She was really smart though, and sort of jealous. I think she resented my looks, because she was always trying to set me up for pranks with boys. She was keenly aware that I slept nude, and she thought that was kinda funny. (She didn’t even wear underpants to sleep in, she wore her “pajamies.” She was from a well-known eastern family.) She embarrassed me a couple of times by bringing guests in after I’d gone to bed or in the morning, forcing me to hop out of bed to go pee while they watched me get dressed, or just lay there cowering, which I wasn't willing to do for very often. She wanted others – especially boys – to know I slept nude, too. Though I thought it was kinda weird, hey, this was college and there are all kind of kids in college – even prudes. So that was okay.

Our dorm was coed, and that fall we had our first freshman dorm party. The RA’s were bringing wine, and my 'roomie' worked out a plan with our other girlfriends on our dorm floor. They would help her prank me, and “we” would have loads of fun in the process. Anyhow, that was the idea. Because I’d never had any beer or alcohol before college – much less wine for that matter – it was a pretty good one. You see, while I was growing up my mom never drank, so I was sort of immature about drinking. (My parents split because my dad was an alcoholic.) The point of the story is, I had three or four glasses of wine at the party – my first – and before I knew it, I felt pretty tipsy.

So I went back to our room on our floor before I passed out, taking off my pretty dress as carefully as best I could, hanging it over the chair. Then I slipped off my panties and bra, and slid into bed as I always did. My warm covers felt so good on my bare flesh, soon I was snoozing deeply in silly, drunken reverie. That was when my roomie and the others played their little joke on me.

Once they knew I was soundly asleep, they carried me in my blankets down to second floor, where they’d partied earlier – still nude. Then they left me in the lounge, arranging it so I would somehow think I’d sleepwalked back down there. They left me with a bunch of guys on that floor that didn’t even know I was nude under my covers. Eager to see whatever would happen when I woke up in the morning, they left me snoring away – nude below.

Well, the following Sunday morning was a typical morning after a party, as I would later discover. When I was still asleep at 9 AM and nothing had happened, the girls from our floor told the guys below it was time to wake me up. They suggested shock treatment, because it would be funnier (they said) since I was still groggy with a hangover. (Of course, no one except them knew our little secret!) So all the girls on my floor were watching with their cell phone cameras ready, as several guys came into the second floor lounge and ripped off my blankets. LOL – pulling away my sheets, they discovered a nude girl had been sleeping in their lounge all night long. A very pretty nude girl – OMG!!! I was as nude as the day I was born, but I was still so out of it I didn’t know what was going on. It took me a few moments to realize what was happening. Then I was even more shocked than the boys were, although they were enjoying it more. All I could do was close my bare legs, cover my breasts, beg for my covers back and hope for the best.

You would think the boys would have given me back my covers, right? Well no, not right away. They wanted to see me run naked back up the stairs to our floor, so they made me negotiate – nude. Being chased by a bunch of sex-crazed boys, watched by all the girls, with their cell cameras and videos running, as they all watched at my nude little butt tearing up the stairs was about as much embarrassment as I could handle! Finally, one of the nicer boys threw me his tee-shirt and shorts, and I was able to run back up to my floor with some semblance of modesty. (I was worried that part of my tampon may have showed, without them.) OMG!!!! I don’t know if it made any difference, they’d all seen pretty much all of me anyway, but at least I felt better about it.

The pictures of my nude body circulated around the campus the years I was there. They even made the year book rip-off, and other spoof bootleg publications. I had an identity – I was the "nude girl" of Dorm #3. On the other hand, it backfired on my roommate – or maybe it didn’t. Every guy in our dorm, maybe even the whole freshman class, hung around our dorm room the rest of the fall, asking for dates, trying to get her to let them in at night or in the morning to cop another look at my butt! Yup, it lasted pretty much our whole freshman year, I was famous. This attention got us both more dates than we deserved. We were probably the best known, most popular girls that whole year – or at least I was, since I was the "nude girl."