**Helen's Graduation**

by Nate Uryst

This is just a quick, one chapter story that I'm using to explore a different concept and may expand upon certain ideas at a later point. Enjoy.   
  
Helen Zbignew stood at the very end of students in line to enter the auditorium. 500 hundred students in her class and she was the last one. Except sometimes in grade school when the teacher would reverse the order. And then and only then would she be first.   
  
As she stood there, she knew that she was going to have a long wait And started to recall her thirteen years as a student here. To the best of recollection, this cap and gown was the most clothing that she had worn in this building since kindergarten.   
  
She knew that even from an early age she had hated to wear clothes. But when she started to go school, her mother impressed upon her that naked time was only allowed when with friends and family. Imagine her confusion after the first week of school when the teacher started telling the class that they were all one big happy family and each others friends.   
  
The first time she remembered taking her clothes off in class was at nap time after lunch one day. The teacher, Ms. Brown hadn't even realized that little Helen was naked until she returned to her seat after the nap.   
  
Helen didn't understand why the teacher was so upset, they were all friends here after all. But she was made to get dressed and taken to the principal's office. She waited there until her mother picked her up. Both mother and the principal spoke at great length why she had to keep her clothes on.   
  
It was hard for her, but she managed to go almost an entire week at school with her clothes on. Until one day at recess when she became hot and took her clothes off once again. Of course the grown ups freaked out again. She wasn't as easily swayed this time and ran from anyone approaching her with her dress in hand.   
  
The bell had rung and Helen ran to stand in line to go back to class. Her teacher was tired from chasing her and just let her return to class as she was. It was more of a disruption trying to get her dressed than letting her go bare. But she was convinced to put her dress on before getting on the bus to go home.   
  
The line had move forward and Helen was finally seated in the auditorium. She was reminded why she didn't like wearing clothes, it was stiflingly hot in here. And all she was wearing was the gown. She didn't know how the rest of the students were able to stand it, she was sure that almost all of them had clothing on under their gowns.   
  
Speeches about this, speeches about that. There were scheduled to be seven different people giving speeches. Some more than one. This night was going on forever. Her mind started to drift back to the absolute last time she had worn clothes.   
  
Her teacher, after getting permission from Helen's parents, the other student's parents and the school board, relented and let Helen go nude in class. It was becoming too much trouble and Helen had a stubborn streak a mile wide. The only condition was that she had to get dressed to ride the bus home.   
  
Now Helen was one to always push the limits. One morning on the bus ride to school, she suddenly took her clothes off and threw them out the window of the bus. As the bus rolled down the highway her clothes fluttered away. She knew that this meant that she would naked all day and even on the bus ride home. And also the she would be in trouble she she did get home.   
  
Helen did this same thing every morning for two weeks. Fourteen outfits of clothes gone and never to be seen again. Her parents, not rich people, could not afford to buy clothes just to have them strewn along the highway. And that was the date, September 22, 1997, was the last time she ever wore clothes.   
  
Of course throughout the years, the police tried scare tactics on her, tried arresting her, but she never did get dressed. Finally, during her middle school years, her first teacher, Ms. Brown was elected mayor. And one of her first acts as mayor was to officially make the city clothing optional.   
  
And yet, four years later, Helen was the only true nudist in the town. Oh, a few kids did try coming to school naked a few times. Probably without their parents knowledge because it didn't last long. One boy did go completely nude at school and around town for nearly two weeks. His parents finally sent him to live with his grandparents in another city that didn't allow public nudism.   
  
She did have a couple friends that would go naked with her when they were away from school. Not like going to the mall naked, but whenever they were at one of the others house, they would go nude with their friend. Helen never tried to coerce them to go public, but she couldn't understand their reluctance. They both enjoyed going nude almost on a daily basis.   
  
They were finally calling names to come on stage to receive their diplomas. Helen almost absent mindedly lowered the zipper on her gown and started to fan the loose edges to get some circulation against her skin. The students next to her glanced at her, almost enviously, as she cooled herself down.   
  
Helen really wished that she could just toss this gown aside and graduate just as she had spent her academic career, comfortable and naked. She also wished that her fellow students would join her. She never missed an opportunity to extol the virtues of nudism to anyone that would listen. In fact, she was some what of a minor celebrity in town.   
  
In the beginning it all started with article in the school newsletter, which was then expanded into a full length story in the county's weekly newspaper. That got picked up in the state largest daily paper which of course led to a television interview from the local station. When the largest station in the state asked to do a live interview with her, she had only one request, that they not censor her body with black bars or only do shoulder up shots.   
  
They agreed, but only aired the interview on their late news broadcast. Even then they faced fines and protests. With all this attention, this past summer, her story made it to the national level. Various entertainment shows, political event show and even religious shows wanted her on their programs.   
  
Do to the still restrictive anti-nudity laws in place in most of the country, all the interviews but one were done locally or by remote feed. That one interview shuttled her by private plane from the local airport to the LBS television studios in Chicago. While there, she was able to take a tour of the city, saw several of the tourist attractions and was even able to do some shopping. Though not exactly legal, by any means, she was given a great deal of leeway and was able to roam the city nude. But always with a camera crew from the TV show.   
  
Helen heard the name Bill Yanov, that meant that she was next. She stepped up the designated spot to the side of the stage and waited her turn.   
  
"And finally, but certainly not least by any stretch, we have one of most outspoken and politically active students. Graduating with a 3.8 gpa, Secretary of the Senior student body, Helen Zbignew will be attending York Liberty University of Law on a full scholarship from, ahem, NANA, North American Nudist Association."  
  
As Helen stepped on staged, her fellow students erupted in deafening applause. She had never been so embarrassed in her life and her face glowed crimson red. She accepted her diploma, shook hands with the principal and paused for her official graduation portrait. Unknowingly, also exposing one of her breasts to the camera.   
  
As she made her way back to her seat, the principal announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the class of 2020!" And with that the auditorium was filled with flying caps and tassels. And even some where in the crowd a few gowns sailed into the air leaving their owners in the nude.   
  
Helen smiled and realized that she had made at least a small impression on some of her fellow classmates.