**If You Go Down to the Woods... (1st post)**  
by [2Claire](mailto:TooClaire808@hotmail.com) 2Claire (*no login*)

Hi, this is my first post, although I’ve been coming to this site on and off for about a year now, and I love it. I’ve never posted anything before, but just recently I decided it would be cool to describe for everyone here, by way of breaking the ice, how I got into all this in the first place. So here’s the first part of my humble beginnings…  
  
Really, it all began the summer when I left junior school. For those of you not from the UK, our school system runs as follows: we have pre-school from ages 2-4/5 years, infant school until we’re 7 or 8, junior school until we are eleven, then secondary school until 16 (anything after that is optional). So anyway, I was not far off my twelfth birthday, being one of the oldest kids in my year. It had been a great summer, but it was coming to an end, and I had gone to walk through the woods near my home to contemplate going to secondary school when the new term started in a fortnight.  
  
My parents’ house was (and still is) located right at the edge of our village. It backs on to fields, then there is a lane, then another field and then some woods. Ever since I was very small I had been going into the woods to play – it was perfectly safe as hardly anyone went there. Now I was a bit older, they were my place to go for quiet contemplation. So I was walking through the woods, when I came to the place I had always thought of as my own – a secluded area surrounded by brush, where I would go and build dens when I was younger. I sat down here, just for a bit, to think.  
  
Being the age I was, I was out for discovering new sensations and for experimenting. Girls mature faster than boys, and the mysteries of sexuality were just beginning to reveal themselves to me. All of this came to a head, for me, when a bug decided it would crawl underneath the t-shirt I was wearing, and up my back. Now being a country girl I was fairly used to wildlife, but when something crawls under your shirt you still tend to panic slightly. The best solution I could think of was to pull my t-shirt off over my head and shake the bug out. This done, I sat and regained my composure. I was just about to put my shirt back on when the little impulsive voice I had begun to develop in the back of my mind piped up, and a number of things occurred to me:  
1 – I was alone.  
2 – I was alone in a place where very few other people went.  
3 – even if there were other people around I would hear, and see them before they saw me.  
4 – I was in a wood where I could easily hide if I heard someone coming.  
5 – it was still fairly warm and was a lovely, peaceful day.  
6 – I was already half-undressed.  
7 – so… wouldn’t it be exciting to get fully undressed, and be naked outdoors, in a place where I wasn’t supposed to be naked?  
  
I put my t-shirt down on the floor, and looking and listening all around me to make sure there was no-one in the vicinity, I stood up and took off my shoes and socks, jeans and, finally, with a deep breath, slipped off my knickers. I piled up my clothes, and then stood there, practically motionless, not even daring to breathe in case the people I imagined were all around only feet away were alerted to my presence. I could imagine a stern male voice shouting out “what do you think you’re doing?” as some dog-walker burst in on me… but of course, none did.  
  
After what seemed like an eternity but was probably actually no more than a few minutes, I relaxed from my statue like state and began to enjoy the situation. I was here, in this beautiful natural environment, alone and peaceful, and I was doing something that was really quite naughty. I was naked, and I was the only person who knew it! It felt great – so secretive, so special, so exciting and exhilarating. I was almost dizzy from the thrill. I wanted to do something more, so with bare feet I padded around the secluded area. If standing there naked had been good, walking around naked was even better! I lay on the soft ground and closed my eyes – it was so great!   
  
I decided that the secluded area wasn’t big enough to contain my excitement, so I peeked through the brush and made sure no-one was there, then stepped through onto the path. Then I looked behind me and realised just what I was doing. My clothes seemed an awfully long way away (in actual fact it was probably only a few metres) and the more I left them, the more likely it was that one of the people I again began to imagine were out there would see me naked. I was out of my depth and suddenly felt very alone and scared. I wasn’t ready for this yet, so I slipped back into the clearing, dressed again and headed home.  
  
But despite getting panicky at the thought of being a long way from my clothes, and so chickening out of any real streaking, being naked in the woods had thrilled me like nothing else. When I got home I was grinning, and probably blushing, too, at the thought of what I had done.  
  
Unfortunately, the next couple of weeks were spent getting ready to go to a new school, so I didn’t get chance to repeat my adventure until a while later. But that story I’ll save for next time…  
  
Claire xxx

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If You Go Down to the Woods... (Part 2)  
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Hi! Here’s the second part of how I got into streaking – following on from the first time I took off my clothes in the woods…  
  
What with the start of term, then my 12th birthday, then adjusting to a new school and making new friends, then the onset of a wet autumn and a miserably cold winter, I hardly went back to the woods at all and never even gave the time when I stripped naked there another thought. That was until we were blessed with an unusually warm April, as spring arrived with a vengeance to chase away those winter blues.  
  
It was the Easter holidays, and my mum, like most parents, had to put up with her daughter moping around the house and garden complaining of boredom. After about the 10th day of “Mum, I’m bored…” she exasperatedly told me to go for a walk if I was so bored. Lacking any good argument to reply with, I set off out of the house and decided to go for a stroll in the woods.  
  
By the time I had gotten across the fields to the edge of the woods, though, I was remembering the time before, and how great it had felt to be naked in the open air, so I headed straight for the little secluded area I had played in when I was younger. I had butterflies in my stomach and felt light-headed at the prospect of what I was about to do, and was so eager I had begun unbuttoning my top almost before I got through the brush. As soon as I was there my top came off completely, then my shoes jeans, socks and finally knickers. I lay down on the ground, my clothes strewn around me, and felt wonderful.  
  
I lay there for ages, soaking in the warm spring air, feeling free and excited and more than a little bit naughty. I wandered around the clearing a little, but that wasn’t all that I was going to do that day. I wasn’t going to get scared and chicken out this time, I had decided – I was going to walk through the woods naked!  
  
To make it easier, though, I had decided I would take my clothes with me. That way, if I saw or heard anyone I would be able to dive off the path into the brush and put my kit back on without them seeing me (hopefully), and I wouldn’t be stranded away from my clothes, or get back to find someone had taken them (which was more of a worry to me, as I would have to return home naked and I couldn’t even imagine where I’d begin to explain to my mother how that had happened…). So I rolled my t-shirt and underwear up in my jeans, slipped my trainers back on (more so that I didn’t have to carry them, otherwise I would have preferred to go barefoot – and bare all over!) and, after checking round nervously that there was no-one around, I set off through the woods.  
  
If being naked in the secluded clearing had felt good, then walking naked through the woods felt even better. Here I was, surrounded by beautiful woodland, bright sunshine and warm spring air, and I was totally nude and no-one knew that but me. The prospect that someone might discover me calmly walking along the path as if I were still fully clothed was more than a little exciting too me, as I knew I was doing something I wasn’t supposed to! Having said that, I was still very nervous, and more than once I started to dive for cover at the sound of a bird or a squirrel or any other natural noise.  
  
However, I saw, and was seen by nobody, and I spent a glorious, wonderful afternoon strolling naked through the woods. It was with great reluctance that I put my clothes back on, once I reached the very edge of the woods on the way home. And once I got in and my mum asked if I’d had a nice walk, I blushed furiously!  
  
Hope you’re enjoying this as much as I am – one more part to follow!  
  
Claire xxx