# Leanne - written by Leanne

I have been a nudist for long time. It’s almost three years since my first time. But I’m not exactly a full nudist yet. My parents know – kind of. And they are cool – kind of. Let me go back to the start and explain it all.

Our house has a garage and the roof is outside of my bedroom window. All I have to do is open my big window and step outside onto it. It’s a nice place to go when I want to be on my own. I like to sit up there and read, listen to my music or feed the birds. I also like going there at night to watch the stars.

In the middle of the summer three years ago it was a very hot night. I couldn’t sleep and went out onto the garage roof to cool off. It was nice laying there and a lot cooler than being inside. I don’t know why I thought about being nude. Perhaps it was because it was so hot. But I took off my shirt and lay there nude while I was looking up at the stars. It felt so nice. It was much cooler and I could more easily feel the breeze on me. It was strange being outside with nothing on. But I did like it a lot. I stayed on the roof for at least an hour. When I went back to bed I slept nude on top of my sheets.

Almost every night for a month after that I went out onto the roof with nothing on. It wasn’t nice being outside when it was cold and so I couldn’t do it on the winter. In the winter I went nude in my room with the door locked and around the rest of the house when I was on my own.

The next summer I went nude in different places. I used to put on a dress and nothing else and go for walks. When I was a long way from anyone else I took my dress off and walked like that carrying it. One the way back home I waited as long as I could and only put the dress back on at the last minute. I liked being nude because it was a nice feeling. It was partly that it was more comfortable with nothing on as well as it being exciting because I wasn’t supposed to do it.

We had a ladder in the garden and one night I put it against the garage before I went inside. I stayed awake reading until it was very late. When everyone else was in bed and it was something like 2am I went out onto the roof and then climbed down into the garden naked. I walked around to the front garden and looked along the street to make sure nobody else was around. Then I walked out of the garden and down the street. It was cool walking down my own street naked. But I was really nervous! Who wouldn’t be? I knew what I was doing was wrong. If anyone saw me I would get into a lot of trouble. I walked down to the end of the street and looked along the next one. Nobody there either so I kept going. I went home after half an hour.

The next night I did the same. I almost didn’t go out because it was raining. Then I realised that didn’t matter. I could go out in the rain and get as wet as I wanted. I could easily get dry afterwards. That time I stayed out evening longer. The rain made it even better than before.

The most daring I even got going at night was walking to my school. I could get almost all the way there going through parks and not many roads and that made it easy.

When the winter came around again I stopped going out at night. I wanted to go out but it was way too cold almost all the time. It was like I wanted to be nude even more than ever. Because I couldn’t be nude much maybe? I didn’t know. But what it did get me to do was make plans. I got a book and I wrote down a list of all the things I wanted to be able to do with a list of ways I could get to do them.

What I had to do was to let my mum or dad know I liked being naked first. The best way (I thought) was doing things like getting changed with my door open and walking to my room from the bathroom and things like that. One morning when mum saw me walking to my bedroom she didn’t say anything. I left my door open every morning after that and did the same every morning. Dad didn’t say anything to me either. The only time they said anything to me was when I started going downstairs.

I did more each time. Wearing a towel downstairs after a shower and drying off there. Another time I let the towel drop more and sat there with my top half uncovered. Next time I had the towel in a heap on my lap after drying. The next day it was almost all the way off and only on my legs. Then one day I left it in a heap next to me. That was when mum said something. All she said was to be careful nobody could see me through the window.

One the way back from school one day I made up my mind to get nude when I got home and see if anyone said anything. Mum was home but dad wasn’t. I went to my room, undressed and had a shower. After my shower I dried myself and went down to watch TV. Mum didn’t say anything at all. When dad came home he didn’t say anything either. When dinner was ready mum asked if I was going to put some clothes on. I said no. All she said was ‘ok then’.

It was dad who called me a nudist (only as a joke) later in the evening. He asked if I was a nudist or got bored with all my clothes. I said I was a nudist. He didn’t look surprised and made more jokes about clothes and being nude. Later he said it was alright with him and mum said she didn’t care either what I wore inside.

I haven’t been nude with my friends around yet. None of them know I get nude at home. I stay nude when anyone else calls. My friends would laugh I expect. Mum and dad’s friends are alright and never joke or laugh.

Mum and dad are not totally fine with me naked. It’s fine with only the three of us. They act a bit different when some of their friends come over. Mum always says I should put some clothes on before they get here. When I don’t she doesn’t complain. It’s like she wants me to and doesn’t make a big deal when I don’t. If their friends ever said anything, that they didn’t want to see me nude, then I would have to dress I suppose. None of them have so I don’t see why I need to.

I still like going on nude walks at night. Mum and dad still don’t know anything about those. They would kill me if they ever found out. The longest I have stayed out is two hours and walked a long way.