**Lisa at CMNF-TV**

not a politician

Lisa sat in her room in the basement, bored, trying not to ponder her life as that would be too frustrating...  
  
She was the child of middle-class parents, and used to be very good at school. The truth was that she was the archetypical "brilliant but lazy" type, intelligent enough to coast along throughout her school career without developing real study habits and get good grades regardless.  
  
After school, she went to college on her parent's money simply because to her, it seemed easier than getting a job. There, she acquired a degree in BA with mediocre grades. She never had a real idea what to do after college, and as a result, never focused her studies accordingly. This probably explained her inability to convince any prospective employer that she was the right woman for the task.  
  
She was currently living in her parent's basement, collecting denied job applications. Her parents were initially convinced their bright, college-educated daughter would have her pick of jobs, especially with such a marketable major. Now, mom was starting to get worried and dad was starting to get impatient.  
  
Realising she had pondered her life against her intentions, she reached for a week-old magazine, trying to distract herself, something the already-running TV had apparently failed to achieve.  
  
Browsing the magazine, her attention was caught by a job add. A new niche television channel was opening in the state capital, and open auditions were held in her town "next week from Monday through Friday". Checking the magazine's date, she realized that it was the last day of the audition.  
  
Making up her mind quickly, Lisa stripped off her slob clothes and hurried to get showered and dressed in time before the auditions closed. Being a brainy type, she was never much into fashion, so her attire of choice for any and all job auditions was a rather conservative business-style costume in dark blue with medium heels.  
  
When she was finally done appropriately styling herself, she looked at the clock and nearly gasped with shock at how late it already was. Even with her fast-growing history of job applications, she still couldn't get used to how much longer this all took compared to "normal" dressing, like she did for school and college.  
  
Hurrying out, she had another moment of shock when her car, a proverbial old beater, would not start at the first try. Nor the second. Finally, forcing herself to be very careful and methodical, she managed to get the engine to start up, and drove off, flooring the gas pedal as much as the speed limit would allow.  
  
But as the hands of te clock kept racing forward, she gradually threw all caution to the wind, Letting the old VW beetle race at the maximum speed she could handle as a driver, only narrowly escaping accidents once or twice. She raced right up to the parking lot in front of her destination, bringing the car to a halt with screeching tires.  
  
Pulling the hand-brake, Lisa looked to find that she had only five minutes left, give or take an inaccurate dashboard clock. She quickly got out of the car and hurried across the parking lot as fast as her heels permitted.  
  
Suddenly, the ground did not behave as it should, causing her to stumble and almost fall. Looking down, Lisa saw that the heel of her left shoe was stuck in the metal grate that covered the dirt trap in front of the building, the holes between the narrow crossed beams of metal the ideal size for a shoe heel to get firmly lodged in, especially if a hurrying person pushed it in with some force.  
  
Cursing her bad luck, Lisa stepped out of her left shoe, grabbed the heel directly above the grate and tried to pull it free, mindful not to break it off, but noticed that at that point, the heel was already not as firmly attached to the rest of the shoe as it should be. She actually managed to pull and wriggle her shoe out of its entrapment, but when she put it back on and tried to walk, the heel broke completely off, making her stumble, half-falling to the ground.  
  
Limping due to her damaged shoe, she walked over to the receptionist, who put her on a waiting list. Lisa inquired how many others were ahead of her, and whether she'd have time to fetch some spare shoes, but was informed that anyone leaving the building would be removed from the list, something she apologetically explained as being intended to keep things moving smoothly. One could, she further explained, in theory be put back on without any problem, except that the list was already closed for the day and, thereby, the week.  
  
Lisa's next idea was to offer money for the receptionist's shoes or at least temporary use of them, but they were the wrong size. "Figures", Lisa sighed, and made to walk to the waiting area anyway; she had seen every job interview to its end regardless of her assessment of her chances at any point of its course, and to her, this was just another instant. But while she walked, carefully balancing her left foot on the toes to compensate for the missing heel, she noticed that at some point of her misadventures, her pantyhose had developed a very visible run.  
  
Lisa stood undecided for a few moments, pondering, but eventually decided that being bare-legged would make a lot less of a bad impression that a runny pantyhose. Having made the decision, this seemed so obvious to her that she wondered what had taken her so long. A third option of asking the receptionist for her pantyhose had been quickly dismissed by her as something the other woman would never agree to.  
  
She was already starting to reach under her skirt when she remembered said others woman's presence. "Umm, is there somewhere where I can take off my pantyhose?", she asked. "There's a run in it I just noticed", she hastened to add, feeling the need to explain her strange request.  
  
"Oh, everyone's in back, you can take them off right here, it's OK", was the friendly reply.  
  
"Oh, OK", Lisa said; then, after a compulsive look to check if there was indeed no one else around, she stepped out of her shoes, reached under her skirt, and pulled down her pantyhose. After picking up her shoes with one hand and her pantyhose with the other, she walked over to the trash can barefoot; she had decided that she'd be better off not to resume the awkward walk on a broken heel until she had to.  
  
The receptionist then offered her a cup of coffee, which she gladly accepted. When she took the cup and saucer, her hand trembled slightly, likely due, in some way, to the stress she had so far. Luckily, the cup only rattled a bit but did not drop, and nothing spilled on her.  
  
However, when she raised the cup to drink, coffee dripped from it right onto her chest. During her clumsy effort to take hold of cup and saucer, quite a bit of coffee had spilled from the cup to the saucer, and the cup had of course been standing in it.  
  
Lisa did not know whether to scream out in anger or break out in tears, instead settling for a continuous repeat of "This can't be true", directed more at herself than anyone else. The many repetitions ended with a sighed "Oh well" when she finally got a semblance of composure and headed for the waiting area. She briefly to tell herself that she was being a trooper for seeing this through to the end, but deep down she knew her tendency to do so, which would have been a virtue in most others, was in her case due to different reasons. Lack of spontaneity combined with a blind spot in her otherwise strong willpower meant she was not good at making decisions on the fly, especially if it would mean revising an earlier decision.  
  
Placing her shoes between her bare feet on the floor in front of her chair, Lisa took a look of the few other women still ahead of her at this late hour. They seemed to be dressed either sexily or casually, not one wore what Lisa would consider an appropriate outfit to create a good first impression at a job interview.  
  
While Lisa waited for her turn, she found a brochure lying around, which explained what "CMNF-TV" actually stood for (clothed male nude female television, as most readers will probably know), what the broad strokes of the backstory were, what kind of shows would be shown and, most importantly, that every female appearing live on camera would be utterly naked.  
  
Lisa, being the brainy person that she was, reacted on the intellectual level first, the thoughts running through her head in the first moment best described as "Ah, so that's what it is", followed by realizations of some little things that now made more sense.  
  
Only eventually did she realise that she now had to decide whether to still go through with the audition. Thoughts about actually performing in the nude soon shifted, centering on the much more relevant question whether she would be expected to take the audition in the buff.  
  
At some point of these musings, she noticed that auditioning nude, right from the start, would solve the problem of her ruined outfit. From the moment she had this realisation she was, without yet knowing it, doomed to act it out by the trappings of her own character. Desperately wanting to be decisive, she developed a growing urge to act on her idea, while marginalising concerns as evidence of a weak will. The irony, of course, was that it was this very way of thinking that so often left her unable to change a plan when she should.  
  
When the last of the other women was gone, she quietly stood up and stripped naked, leaving her clothes in a pile, which was as orderly as she could make it without really bothering; in other words, they were dropped rather haphazardly. Looking herself over, she made sure that no jewellery was left on her body, then, with a shyness that might just as easily have come from facing a job interview than from being naked, she entered the room where the actual audition would be.  
  
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Epilogue: After an audition and interview during which she told most of the above story to the channel's owner, Lisa was actually hired, due to the fact that she was one of only a few among applicants who had a particular or unique relationship and reaction to nudity. Most of the applicants had been filtered out for seeing nudity as a mere by-product of promiscuity, and of the second-largest fraction, the nudists who considered it to be nothing special, only very few had been considered interesting for the purposes of CMNF-TV.