Naked in School - Dennis and Susan

by centauri4 Â©

Rumors - "The Program" Expands Across the Nation

In our school rumors of a program requiring students to attend classes

completely naked had begun to circulate around campus just before summer

break last year. Someone said they read a participant's account on the

Internet, but most of my friends and classmates simply could not believe

it was true.

Being normal curious teenagers we chatted about the outrageous ideas in

the halls and wondered whether "The Program" was the bizarre creation of

another student's imagination, a cult of nineteen-sixty's hippie parents,

or a group of Ivy League sociologists bent of redesigning society along

utopian lines. Some pretty amazing speculations from a bunch of hormone

driven teenagers in suburban northern Virginia, huh?

On the last day of classes the novelty of these rumors had largely worn

off and talk of summer jobs and planned family vacations prevailed. When

the final bell rang and all the buses left West County High's parking lot,

a sizziling silence descended over the buildings disturbed only by the

sounds of grasshoppers in the distance. I walked home with three friends,

Mike, Jim and Paul. Nobody mentioned the rumors from school, but I imagine

we were all thinking about them.

Over the Summer

The job I arranged during the last few months of school was working at the

local import car repair shop in the center of town. The pay was pretty

good and it also afforded me an opportunity to keep in touch with car

owning classmates and hear stories of the summer adventures long before

anyone else.

Susan was a quiet blonde haired girl I remembered from Alegbra class who

owned a sporty convertable handed down from her older sister. We had only

spoke to each other a couple of times during the school year, so I was a

little surprised when she struck up a conversation with me in the waiting

room while her oil was changed.

"So, have you been doing anything interesting outside of work this

summer?" she asked.

"Oh, well, not really. Working here takes up most of my time and you

wouldn't believe the number of people in this town who let their car's

maintenance slide until summer heat catches up with them." I replied

emphatically.

Susan said her dad had gotten her an internship at the local television

station for the summer, and that she was learning everything there was to

know about broadcast operations and on-air news reporting. The money was

okay and the people seemed really interested in making sure she learned as

much as she worked at ordinary office tasks. This was something she really

had not expected, but many of the station employees were fairly young

themselves and working at WWHN was their first post-college job.

When her car was ready I completed her service order, she paid for the oil

change, and then she asked me something rather unexpected.

"So, you probably haven't heard anything else about that program everyone

was talking about since school got out have you?" she said discreetly

while we stood to the side of the service counter.

"No, I haven't. There have been a few other students in here but nobody's

mentioned THAT at all." I said. "Why? What have you heard?"

Quickly Susan explained the television station had received canned footage

for the news staff to work with, and that one day a couple of tape editors

asked her to look at some of it. When they asked if she was offended by

nudity at all, she wondered what sort of Summer Break footage was about to

be viewed.

"Then I told them nudity was no big deal to me, but that I actually hadn't

seen much of it outside of the locker room, at a friend's sleepover or at

home." So both editors nodded and began to run the first segment. "Dennis,

it was about 'The Program' and its impact on a high school in southern

California!" she said.

I was somewhat surprised to hear that rumor come up again, but even more

surprised to hear that it was not shimply a rumor, but in fact a real

thing!

"So what did the tape show?" I couldn't help but ask, knowing that I

needed to hear the details quickly and get back to work. Susan sensed my

need and told me a reporter covered the introduction of The Program,

interviewed a couple of school board members, a psychologist, and a

handful of parents before cutting to a wide pan of the school campus

itself.

"It was a shot of students getting off the buses before first class and

there were actually several naked butts walking away from the camera!" she

said in a totally serious manner as if to convince me she was not making

this up in the least. "A few heads turned to watch the naked students go

inside, but most of them were totally to busy to even care apparently" she

added, and then she went on to finish the tale by saying that everyone

interviewed, including the students themselves, had nothing but positive

remarks about The Program.

"No way. You're kidding me, right?" I asked.

"Absolutely not. I watched every piece of video we received later that

same day and not one minute of it was negative or disapproving" she

answered. "And get this..." she added pausing briefly to compose her final

sentence, "The Program is coming here next year and the Parents and

Teachers Association is meeting to discuss how WE will be introduced to

it!!"

"You mean WE as in West High?" I could barely ask.

"Yes. Us." she replied with a tone of dread and foreboding. "Apparently

the politicians in Washington have already reviewed the trial program

data, questionaire results, and heard testimony from school officials and

parents representing the cities where The Program was tried. Afterwards

they found no Constitutional infringement was involved and the civil

benefits worth further exploration."

Wow! Susan really seemed to have learned the complete details of the

entire story and become somewhat of a reporter herself in the two short

months since classes ended. I felt myself hanging on every word she said

and almost immediately considering the implications they carried... Which

not surprisingly caused my mind's eye to picture her on a television

screen with bare shoulders and chest descending to the lower edge of the

picture. Even though Susan is a nice looking girl, I had never before

imagined her in a bikini or less during all the time we were in classes

together!

The End of Summer

About two weeks before classes were scheduled to begin a letter from the

school board arrived addressed to my parents. Dad opened it before dinner

that evening and found a survey to be completed by parents of West High

students.

The survey included questions about their personal attitudes towards

nudity, whether they had ever been skinny-dipping, modeled for art

classes, and whether they considered simple nudity to be sexual or

pornographic. After dinner mom and dad answered these questions quietly

while I sat at the dinner table also. Very few words were excahnged

between them, but a few gestures with a number two pencil and alot of head

nodding occured.

Before the survey was finished they found a page labeled, "Remainder to be

completed by the oldest student in your household" and being an only child

that was obviously me. Mom passed over the pages and the pencil and then

both of them left the room headed for the den. I spread the pages out in

front of me and began reading.

The first questions were really basic stuff, list your age, weight,

height, hair color and of course, sex. I didn't think I would be filling

in any circles with a number two pencil over the summer, but here I was.

The next set got into attitudes and opinions I had towards nudity as it is

depicted in classical art, literature, old and new movies I might have

seen, and finally the ways the body is used in contemporary print and

television advertising. "Do I think it is acceptable for billboards to

show young men in their underwear?" was one of the questions, and the

possible answers were "Yes", "No" or "No opinion".

A few of the other questions were, "Have you ever seen ancient Greek or

Roman era art depicting nudity in social or athletic settings?", "Have you

had a reading assignment where any character in the story was described as

unclothed or being nude?", and "Do you believe western society currently

portrays nudity in a positive or negative manner?", all of these questions

simply listed "Yes" or "No" as possible answers.

As I finished the survey, the final paragraph instructed the student to

return their portion of the survey directly to the school board in the

postpaid envelope provided. The instructions also asked students not to

allow their parents to read their answers or discuss the questions with

other students prior to the beginning of Fall classes.

September - First Day of Classes

A class assembly was called at the beginning of the day.

Everyone gathered in the main auditorium. The principal steped forward and

explained the results of the surveys had been tabulated and after careful

analysis, West High is to be a "pilot school" for the Virginia in The

Program. West High was confirmed as a participant in The Program because

of both the parents answers to the survey AND the high marks achieved by

the surveyed students as well.

Principal Jones then explained "The Program" and said a video presentation

was the next step in introducing all students to the details of how this

program worked and what it hoped to achieve. The lights in the auditorium

were dimmed, the stage curtains parted and the video began about thirty

seconds later.

The video explained the history of nudity in civilized and primitive

societies, the social dynamics involved with what it called "open nudity"

in "mixed sex" settings, how The Program first started and why many

experts in the fields of sociology and psychology believed many modern

countries were repressed and not achieveing the same levels of

enlightenment demonstrated by various cultures in the past, or something

like that anyway. I may not be recalling the details with complete clarity

because of what followed after the video was finished and the auditorium

lights came up.

The principal once again walked to the middle of the stage and explained

that while small groups of students had been selected to participate at

other schools involved in this program, West High was going to trial it

with the entire student body at the same time! This would prevent any

student from being ridiculed, teased or otherwise isolated from their

peers due to their lack of traditional attire.

Gasp and groans from almost everyone in the crowd filled the air for

several minutes, I think even a few teachers made noise until Principal

Jones quieted everyone down and continued. "Because each student already

has a locker in the main areas of the campus, you are all being required

to go to them at the conclusion of today's assembly, remove all articles

of clothing except for socks and shoes if desired and store the in your

lockers." He further explained that the school was fully empowered to

direct each student to participate in The Program by the authority it had

over the student body before such a program was ever imagined, but that

anyone who wanted to contact their parents for confirmation of this was

welcome to do so. Furthermore the deadline for beginning our participation

was moved from the end of the assembly to around ten o'clock, just about

an hour away, after second class period.

Principal Jones concluded his presentation by announcing this initial

trial of The Program would last for one week.

As he finished, teachers began passing out brochures on The Program moving

down the aisles from the front of the auditorium at the ends of each row.

It did not take very long for them to finish handing out to the entire

student body. The assembly was dismissed and we all began filing out into

the halls, at which point many students headed for the Commons and the

school's payphones, while even more began pulling cellphones out of their

backpacks and purses. Some just stood in small groups in no hurry to go

anywhere, apparently discussing whether they had actually gotten out of

bed this morning or were still at home dreaming.

I knew for a fact that this was not a dream because of the conversation I

had with Susan over the summer, and so did a few of my classmates

apparently. Conversations quickly turned to whether it was a good idea to

wait as long as possible before leaving their clothing in our lockers, or

how manly, brave, independent and self-assured we would appear by simply

getting on with participating. Before these discussions ever finished and

the small groups had broken up completely, a few students were observed

pulling t-shirts over their heads near lockers or hanging up cellphones

with looks of dispair on their faces. It appeared that West High was about

to become the first Program representative on the east coast of the

country whether any of the students liked it or not!

"The Program" Begins

A few classmates nearby had anguished looks on their faces, but just as

many had already removed their shirts, shoes and socks; in preparation for

undressing all the way I imagined. It was really an amazing sight to

witness given that absolutely nothing like this had ever happened to any

of us, ever!

Quiety I set my backpack on the floor and began spinning the combination

lock on the front of my own locker. Once I had my locker open I knew,

right now anyway, I was in my own little corner of the world. A place with

familiar pictures and posters tapped to the inside of "my space", a

familiar place, and a place I alone had total control over for the past

couple years of my teenage life. All of that had now changed, and somehow

I knew that when I closed my locker I would be part of something different

and sort of "historic". These ideas were quickly squashed from my mind by

thoughts of embarrassment and humiliation much stronger than I had

expected.

'I can do this!', 'everyone is doing this!', 'what's the point in

refusing??' From everything Susan had told me and from what I could

imagine more quickly than anything I had imagined before, it was a program

who's time had come. People, well students, were either forced into it or

ended up volunteering themselves by making teasing comments of other

students as they participated. The brochure explained that teasing another

student about their nudity was grounds for getting your name moved to the

top of the list of involuntary participants for following weeks. West High

was going to be different because schools elsewhere had only tried The

Program with small portions of their student bodies, and typically

required a few students to participate for one week involunarily. I

unbuttoned my shirt and hung it up in my locker, but before I could get my

shoes removed in order to remove my pants, I was startled by a tap on my

shoulder. I turned around and was surprised to see Susan standing behind

me with only her backpack strap covering one shoulder but otherwise

completely nude!

"Come on Dennis, you might as well hurry up. The bell for first class is

going to ring in a minute or two and we will both be late" was all she

said initially. For some reason, to me, the fact that she was nude didn't

mean much to my mind for the first few seconds, and then I found my voice

and replied, "Well, you certainly didn't waste any time gettting with The

Program!"

"Yeah, I know" she said. "Well, you know the story of my summer job along

with a handful of others, and I guess I had already played out the

scenario in my head a thousand times since watching the footage of the

California trial of The Program".

"It doesn't feel bad to be nude, just strange" was the sentence she spoke

which finally registered with me as being made BY A NAKED GIRL directly in

front of me! I quickly resigned myself that she was probably right and

that I could deal with whatever feelings I might have after removing my

clothes later in the day. Continuing to undress I removed my sneakers,

unbuttoned my jeans, and pushed everything down from my waist in one move!

In a way I guess I felt like I was at home getting ready for a shower, but

when the cool conditioned air of the hallway touched exposed parts of my

body as never before I realized home was not the only place I would be

naked from now on.

It was no surprise when my penis began to grow slightly when fully exposed

to view in front of Susan and the other students in the hall. I was

embarrassed. Thankfully Susan did not comment on my appearance and, as I

hung my pants inside my locker, put my sneakers back on and picked up my

backpack, for a brief instant I felt perfectly normal.

As Susan and I began walking down the hall to our next classes, we passed

many of our classmates who were either completely undressed or nearly so.

Everyone was busy looking up and down the hall to see what reaction other

students were having to this new experience, and no one initially said

anything, not even 'Hi' to either of us. My first class of the day was

Third Year Art, and Susan's was English Composition, a tough class early

in the day. Today, I knew there would be no shortage of topics to write

about!

"Hey, you know this doesn't seem so bad" Susan said as we neared the

corner where we would go in separate directions. "Oh sure! Who are you

kidding??" I replied. She just smiled and I thought I saw her eyes glance

downward in a quick survey of my body. Once again, I was embarrassed.

Walking into Art class was another new experience for me, because more

than three-quarters of the class was already in their seats and every one

of them was naked just like me. A few sat quietly but others were chatting

and whispering to each other the way they almost always do. I noticed a

few of the guys chests had a little hair on them, but many were mostly

bare like mine. I couldn't really see anything below the desks on either

the guys or girls, but the sight of so many bare breasts of my female

classmates excited me a lot more as I dropped my backpack and slid into my

seat. Surprisingly several students were still fully dressed.

In class we discussed the history of nudity in art, a topic perfectly

suited for the day. It seems that history's artists have been as

preoccupied with drawing and painting the nude human form as we are with

using it in print advertising and making films which usually include at

least one actor getting naked. Our teacher, Mrs. Winger, pointed out that

the subjects of nude art ranged from everyday activities such as bathing,

to obviously posed modeling, and finally to highly erotic nudes attempting

to capture the variaties of human sexual behavior. This was all very

informative but nobody commented or giggled; most just sat and listened

attentively. This stunned behavior was not what I expected from my

classmates based on recollections of last school year.

After Art Class everyone poured out into the hallways and began moving to

their next classes. It was truly a spectacle to see so much bare skin in

one place! Shoulders, backs, butts, and, well, everything. There were a

few students still wearing their street clothes, but none of the teachers

said anything to them because one more class remained before the

participation deadline.

All of the teachers remained fully clothed, and a few of them were

obviously in awe of the sight of so many nude young bodies circulating

through the halls. I doubted whether any of them had heard of The Program

over the summer or, if they had, were mentally prepared for the reality of

nude school.

The Program - Susan's Recollections

Susan walked past quite a few familiar classmates on the way to her next

class, but fortunately none of them stopped her or asked to inspect any

portion of her body. As an essential educational part of The Program, the

brochures had explained interactive human anatomy "lessons on demand" were

required of the participants. Students cooperation with each other's

requests was stipulated in the Program's rules very clearly.

She told me that at the time she felt more exposed than embarrassed

because at least everyone else was as exposed as she. Her backpack

provided little comfort in the way of concealment but at least it was

something to hang onto.

English Composition class with Mr. Banister was one of her favored classes

because she had developed a knack for expressing her thoughts in writing.

The entire class, about two dozen students, was already in the classroom

when she arrived. Mr. Banister was writing, "Today's Assignment - Initial

thoughts about The Program" on the blackboard as she took her seat. The

deskchair was cool and smooth against her behind but not particularly

uncomfortable.

The boy next to her was already writing and Susan told me she could not

help but glance down at his penis to get an idea of how being naked was

effecting him. He appeared to be relaxed in his new surroundings or was

doing his best not to get excited. Although it was somewhat more difficult

for someone else to tell, Susan felt mildly excited by the new dress code

and she hoped no one would notice. She took out a binder and pen and began

writing...

"I guess I am not really surprised by The Program because I not only heard

of it over the Summer, but I saw footage of students participating in it

at my job."

At the end of the day everyone rushed getting back to their lockers and

dressing. All in all, I have to say that our first day in The Program went

surprisingly well.

Next Installment - Comments after School