Naked in School – Susan

Chapter 1 - Monday Morning - First Period

Hi, my name is Susan, and I hate Monday mornings. Every Monday morning, I have a

hard time getting ready and getting to school on time. I don't know what it is,

but I just can't seem to get moving on Mondays. That Monday wasn't any

different, I knew I was going to be late. It wasn't that Jeff and I had been out

late the night before or anything, all we'd done was some homework. Well, maybe

a bit of kissing, and I guess a touch of petting, but nothing heavy, I mean we

weren't really ready for that, at least I wasn't. After Jeff had gone home, I

got to bed early, I mean, it wasn't even midnight.

Anyway, that morning, I just couldn't seem to get going. First off, the blouse I

wanted to wear had a crease right across my belly when I put it on and it almost

made me look, ... well, it made me look 'knocked up'. I couldn't wear it like

that could I? So I had to get Mom's steamer and steam the crease out of it. So

then, I got that done and then at breakfast my kid brother spilled his milk and

of course it splashed on MY skirt, not on his pants, where it should have gone

.... Oh no, it had to land on me ... and when I was a little behind anyway. So I

mean, I had to change it, right? My skirt that is. Wouldn't you have? Which

meant I missed my bus... so then I had to get Mom to give me a ride to school.

Gawd ... she makes such a fuss ... I mean, it's not like she works or anything.

Sure she has the house to look after, but gosh, what she doesn't get done during

the day, she has us kids to help with after school. With all five of us kids

around, there's always a mess anyway, but ... oh gosh, the ragging she gave me

on the way to school about how I was upsetting her schedule, I mean, that was

uncalled for, right? It's not like I do it all the time, I guess it happens a

couple of times a month. Anyway, I sort of tuned her out, like I usually do,

just grooving in my head to a good tune, so it didn't seem that long before we

were almost at the school.

I had her drop me off near one of the side doors ... near my first classroom ...

knowing that the guys who smoked would have jammed something in the lock and

disabled the alarm ... just so they could sneak out for a quick puff or two

between classes. When I left the car, I was running and I was in luck, the door

was open. So I peeked in to make sure no-one was in the hall, then slipped down

the corridor to my first class, figuring I could catch up to my homeroom teacher

later. As I opened the door to go to my seat ... well ... that's when the shit

hit the fan.

First period for me on Mondays is always English and the teacher is old man

Bentley, he and I will never see things the same. He just doesn't like the way I

talk or write or anything. So when he saw me coming in the door, I thought sure

I was in for another of his famous spiels about some spelling mistake or grammar

boob that I had made on Fridays quiz, but instead, he just held up his hand for

me to stop, like he was some sort of traffic cop or something.

“Miss Jennings, why aren't you ...” His voice trailed off, then he looked at me

sort of strangely, like he was almost floundering.

“You haven't been to the office have you?” He snapped sharply after a second or

two of just staring at me like I had a booger on my nose or something.

“No, I just got here.” I was trying to figure out why I had to go to the office.

“I was a bit late so ...”

“Ah, I see.” Old Man Bentley smirked. “And you were sneaking in were you? Well,

you chose a poor day for that, Miss Jennings. Your name was announced to go to

the office this morning, so you had best hurry and do that first, before you do

anything else.”

The whole class snickered then, and suddenly I knew. I was going to be in the

FUCKING PROGRAM !! 'Oh Jeeze! I wonder what else can go wrong this morning.' I

thought. I guess I just stood there, like a dummy, I just didn't seem to know

what to do.

“Miss Jennings? Yoo hoo, wakey, wakey!” Bentley, the old perv, was saying as if

I was some ... I don't know what.

I just bolted, slamming out the door and running down the hall. My mind was

whirling and I couldn't think straight. 'Jeeze, I wasn't ready for this, fuck,

what a way to start a day, .... OH JEEZE! ... WHY ME! ... Of all the dirty

rotten ways to start a week . Oh man....' I was still carrying my book bag, I

hadn't even been to my locker yet, I really wasn't ready for this.

Mrs Buckle, who usually works in the library, was at the front desk. I guess she

works there part times or something, or maybe the regular school secretary was

sick, maybe. Who knows?

“Susan Jennings?” She asked, as if she knew but was giving me a chance to

answer.

“Yes.” I gasped from my run down the hall. Look, I'm not going to pretend I'm in

good shape, I'm not, and running tires me out fast.

“Principle Taylor is waiting for you, you can go right in.” She smiled, and

about then I was so darn happy to see a real smile, I almost broke into tears.

Then I had to go into Mr Taylor's office and in only a few seconds, I really was

ready to cry.

“Ah, Miss Susan Jennings, I presume.” He said, frowning as he looked up from

some papers on his desk. “You are running a bit late aren't you?”

“Sorry, my brother spilled milk on me and I had to change my skirt and I missed

my bus and I had to get Mom to run me to school and then I went to my first

class and ...” He held up a hand, stopping me from explaining, I know I talk a

little bit much when I'm excited, but Gee, he didn't have to be RUDE!.

“Whatever, Miss Jennings, whatever. That's not important right now. What is

important, as far as the school is concerned, is that you are in The Program

this week. Now, since you were late, your partner waited for your arrival as

long as possible, but I'm afraid I have already sent him to his first class so

he wouldn't be late as well.” His face shifted from a frown to a questioning

look and he continued “So, you do understand the program?”

“Unh, I guess.” I blurted. “I mean, I know we have to take our clothes off and

guys get to feel us up and stuff.”

“Misss Jennnniinnggss!” He said it loud and long, sounding almost like my mother

when she was pissed with me. “Have you read any of the pamphlets that have been

sent around about the Program?”

“Unh, no, not really, I mean ... well, first you were picking geeks and loosers

and then you started picking the in-crowd, I'm not really either one, so I

didn't think ....”

“Miss Jennings, the Program is a totally random selection now. Anyone could be

chosen. The computer choses one name and then using that name as a basis, the

computer provides a list of possible partners for the week, a six person

committee makes the final choice. Your partner for this week will be ...” He

glanced down and flipped through some papers on his desk. “Ah yes, ... David

Wilkes.”

'David Wilkes? Who was David Wilkes? Why wasn't it Jeff? ... I mean, Jeff and I

weren't a big thing yet ... but we were a thing ... well, sorta. And who was

David Wilkes, anyway? ... Wait a minute, did he mean 'Tiny“ Wilkes, the hunk?

... The guy who was on the wrestling team ... it couldn't be ... I mean, why me

... with a guy who was one of the jocks? ... One of the 'in crowd' ... and me?'

My mind whirled as I thought about it. I just stared at Mr Taylor in

astonishment.

I guess he got impatient with me, Mr Taylor, I mean. He never gave me much

chance to say anything. In that way he was like Mom I guess, he wanted to get

things done and I was just slowing him down, I suppose. He harummphed, like an

old bear.

“Now then,” He said flatly. “First things first, here is a box for your

clothing, all but your shoes and socks, here is another of the pamphlets on what

is expected of you in the program, and perhaps you should take the time to read

it this time, and let's see ... Oh yes, are you protected?”

“Am I what?”

“Are you protected?” He said slowly like I was a dimwit or something. “Are you

using any form of birth control?”

“Unh, no.” I shook my head. “Unh uh, ... I don't want to ...”

“Now Susan, surely in this day and age, you must be. Why you're fifteen, you

have to start taking responsibility for your body sometime. Don't tell me your

family has objections to birth control?”

“Unh ... no ... I don't think so? I mean Mom and I have never talked about it,

and I just started dating a couple of months ago, so ...”

“Hmm, you get undressed, while I check your file.” He said in a very short tone.

he was sounding more like my Dad now than my Mom, at times Dad was all business

and no nonsense like that.

I had my blouse undone and was taking it off when Mr Taylor looked up at me,

staring like I was some sort of freak.

“You've never been to see the school nurse?” He stared at me over top of the

file he was holding, I mean he seemed to be asking and yet he made it sound

almost like an announcement of doom.

“Unh, I don't get sick much.” Was all I could think to say.

I mean, what else was I to say, by then I was so muddled, I didn't know what was

really going on. All the time I was slowly stripping off my clothes, my body was

doing what I was told and I guess my mind was off somewhere, trying to catch up.

And the next thing I know he's phoning my Mother for cripes sake.

OH GAWD!

“Mrs Jennings?” He said, sounding as smooth as a snake oil salesman. “This is

Principal Taylor from Freemont High.” ... “Yes, I have your daughter, Susan, in

the office with me.” ... “Oh no, there's no major problem, it's just that

Susan's name came up for her to be in the Program this week and...” ... “No, Mrs

Jennings, the Program is no longer a voluntary ...”

Oh man, I knew Mom was sounding off now! I could imagine just what she was

saying and I could see from Mr Taylor's face that he wasn't happy. Mom didn't

agree with the Program, she said it conflicted with her religious beliefs, so I

knew she was off on her religion trip again and she was dumping on Mr Taylor. As

well as that, I knew I was going to catch hell when I got home from school this

afternoon. Cripes, why in the world was he phoning her?

Hooooeeeee, I mean, Mom is a nut about her religion... and no, it's not my

religion, Dad made sure of that when he got the divorce, one of the main things

he insisted on in the settlement was that Mom couldn't force us kids to take up

her church. We could go to her church if we wanted, but he made sure that we had

a choice and he made sure that he got visiting rights every second weekend too.

So whenever it was Dad's Sunday, if we went to church, it was always a different

church, sometimes even a different religion, but often we'd just go out and sit

around in a park or something. Dad's idea of educating kids was that they should

be exposed to choice.

I think it was about then my brain caught up with the rest of me and I realised

that I was sitting there NUDE ... with NO CLOTHES ON ... NAKED. I gasped loudly

and I blushed, I mean I blushed so hard I could feel it. ... ALL OVER! And I

wasn't just blushing either ... I could feel my nipples swell so hard that they

hurt and I could feel my whole belly tingle. ... Not just that nice warm wet

feeling you get when you're watching a HOT movie either ... I was soooo hot and

soooo wet ... and ... and .... and I was soooo scared!

Maybe I said something, maybe I just made a noise, I don't know, but anyway, all

that time, Mr Taylor had been trying to get a word in edgewise with Mom and not

succeeding. But when I made that noise or whatever, Mr Taylor hung up on my Mom.

I mean, you don't hang up on Mom, you just don't! And I think having him do that

maybe scared me a little more, but it made me think too. I seemed to wake up and

I guess it's an automatic reflex, I don't know, I slapped one hand to my crotch

and the other over one boob, with my arm sorta covering the other boob and I

just stared at Mr Taylor. I really, really knew that I wasn't supposed to cover

up like this, not when I was in the program, but I just couldn't help it, I just

had to.

Mr Taylor sorta sighed, and his face went kind of neutral, no smile, no frown,

no nothing, just completely relaxed. I guess he was smart enough to know that I

was reacting to stuff and he knew he'd made a mistake calling Mom. So now I

guess he was trying to be reassuring.

“Miss Jennings, I'm going to call the school nurse now.” He said calmly and

quietly. “I'm going to ask her to give you a mild sedative to calm you down and

I'm going to ask her to try to convince you to accept an injection to prevent

pregnancy. At your age, I feel all young women should be protected and the law

agrees with me, even if your mother will not. I realise from talking to your

mother that you may have religious reasons for not wanting to take part in the

program and you may refuse to take precautions against pregnancy on those

grounds, but ...”

That made me react, and ... Well, I guess maybe I over reacted, just a bit ...

maybe?

“MOM'S RELIGION ? ? ?” I practically screamed. “Fuck Mom's religion! Don't I

have a say? For that matter why didn't you call my father? Dad would have told

you a different story.” I had jumped to my feet and I found myself waving my

arms as I talked, something like Mom does. “Yes, I know I need to calm down and

Yes, I'll take part in your Program and Yes, I want your birth control shot,

because being without clothes makes me horny and I'm not sure if I can go a

whole week and still be ....”

“Calm down, Miss Jennings, please calm down.” I could see he tried to hold back

a smile, but he couldn't. “I can see that you are very definitely your mother's

daughter.”

I just stared at him as I plopped back onto the chair. I know I have a temper,

but comparing me to my Mother? That was a low blow! When he didn't say anything

more to me and instead picked up the phone and called the school nurse, I

grabbed his damn pamphlet about the His damn Program and flipped it open, at

least I could hide some of my body from his lecherous old eyes. “Fuck him.” I

snarled to myself. “My mother's daughter huh, well what the hell else would I

be? Did he think Daddy jacked off on a rock and I hatched?”

I was seething and I knew it, I think he probably knew it too and he didn't say

anything as we waited for the school nurse, Miss Carver, to arrive. When she did

come into his office after only a few minutes, I finally managed to relax

slightly. She smiled and held out her hand to me, that was friendly and that

helped ... it helped a LOT! Then in about two minutes, she made me feel even

better, she got me out of that damn office and down to the school infirmary for

the rest of the first period.

On the way, she told me her name was Anne and once we were in the infirmary, she

handed me a tiny pill that she said would help me calm down, then a glass of

apple juice to wash it down with, and she even had me sit down in a soft chair

to try to relax. As I sat there sipping on the last of the apple juice, she

asked me a whole pile of questions, but she was so nice, I really didn't mind

telling her just about anything she wanted to know. In fact, pretty soon I was

smiling and joking with her, like she was an old friend. She was really nice to

me. I had to sign a couple of forms for her, then she gave me a shot, and it

hardly hurt at all. After that, she grinned at me like I'd just joined an all

girls secret society or something.

“There,” She leaned down and whispered in my ear, as if someone could hear her,

even though there was no one else in the room. “Now if some guy puts his weanie,

you know where, you don't have to worry.” And she giggled. I mean it was like

she was another one of my friends. Sure, I know part of it was that stupid pill,

and part of it was her trying to sound like someone my age and make me

comfortable and all, but it worked. Of course it helped that she was darn nice

too. Luckily she didn't have anyone else around that morning and we chatted for

a bit just to pass the time, in fact I guess we sort of chatted quite a bit,

most of the first period.

When it was almost time for class change, she insisted I get to my locker before

my next class and she said I'd better take a note that she gave me to my home

room teacher, to say where I'd been. Maybe the pill was working, I wasn't in any

mood to argue, I just scurried off like a 'good little girl'.

Really, right then, was when my adventure with the Program actually started.

Chapter 2 - Monday in Class

After I left Nurse Carver in the infirmary, I hurried down the hall toward my

locker, still carrying my book-bag. I glanced up at the clock and saw that I had

five minutes, so I had lots of time to get to my locker and ditch the clunky

book-bag before class change, then I had to get to my home room to give Mrs

Collins my note and after that I had to hurry to math class. I knew I could do

it. What I didn't count on was the damn program.

Okay, so I'd dug my math homework out of my book-bag and I was stuffing the bag

itself into my locker, right? One of these days I have to clear out the junk out

of that locker I guess, I was having a hard time that morning even fitting my

book bag in there. Anyway, I had the door to the locker open, so that was in the

way to see on one side and I wasn't looking behind me, and damn it all, I was

still relaxed so much from that pill and talking to Anne that I'd forgotten that

I was naked as a jay bird. To top it off, I was bent over, so my ass was poking

out into the hallway a bit, right? And somebody put a cold hand on my hot ass

!!!

I squealed. I mean I squealed like a stuck pig and I swear, I tried to climb

right inside that damn locker. Well, what would you do? I mean, I hadn't seen

anyone in the hall and I just thought I was all alone, then on top of that, I

think that damn pill was making me a little bit stupid or something, because

like I said, I'd even forgotten I had no clothes on. I was still trying to hide

inside my locker when I hear my friend, Mel's voice.

“Oh God Susan, I'm sorry.” She trying not to laugh but at the same time she was

almost crying. “I didn't mean to scare you so much, I just thought ...”

She can thank her lucky stars that Anne's little blue pill was still pumping

around in my bloodstream at that moment. I managed to peal myself out of the

locker, hoping I hadn't bruised my left tit when I'd hit the door with it and I

turned on Mel. Even with that little pills influence, I must have looked ready

to commit murder because she was backing away. Then somehow, I saw the humour in

the situation, I started to giggle.

“Look Mel, I didn't mind you patting my ass, really, even if I'm not into girls,

but damn it, next time warn me first and even then, could you make sure your

hands haven't just been inside the fridge?” I giggled in a stage whisper.

“Sorry Sue.” She stared at me. “I mean, I thought by now, being in the program

you'd be used to people touching you and stuff and with your ass sticking out

like that ...?”

“YOU are the very first, nobody else has touched my bare ass since I wore

diapers.” I snapped as I scooped up my math and slammed my locker closed. “I'll

talk to you later, okay? I've gotta run.”

And I ran off down the hall! I don't know why, after all, Mel is one of my best

buddies, but right then she was one of the last people I wanted to have see me

in my bare skin.

And she'd touched my ass. She was like ... my best buddy and she was fondling my

ass! Right out in the open, where other people could have seen her do it! Was

she becoming a lezzy? Oh my Gawd. I didn't even look back. I didn't even want to

look back. I just ran.

As I ran I knew I was being strange, and I was feeling strange, it just wasn't

like me at all. I was practically in tears and I knew that I had a lot more to

put up with before this day was out. Right then, I didn't know if I was going to

be okay, or if I was going to go nuts, the only thing I knew for sure is that I

was scared as hell.

I stood in the hallway outside my home room and stared up at the wall clock,

watching the second hand crawl, knowing that in less than a minute, the whole

place was going to be alive with kids, half of them guys. I couldn't help it, I

was thinking of all those guys reaching their hot sweaty hands out to grab and

touch me. I was actually shaking, part of me was scared, but part of me was

shaking with excitement. I wanted to be touched, I wanted to have guys feel me,

touch me, where no one, not even Jeff, had touched me before.

I must have been staring at the clock but not really seeing it, because when the

bell did ring, I jumped like I'd been shot. I grabbed the door, yanked it open

and made it inside before even the first of the 'mad dashers', the guys who run

from class to class, was able to get there. And I guess no one was expecting a

nude girl to come IN through the door. Everyone in the whole room seemed to

stop, and they were all staring at me!

Whatever, that scared me even more. I threw Mrs Collins my excuse slip from the

nurse and then I think I ran back out the door, I don't know, all I know is that

I was in the hall again and heading for math class. Then suddenly there was like

this wall of skin and curly hair in front of me, a mountain of flesh and muscle,

and it was as bare as I was. I mean this was a guy and he was huge and he was

standing there like a mountain and ... I looked up at his grinning face ...

Oh GAWD! I knew who it was.

I think my mouth fell open and maybe I even drooled, I don't know. Part of my

head was telling me that this was 'Tiny' Wilkes, and that he was my partner for

the week, but the rest of me was just lost somewhere. I know he said hello or

something, but I didn't really hear him, I mean all I heard was the noise of all

the kids around me and sort of a ringing sound in my ears, and then someone put

his hand on my ass. They goosed me and I screamed. At first, maybe for two

seconds, I was surprised and then I was MAD. I wheeled around and I was gonna

kill someone. There was this snickering idiot starring at me with a silly grin

on his face and I hauled back my right fist and wound up ... and Tiny just

grabbed my wrist.

“Go easy Missy.” He said quietly, and his voice was like .. like thunder ...

like drums .. sorta low and growling and sorta strong with a hint of danger in

it.

Whatever, I just sort of wilted. I remember him putting an arm on my shoulder

and I know we got to math class somehow, and I know people were touching me, but

I don't remember walking there, or feeling anyone touch me, or anything.

I do remember sitting down on those damn plastic desk seats for the first time.

There should be a law. I mean a girl is built so that when she sits down, she

touches bottom, I mean when you bend to sit, it sorta hangs down, a girl's pussy

that is. I mean, mine does anyway! It touches, and after that morning, having no

clothes and being in front of people and actually being touched, I was hot and I

was wet. And those damn desk seats are cold.

Look, in physics class the teacher explained it in one of his first classes this

year; when you put something hot against something cold, the hot object gets

colder and the cold object gets warmer, right? And if the objects are wet, the

heat moves faster, right. So there you have it. I plopped a hot, wet object, my

puss, on a cold dry object, the seat. And I think every nerve that is hooked up

down there was working in hyperdrive.

I squawked.

I think the MAN who design desk seat should have a woman slap an ice cube on the

end of his dick every time he sits down. I mean it would teach the guy to think

of women, and if you look at any seat, you know it was designed by a man. I mean

it has a bump right in the wrong place, it comes up, where it should be hollow.

Even in panties and a skirt a woman gets the effect, just not as bad most of the

time, if you aren't in a short skirt and a thong. So I know those damn seats

were designed by a man and I want to be the first in line to torture him every

time he sits down. Just lemme at him. Ice cube? Hell no, I'll use dry ice. Well,

maybe not, that would do permanent damage. All I want to do is make him realise

that he screwed up in his design.

Anyway, I squawked! And I jumped, straight up. And almost everyone in the class

giggled, except the teacher.

“Ah yes, Miss Jennings, the heat transfer problem.” She sighed and held up a

couple of paper towels. “If you place these on the seat first, you will find

they reduce the shock, also if you happen to be slightly, shall we say moist,

they allow you to leave less evidence for the next student to find when they sit

in that seat.”

Jeeze, I was embarrassed. I must have been seven shades of red. I'd seen the

paper towel dispensers near the door in all the classrooms, I just hadn't

thought of using them for this. I was going to go get the towels from the

teacher when little Diane jumped up from her seat in the front row, grabbed them

and handed them back to me.

“Don't worry, it get's easier.” She whispered as she grinned at me.

I'd forgotten, she'd already been through this. 'Hey, others have done this.

Damn it, I can too!' I thought and I grinned back at her. And that was the thing

that started me to accepting the idea of being naked in class.

Math class was as boring as usual, and somehow, the rest of the morning wasn't

that bad. I mean, I had guys touch me and slip their fingers inside my pussy

lips, and that. And I think half the guys in the school squeezed my tits, but so

what? I did swat one guy's hand away when he started to touch me because his

hands looked dirty and I told him he should try washing once a week but that

morning most of the guys were civil.

Anyway, I got to lunch and I saw Jeff sitting at our 'regular' table, so I

waved, but he didn't wave back, so I don't know if he saw me or not. Anyway, I

wanted to talk to Diane for a second, because I knew she'd been through this

stuff, so I sat with her for a just minute. Then Tiny and a couple of his

friends joined us and Diane is so funny ... time just seemed to fly. All of a

sudden it was time to go back to class and I hadn't even talked to Jeff, I

looked around for him, but he was already gone.

'OH FUCK. That is not what you do to your guy.' I balled myself out. 'Shit,

shit, shit, why didn't I go over there to him, I could've asked Diane to come

over to meet him, and even Tiny too? Oh fuck, I hope he understands. At least

I'll see him in gym later today, maybe we can talk then.' I grinned at that.

'Yeah, and he can touch me all over in the shower, and maybe later, we can go

somewhere and neck and ...'

I stopped myself there. I had too, I mean, I knew I was fifteen so I was old

enough and I knew my body was ready, but I wasn't sure my head was ready, if you

know what I mean? I just didn't want to go there right then.

My next class was way down the hall, and I was late getting there. I got stopped

three different times for guys who wanted to touch and feel. What is it with

some guys, do they want to make a girl feel like a frigging piece of meat? I

mean some of them are nice and they ask, but some of them just demand and man

that pisses me off!

Nobody should be able to just demand something of anyone, I don't care who you

are. I mean Jeeze! Sure the program says I'm suppose to be cooperative, but the

next schmuck who demands to grab a feel just as the class bell rings is gonna

lose a hand, I'll stand toe to toe with anyone about that, damn it. Nobody

should be able to get you into trouble with your teachers but you, yourself. I

mean I do a good enough job of that myself, I do NOT need any help, thank you.

So anyway, I was late for biology class. Oh, you've heard about Mme Dubois's bio

classes huh? Well guess what? When I walk in the room there was this tall skinny

Black dude standing at the front of the class and he was nude, like me. And Mme

Dubois was standing beside him and looking out at the class with a smile on her

face, but since I came in the door right then, she turned to me with a smile.

“Well hello Susan, Jason was just asking for relief and I was about to ask for

volunteers. However, since you're in the program as well, would you care to ...”

OH MY !

The Black dude turned my way and I saw it! JEEZE !! Maybe it looked bigger

because it was so dark and maybe it was because the head of it was sort of a

purple-pink shade, I dunno, but it looked BIG! I mean BIG - BIG !! I just stared

for a few seconds, then I found myself shaking my head, saying no.

“Sorry.” I sorta stammered. “Unh, like, I've kinda got a guy ... and if I'm

gonna do that ... I really would like to do it with him first before I ... I

mean, I'd like to ... with Jason that is ...sometime, maybe ... but ...”

Mme Dubois smiled again, this time even wider than before. “Of course Susan,

that's very loyal of you and quite romantic, your young man should be proud of

you. Now, since you aren't volunteering, if you will take your seat, I'll ask

for volunteers from the class.”

As I was moving to my seat, I saw Diane raise her hand and wave it at Mme

Dubois. But she wasn't alone, there were several girls who seemed to want to

help out Jason.

“Jason? You seem to have several volunteers, it's your choice.” Mme Dubois said.

Then I heard his voice and I wished I had taken Mme Dubois's offer at first. OH

MY, have you ever heard a Barry White or a William Warfield cd? He reminded me

of them, sorta. Jason had a voice that was so low and so soft it was like ... oh

man ... when he talked it was like being wrapped in someone's arms and being

cuddled ... or being wrapped in a down comforter on a cold night ... well you

get the idea. It sent tingles down my backbone and when they got to the bottom

they built up. My whole body just melted, right there, and I stared at him. I

knew right then I should have remembered to grab a paper towel when I came into

the room. That seat was going to be wet when class was done.

“I've been thinking about what Susan said.” Jason murmured, oh so softly. “And

perhaps I'll pass for now.” He smiled and winked at me. “If she can wait for

someone special, I think I should too. Thank you Susan.”

About then my whole body hit the melting point. Hit it, Hell, I blew right past

it, I went incandescent. In just a couple of seconds, it built up and it burst,

like a roman candle or something ... I came! My whole body just exploded, or

implode or whatever. I think maybe I squeaked ... but oh yeah ... I came ... I

mean it! ... Big time! I know I'd had guys feeling me up before and I was

primed, but it was his voice, well and he did wink at me. I simply slumped down

in my seat and I know Mme Dubois realised what happened, but nobody else seemed

to, at least they didn't say anything.

Well, the girls who all had their hands up sorta moaned as if they'd been

deprived of a reward, but that was all. Well, I did get another big smile from

Jason as he moved to his seat, but then Mme Dubois started teaching her class

and I think I zoned out. Maybe it was because I came, maybe it was something

else, I don't know.

To be honest, I think maybe that pill that the nurse had given me was still

having an effect. I had a bit of a headache and I was feeling a bit woozy. I

really didn't feel great. Somehow, I got through the day until gym and that's

when I took a real kick in the pants.

Jeff was going to be there, he took gym at the same time I did and I was looking

forward to having him see me. He'd been edging his way toward ... well, no ...

we'd been edging our way toward exploring each other's bodies and ... maybe

going further? This was a perfect chance for him to see me. Right there, out in

the open, no one could say word one about him touching me or looking at my body

... I knew it was going to be just perfect.

Only it wasn't, it wasn't perfect, it wasn't even nice, it was fucking horrible.

The whole fucking time, he ignored me. Even when gym was over and we were all in

the showers and I was in there with the guys, other guys touched me and washed

me, but he just hung back and he looked like shit but he was staring daggers at

me. I felt like he'd kicked me in the can.

Finally I got up the nerve to go over to him and ask him just why he hadn't come

over and ... and he just got a strange look on his face like he was in pain ...

and he walked off ... he left me standing there and he just walked away. He left

me standing there with my mouth open, I hadn't even finished talking to him. I

didn't get a chance to say I was sorry for being busy at lunch, or anything. He

left me, he fucking abandoned me. He was supposed to be my guy, and he ignored

me.

Thank God gym was the last class of the day. As soon as I had my shoes and socks

on, I ran outside, I threw on my clothes and I ran all the way home, crying. I

knew Mom was going to give me shit, but even that was better than being rejected

by Jeff.

Right then, I HATED THE FUCKING PROGRAM!

Chapter 3 - Monday After School

After I was dressed, I didn't wait for the bus I just ran for blocks, sobbing

all the way, then when I couldn't hardly breath, I walked. And then I ran again.

By the time I got home I was a mess, I know it and I really didn't care, not one

damn bit. I was still crying when I walked up the walk to go inside and somehow

Mom was waiting for me. How the hell she knew I was coming home like that, I

don't know, but she did. I mean I'd beaten the bus home and everything, but she

was waiting.

And what surprised me, is she had a cup of tea waiting on the table for me, and

she hugged me when I came in the door.

Man, did I need that hug. And I thought I had been crying before, but as I

hugged mom, I just fell to pieces. I tried to sob out the story to her, but I

was crying so much that she couldn't really understand me. All she did was hold

me tight and pat my shoulder, telling me it would be okay. I cried, and cried,

and cried some more, until I had the dry heaves. By then the rest of the family

was coming home and Mom just waved them on past us, sort of letting them know

she was busy I guess. Anyway after a bit, she got me to sit down at the table

and drink some tea, and she got Laura, my older sister, to sit with me while she

went and talked to the other kids.

Now Laura knew I was in the Program from the scuttlebutt at school and she

thought that was mostly what was upsetting me, so she was making noises about

all sorts of ridiculous stuff. I mean, she is my older sister and she does think

she needs to protect me and all. Besides, she's kinda like Mom a bit, you know,

a bossy sort, with a temper that goes off just bang, well, I guess I have a bit

of trouble that way too. Whatever. Right then I really didn't need her to tell

me what was wrong with the Program, I was too upset with Jeff. So I got annoyed

with her prattling on.

“Laura, I don't mind the damn Program that much, except that maybe it's fucked

up me and Jeff. He won't even talk to me.”

“Susan! You watch your language around this house, young lady. You have brothers

and sisters who don't need to hear your vulgarity, in fact, I don't need to hear

your vulgarity.” Mom said loudly as she came into the room. “Now, what was this

about Jeff?”

I stared at her, usually if she caught me swearing, I was in deep shit for

weeks. But now, she seemed to have just given me a warning and then going on, as

if my life actually was important, more important than my language anyway.

“Well? What happened with Jeff?” She repeated after she sent Laura off to look

after the younger kids until supper time.

So, with Mom prodding me every once in a while, if I started to wander off

topic, and calming me down, if I started crying too bad, I told her about my

day. Well, I sorta cleaned it up a bit, but when I got to the bit about being

naked in the boys locker room before and after gym, she looked sort of

uncomfortable. Then when I told her that Jeff wouldn't even talk to me, and I

was crying pretty good again, I could see Mom get a bit riled, not mad, but just

starting to get wound up, like she was thinking hard and not liking what she was

thinking.

“Look Susan, that sounds almost like Jeff thinks you dumped him.” She said

quietly. “I know you didn't, but maybe he jumped to that conclusion, from what

he saw at lunch time. You did say you were laughing and having a good time with

Diane and your other new friends, didn't you?”

“Well, yeah, I was, but it isn't like ...”

“Susan, it's not what you think about this that we're worried about. It's what

Jeff thought that might be the problem. He saw you sitting with them and

laughing and you didn't go talk to him at lunch. In fact you didn't talk to him

at all, until gym, late in the day, right? And even then there were all those

other boys around, paying attention to you?”

“Yeah, but ...”

“Susan, try to put yourself in his shoes, what would you think if he were the

one in the Program and he had done to you what you did to him? How would you

feel?”

“I'd probably have ripped him a new ...”

“Susan, no vulgarity!” She warned.

“Okay, okay, I'd have told him off, for being a dork.” I snapped.

“But he doesn't have your temper Susan, he's more the kind to keep his anger

inside until it festers, a lot like your father does, so when it comes out it's

... well, it's not nice. Maybe you should phone him and apologise?”

“Mom, he has call display, it he won't talk to me to my face, why would he talk

to me on the phone?”

“Won't his parents answer the telephone?”

“Mom, you know he's only got his Dad, his Mom ran off years ago, and his Dad

works an afternoon shift. His dad will be gone by now and won't be home until

late. Jeff will be home alone. If he hasn't gone for a walk somewhere, which he

might do, he always does when he's mad at something.”

“Well, we could drive over there, to his house, and ...”

“Mom, he doesn't want to see me.” I started bawling again.

“Alright Susan, but if he goes out for a walk when he's angry, do you know where

he goes?”

“I dunno, to the park, I guess, or down by the lake, I dunno for sure.” I

whimpered, “I'm going up to bed.”

“Okay dear, supper will be in an hour.”

“I don't want supper.” I yelled, already running upstairs.

I went up and flopped on my bed. While I lay there, I started thinking about the

day and I started crying again. I kept seeing the look on Jeff's face when he

was watching me in the shower, I couldn't make up my mind if his face was angry

or sad. The longer I thought about it, the more I cried, until ... I guess I

cried myself to sleep.

I suppose I slept for a couple of hours and I woke up hearing a mans voice

speaking from downstairs. I couldn't be sure but ... Yes it was, it was Daddy. I

leapt out of bed and ran downstairs. I mean, since the divorce, he hardly ever

comes in the house, but he was here now, and I wanted to see him. He was sitting

at the kitchen table talking to Mom and they weren't arguing, which was a major

thing and when I came into the room, he almost knocked over his chair getting up

so fast to hold out his arms for a hug.

I LOVE Daddy hugs and that night I needed one real bad, and he had a humdinger

of a hug for me. I just snuggled and sniffled against his shoulder, then he sat

down in his chair, pulled me in his lap, and for a while he just held me.

Finally he gave me a kiss on the forehead.

“It sounds like you had a real rough day, huh Punkin?”

“Yeah.” I snuffled, almost ready to break into tears again. “Did Mom tell you

what happened?”

“Unh huh. Actually, I went over to Jeff's house on the way over here, but I

didn't see Jeff. At least I didn't talk to him, I thought I saw someone move

inside, through one of the windows, but if he was there, he wouldn't answer the

door.”

“Oh Daddy, I feel so bad, it was sorta my fault and I just wish I could go back

to yesterday and start all over.”

“Honey, if we didn't make mistakes, we wouldn't be human. I'm sure everything

will work out for the best in the long run. If one of us can talk to him, we can

straighten it all out in a matter of minutes. If you want, I can go back and

wait until his father comes home. I can tell him what really happened and he can

tell Jeff, would you like me to do that?”

“Oh Daddy!” I hugged him hard. “The thing is, I think it should be me, I mean I

was the one who ... well, who took Jeff for granted and almost ignored him at

school. I should be the one who ...”

“Punkin, if he won't even answer the door for me to talk to him, so I could try

to get him to talk to you, how are you going to get him to talk to you?”

“I don't know Daddy, I just think I should be the one to eat crow, and ... and

well, I mean ...”

Just then Laura came in with Donny and Danny, my little twin brothers. I glanced

at the clock and saw it was their bedtime, so although I really didn't want to,

I slid off of Daddies lap. I mean it isn't often he is actually at the house to

tuck any of us kids in, what with Mom and him being divorced and all. I just

couldn't hog Daddy all to myself.

Even if I had to grin at the antics that Daddy went through with the guys, I

mean, I still wanted to cry, but maybe I was sorta cried out or something. And

the guys did love to play with Daddy. Look, Donny and Danny are eight right,

small enough to both get on Dad's lap, but feisty enough to give him a tussle if

they cooperate, and lets face it they were twins, they cooperate great. But

Dad's a big man, in about a minute, he was carrying them off to bed, Donny slung

over one shoulder and Danny squealing under an arm, both with their heads

hanging toward the floor and both of them so happy it was nice to see.

Mom was almost laughing, not quite, but close and it looked good on her, then

she looked at me and she got a serious look on her face.

“Are you hungry at all Susan? I set a plate of food aside from supper and I can

heat it in the microwave, if you'd like?”

And Laura got into the act, being a big sister, or more like a mother hen, she

didn't wait, she just opened the fridge, plopped a can of coke in front of me

and threw my plate into the micro. “You have got to eat.” She snapped. “You're

skin and bones now, I'll bet you didn't even have lunch, did you?”

“Just because I haven't got as many big bulgy curves as you, or as ...” I

started to say something that could have gotten mean when Mom interrupted.

“Girls! enough! Both of you are too wrought up to start an argument now. That's

how really bad fights start and ...”

The phone rang right then. I jumped, Laura jumped, even Mom moved, all of us

starting to get up to get it, but Penny, my other sister hollered “Got it.” from

the living room. “Mom, it's for you.” She called in a few seconds.

Now I don't know why, but we have only two phones in our house, one in the

living room and one upstairs on a long cord that sits on a table just outside

Mom's (and what used to be Dad's) bedroom. We don't even have a cel. I mean

positively archaic, so Mom had to go to the living room to take the call, how

old fashioned is that?

Well, my supper was warmed up and Laura handed it to me and even if I wasn't

really hungry, she sort of stood over me, like she was going to feed me if I

didn't eat. I mean, she's so bossy, and all because she's two years older than

me, she's always tried to boss me around and sometimes I kinda let her, well a

little anyway. But as I was playing with my food and nibbling a bit and she was

yammering her fool head off about her day at school, I was really thinking and I

was thinking, about Jeff of course, and I started to get worried.

I mean, not about Jeff and me, just about Jeff. I guess I haven't said much

about Jeff, not really. I know I belly ache about my life and stuff but Jeff,

well, he's got it tough, really, really tough. Look, here's how it is, a couple

of years ago, his Mom just left, now Jeff's Dad isn't the easiest guy to get

along with I guess, but that wasn't why she left. She ran off with someone, and

I do mean ran off. Jeff hasn't heard from her except for one Christmas card and

a couple of birthday cards since, and none of them had a return address to get

hold of her at.

Besides that, I think Jeff's Dad is a bartender or something, anyway, he works

from about four in the afternoon until about two in the morning. Jeff really

only sees his dad on Sundays and Mondays, those are his dad's days off work, so

Jeff doesn't really have anyone, well, he had me, but I guess now he sort of

thinks I've abandoned him and ....

Okay, I didn't want to go there right then, or I'd start bawling again. So I was

thinking and picking at my food and Laura was yammering away about some silly

thing that one of her teachers had done, when Mom walked back into the room with

Dad. I knew right away that something was wrong, I mean Dad looked serious and

both of them had that strange, 'what do I do now' look on their faces and Mom's

lower lip was quivering like it does when she is really, really upset.

I don't know how, but I knew! And I blew up, I went from feeling sorry for him,

to being so fucking mad at Jeff that I simply exploded.

“HE DID IT , DIDN'T HE!” I screamed. “THAT FUCKING, CHICKEN SHIT, LITTLE BASTARD

DID IT, DIDN'T HE?”

“Oh Susan, I am so sorry.” Mom said, and Dad was reaching for me, holding out

his arms.

Now, don't get me wrong, I wanted a hug, but I was out of my mind with anger. I

was mad at Jeff, I was mad at Mr Taylor, I was mad at the Program, I was mad at

the school, I was mad at Jeff's Dad, I was mad at Jeff's Mom, but mostly, I was

mad at me! Sometimes I do the DUMBEST FUCKING THINGS!

I leapt out of my chair and I ran. I ran outside and down the block and I ran

the whole ten blocks to Jeff's house. I had to know, I had to know for myself,

getting something like this second hand just wasn't enough. I had to see

somehow, I had to be there, maybe I had to let his spirit know that I cared,

even if it was too late. I don't know, but I knew I had to be there.

The thing is, that as I ran, I think I burned out the anger and I'd cried so

much before, that all I was left with was a sort of resolute feeling of having

to say goodbye, somehow. I actually walked for most of the last block, and as I

walked, I went through fear and sorrow and several other emotions. then I turned

a corner and I saw the flashing lights. OH God!

There were flashing lights, and fire engines, and cop cars, and an ambulance,

and yellow tape, and people all over, but I saw Jeff's dad. He was standing near

the front door talking to a cop and I just ducked under the yellow tape and was

heading toward him, when he saw me. He said something to the cop and pointed my

way and then he walked away! He went inside the house and the cop turned my

direction, pointing to the tape and saying, “Outside the tape young lady.”

I had already come to a dead stop, I mean even Jeff's dad looked like he was

blaming me and I was just staring, with my mouth open. So the cop came over and

put his hand on my elbow to escort me back to the sidewalk. And Daddy was

standing there.

“Oh Daddy.” I whimpered, reaching to hug him and snuggling into his arms.

“Come on Susan, this is no place ...” He started to say.

“It might be a very good place,” The cop said. “Mr Jennings is it?”

“What?” Daddy sounded ready to argue.

“Mr Jennings, there was a suicide note. Your daughter's name was mentioned and

in a way she was blamed.” The cop sounded almost cruel, really brutal, like he

blamed me too.

“Now just a damn minute ....” I heard Mom shout, I hadn't even seen that she was

there, but she was and she was going to come to my defence, cop or no cop. And I

stared at her, she had said a swear word!

“Linda! Calm down!” Dad said in that low voice that usually means all hell is

about to break loose. “Officer, do you have someplace where we could speak to

you, without being disturbed?”

“We can sit in the squad car.” The cop said just as quietly. “I will have to get

your daughter's statement at any rate. Unless of course you'd prefer to go to

the station?”

“I think from the reaction I just saw from Jeff's father that she should make at

least a short statement, and she should make it now!” Dad said in that no

fucking nonsense tone of his and we turned toward a cop car.

The Cop opened the back door and Mom slid in, then I slid in beside her, but Dad

and the cop just stood outside, with the cop holding a pad and making notes. So

I told the story again, this time leaving out all the juicy bits, what little of

them there were, and with Mom and Dad helping me out if I missed something.

Now you'd think that my head would be all tied up with this right? But somehow

it wasn't, I mean this was the first time I'd ever been in a cop car, especially

the back seat and even as I was talking, I was noticing things. Like how there

were no handles on the inside of the doors and that theree was a window between

the front and the back seats with wire mesh in it, with a sliding panel that

locked on the other side, and stuff like that. But mostly, I noticed the smell.

It stank. It stank so bad I was almost retching. It smelled of stale man sweat,

and it stank of beer, and it stank like dirty socks or something, and there was

something else, almost like someone had vomited and it hadn't been cleaned up

very well.

So anyway, when I got done telling him about everything until ... well, until

Jeff's Dad had walked away not wanting to see me, then I just went quiet, all

played out. All this time, the cop was writing stuff down. And then I asked if I

could please get out of the car, or I'd be sick and the cop got a funny look on

his face, like he was trying to hold back a grin or something and he said yes.

So I clambered out of the car and Mom slid out right after me and I could see on

her face that she was just as glad to get into the fresh air as me.

Then the Cop said that he felt the statement he had got was all he would need,

but that if there were any questions, I could answer them at the station the

next day, if that was alright with us. I nodded and Mom and Dad steered me over

to Dad's pickup truck and we drove home. As soon as I sat down in the truck, I

started to bawl, I mean I had cried before, but this was sort of like the

floodgates just burst and I bawled all the way home. I cuddled against Mom and I

bawled.

Then when I got out of the truck, I got sick. I spewed. What little I ate for

supper got spread on our driveway. I was crying, I was vomiting, and I was

walking toward the house, all at once. And then I just stopped. When I'd got

sick and was still walking, I had thrown up all over myself. So right there, in

front of the house, I just threw off the clothes I was wearing, and with Mom and

Dad staring at me, I ran into the house.

I took the bundle of soiled clothes and I threw it in the washer. Then I rinsed

my mouth and had a long drink of water. After that I had a quick shower and I

went to bed.

And I started to cry again. Someone came and cuddled me, and I didn't even care

who it was. I just cried myself to sleep.

Chapter 4 - Tuesday - Day

(School Hours)

Have you ever cried yourself to sleep and then slept for about twelve hours? I

did, Monday night.

And I woke up feeling awful, my right arm was jammed under me and it was asleep.

I couldn't even feel it and I couldn't move it when I tried to get up. Somehow I

knew something else was wrong, but for a minute, that silly arm not working took

up all my thinking power. I couldn't use it to try to push myself upward to sit

up, so I was actually worried that it was paralysed, but I did manage to roll

away from laying on it, and just stared at it as it lay there all loose and

floppy. Then it started to get tingles and all of a sudden it started to hurt,

so I was sort of rubbing it with my other hand, and as the feeling came back, so

I could wriggle my fingers to get them working again, suddenly I remembered

Jeff!

It all came rushing back and it was my fault, at least partly.

He was gone because of what I did. If I had paid attention to him, Jeff would

still be here. Even if he wasn't a 'heavy duty' boyfriend, like we hadn't made

out or anything, but damn it, he was my boyfriend and even before that he was my

friend. Nobody deserves to be ignored like that when they are your friend. I

started to cry again, not hard, just weepy tears.

Then because I had slept so long, my body kicked into gear. First my bladder let

me know that I needed to hit the bathroom, now! Then while I was sitting there

on the john, feeling that wonderful relief that comes when you do go after

you've been holding it for so long, I noticed the smell. Not only could I smell

that I'd been holding it a long time but mostly, I could smell me. My nose

decided that I needed a shower. I stank! I smelled like an old boot. I just had

to have a shower, right away, I couldn't stand the way I smelled.

In the shower, I scrubbed and scrubbed, but the smell just didn't want to go

away, and I was crying about Jeff, and about how my life sucked, and I was

crying about everything. I was crying when I got into the shower and I was still

crying when I went back to my room after giving up on trying to smell really

clean.

Mom was sitting on the edge of my bed, holding out her arms to me. It felt so

good just to have someone there who didn't care if I had fucked up, she loved me

anyway. That helped. After a few minutes, my tummy gurgled, Mom shifted a bit

and I could feel her take a deep breath. “Are you hungry?” She asked, almost in

a whisper.

And my body said 'YES', actually it screamed it at me. “Unh, yeah, I am.” I

managed to say through my sobs. “What time is it anyway?”

“It's almost eleven. Come on, I'll cook us some brunch.”

“ELEVEN?” I stared at her as we stood to go to the kitchen. “But what about

school?”

“I called in and told them you wouldn't be in today, they understand.” Then she

sighed. “And now don't get angry, but I talked to the principal again, your Mr

Taylor, and he said that they would let you out of that stupid program. He feels

that the computer and the selection committee may have made an error.”

“Mom, maybe they did, but it wasn't just their mistake, as much as it was mine,

and maybe Jeff's too, I don't know, but ...”

“Now Susan, you know I'm not in favour of you parading around in the nude and

getting man-handled by every boy in the school who feels like he wants to. It's

dirty and it's ...”

“Mom, it's not dirty. I've seen what it's done for other people. A lot of the

people who were partners have gone on to become steady couples. Heck, I think it

might even have helped me in some ways, just in one day, but ... well, Mom, I

don't want to argue right now, okay?”

Mom looked at me strangely for a few seconds, like I had grown an extra nose or

something.

'You mean, you'd go back to school and take off your clothes, if they insisted?“

I looked at her in turn, thinking about what going back and being naked.

“Unh huh, I think I would.” I finally nodded. “The thing is, maybe it's more

like I should. I think some things need changing but ... Yeah I would.” She was

going to say something, but I held up my hand, “Please Mom, could we just have

something to eat, I'm starved. We can talk later, okay?”

Mom just shook her head and smiled at me. We had finally made it to the kitchen

and she had her hand on the fridge door.

“Okay. First things first, then young lady, what would you like for brunch?

“Pancakes?” I smiled, maybe a bit weakly, but it was a smile “If I can help make

'em.”

So Mom and I made pancakes, then we sat and ate together and we talked. You know

I think that's the first time Mom and I really talked, sort of as mother and

daughter. Sure I'd told her things and she'd told me things before, but this was

a discussion, she was treating me almost like I was a grown person, and I really

liked it. She tried to explain to me why she found the very idea of the Program

so repugnant, and surprised me by not getting into Bible quotations, and I tried

to explain to her why I thought it was a good idea. I conceded some points and

she did too. I think after an hour or so, we had pretty well agreed that we

weren't going to agree, but we both felt a lot more comfortable with each other.

And then I couldn't wait any more, I had to ask. “Mom, how did Jeff do it?”

“You mean how did he get himself into that state of mind or ..?”

“No Mom, I mean did he ... well did he slit his wrists ... or ... or what? I

don't know why but I think I should know.”

That's when Mom broke into tears. She got up and got the morning paper and

handed it to me. There on the front cover was a picture of Jeff's house. I

hadn't noticed last night, I guess I was just too wrought up, but all the glass

was blown out of the windows and there was smoke and fire damage above them,

where flames had burned on it's way up the walls ... so that was why the fire

trucks had been there. I hadn't even thought about it.

“TEEN - FOUND DEAD - AFTER APPARENT

GAS EXPLOSION AND FIRE!”

That was what the headline said. Thank goodness they didn't mention that it was

a suicide, but they did say it was still under investigation.

“The police asked them not to mention the note.” Mom said when I looked up at

her. “But I think most people know.”

“You mean he turned on the gas and just sat there and waited?” I couldn't

believe it.

She nodded. “They think something set off a spark and ...”

It just didn't sound like the Jeff I knew, I mean, what could he have been

thinking of, and right then I knew. It hit me, he wasn't in love with me, he was

looking at me like I was some sort of prize. A possession of some kind, and he

thought he had lost me, so then he felt he had lost whatever sort of damn fool

game his head was playing. Well, fuck him, I was no grand fucking prize in some

stupid game.

“Of all the stupid, idiotic, totally moronic damn things.!” I growled. “He just

gave up!”

I threw the paper down in disgust. Mom stared at me like I was some sort of

crazy thing.

“Mom, the idiot thought he'd lost me, like I was a prize or something. Like t

was a game, and the school, or the world, or Tiny Wilkes, or whatever, had

trumped his ace. He just gave up! Sure I screwed up, but Man did he ever screw

up a lot more. He didn't even want to fight for me. If I wasn't served to him on

a silver platter, he wasn't going to play any more.”

Mom just stared at me, tears still running down her face. “But Honey, I thought

you guys were so close and ...”

“Mom, he was the first guy who ever kissed me. He was the very first guy to ever

hold my boob ... and even that was through my shirt.” I threw my hands up in the

air in exasperation. “MOM, for cripes sake, we were still getting to know each

other. It's not like we'd been going out and banging each other for a year or

two or ... Look, I'm mad at myself because in a way, I accidentally set him off

and he went and blew himself up, but damn it, I did not give him the fucking

match!” By then I had jumped to my feet and was pacing around the room. “He did

himself in, I had nothing at all to do with that. I sure a hell of a lot angrier

with him for taking the cowards way out than if he had at least put up even a

smidgen of a fight ... cripes, he was so fucking weak he didn't even want to

listen to my reasons for what I did. What a fucking loser!”

I kicked the paper across the floor, just because it was there, and I headed for

the front door. I'd only gotten about ten feet outside and down the front walk

when Mom came running to the door behind me.

“Susan, Susan, stop, you're only wearing your pj's.”

And I was.

“They do look stupid out here, don't they?” I snapped. “It's too warm for them

anyhow.”

I grabbed the top, ripping it open so that buttons sprayed everywhere, I

stripped it off and threw it on the sidewalk. My pj bottoms followed and then,

stark naked, I went for a walk to calm down, wearing only my flip-flops on my

feet. It felt good.

I wasn't waking toward Jeff's, I don't know if it was a conscious thing or not,

but I was walking the opposite direction, I was walking toward downtown. I guess

people were getting more used to seeing nude teenage girls on the streets as

well, I didn't even draw many stares, although as I walked past an apartment

that was being built I heard several guys whistle from somewhere up on the roof.

I almost stopped and screamed at them, then decided it wasn't worth it. Why get

in a fight with someone over something that stupid. Besides, right about then

having someone think I looked good enough to whistle at was a compliment in a

way. Actually, not even a left handed compliment, sort of a gut feeling, cave

man sort of a compliment, at least they weren't jeering. Instead, I just walked

on, trying not to wiggle any more or anything, I mean, I really didn't want to

have them whistle even more, I knew if they did that I would react and I didn't

really know what I would do then. Right then, the way it felt, I didn't dare

lose my temper and I was scared that I might, so I tried to be sexless or at

least 'not sexy'.

That's when I started to think about one reason why Mom was so upset with the

idea of my being naked in the Program. She didn't like people looking at me

without clothes because she felt it turned me into a 'sex object'. I had to grin

at that, at my age and with my body just developing, it felt sort of reassuring

to be a sex object, it felt good to know that others thought I was sexy. I liked

that, I liked the idea that guys my age wanted to look and to touch, so why was

I upset by those guys on the building whistling at me?

I thought about that and it was weird but I realised that since I couldn't see

them, while they could see me, it felt different somehow. It was like they were

peeping at me, while they were hiding, and that pissed me off. It wasn't equal,

it wasn't fair. At school, the kid who put his hand on my pussy this week, might

be the guy walking naked with his willy showing next week, that levelled the

playing field, it made it more fair.

Thinking about the program made me think of Jeff and what had gone wrong. I was

still angry, but now I was back to being angry with myself and the Program,

besides still being mad at Jeff. But I wasn't so much angry as upset, we'd all

made mistakes. I'd made the mistake of thinking Jeff could tell I still cared

for him just by looking at me or something, and he'd made the mistake of

thinking that I didn't want to be with him any more because I'd spent one lunch

hour with some other people. And there were still problems with the Program,

they were still sorting it out. What had Mr Taylor said? A computer picked out

one person and then tried to match other students to fit the first choice's

profile and they still had to go to a selection committee. There was something

wrong there. A computer would never have all the little quirks of every person,

and the selection committee might be biassed by their own feelings about who

needed what.

But what would make it better? Well, for one thing, I thought, they should get

the people going into the damn program involved somehow.

It suddenly dawned on me that I was walking down a sidewalk, not really going

anywhere and asking myself questions about how to improve something I hadn't

even thought about before. That's because I hadn't felt I was involved, but now

I was, damn it, I was involved up to my eyebrows. Now the question was, was I

like Mom who just got mad, and slam banged away most of the time, or was I like

Dad, who made things change if he didn't like them or else just threw up his

hands and walked away?

Was I even willing to try to make things change? Did I have a better answer?

Heck, I didn't have any answers, I wasn't even sure I had all the questions, but

wait a minute, I did have questions, at least I had some questions, and I knew

one or two people who could help me get answers. I just stopped, dead still, and

I thought for a moment, then I turned around to head home.

I'd been dawdling along before, but now I had a reason to go home, I had an

idea, then another, so I was walking quickly, I wanted to catch Mom for sure

before the other kids came home from school, She didn't know it, but I was gonna

'draft' both her and Dad to help me. In fact I was getting so excited by my

ideas that by the time I got to our house, I was running.

“MOM, MOM, Where are you?” I shouted as I came bursting in the front door.

“Oh Honey, what's wrong?” She came running out of the laundry room, looking like

she was really worried.

“Oh, I'm sorry Mom, I didn't mean to scare you, but I know what they're trying

to do, and it's right out of the Bible.”

“What, just what are you talking about, Susan, what's right out of the Bible?”

“The Program, being naked in school, public nudity, it all fits, it's right out

of Adam and Eve, what part of the Bible is that in?”

“What are you on about, child?” Mom was looking at me like I had a second head.

“I'm not crazy Mom, I can explain. I think I know what the people who started

this program were really trying to do and maybe it's gotten a bit off track, but

it can be put back. It starts in the Bible. Where is a Bible, you can help me

find the place in it, about Adam and Eve, I mean.”

She still looked at me weird, but for me to ask her about the Bible, do you

think she'd argue? Unh uh, no way. Instead she was opening a Bible in about ten

seconds or less.

“Let's see, that's the Old Testament, Genesis ... Chapter 2 ... near the end, I

think.” She mumbled and flipped it open to find what I wanted to see. “There it

is, verse 21 and on until the end of the chapter. Is that what you want?”

“There it is Mom, there it is, verse 25: ”And they were both naked, the man and

his wife, and they were not ashamed.“ I crowed, ”I knew it was there.“

“But they were in Eden, and ...”

“But that's it Mom, they were standing together, and they were naked, and they

weren't ashamed. There was no one to tell them that their bodies had to look one

way or another, they knew that they were beautiful, just the way they were. And

then the snake talked Eve into tasting the apple, he was like the first

salesman, and he sold her a bill of goods. So after her and Adam ate the apple,

like they both bought into the sales pitch sorta thing, then they knew that they

were naked, and they tried to hide what was different between them, instead of

celebrating that they were different from each other, get it?”

She shook her head. “No Susan, I really don't understand. maybe you can explain

a little more.”

“Okay.” I grinned a bit, I know it seems strange but I did. “Look, lets say I

was heavier, a lot heavier, and my boobs sagged a bit right? I'd want to wear a

bra to make them look better right?”

She grinned. “Like my boobs, you mean?”

“Oh Mom, there's nothing wrong with your boobs, you've got beautiful 'Mommy'

boobs, but the point is, somewhere along the way, we've been brainwashed to

think we need to look like some ideal image, that nobody ever lives up to. Well,

maybe one tenth of one percent of all people do, but the rest of us have been

made to feel we aren't as good as that stupid ideal and we get sold a bill of

goods, just like Eve did.”

“Okay, I agree we are being sold a bill of goods about living up to some silly

ideal.” Mom said slowly. “But what does this have to do with the naked in school

program?”

“Okay.” I sighed. “This is how it goes, if everybody at school sees me without

clothes and I get comfortable with them seeing me naked, then I'm not going to

try so hard to hide what flaws I have, see? If I had saggy boobs, there'd be no

sense in me trying to pull them up in a fancy expansive bra, I mean, everyone

would have already seen that they sagged, so why try to fake it afterward?”

“I see.” She laughed. “The problem with that is that at your age, very few girls

have saggy boobs.”

“Oh, I don't agree Mom, I mean, last year one of the girls had lost weight just

before she got in the Program and her boobs shrank first, but the muscles had

been stretched when her boobs were big, so what she still had flopped pretty

good. But you know something funny? The guys still seemed to like them just as

much.”

“Susan, I hate to break your bubble, but guys just like boobs, any boobs.” She

snorted.

“That's not my bubble, Mom, that's your bubble. After only one day of going

naked, I know the guys like my boobs.” I grinned. “You're the one wearing a bra

and a blouse. God didn't bring you into this world in a bra, you put it on

yourself because someone convinced you that you needed it. Some advertiser blew

a bubble and you crawled right inside and closed it after you. He told you your

boobs weren't up to the ideal and you bought his line of malarkey; hook, line,

and sinker.”

Her face got the strangest look, as if she had just seen a stranger sitting in

my shoes. “So what you're saying is that the Program is meant to make girls less

self conscious and more self approving?”

“Not just girls, Mom, guys too, and in some ways it's just as hard or harder for

them. I mean, just imagine if you were a guy and your dick was tiny. Up until

the Program started, the guys who had that kind of problem, only had to hide it

when they were changing in the gym and stuff. They can't do that now. it's all

hanging out for everyone to see and they aren't allowed to hide it. But you know

what, even if their dicks are small, they still get fondled.”

Mom just shook her head. “It just doesn't seem right, sex should be for married

people, it's not as if it was a form of recreation or something.”

“You mean it should be just for making babies, Mom? Didn't you and Dad ever have

sex just for the fun of it?” I couldn't help grinning. “I mean, you made five of

us, don't tell me it only took four tries, since I guess the twins really only

took once.”

Mom stared at me again and then I could see a silly smile creep over her face

and she blushed. MY MOTHER ACTUALLY BLUSHED ! That made me giggle, maybe because

I was almost as uncomfortable as she was. And then Mom broke into laughter.

“Don't you tell anyone else.”She grinned. “But each one of you took several

tries. And you're right, I did enjoy it ... I enjoyed it a lot.” Then she got

serious, “Now then just what has all of this got to do with you coming into the

house screaming blue murder?”

“Oh, that! Well, I think that I see what the Program is supposed to do but if I

do see, then they're doing it wrong, maybe. Like they've gotten of on the wrong

track, and I think it needs to be changed, and I need you and Daddy to help me

change it, sorta switch it back to the right track.”

“You and your father, and me? And just what are the three of us going to do? Are

we going to take on the school board and the judicial system? What makes you

think they would be even willing to listen?”

“Jeff! And what happened to him and what happened to me and what's happening to

the other kids.” I guess I sorta snapped, like I was angry, anyway, I started to

cry.

Mom, wrapped me in a hug and I was glad, because I did really love her. I mean,

she was my Mom, sometimes we didn't get along, but sometimes, like now, she

seemed to know just exactly what I needed.

“Honey, you're going through a trauma.” She said quietly. “And I talked to Mr

Taylor again and to Miss Jensen too, the school psychiatrist. They told me you

might do some strange things and act differently than normal, so ...?”

I sniffled a bit and tried to force myself to stop crying, I guess it worked,

some anyway, I could talk.

“Oh Mom, I know that, I mean how many times have I ever cried so much, or got

mad quite so easy, but ... well, I think I'm annoyed at something that needs to

be fixed ... I know I can't take back what I did and I can't bring Jeff back,

but maybe I can stop it from happening again ... at least for people like me and

Jeff.” I sniffled then, really trying to get my tears under control. “I know my

emotions are acting like a yoyo ... Hell, I'm living them, you and the principal

didn't have to tell me, I feel like a rag doll on a pogo stick, but Darn it Mom,

I know a way to make me feel better, I need to do something.”

“Alright Susan, perhaps it would help.” Mom sighed. “Can you tell me just what

you see is wrong?”

“Well, I dunno, I guess I can try.” I paused and took a deep breath.

“Mom, the Program is great in some ways, but in other ways, it's screwy.” I

sighed, trying to think again and trying to be very plain and straightforward.

“The thing is, I think they need to straighten out their selection methods, what

they did to Jeff and me sucks! It sucks big time! One way or another, he should

have been involved, or maybe since I had a boyfriend, I should have been warned,

so I could talk to him about it, sort of before I had to just strip and all

that.”

“Now maybe the selection committee and the computer did make a mistake, by

putting me with David Wilkes and not with Jeff, but I don't think Jeff could

have taken being in the program itself either. But that doesn't really matter

now, I mean I admit that I screwed up by not going over to Jeff and including

him at lunch, and he screwed up by not coming over to me and telling me I was

being a ditz for not sitting with him and on top of that he screwed up by

jumping to the conclusion that he was being dumped, when he wasn't. But that

wasn't the programs fault.”

She was going to say something, but I was on a roll, I guess, I just kept

talking.

“And that pamphlet thing sucks too. I mean, look at me, I've seen it around a

hundred times, and I'd never read it through, not once, not until yesterday. I

think the first week of the year, before any of the new people go into the

program, every class should get a talk from someone like Mme Dubois, or Nurse

Anne. They could actually answer questions and that would help a lot of the

people who don't really seem to want to know what's going on.”

“Look, I didn't know that a computer made the first choices and then six people

sat and made the final choices, in a way, that sucks too. I mean look, I got

stuck with 'Tiny' Wilkes, him and me have about as much in common as a grape and

a watermelon, I mean, we go to the same school, and we're in the same grade, but

none of his friends are mine, we're on a different study track, hell we'd never

even met before yesterday, and then it was in the hallway. I don't even find him

appealing. I mean, Jeff and I would have made sense, or even that Black dude,

what was his name? Oh yeah, Jason. Him, I could enjoy being around, but Tiny

Wilkes?”

She smiled. “So you don't like your partner?”

“Mom, it's not that I don't like him, it's just that he's ... well, he's boring

and ... and, well, he thinks his farts don't smell because he's a jock ... I

mean a jock, and me? Look, at lunch time, he was always interrupting when Diane

and I were talking about the Program, so I could understand better ... he was on

about how it was going to be tough to go to practise and concentrate because all

the cheerleaders would be hitting on him .... Mom, he's got an ego as big as a

house and all because he's big and got a few muscles and plays football? Huh,

big deal!”

I didn't think it was funny, but Mom seemed to, she laughed, so I had to smile,

then I carried on. “So I think this partners thing is sorta weird, if it works

it's great, but if it don't, it sucks. I mean if they picked a group of three or

four friends or at least people who knew each other, maybe, okay? And then they

added one person who had been through the Program before, to go through it

again, with them. And then they added a couple of people who weren't friends

with the others, but were sort of similar, if you know what I mean. Then if

instead of hauling you into the office on Monday morning, they came to your home

room and took you to the gym or something and got you all together during the

first period. You could all get used to being nude at one time and have someone

to answer your questions. So then you have a half dozen people who can sorta

relate to one another, and ... Well, you see what I mean don't you?”

“Don't you think they thought of that and deliberately tried to get away from

it?” Mom asked.

“Maybe so, but if they did, they don't understand kids much.” I sighed again.

“Look, Mel and I have been friends for how long? Like about eight or nine years,

right and Jeff was a few years, but how about Billy, he's been Mel's friend

forever. I mean it's taken us years to find out that we like each other and can

get along, and they think they can do better with a computer? Oh, and a few

people who don't have a clue who we really are? Fat chance! SO, let's say they'd

put Mel and Billy and Jeff and I along with say, Diane, the girl I was talking

to yesterday at lunch, along with even Tiny and some other girl, or guy. I mean,

we'd all have some support from each other at least. I sure wasn't ready to get

my feet kicked out from under me like that, and shit, if they had done that to

Jeff? Well, I can't even imagine what would have happened. Maybe it would have

been better than what did happen, but maybe it could have been worse?”

“I think maybe you're right, at least about Jeff.” Mom was talking real quiet.

“I think when they put you in the Program, they did kick his feet out from under

him. Maybe we didn't see it before, but I think he was leaning on you for a lot

of his own reason to be who he was. I'm not sure I really understand myself, but

it's like you were his reason to exist and when he thought you were taken away

...”

I just stared at Mom. And then I started to cry again. I wasn't crying hard, and

I knew I was crying for all the things that Jeff and I had done, and all the

things we wanted to do, and all the things we no could never do. Mom reached out

her arms again but I shook my head.

“I gotta cry Mom, it's okay.” I sobbed and once more I got up ran for the

bedroom and flopped on the bed. I can hardly believe it, but I cried myself to

sleep again, I mean, sure I was crying a lot, but I was sleeping so much.

Chapter 5 - Tuesday - Late Afternoon & Evening

I don't think I slept that long and when I did wake up, I felt better than I had

earlier. What woke me was Laura, hushing Penny as she came into our bedroom,

followed by Penny's whisper.

“Is she gonna sleep forever?”

“Ump um.” I grunted and rolled over to look at her.

“Why aren't you dressed?” She asked instantly when she saw I was awake.

“Because.” I mumbled softly.

“I think it's because that stupid program has gone to her head.” Laura snapped.

“Oh, and here, this is a list of all the people who phoned for you last night,

and here's one for this afternoon. Mom said you might want to call some of them

back right away.”

“She didn't tell me I had phone calls from last night.” I shook my head as I sat

up and grabbed the notes.

“She didn't have it, she was out last night too, I left it right here for you,

well it was on my dresser but you always snoop here so ...”

“Oh Laura, stuff it.” I snapped. “Would you get off my case. I didn't look, even

though it's supposed to be my dresser too, all I even use is one stinking bottom

drawer anyway. You hog all the rest.”

“Well, if you're going to go around nude all the time, I guess you don't need

even that, do you?”

“LAURA ANN.” Mom's voice broke in and I jumped as I realised she was standing at

our bedroom door. “That's enough. Penny go play with the boys. Laura, I want to

talk to you in my bedroom. Susan, you should call Mr Taylor before it get's too

late, he said he'd be in his office until five and it's four thirty now.”

“Call Mr Taylor? But why ...?”

“I suppose because he wants to know more about those ideas of yours.”

“But how did he ..?” I stared at her. “ You phoned him, didn't you?”

“Yes I did.” She smiled at me. “I do listen, sometimes, and I do think as well,

sometimes I even take the time to reason.”

I giggled, I couldn't help it, because Laura was staring at the two of us, her

head snapping back and forth and her mouth was hanging open, like she didn't

have a clue what was going on (which she didn't, but as usual, she felt she

should.)

“Thanks Mom.” I said and jumped up to go get the phone.

“Oh, and Susan? I talked to your father and he'll be over about seven so that

you can explain your ideas to him. That means if Mr Taylor wants that meeting

tonight, then eight o'clock would be fine.” Mom added.

As I was getting the telephone from down the hall and stringing out the long

cord, I could hear Laura spluttering as she and Mom went into Mom's bedroom.

“Mr Taylor ... the Principal ... from school ... coming here ... to talk to

Susan.”

“Yes Laura.” Mom answered and even though I couldn't see Mom's face, I could

hear her grin. “And since his coming concerns you as well ...” I couldn't hear

the rest, Mom shut her bedroom door, but as I was dialling the phone a few

seconds later, I could hear Laura shriek.

“WHAT? NO WAY !!”

'Wow, I wonder what Mom said to her? Wish I was a fly on the wall, darn it.“ I

thought to myself.

Then Mr Taylor answered his phone. “Hello, Principal Taylor here.”

“Hello Mr Taylor, this is Susan Jennings, my Mom said you wanted to talk to me?”

“Oh hello Susan, first of all, I'd like to offer my heartfelt condolences, not

only from me, but from all of the staff and everyone else here at Freemont. We

can't help but feel that we bear part of the guilt for ...”

“Sorry to break in on you Mr. Taylor, and I'm sorry too,” I said. “But I don't

really consider it necessary to lay blame. Jeff made his own decisions.” I know

I sounded hard hearted, and probably a lot more 'grown-up' than I felt, but at

the moment, that's what I thought I needed to do for some reason.

“Well, yes, I suppose you're right.” Mr Taylor sounded like I had rattled him.

“Now your mother was telling me that you seem to have some very interesting

ideas, Mme. Dubois and I were just discussing them when you called.”

“Yes, Mom told me she'd called you and that you wanted to talk to all of us.”

“Well, yes, she did say that perhaps we could drop by this evening.”

“Yes, Mom said about eight or so, if that's alright with you? Oh, and are you

coming alone or ...”

“Well, no, your mother and I thought that the full selection committee should

come over, to listen to what you have to say. I believe that only five will be

able to make it however.”

“I see, okay, thanks Mr Taylor, see you then.”

“Oh, right Susan.”

And I hung up. I was shaking and it was only when I looked up and saw Mom

looking at me with a smile of her face as she handed me a tissue that I realised

I was crying again.

“You sounded so grown up” Mom said almost like it made her sad. “I was

impressed. Now I didn't mean to listen in or to break in on your phone calls,

but you might want to call your father before you call all of your friends.”

“Call Daddy, sure, but why?”

“”He has an idea or two about tonight's meeting that you might want to discuss

before you call your friends.“ She smiled and she turned to leave the room,

leaving me curious and I had to grin to myself, even through the tears. She knew

I'd call Daddy, just to find out what his idea was.

“Mom, could I ask Daddy to eat with us?” I asked. “He's going to have to rush to

get here by seven, if he's going to eat first and it would give the kids a

chance to see him too.”

She turned to me with an almost wistful look on her face. “You can ask him, but

he turned me down earlier when I suggested it.”

“Okay Mom, thanks.”

I glanced at the alarm clock and saw it was almost five, so I quickly dialled

Daddy's work number, hoping he hadn't left the office yet. His secretary

answered the phone and I asked if he was there, then asked her to tell him I was

on the phone.

“Hi Susan.” He said in just a few seconds, “I'm glad you called, I was hoping

you would.”

“I had to, Mom said I had to call you before I talked to my friends.” I smiled.

“She made it sound important.”

“Well, it is in a way. She was telling me, you went for a walk today, without

any clothes on, is that right?”

“Well, yeah, I did.” I wondered if that upset him, if it did, I would be

surprised, but still ...?

“I bet that shook your mother, huh?” He laughed softly.

“Not as much as I thought it would Dad.”

“So I understand, which surprised me, young lady. It seems your mother thinks

you may be a natural born salesperson, but she tells me you aren't selling what

most salespeople sell?”

“Sorry, Dad, I don't understand.”

“Well, it seems she thinks you could sell ice boxes to Eskimos or, more to the

point, nudity to a Pentecostal minister.” And he laughed again. “Susan, how many

of your friends do you think would like to say something about the Program to

the people who seem to be running the show?”

“Gee Dad, I don't know, I'd have to ask them?”

“Well, how many of them have been in the program?”

“Well, none of my close friends, I only know a couple of kids that I met

yesterday that are in it or were in it. I didn't think it was something that was

going to happen to my friends, I mean, it didn't seem to fit us somehow.”

“I see, so you don't think any of your friends would like to tell the Naked In

School Selection Committee what they thought, if they had to be nude.”

“You mean at school, like me?”

“No I mean in the house, this evening, when they talk about it.”

“My friends nude? Daddy, you've gotta be kidding?”

“Well, actually I was thinking that everyone would be nude, the committee too.”

I giggled, I mean, it was funny, then I suddenly thought 'The meeting is here,

at our house, would Mom and Dad ... No ... not Mom ... never ...'

“Daddy, do you mean everyone - I mean you and Mom too?”

“Unh huh.” I couldn't see him, I mean we were on the phone right? But I swear I

could hear his grin. And I giggled again, oh man did I giggle, I couldn't help

it. Then I remembered Laura's squawk when Mom had talked to her before and I

broke into a loud laugh.

“Oh Daddy, you are wonderful.” I crowed.

“You like the idea do you?”

“UNH HUH !” I giggled again. “I love it. Now I've gotta call some of my friends

and see if they'd like to come over tonight. Oh, and Daddy?”

“Yes Susan?”

“Mom said I could invite you to supper, so I'll set a plate for you, see you

around six. By for now.” And I hung up the phone, then quickly started to dial

Mel's number, so he couldn't call back to make some excuse not to come.

Mel answered right away but she didn't really seem to know what to say after I

told her who it was. And I started to cry. For several minutes, we both cried

and stuff, then after a while, I thought I should at least tell her about

tonight, even though I was sure she'd turn me down when it came to the idea of

being here.

“Look Mel,” I blubbered, “Maybe I shouldn't have called you, but because Jeff

... well because he did, what he did, I've kinda been shaking things up a bit,

and Mom and Dad have set up a meeting with the people who do the Program thing.

Like, they're the people who chose who will be in it and stuff, and it's gonna

be here tonight.”

“Yeah, so?”

“Well, if you'd like to, you can come, in fact I'd like it if you did.”

“But why would you want me there?”

“Well, you've seen the Program from sorta the outside, you haven't been in it

and... well, maybe you see something that needs changing and ...”

“You darn right I do.” She said, breaking in. “It sucks, but unh ... I don't

know what to do about it.”

“That's okay, all that counts is that you have something to say, so do you want

to come?”

“I'd have to ask my Mom, I mean, I'd need a ride.”

“Umm, there is one thing ....” I hesitated.

“Yeah, what's that?”

“Unh, Mom and Dad would sorta like everyone to be ... well, nude.” I almost

whispered it.

There was a gasp from the other end of the line and a few seconds silence, then

Mel kinda mumbled. “Unh, look, I'll ask Mom, okay? Maybe I'll see ya later.”

Then she hung up.

Then I called Paula, but her Mom told me she was over at Billy's and that she

could give me a call back later. I told her that was okay, I'd just call Billy's

because I wanted to talk to him anyway. But Billy's phone line was busy. So I

picked up the list of numbers Laura had given me. The three friends I'd already

called were on it, and so was a number for someone named Diane. I wondered if it

was the Diane I'd met at school, so I dialled it to find out. It was, I

recognised her voice when she said hello.

“Hi Diane, this is Susan, from school. Thanks for calling me.”

“Oh man, Susan, I don't know what to say?” She said softly.

“There isn't much either of us can say is there.” I sighed. “I mean, it's just

one of those things that doesn't make any sense.”

“Well, yeah, I guess it is senseless isn't it”

“Unh huh, and I got mad of course.” I sighed. “So I sounded off and told my

parents that the Program had big F'ing holes in it, and they went off their deep

end, so tonight, I have to tell the selection board what I think they're doing

wrong.”

“Oh man, I'd love to sit in on that.” She snorted.

“Well, Daddy said I could invite my friends, but there is one thing, I expect

we're going to all end up naked. I think Daddy wants to give the selection

committee a taste of their own medicine, sorta. I think he's gonna insist that

they strip too.”

“Oh wonderful!” she laughed. “What time does it start and where do you live?”

“You mean, you're coming?” I kinda squeaked, I was so happy that I might not be

the only naked kid there.

“Well, Yeah! Providing I can get a ride. Hey, your partner should be there as

well, did you call him?”

“I don't have his number?” I admitted.

“You mean he didn't call you ... to at least say he was sorry about ...”

“Nope. But I didn't really expect him to either, it's not like Jeff was a friend

of his or anything.”

“Oh for crying in the sink, he's supposed to be your partner, he's supposed to

show he cares about what happens to both of you. What a dufus! Look I know a

couple of the guys on the football team, maybe I can get his number and see if

he can come too.”

“Actually, I really don't care if he comes or not. Like you said, he's a dufus,

well, maybe worse than that.”

She laughed at that. “Look, I might have to bring a guy though, just to get a

ride, would you mind? I mean he's involved in the program too, so he wouldn't

mind the clothes thing.”

“I don't mind.” I laughed, “I don't think my own close friends are going to make

it, so another body wouldn't hurt.”

“Okay, look, if I'm going to be there, I'd better get on the phone and see if I

can get a ride. Okay?”

“Sure Diane, and thanks, See ya.” And I hung up.

There was one other number on the list and I couldn't tell who had called, the

name was scrawled and smudged. I did try to get through to whoever it was, but

that line was busy, so I tried calling Billy's number one more time ... still

busy. So, I stood and stretched, then took the phone out to the phone table in

the hall.

I could hear the younger kids downstairs and I was feeling pretty good, and I

went down to tell Mom that I had sort of shanghaied Daddy to come to supper. She

was in the kitchen and when I saw her, I just stared. Her back was to me, but

all she was wearing was an apron. Mom was almost nude. And then Laura came into

the kitchen from the dining room and she was ... naked, I mean ... starkers ...

bare ... 'Miss Prim and Proper' was NUDE. I couldn't help it, I grinned, she saw

me and glowered.

“This is all your fault, you know.” She said gesturing at her front with one

sweep of her hand. “Just because you want to run around naked, and raise

trouble, we all have to do it tonight.”

Oh Laura, it's only for one night.“ Mom laughed. ”and it's at home as well, it's

not like you were at school like Susan is.“

“Oh, you guys are going to make me cry.” I blurted. “And both of you are so

pretty. Daddy is going to go nuts with pride. Oh and I sorta tricked him into

coming for dinner too.”

“What?” Laura squawked. “Daddy is coming for ...” Mom just turned and stared at

me.

“Unh huh, I just told him that we were eating about six and that I was going to

make sure there was a place set at the table for him.” I grinned, my tears

forgotten. “Then I kinda hung up the phone and quickly dialled Mel's number so

he couldn't call back and cancel.”

Mom was still looking at me and slowly broke into a grin. “Susan, you are a

whelp. He's going to skin you alive and I might just help him.”

“Whatever,” I laughed, realising that she really wasn't angry with me. “Now,

What else do we need to set the table Laura, I'll help.”

Okay, so I don't offer to help with the chores usually, maybe sometimes Mom has

to tell me to help, but Laura didn't have to look at me like I was from Mars and

hold her hand to her ... well, actually to her left boob, and moan as if she was

having a heart attack. “Oh my goodness, whatever is the world coming too, I've

never seen the day ...”

Well, I suppose it was funny, Mom laughed and even I giggled, but I stuck out my

tongue too.

“Careful sis,” I snorted. “If you squeeze that too hard, it'll burst like a big

pimple and you'll be lopsided.”

“Hah, so talks the kid who had hers squeezed and pinched all day yesterday, you

should know they don't pop.” She came back, but was grinning. “Of course, maybe

yours are just pimples.”

“Well, some of us aren't ...” I started to say.

“Enough girls.” Mom interrupted. “Tonight, I don't want to hear any fights, do

you hear? None, no squabbles, no underhanded digs, not even in fun. I know you

weren't angry, but right now all of our emotions are running too high. Okay?”

“Okay Mom.” Laura looked at me and rolled her eyes, and since Mom was looking at

me ... that's not fair you know ... I couldn't even grin and Laura knew it.

“Umm hm.” I managed.

“Okay, now Susan, Laura can finish setting the table, did any of your friends

say they were coming over?”

“None of them are sure Mom, but I only got hold of Mel and Diane, Paula was over

at Billy's and his phone line was busy.”

“How about the guy with the deep voice, did you ask him? Laura asked.

“Guy with a deep voice?” I asked. The only guy I knew with a real deep voice was

Jason and I didn't think he'd call me.

“Yeah, he called last night, I know I wrote down his number. It was right at the

bottom, his name should have been there too.”

“Do you remember his name, was it Jason?” I was surprised, I really wanted it to

be him. If it was I'd call him, just to hear him talk to me. “I did call the

bottom number, but it was busy.”

“Well missy, I think you should go back upstairs or into the living room and

call those numbers that were busy again. Come to think of it, with the kids

watching tv, maybe it should be upstairs.” Mom practically ordered me.

So I went to try again. I got through to Billy's house, but his Dad said he had

gone out and he didn't know how soon he'd be back. So I tried Paula's number,

but her Mom said she and Billy were going to be out all evening. Mel didn't

answer the phone when I called there, so I thought she must be out too. That

left only the last number. Was it Jason?

I really, really hoped it was, but for some reason I was scared to call now.

Finally, I got up nerve to dial, no answer. I let it ring ten times, hoping that

there would at least be an answering machine. Nothing, no joy. Just then I heard

the door bell and thought it must be Daddy, then I heard his voice. “Hello, is

anyone home?”

I got to the top of the stairs in time to see Penny go streaking towards the

door, and streaking is a good term, not only was she naked, but she was running

as hard as she could go. The boys weren't far behind her.

By the time I got downstairs Daddy was smothered in wriggling skin and I don't

think I've ever seen him smile so much. Then he saw me.

“You, Miss Muffett, are going to get it! Don't you know it's polite to give a

guest a chance to refuse?” He was smiling though and didn't even manage to sound

threatening.

“Hah, you aren't a guest.” I grinned, then called out. “Hey Mom, that guy who

used to live here is back again, and he's wearing clothes, what should we do

with him?”

“Well, maybe I should take care of that problem.” She said as she came out of

the kitchen wearing a smile, even leaving her apron behind, and she was

blushing. The look on Daddy's face was worth anything he was going to do to me.

“Penny, guys, it's time to clean up for supper, I'll go help Laura finish

setting the table.” I said as I glanced from one to the other. I barely headed

Laura off as she went to greet Dad herself.

“Wait a couple of minutes.” I grinned, as I grabbed her arm. “Daddy is saying

'Hi' to an old girlfriend, if you know what I mean.”

Her eyes opened wide and so did her mouth, then she grinned at me. “Did you plan

this?”

“Nope, but when you get dealt a pair of aces, you have to bid.” I giggled

softly. “What do we need to do before we sit down.” I was almost whispering

“Nothing, how did you do with your phone calls?”

“I think I have the plague, either no one's at home, or they've left messages

that they're out.”

“Oh great.” She snorted. “You mean, we're going to be the only naked kids here.”

“No, I think Diane is going to be here, but you might not like that either.”

“Why?”

“Well, because I think she has even bigger boobs and a rounder butt than you.”

Laura just stared at me like I had shot her, then to my surprise, she giggled.

“Actually, I hope she looks like Brittany Spears or Mariah Carey. I sure don't

want to be the girl with the biggest boobs in the room. Just being naked like

this with the family makes me feel funny.” She snorted through her giggles. “I

don't know how you can do it at school.”

“Huh, I have to! If they picked your name, you would have to do it too.” And

damn it, I started to cry again, shit, what a pain in the ass, all I could seem

to do was cry. I was fighting it, but I couldn't seem to stop.

“They don't give you a fucking choice about it.” I blubbered through my tears.

And then I felt her hug me, ... what the fuck??? Laura - 'Tough - Shit Kid' -

Jennings, was actually hugging her younger sister ?? AND patting me on the back!

AND muttering things like “It'll be okay, you can do it.” in my ear.

Now don't get me wrong, it's not that I didn't like it. Really, I LOVED it, but

it just wasn't what I expected ... not from Laura. I mean Laura was the tough

one, the one who frowned, clamped her jaw tight, and waded into the crap jobs

because she knew she had to, not caring who or what she smashed while doing it.

Laura just wasn't the huggy kind. I mean, she was the one that grinned at you

from behind Mom's back when Mom was giving you shit. She was the one that

gloated when others got into trouble. She was the one that ....

Right then I quit thinking about it, I just bawled like a baby and I hugged her

back. And then ... HOLY FUCK ... Laura was crying too.

And that's how Mom and Dad found us when they came in from the hallway. I mean,

I saw them through the tears as they came in and Dad started to open his mouth

to say something but Mom just grabbed him and pushed him back out the door. So

Laura and I cried on each other for a few minutes, then we just seemed to ease

off slowly and she pulled back to look at me, she opened her mouth and I broke

into giggles, just looking at her.

Look, Laura always wears make-up, right? And she was wearing mascara and eye

shadow and it was all dribbling down her face from the tears. She looked at me

like I was nuts, well, she couldn't see herself, right? So I reached out a

finger and I touched her cheek, wiping a dirty black stain onto my finger and

held it up for her to look at ... and then she giggled, hugged me tight for a

second, and then ran like she had been shot for the bathroom.

That's when Mom and Dad came back into the room.

“What's wrong with Laura?” Dad asked.

“Nothing, she just needed the can.” I snuffled, then I looked at him. I mean, I

looked down and saw HIM.

OH MY GOD! I blushed, Daddy was hard! Okay, so I knew he was a man, and I knew

he found Mom sexy, but ... he was my DAD!

And Mom saw where I was looking, and she grinned. I mean, MOM grinned and winked

at me. Maybe she would have said something but just then Danny and Donny burst

in, with Penny right behind them.

“Mom, we're starving.” Danny shouted.

“Yeah, when do we eat.” Donny added.

“Unh huh.” Penny contributed, not to be left out.

“Why not right now?” Laura said as she came back. Holy crap, she wasn't wearing

any make-up, she had washed her face ... clean.

I just stared at my family, all of them. Everyone was naked. Mom was glowing and

it looked like she was wet - down there, Daddywas grinning and he had a big fat

hard-on, Danny and Donny were bouncing and their little willies were dancing up

and down too, Penny had her arms wrapped around Daddy's leg about an inch from

his dick and was ignoring the pole near her cheek as she stared up at his face,

and Laura was standing there, without make-up, and nude too. WOW! This was just

not normal. None of it was normal. Just what had happened to us?

As we were eating, we all seemed to be more ... (I don't know?) ... sort of

reserved, but sort of natural(?) as well, like we couldn't hide anything. Oh,

Danny, Donny and Penny were like they always were, but the rest of us seemed

different. Sort of like we were more honest and almost (and this seems stupid!)

more relaxed, like I could relax with my boobs waving in the breeze! Oh sure,

and pigs will fly. So we sat there and ate and not one word was said about us

being naked, or about the Program, or about Jeff, or anything. On top of that,

we had no arguments, there was no real belly aching, and wonder of wonders, no

one spilled anything! It was nice!

Afterward, Laura volunteered (WOW) to clean up and wash the dishes, while Mom,

Dad, and I sat down in the living room to talk about the program and stuff. As

soon as we did, I started to get mad again but Mom and Dad managed to calm me

down. Now it was strange, we started out in the living room by ourselves, then

Penny came in and hopped on Dad's lap. After a bit Danny and Donny came in and

snuggled with Mom on the sofa, and a bit later Laura slipped in to sit near me,

but none of them said anything, they just sat quiet and listened. Mostly it was

Daddy and me talking, well mostly it was me talking, with Dad asking questions

with Mom saying something once in a while. Actually, once in a while Daddy would

look at me funny, but mostly he nodded and stuff.

Then the door bell rang. Mom got up to answer it and Dad kept me talking, until

Mom called me.

“Susan, you have guests.” She said as she came back into the room grinning.

I glanced at the clock as I got up to see who it was, it was about a quarter to

eight. Standing just inside the front door were Mel, Paula, and Billy. What was

funny is they were all wearing their long coats.

“Oh man, you guys came.” I squealed. “Oh thank you.”

“Hi Susan” both Billy and Paula said, kind of quietly.

“Hi Sue, my Mom sort of talked me into it.” Mel almost whispered, then she

looked at the others and blushed.

“What's wrong?” I asked.

Mel looked at the others and started to giggle. “This.” She squeaked and all of

them flipped their coats open. They were naked under their coats.

I squealed and I jumped up to Mel and hugged her, then I hugged Paula and I even

hugged Billy. That was weird. I hugged him and he poked me, I mean his thing

poked me.

Just bonk ... and it sorta was wet ... and slippery ... and it slid along my

thigh ... and it was moving upward ... I jumped back and looked down. And his

'one eyed trouser snake' stood up even straighter and looked back at me, square

in the eye. I couldn't help it, I grinned.

“At ease soldier.” I giggled and looked up at his face.

Of course he blushed, then he laughed and all of us bust into giggles and

laughter. I made a note to myself - 'If it's embarrassing, try to make a joke.'

So I took their coats and I was going to lead them into the living room and then

the door bell rang again. So I since I was there, I answered it.

“Hi, is this the nudist convention?” Diane asked.

“Uh ... uh ... come in.” I stammered.

Okay, so Diane is pretty and she has a great body, and she was naked, but that

wasn't what flustered me. Jason was standing beside her ... tall, skinny,

smiling, Jason. All of him ... and completely nude ... bare ... black ...

beautiful. And when he saw me, he saluted. I mean, he looked at me, and ... It

swelled ... It grew ... It stood up ... and It almost looked like it want to say

hello.

“Hello Susan. I kind of invited myself.” Jason rumbled ... Ohmigod, that

voice... it went in my ears and I swear it resonated right down to my toes ...

okay, maybe not my toes ... only about half way to my toes ... sort of in the

general area somewhere below my belly button ...WOW!

“Jeeze” Diane giggled, glancing down where my eyes were fixed. “We sure know who

can put lead in that pencil.”

Have you ever seen a black dude blush? I have! And I like it! Of course I was

blushing too and I didn't care, I was laughing too hard.

I invited them in and after introducing them to my other friends, I lead them

into the living room to introduce them to my family. Now that was something.

Jason hung back a bit, like he didn't know if he really should be there or

something, so I introduced the others first and ... it was okay, I mean, sure,

everyone was nude and stuff, but it went okay.

And then I grabbed Jason's hand because he was still sort of standing in the

background, like almost in the hallway and I pulled him into the room. Anyway,

here I am holding his hand and introducing him to Mom and her eyes just popped.

And I saw Laura sit up straighter, and throw her shoulders back. And Dad reached

for Jason's hand to shake it and he grinned.

Then Jason spoke. He just said “Hi, I hope I'm not imposing.” and I ... well

I... okay, you know it ... I love his voice!

Then the damn doorbell interrupted again. Mom and Dad went to answer it this

time.

“I guess that's the committee.” I said, like it was my death knell or something.

“Did you know I got hold of your partner on the phone?” Diane asked, ignoring my

moody voice. “He said he couldn't make it, there's a football game on tv that he

has to watch tonight.”

“What?” I just stared at her.

“Unh huh, it's a damn good thing you have family and friends, he's about as

supportive as a wet noodle in a wind storm.”

That news set my mood. I was pissed. I didn't want to talk to anyone for a

while, I was that angry. I walked over to the patio doors and stepped out onto

the back deck and paced back and forth for a little bit. Mom came to get me in a

few minutes.

“Sorry honey, but they want to start the meeting.” She said apologetically, so I

tried to calm myself as we went inside.

Our dining room faces onto the living room, so 'the committee' was sitting at

the dining room table, papers and files on the table, sitting prim and proper,

but Daddy and Mom had made them ALL take off their clothes. I could see they

were uncomfortable, even if they had a table to hide behind.

Ah, yes Miss Jennings.“ Deacon Bailey said, in that gritty voice he has. ”We

understand that you seem to think you have an idea or two that is worth calling

us out for this extraordinary meeting, perhaps if we get properly organised now,

then we can ...“

Okay, Diane had set me off, a little bit ... but that ... that ... 'A'hole, blew

me away. I marched into the middle of the room and I shouted.

“Organised! ... You and your committee couldn't organise a one man rush on a two

hole out house!”

And that was just the start of it ... I roared about David 'Tiny' Wilkes, the

DUFUS ... I screamed about being hauled into Mr Taylor's office with no

warning... Oh hell, I just plain blew my cool. All my arguments were forgotten,

I just simply reared back and gave them my anger. I think I hit all the points I

had with Mom, but I don't know, all I do know is I dumped. I dumped everything.

Oh yeah, somewhere in the middle of telling them off, I ranted about Jeff. I

told them about Jeff's Mom. I told them about Jeff's Dad. I told them about how

Jeff was treated at school. I told them about Jeff and me and about feeling bad

that I made a mistake. I told them about feeling that I should have had time to

talk to Jeff before I was made to go naked in school. I told them that their

computer sucked and that their committee sucked and I told them why I felt that

way. I started to cry, but I carried on shouting, and screaming, and ranting,

and raving, until my voice was just a whisper.

Then I felt so frustrated that I couldn't scream at them any more, that I ran

upstairs, threw myself on my bed, and I bawled. Laura followed me, and as she

sat on the edge of the bed, leaned down and cuddled against my back, I could

still hear downstairs. Mom was talking, and she was getting louder. It sounded

like she paused to get her breath and then I could hear Dad's voice and he was

just as loud, just as angry. He paused and I think either Mel or Paula said

something, then Diane did ... and then the thunder roared. Jason cut loose and

if his voice can send shivers down my spine when he wants to sound gentle, what

it can do when he is angry is like ... well, like being hit with a sledge

hammer.

I could hear them, and it felt good to have support, but it wasn't what I

wanted, and I couldn't even think of what I wanted. Finally, the voices

downstairs seemed to calm down and I almost wanted to go listen to what was

being said. Instead I just cried. And then I did it. Yeah, you know it, I bawled

myself to sleep ... again!

Chapter 6 - Wednesday - Morning - (More Meetings)

I woke up really warm, too warm in fact! I was sweating and I was cramped. It

only took a second to realise I had someone sleeping in bed with me, well, not

in my bed, but on top of the covers behind me. Since I sleep in a single bed,

well really half of a bunk bed, there isn't that much room at the best of times

and I had to fight to struggle free of my blanket just to turn and see who was

sleeping against my back. On top of that, it was really dark, the only light I

had to see by was what came in the window, the light from the street light down

the street. I leaned over to look...

Laura? ??? Laura was sleeping with me? And she was on top of the covers? And she

had her clothes off? And now she was snuggling tighter since I'd moved, like she

was cold. Well of course she was cold, she was naked and ... Oh, I remembered,

she'd been snuggling against me because I'd been crying.

Laura? Snuggling me?

Oh Wow!

I reached over and gently shook her shoulder. “Laura?”

“Ummph, lemme sleep Mom, please, so tired.”

Dang, she was out of it. Okay, shake a little more. “Come on Laura, wake up.”

“Awww, come on Sue, lemme sleep.”

“LAURA”

“HUH, hey whatcha doin' in m' bed?” She wriggled a bit and her hand groped. “An'

where's m' covers.”

“Laura, you're in my bed, and I loved the cuddle, but you need to get into your

bed to sleep now.”

“HUH?” Finally her eyes really opened and she looked at me. “Why am I here?”

“You fell asleep, cuddling me because I was crying.”

“I'm cold.”

“Well, of course you are, you're laying there naked, ya ninny.” I couldn't help

it, I giggled. “If you want to sleep naked, I'd suggest your own bed.”

She sat up, rubbing her eyes, then she turned to me. “Jeeze, I remember, I

thought you'd never quit crying.

“Neither did I.” I smiled, sort of a sickly smile, just agreeing with her.

“Well, don't feel bad about it. 'S'okay, you've got a good reason.” Then she

leaned over, hugged me for a minute and rolled out of my bed to snuggle into her

own.

“Night Sis.” She mumbled, and it seemed only seconds before she was breathing

deep and regular.

I wasn't that lucky, I guess I had slept too much. I couldn't seem to get back

to sleep, so I tossed and I turned, then suddenly, I just had to go to the

bathroom. I was sitting there quietly when I heard a strange moan. I perked up,

wondering what ... or who ..? Then I heard Daddy's voice, not loud enough to

understand, but it was the sound of his voice, and Mom laughed softly.

'Oh MY!' I thought to myself, grinning. 'What's that saying? “It's an ill wind

that blows no good.” Maybe this Naked In School shit is useful for something

after all'

I didn't flush, in fact, I tip-toed back to bed. And then I surprised myself by

falling asleep right away.

Wednesday morning, I woke up before I usually would have and I was wide awake,

so I got up. I could hear the murmur of voices downstairs as I came out of the

bathroom, so I hurried down to the kitchen. Daddy was sitting at the table with

Mom, both of them looked at me in surprise.

“Hi Mom, Hi Dad.” I grinned and poured myself a cup of coffee, added lots of

sugar and some cream, then sat at the other end of the table, still grinning.

“Well, Good Morning Early Bird.” Dad said quietly. “Did something wake you up?”

“Not since the middle of the night.” I took a sip of coffee, then grinned at him

and Mom again. “Laura went to sleep cuddling me because I was crying, She got

too cold and cuddled too close, so I got too hot. It woke me up.”

“Ah, I see.” Mom said

“Unh huh, I was surprised, because I know you usually check on us before you go

to bed, Mom.” I grinned again. “But then I had to go to the bathroom, and I

heard noises that I haven't heard in a long time.”

Dad snorted and Mom looked at me, then at him and she grinned, a mischievous

grin, almost a wicked grin.

“So you're happy about what you heard?” Mom asked quietly.

“Oh hey, you're a divorced woman, and you're old enough to know what you're

doing, so if you want to have a boyfriend over for a night, who am I to

interfere?” I giggled. “Besides, I kind of like your boyfriend.”

Both of them laughed softly, then Mom got a bit more serious.

“Okay Sherlock.” She smiled at me, “but for now, this is our secret, right? We

don't want to tell the other kids yet.”

“Mom, you'd better tell Laura, she'll be pissed if you don't, especially if she

finds out I know. Besides, she can help you guys hide your 'fun' from the

younger kids, but I don't think they'd mind anyway.”

“Young lady, you are growing up way too fast.” Mom said quietly.

“Well, you've heard of the learning curve? I think I'm on the express elevator

this week.” I sighed. “But then, I might have had some catching up to do before

that.”

We don't really think so.“ Dad said quietly, ”And as strange as this may seem,

the majority of the committee who were here last night agree with us. All of us

agreed that you are under more stress than you need to be. So, for the rest of

this week, you will NOT be taking part in the Program as a regular student. For

instance, today, you are to go to school in time for the second period, but you

won't be going to regular class. You and your mother will go see Mr Taylor, and

he will pass on the class assignments from yesterday, then you'll go see the

nurse, Miss Carver, and she'll take you to see the school psychiatrist for a

short while.

He grinned as I made a face. “Now don't get upset. The idea is that they will

tell you what to expect in the grieving process and maybe give you an idea of

why you are doing what you are doing. It isn't that we think you have a big

problem, it's just that you seem to be unsettled yourself and we thought that

since the help was there, we'd let you see if you like what they say. If you

think it's nonsense, we all agreed that you were level headed enough to say no

and you can, if you want. You can cancel out after that first meeting if you

want to.”

“Will they tell me why I can't control my tears?” I said almost in a whisper.

“Honey, tears and anger are part of the grieving process. It's your body and

brain trying to handle the separation you're feeling from someone you loved.”

Mom said softly as she came around the table to hug me around the shoulders.

“Even I know that much.”

“But, well ... are they going to change the program?” I asked as I snuggled

against her. “I mean, it needs changing.”

“Yes dear, they are.” Mom ran her fingers through my hair (And found a knot,

dang it.) “We spent several hours last night hashing out a lot of the changes we

felt they needed to make.” She had shifted behind me and was teasing the knot

out gently with her fingers.

“You impassioned plea got through to almost all of the committee.” Daddy

grinned. “In fact I think it got through to them all, but Deacon Bailey is a

very stubborn man. He resigned. He felt he deserved a personal apology from you

and I refused to even ask you to do that.”

“Wow, that makes two good things that came out of the old program.” I grinned.

“Mom got a boyfriend and Deacon Bailey quit.”

That made Daddy laugh aloud ... and I guess Laura had gotten up to go to the

bathroom, because Dad's laugh brought her into the kitchen. You should have seen

her face! And I guess I didn't help any.

“Shhh!!” I hissed with my finger to my lips. “Don't say anything loud, Mom

doesn't want the younger kids to know about her new boyfriend yet.”

She stared at us, first me, then Mom, then Dad, and then she giggled.

“Suzie Q you are getting to be a real smart ass.” She snorted. (DAMN, I hate

being called Suzie Q)

Before I could retaliate, Mom stepped into the fray. “That's enough of that! You

know she dislikes that name, don't you, Laurie Lou?”

Now if I hate 'Suzie Q', I think Laura likes 'Laurie Lou' about ten times less.

To my absolute surprise, she looked at me and then dropped her eyes as she said

“Sorry Susan.” Wow, it was like she meant it.

“It's okay, I owed you one anyway.” I answered.

'You did? From when?“

“You work it out, Nudey.” I grinned. 'You didn't seem too happy to be in bare

skin last night and I kinda got us all into this mess by losing my temper.“

“It wasn't that bad.” Laura giggled. “Actually it was neat with all the others

here too.”

“Okay, I still owe you one then.” I giggled.

Dad rolled his eyes, Mom nudged me and even Laura chuckled. Dad had to go soon

after that, then Laura and I could tease Mom a bit, about her 'new' boyfriend,

but it wasn't long before the kids had to get up and everyone had to be rushed

off to school. That left just Mom and I in the house. I got to spend some time

with her alone again.

That was nice. I helped her clean up after the kids and we did the breakfast

dishes, then straightened up a bit in the living room from the night before.

Since we were working together, we talked a little, nothing serious, just chat.

Like about Mel, and Paul, and Billy, then she mentioned Diane and Jason and I

smiled, okay, maybe I blushed a little too. So I told her how his voice was ...

well, so nice. And Mom laughed.

“I don't think that's all you thought was nice.” She teased.

I know I blushed then. “Mom, he's neat, I like the way he is, his personality, I

mean. What his ... his 'body' looks like is a bonus.”

“Well, my little girl isn't so pure and simple after all.” She teased even more.

“But you are right, I think he is a nice boy. There are just two problems.”

“Oh, you mean his colour, I guess, and what else?”

“Oh this family wouldn't have problems with his colour. But it's outside of the

house that problems might show up on that score.” She said seriously. “Prejudice

still exists and it shows up in weird ways. Besides, he is very black.”

“Um hmm, I know.” I sighed. “But before we skip past it, what's the other

problem?”

“Well ...” She hesitated a few seconds. “did you notice that not only did he

come with Diane, but they stayed close together all the time they were here?

They did leave together as well, you know.”

“Yeah, I noticed.” I sighed. “And Diane is so darn nice too, I can't compete

with her, besides, I don't think I'd want to.”

“Well, honey, don't just give up, he has a say in his love life too.” Then she

grinned, “And while you stay friends, you can't help but check out the view once

in a while, that's free.”

I just stared at her for a minute and then I burst into laughter.

“Well, you have admit that the 'soldiers were on parade' last night, it would

have been rather difficult not to notice.” She chortled.

“Oh Mom.” I cracked up. “Did Mel tell you what I said to Billy?”

“Unh huh, when we were getting everyone coffee, and Diane told me what she told

Jason too, which really surprised me.”

“She made me laugh, but it confused me too.” I sighed. “I really don't get it,

if they are sort of together, why would she ..?”

“I think Diane is a very complex person.” Mom smiled, “But then, you are too. Oh

my, look at the time, we need to get ready to go see Mr Taylor.”

“What's to get ready? ” I giggled. “I'm ready now.”

The thing is, I still hadn't put on any clothes, I had started to after I

showered, but when I pulled up my panties, they just felt weird. I'd taken them

off again. So all I had worn during the whole morning had been an apron, and

that was only when I was washing the dishes. Mom looked at me in surprise for a

second and then grinned.

“You know that officially you don't have to go to school like that?” She asked.

“I know, but you know something? I like it, and I don't like people telling me

what I have to do.” I grinned back. “So what if I'm stubborn. Mr Taylor said I

could quit the program, right? Did he say I had to?”

Mom just stared at me, then she started to sniffle. “After all you've been

through, you still want to ...” She grabbed me in a hug.

So we stood and hugged each other and had a bit of a cry, then we hurried to the

bathroom and washed our faces. Mom grabbed her purse as she hurried me toward

the door. All of a sudden, in the middle of the hallway, she skidded to a stop

and stared at me.

“Aww to hell with it.” She giggled. Now Mom giggling really surprised me, and

then she astounded me, she stripped.

“If you can go nude, so can I.” She said flatly, then giggled again.

Oh my! This was the same woman who had almost screamed at me when I'd gone

outside in my pj's not twenty four hours before? No Way! So there she was

standing on the steps, looking back at me and giggling like a school girl. That

set me off, I started to giggle too. It was contagious, I know now that it was

nervous laughter, but it felt good to be giggling and laughing with Mom. And we

didn't seem to want to stop. Even after we got into the car and were driving to

school, either one or the other of us would start to giggle and that would set

the other one off.

The actual walk into the school and down the hall to Mr Taylor's office did a

lot to calm us down. There was a different woman behind the counter in the front

office today and she did a double take when she saw Mom and I. Okay, she had an

excuse. I mean, so what if a lot of the students must have passed her in their

birthday suits in the last couple of years, I'll bet Mom was one of a very few

parents that she's seen come in to see Mr Taylor in the nude. I didn't dare look

at Mom right then, I'd have broken into giggles again and that might have set

her off. I didn't want to do that.

“Susan Jennings and her mother, to see Mr Taylor.” Mom said, sounding almost

like a stuffed shirt.

I had to hide a grin, wondering what the woman behind the counter would have

thought if she had known Mr Taylor was at our house last night and in as few

clothes as we were now.

“Ah yes, I believe he is expecting you.” Man, talk about a snooty sounding ...

OH Gawd! Mom must have .... The woman was someone Mom knew, it had to be. Now I

really had to fight back a giggle ... okay not a giggle exactly, more like a

belly laugh.

Oh Jeeze, and now I had to go see Mr Taylor ... and try to act serious? So I

tried thinking about Jeff ... and all that was there was a dull ache. What? No

anger? No pain? No anguish? Just a sort of uncomfortable, 'I'll miss him a whole

bunch' sort of feeling. I knew that couldn't be right, no way, unh uh. Maybe I

did need to see that shrink? At least the giggles were gone, but now I think I

was worried.

About then Mom touched my arm and lead me toward Mr Taylor's office. From the

look on his face when we entered, I don't think the secretary had managed to

warn him that both Mom and I were naked. But you know what, he's a gentleman, he

never made any mention of it.

“Good Morning Mrs Jennings, Miss Jennings. To start with, I would personally

like to thank you both for your hospitality in your home last evening. It was an

extremely interesting and very enlightening evening.”

“Oh I'm sure you found it interesting.” Mom smiled. “I don't imagine it's that

often that you have a group of naked people screaming and shouting at you.”

“No.” Mr Taylor smiled. “Usually if they're shouting at me, they are wearing

clothing, but then, I am as well. Actually, after last nights meeting, several

of the members of the committee had a short discussion, and not surprisingly,

one of the ideas mentioned was that committee meetings should be held in the

nude. It does give one a slightly different perspective.”

“That was part of the idea.” Mom smiled back. “We felt that often the students

were placed at a disadvantage when they protested, first because of lack of

authority, but second because often those who protested were nude, while the

authority figures were clothed. We were only trying to level the playing field.”

“Oh yes, we realised that, and another wise move on your part, was to hold the

meeting on your turf, as it were.” Mr Taylor actually grinned.

He can grin? Damn, maybe he is human? Actually, from the way he was eyeballing

Mom, he was human alright. I'm not sure I liked that, but glancing at Mom, she

seemed to be okay with it. Hmmm, I'd have to think about that one?

“And did you make any other major decisions at your after the meeting -meeting?”

Mom asked, breaking my thought process.

“Only two decisions really,” He smiled. “We all felt that one of the first

things we should do was to revamp the whole selection process and we also

decided that we wanted some more student/parent input. To that end we felt that

three of the students who were at your home last night should have the

opportunity to come to our first regular meeting on Thursday evening, each

bringing a parent if they so desire. That would be Susan, Diane, and Jason, all

of whom spoke well and fluently and all of them having some experience in the

present program.”

“You want me to come to a regular meeting after how I acted last night?” I

gasped.

Mr Taylor smiled. “Miss Jennings, you may not realise it, but you are an

excellent speaker. Discounting the extreme emotion that you were feeling last

evening, your speech was well thought out and quite eloquent. You hammered home

some very essential points and all in all, you were very convincing. We seldom

see the anguish that someone of your age lives through and so we loose sight of

your perspective.”

“As we age, we learn to control the raw emotion that you feel, that control

dulls the edge of what we see and feel, yet we are dealing with young emotions

in this Program. The hormones raging through your body give you instant

reactions, your body isn't yet accustomed to them. Our bodies react at a slower

pace. Where you may go through several emotions in a few moments, we may feel a

slight unease at the same situation ... although part of that may be experience

as well. Last night, you gave us a glimpse into your world, and for some of us

it was quite shocking, for the rest it was at least an eye-opener. So, I've been

asked by the committee to ask you if you could make it to the meeting on

Thursday night. What do you say?”

Okay, so now I could admit it, even to myself, since Daddy had mentioned me and

Mom coming to meet Mr Taylor, I had been scared ... maybe even terrified. I'd

thought Mom was trying to calm me down by just doing all those tired old things

around the house and keeping me busy. Then her coming out of the house nude,

that had to be to make me more comfortable right? Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't,

but now Mr Taylor was actually, really and truly, asking me to go to another

meeting? He hadn't called me into his office with my Mom to discipline me? Why?

After all, I'd hollered at him and his committee, I'd screamed and shouted at

them. And now he was complimenting me? And he was asking me to go to another

meeting?

I turned and stared at Mom.

“Well, Susan, it's up to you.” She smiled. “If you want to be involved, it's

your decision.”

And knowing she would back me, knowing Daddy would back me, I knew what to do. I

turned to Mr Taylor and smiled. “No Sir. I told you what I think, all I could do

right now would be to repeat myself.”

I think that surprised him, but you know what? I saw Mom smile, just out of the

corner of my eye, and I knew I'd done the right thing so I went on to explain a

little bit.

“Look Mr Taylor, I feel like my emotions are riding on a yo-yo. One minute, I'm

laughing, the next minute, I'm angry, and then I feel guilty, then I cry

and....” I paused for a few seconds “Look, I just couldn't, not right now. Right

now, I'm missing my friend and I'm missing having someone I was learning to be a

girlfriend with and ...”

I felt the tears start in my eyes and I was trying to fight them back, but they

just spilled over and started to roll down my cheeks. Mom reached over from the

seat beside me and she just caressed my shoulder. For a moment I didn't think Mr

Taylor knew what to do, then he started to talk.

“Susan, we all know that you are fighting your way through tough times. When a

friend takes his own life, none of us are strong, we all need to grieve. It's

alright to feel angry, it's alright to laugh, it's alright to cry and you can

feel guilty, but please, please remember, as your mother told me you said

yourself; you did not give him the match. Jeff made his own decision and he made

that decision without asking you. In fact if he had even talked to you, I think

things would have been different.”

“Unfortunately, I think the school system failed, far more than you did. If our

teachers were better trained to recognise the problems that teenagers live with,

we might have prevented it. Unfortunately we deal with large classes and the

quiet ones, the ones with problems being less visible, get less attention. They

become simply bodies, filling seats, over-filling our classrooms, increasing our

workload. One of the results of a tragedy such as this one is that we often

notice other problems and are forced to make changes. It's a sad fact, but

Jeff's action has called attention to other students in the school who are

having problems, perhaps we can help them, before they too, do something

irrevocable.”

“In your case, you have a loving and very supportive family. When I read your

file thoroughly, I thought at first that you came from a truly dysfunctional

family, but last night I found to my amazement that although your mother and

father are divorced, you still have their full support and the support of your

siblings. As well, you have the support of some very strong and quite brave

young friends. We have scheduled you to meet with Nurse Carver and Dr

Panoslovski, but to be honest, I think yours isn't a case that is going to cause

problems for them.”

“Now, I think I've taken enough of your time but I do have a better

understanding of your situation. I'm sorry to say that I haven't been able to

obtain all of your assignments as yet, but I'm sure I'll have them by the time

that you have seen Miss Carver and Dr Panoslovski and I see from the time on the

clock that they will be waiting for you.”

And that was the meeting with Mr Taylor. When we walked out of the office, I saw

Mom straighten up and throw her shoulders back as we passed the lady at the

front desk, so when we were in the hall, I had to ask.

“Mom, you knew that lady, didn't you?”

“Umm hmm.” Mom murmured, then had to fight back a giggle. “She was from my

church, she's the ministers wife.”

I couldn't help it, I did giggle, and loudly.

“Shh, Susan!” Mom shushed me, trying not to giggle herself. “It's not that

funny.”

Both of us were still smiling when we got to Nurse Carver's office.

“Well, Hello Susan.” Anne greeted me, jumping up from her seat beside a tall

thin guy. “Is this your mother?”

“Unh huh, Anne, meet my Mom; Linda Jennings.”

“Hello Mrs Jennings.” Anne smiled holding out her hand to Mom. “Anne Carver,

school nurse, and this is Dr Stanley Panoslovski, our school psychologist.”

The tall thin guy managed to get to his feet and hold out his hand, but he was

blushing so hard and so flustered, he almost slipped, just doing that.

“Stanley please.” He said in a soft low voice.

Oh man, what is it with me and guy's voices? First Jason, and now this old guy?

Jeeze, he was like thirty, if he was a day! I just stood there staring at him. I

mean, like there was nothing about him that was spectacular, but I liked his

voice, it sounded like you could trust him, and it did sort of send shivers ....

'NO Susan, do NOT go there! This man is a doctor, a shrink for cripes sake! He

wants to look inside your head and see what gears are stripped. Sure you can

trust him, but how far?' I just stared at him as I put my head back together and

got my mind out of the gutter, then I realised that the introductions were over

and Anne was looking at me.

“So Susan, are you sleeping okay, is there anything I can help you with?” She

asked.

“Not unless you've got an anti-tear pill.” I sighed. “I seem to cry myself to

sleep the last couple of nights.

“It's alright to cry Miss Jennings, that is part of the healing process.” Dr

Panoslovski interjected.

“All the fucking time?” I snapped, my mood whipping around again. “I mean, if

I'm not mad, I'm crying, or laughing and I really don't know why. If I laugh, I

feel guilty, what have I got to laugh about, especially now?”

“It's okay to laugh.” He smiled and his voice sounded so soothing. “Laughter is

based on discomfort, you know. Sometimes we laugh so we don't have to cry. It's

a mental release mechanism. Have you never laughed at a cartoon, say ”the Road

Runner“, where the coyote falls off a cliff? We laugh because we see him fall

and our mind says ”Oh man, that's gotta hurt“. Do you see, we laugh or we cry,

but we express sympathy.”

“That's not it, Dr Pano ...” I was so flustered I couldn't remember his name.

“Dr Stan will do.” He smiled. “Or in your case, simply Stanley, and I shall call

you Susan.”

I had to smile, okay, maybe he really was a nice guy.

“Well Dr Stan, it's not like that kind of laughter, I mean, yeah, I was laughing

at Mom walking into the office and being nude with the lady from her church

being snooty behind the desk, that's sort of like what you were talking about,

but like, I make smart aleck remarks and seem to be trying to make others laugh.

I don't do that much, at least I didn't, not before.”

He smiled. “I think that's not only healthy, but admirable Susan. In essence

what you are doing is trying to ease the pain of others, you're saying; 'I'm

okay, I'm healing, now you can relax and heal as well'. You probably aren't

doing it consciously, it may be your subconscious mind at work, but you are

being kind to others. As I said, I find it admirable.”

“Really?” I stared at him.

“Yes Susan, really.” His smile was very nice. “What you will be dealing with in

the next while is traumatic, but just from a few minutes observation I think you

have made excellent progress in such a short time. You will have mood swings,

you will cause somewhat of a strain on your family and your friends. Since your

mother is here in support of you, I will say that I think you have someone to

lean on but I will still give you my cel-phone number before you leave today,

just in case you feel the need to call me in the near future about something you

feel you just can't handle and you feel you'd like outside help.”

“Now, I'm not too sure you have had any other instances of grief and sudden

death in your life, and while each case is different, there are some things you

should know. As I've said, you will feel pain, and you may not understand your

young friends reasoning for what he did. It's okay for you to ask yourself why,

you may find that you never do understand, but each time you ask yourself, you

will probably find that you feel less pain and less misunderstanding. Or else

your mind will simply decided that his actions were an inexplicable puzzle, but

one way or another, your mind will find a way for you to accept his passing.”

“You'll gradually learn to handle the anger, the grief and tears, the guilt ...

Slowly you will come to grips with all of the problems you are dealing with

right now. Don't be afraid to lean on others for help. When you leave today, I

will give you the phone number of a local group that deals with those who are in

the same sort of situation you find yourself in. I want you to know you have

help, anytime at all, morning noon or night, all you need to do is ask, someone

will be available.”

And then he asked me about Jeff.

Okay, I told him. And I cried, and Mom held me gently while I talked. And I did

talk, and you know, I ran the gamut of my feelings, top to bottom. Once more, I

dumped everything, a lot less loudly and a lot less emphatically than the night

before, but really it was the same story, with a few extra things thrown in that

I hadn't mentioned before ... perhaps, who knows?

When Mom and I finally left Nurse Carver's office, I felt like I had been run

over by a truck. I was wiped out, all I want to do was go home.

Chapter 7 - Wednesday - Afternoon and Evening

I suppose we had been in Nurse Parker's office longer than I had thought, we

were barely out the door when the lunch bell rang. In seconds the corridor was

alive with students and Mom was looking slightly shell-shocked, I suppose at the

number of bodies suddenly milling past us. Now I really wasn't at my best but

when a young guy stopped in front of me and asked if he could touch me, I never

even thought twice. I just stopped, shifted my feet slightly apart and smiled.

Mom had been walking forward at my side and when I stopped, she had taken a few

steps, then paused and turned, to see why I wasn't at her side. What the guy was

doing felt good and I was starting to breath deeply, then I saw Mom's face again

as she registered what was going on. At her open mouthed stare, I just grinned

and, the devil made me do it ... (I swear he did), I winked. Mom's mouth just

dropped wide open.

And then I almost fell through the floor, another guy walked up to Mom and asked

her if he could touch her. I expected him to die! I thought about what Mom must

be thinking and I was certain she would just haul back and ... but she just

shook her head gently.

“I don't think that would be appropriate, young man.” She said with a smile.

“I'm just waiting for my daughter, it appears she is temporarily detained.”

“Oh.” The guy said. “It's just that you ... you look so nice, all bushy like

that.”

“Why thank you ... But the answer is still no.” Mom replied, blushing.

The guy walked off, almost sadly. Just then the guy touching me hit my clit, and

it was a zinger, I gasped and he grinned, then only spent a few more seconds

touching me. Damn!

“Thank you.” He said, real politely and I sighed. He'd been pretty good, he just

hadn't taken long enough.

“You're welcome.” I smiled at him.

Then I walked up to Mom. “We'd better hurry if we're going to see Mr Taylor

before he leaves for the staff room.”

“Oh yes, your assignments.” She said, like nothing had happened.

We didn't make it in time, but then I got stopped twice more on the way, so that

could explain why the office was closed and locked when we got there. We were

wondering what to do, when Laura happened to come down the hall with some of her

friends.

She stared at us and then broke into giggles. “Hey guys, see you in the caf. My

sister is here with my Mom.”

Holy cripes! She not only acknowledged that I was alive, but she even announced

it to her buddies. And they didn't run off. They came over with her. Cripes,

three of the senior girls taking time to talk to us ... it had to be because Mom

was there.

“Hi Mom, you okay Sis?” Laura said, looking at me, like she was ignoring MOM!

What was with that!

“Hey guys, this is My Mom and this is Susan. Mom, Susan; this is Monica,

Deirdre, and Francine. You should have been there last night. Susan was on a

roll and then Mom and Dad weren't far behind.” Laura was almost glowing.

“Laura, could you do us a favour?” Mom spoke up, I was still sort of spaced out.

“It seems we missed Mr Taylor and he was supposed to have Susan's assignments

from her teachers, we were wondering if you could ...?”

“Oh, is this it?” Laura handed her a large, overstuffed envelope with a note on

the front addressed to me. “Mr Taylor caught me just before my French class and

asked me to take it to Susan tonight. He said I might drop by the office before

I came home as well, that he might have something else for me.”

“Well, I guess I'll be busy this afternoon.” I took it from Mom and hefted the

thing, then sighed.

Laura giggled and the other girls joined her.

“I think we should go now,” Mom smiled. “Before any more of these young

Lotharios come to feel up my daughter again. We'll see you girls.

“Bye Mom, see you later Susan.” Laura called as we headed for the nearest door.

In the car Mom gave me a very strange look.

“Yeah?” I said, expecting her to have seen something I did that she didn't like

and have her bawl me out for it.

“Those boys who touched you? That happens all the time, during this Program

week?”

“Unh huh.” I couldn't help it, I grinned, and I grinned big!

“Oh my.” She said as she started the car. “If it had been me, in two minutes,

I'd have been screaming.”

“With joy?” I giggled

“Unh huh, I'm pretty tender down there, doesn't it ...?”

“Unh huh, but some of them don't really know what they're doing and ... well, if

it were certain guys, it would be better, as it is, you learn real quick what

you like and what you don't. There should be a class ...”

“ENOUGH!” She roared with laughter. “You've already tried to turn the whole

school on it's ear. But you might suggest it to your sister, she can ask Mr

Taylor about it next week.”

“Next week? You mean Laura is going to be ...?”

“In the program? Quite possibly, but don't say anything yet. If I'm right, Laura

is going to be asked tonight, after class in Mr Taylor's office, but I could be

wrong.”

“Oh my.” I sighed.

We were both quiet for a few moments and then Mom glanced at me like she wanted

to ask a question but wasn't sure how.

“Did you want something Mom?”

“Well ...” She paused for a second. “Am I really all that bushy, I mean, down

there?”

“You mean that guy in the hallway?” I broke into laughter. “Mom, you look great,

it's just that most of the girls at school trim themselves, for bathing suits

and that. You don't, do you?”

“It's been so long ... I don't think I have a bathing suit that would fit.” She

giggled. “And if I did wear one, I guess I'd just make sure all the curlies were

tucked inside.”

“Well, you could trim it a bit, and see if your 'new boyfriend' liked it.” I

giggled right back.

“Oh my.” She burst into laughter. “I should get him to ... oops, maybe I've said

too much, there are things daughters might not want to know.”

“Oh Mom.” I said sharply. “I know there are things you aren't going to tell me,

but that, ... well for gosh sakes, I am fifteen. If you and Dad want to play,

why should I care?”

“Hmm,” She said quietly, then it was amoment before she spoke again. “Susan, I

am finding this very hard. Just look at me, I'm naked, and driving down my

street. Yesterday, I would have had a fit, but I'm managing to hold myself

together and ...”

I looked at her and the tears were running down her face. I didn't know what to

say. Luckily we were almost home. She managed to park the car in the driveway

and then she ran into the house. I hurried in behind her because ... well,

because she was my Mom.

She was sitting at the kitchen table, her head on her hands and she was crying,

great sobbing noises, her whole body shaking. I threw that stupid envelope on

the counter and went over to hold her, Mom turned, leaning against me as she

cried. Oh man. In just seconds, both of us were bawling. We must have cried for

several minutes, finally she pulled back and looked at me, her face streaked

with tears.

“Oh I am so sorry Susan, I didn't mean to ...”

“It's okay Mom.” I managed to say between sobbing breaths. “I guess it's ...

tough for you too.”

“Not the same.” She snorted, then she hiccuped.

Now when Mom get's the hiccups, it's a major thing for her. She hates it. She

tries breathing into a paper bag, sipping water while holding her breath, all

sorts of stuff, but just last week I'd got the hiccups and I happened to be over

at Mel's house. Mel's Mom did something that worked for me.

I got out the white sugar and a teaspoon. I told Mom about Mel's Mom's trick and

put a small spoonful of sugar on her tongue, telling her to close her mouth and

just let it melt. I put on a pot of coffee for lunch and then just sat down

while I waited. After a few minutes, Mom's eyes registered her surprise. but she

still didn't open her mouth, even though I hadn't seen her hiccup for several

minutes.

“Wow.” She finally said. “That worked well.”

“Good,” I smiled, “Coffee?”

“Mmm, lets make some lunch first.”

So we each made ourselves something to eat and sat down at the table, as we ate,

she started to talk.

“I think you deserve an explanation of why this week has been so hard on me.”

She started. “When I was a little younger than you, one of my cousins drowned

and I just couldn't understand it. One of our neighbours took me under her wing

and she took me to her Church, they helped me handle my grief. so, I joined the

Church and it's been a huge part of my life. When you got put into the Program,

that was a terrible shock to me, and I would have fought it tooth and nail, but

then Jeff .... Well, then Jeff did what he did.”

“Mom, Jeff committed suicide.” I said bluntly. “You can say it.”

Actually, I was surprised I could say it, but I knew I had to admit it to

myself. Jeff was dead, gone, no more, finished. I was crying, but the tears were

just leaking down my face, I wasn't as torn up by it as before. Maybe Dr Stan

knew what he had been saying, when he had said that when I admitted my loss, the

pain would begin to ease.

Mom was quiet for a moment, then she started to speak again.

“When Jeff ... well, when it happened, I knew I was going to have to support

you, and I thought the Church might be the way, but you were in the Program and

... well, you seemed to adopt it so thoroughly that I didn't really understand.

When you came back from, ... from the fire and stripped in front of the house,

then went inside crying, I really didn't know what to do. Your father was

sympathetic that you were hurt, but his family had tolerated nudity and his

office is downtown, he sees lots of nudity every day. You being nude was the

least of his problems.”

She paused for a second. “He and I sat here and talked for a long time that

night. He explained to me about the reasons behind the Program, and the changes

to the laws. To be honest, I was shocked. I didn't realise that the education

system had changed so much and I didn't realise that although we could fight for

you not to be in the program, that it might be tough and we just might lose

anyway.”

“I actually called the minister of the Church and he told me that the Church was

involved in a court battle, but that their lawyer had advised them that they

stood little chance of winning on the nudity in education issue. That really

shocked me. His advise was to ”Go along with it for now, but to protest if I

felt there was an issue I might feel was worthy of fighting over.“ When I asked

if the Church didn't care that my daughter might lose her virginity because of

the stupid Program, he told me that the law had been changed there as well, that

if you were over the age of fourteen, it was your choice, not mine whether you

had intercourse or not. His advice was to check with you and see if you were

using birth control just in case.”

“I am Mom.” I broke in. “That's how I met Nurse Carver. She gave me a shot that

lasts for three months.”

“I know dear, I found that out the next morning when I phoned to school to tell

them you wouldn't be in because of Jeff's ... death. Actually, it was Mr Taylor

who took the call, the police had already spoken to him about Jeff and he was at

school already. He told me that you had been quite upset at first, but that

Nurse Carver had helped you and you seemed to be adapting to the Program.” She

paused again. “I should say that I did protest then. He admitted that he

expected me to protest, I think he had your file in front of him, maybe he was

going to call here to be sure you knew about ... about Jeff.” She sighed softly.

“I called your father, talked to him, and he told me that he had called the

police. He said they understood about you and Jeff. After calling him, I went

upstairs and checked to see that you were still asleep and I decided to let you

sleep as long as you needed to. When you did come downstairs, I really didn't

know what to say or do. I haven't dealt with a death since I was a child and ...

well, I've never dealt with a ... a suicide. I am sorry if I seemed hard or cold

but ....”

“You weren't hard Mom, I was so touchy, that ...”

“I know dear, and when you went out and threw your pj's in the bushes, then

walked down the street, nude. Wow, I had a fit.” She grinned. “I called your Dad

right away. And he laughed at me. But you know what? He got in his car and he

found you, and he called me on his cel to tell me he was on the same street as

you were and that you were okay.”

“He did? I didn't see him.” I guess I teared up a bit over that though.

“He didn't want you to, dear. He was letting you be yourself, and find your own

limits, but darn it, he was going to be there if you needed him. I was still on

the phone to him when you came bursting in the door. Anyway, after your lecture

on the Bible and Adam and Eve, I called the minister again, then I called your

father. The minister didn't like your take on the Bible, but your father sure

did. He was the one who came up with the idea that you should lay it on the line

to the selection committee. So first he came up with the idea of having a

meeting here, to put you at ease. Then I said that wasn't really fair because

you would still be the only one nude and I said we should make them strip. I was

so angry, that when he said we could make them, if we stripped too.” She paused

and then smiled weakly. “Well, you know I went along with it.”

I giggled, she was blushing again.

“It's not all that funny!” She said, but she was laughing a bit too. “I knew I

was going to have to get used to it, so I made the kids strip before I did, even

Laura, so I could get used to the idea. Well actually, Laura and I stripped at

the same time, and she protested, I'll tell you!”

By now I was laughing aloud, visualizing Laura stripping in front of Mom and

arguing ever second.

“Will you stop laughing? Please.” She snorted, now laughing hard herself.

“But it's funny.” I howled. “I'm imagining Laura stripping under protest.”

Maybe it really wasn't all that funny, maybe it was just the situation, I don't

know, but it was several minutes before we could calm down enough to talk any

more. Finally Mom looked at me and grinned.

“Actually it embarrassed me, a lot, maybe more than Laura. I decided it was

worth it though, when your Dad came in and you sent the smaller kids off to

clean up. He let me strip him.”

“Oh wow.” I grinned. “And you got embarrassed by a kid feeling me up at school.”

“That's different, your Dad and I were married for over ten years.”

“You aren't now!” I snapped. “He's just one of your boyfriends.”

“What do you mean one?”

“Oh, I saw Mr Taylor looking you over, and you were preening.” I giggled.

“Oh God!” She snorted, and blushed bright red. “I knew it was a mistake to go to

your school nude, but I did it first to support you and ...”

“And it feels good doesn't it Mom?” I giggled. “It's fun to make a guy react.”

“Susan!” She protested. “I'm still having trouble accepting the fact that you

and I are nude now, let alone adding that to the picture.”

“Oh come on Mom. You're a great looking woman. Look at your boobs. I only hope

that mine start to grow like that one day.”

“Don't worry.” She laughed. “I was smaller than you at your age, then all of a

sudden I had ... well, okay, I had hooters! And it's not rare in my family, or

your father's either for breasts to develop a little later. Just look at Laura,

she's almost too big. Your grandma used to tell me that my body just waited

until everything else was ready before it started its advertising campaign.”

And that's when the phone rang so Mom went to answer it. While I was waiting, I

opened the envelope with my assignments in it. Most of it wasn't bad, but Mr

Bentley had sent me a real fucking surprise. He had written a note telling me

that I was to write a journal of my week in the Program, it was dated Monday,

but stuck to the original note was a yellow post-it note, dated Tuesday.

That read: “Due to circumstance, place this on hold.”

then below that, dated today: “Talked to Panoslovski, Taylor, et al, reinstate

assignment.”

Somehow, I didn't think he wanted me to see that, but ... wait a minute, maybe

he did? Well, I kept a diary anyway, maybe I could just ...? I decided to worry

about it later. Most of the assignments were just reading, and I didn't have my

text books, they were still in my locker. Maybe I could get Mel or ...? Hey

Laura had been real nice today, I wondered if I could get her to pick them up

for me or if I could get Mom to run me back to school.

Then Mom came back in the room looking funny, I mean, sort of shocked.

“What's wrong?” I asked

“That was your father, he wants to take me out to dinner tonight.”

“Wonderful.” I smiled.

“But ...” She looked at me strangely. “He wants to go with just he and I, not

you guys. Like a real date.”

“Well, of course.” I giggled. “After all, it's not like you were married to him

or something.”

And I think that was when it sank in. She had been living with the idea that he

was our father for so long that ....

“Mom, you've never had one date since you and Dad got your divorce, have you?”

“No.” She almost whispered. “It just didn't seem right.”

And then the DAMN phone rang again. Have I told you Mo is weird about the phone?

Okay first, only two phones in the house, right. And yet if the phone rings, she

jumps to answer it, not just now, but right now! This time I listened in to her

side of the conversation, not that it helped me much.

“Hello. ... Why yes, it is.” Mom paused and listened, a long pause. “Oh! ...

Both of them? ... But Susan said ...” There was another pause. “Oh, I see, well,

I'll ask him. ... No, no, I'm fine, it really was no problem. ... Alright,

Goodbye for now.” Then she hung up and had another strange look on her face.

“That was Mr Taylor.” She had a funny smile on her face. “He just asked me if I

would try to talk you into going to the meeting tomorrow with me, and he's asked

if I thought Laura would come with her father. He said that he didn't expect you

to give a speech or anything. but he think's it would be a good idea if you came

in case someone had a question you'd like to answer.”

“But why would he want Laura there, did she say anything last night?”

“Not except to comment as she ran after you when you ran upstairs.” Mom smiled.

“As she ran out of the room, she said ”Damn know-it-all old assholes.“

“But ...”

“Susan, I think he has a lot of respect for both you and Laura, you because you

spoke up, and Laura because she supports you. I also think he wants your Dad and

I both there. I think he has to limit each student to bringing one parent.”

“So to make him happy, you want me to go?”

“No, Susan, I think the reason you should go is that you started this ball

rolling. I think you deserve to see where it bounces.” She was still smiling and

now it became almost a grin. “Besides, I like to see your father get wound up

and involved with something to do with you kids. If you and Laura both go, I get

to support him for a change, so it gets us both involved.”

I grinned at that. I could see that maybe the divorce wasn't as final as I'd

been lead to believe. Well, Mom was in a talkative mood, maybe I could ask

somehow?

“I like that idea.” I said quietly. “It's nice to see you and Daddy working

together instead of fighting. I think you and him are better as boyfriend and

girlfriend than you were when you were married.”

Mom frowned for a second, like she was thinking, then the damn phone rang again!

I hate that damn thing sometimes! It always seems to ring just when things are

getting interesting. Mom of course ran to answer again. When she answered, I

could hear that it was Aunt Rachel, so I went back to my school assignments, Mom

and Aunt Rachel could talk for days.

Stuffing everything back into the envelope, I took it upstairs to Laura's and my

room. Digging out my diary from under my bed, I took an empty exercise book and

started to write about this week for Mr Bentley. And I started to cry again. I

wasn't wailing, I wasn't even snuffling, I just cried. Tears ran down my face

and I had to find some kleenex, but even then I dripped tears on the paper.

'Well, fuck it!' I said to myself. 'He wanted me to write about how I feel, he

can have the tear stained paper too, maybe then the old fucking fart can see how

I really feel!'

I was still writing, and still a little teary eyed when Laura came in with a

cardboard box and dropped it on my bed. She looked at me and frowned.

“Crying again?” She said quietly. “I got sent to see Dr. Stan this afternoon, he

said you might be crying a lot for the next while.”

“Jeeze, they roped you into seeing him too?”

“I didn't mind.” She smiled, “It got me out of biology class, and we were going

to cut up frogs. besides, he's nice.”

“Great voice.” I couldn't help but sigh.

“Uh huh, sexy sounding, whatcha writin'?”

“Report on my week in the Program, for old man Bentley. Actually I guess it's a

good thing, I was gonna do it out of my diary. I found out that I'd been

skipping that, I had to make two entries in it. I hadn't written anything there

since Sunday.”

“God, how can you do it?” She asked, sitting back on my bed beside the box of

books and staring at me like I was some sort of wierdo.

“Lotsa tears.” I sighed. “But ya know, writin' it down, it seems to make me feel

that it's over, sorta dumb huh?”

She just shook her head. “I still don't get it, just how do ya do it? I mean,

I'd be a basket case if I was you?”

I just shrugged. “I guess I had to.”

“Damn, I'da been screwed up just having to go nude, the rest would have blown me

out of the water.”

“Unh, Sis, don't tell anyone, but since they seem to pick family members at

times, you might be next, who knows?”

Now that made her open her eyes, wide open. Somehow, I would have expected her

to get mad, but she didn't. She seemed to think for a minute and then she

shrugged.

“Well, if I do, I can use you as an example and besides.” She grinned and

brought her hands up to cup her boobs, kinda lifting them. “It would give me a

chance to prove I don't use padding.”

I was the one that stared then.

“Damn, you do have a sense of humour.” I grinned. “And tits !”

“But the tits might be bigger.” She giggled.

That broke us up and we were still laughing when Penny came in to see what was

so funny. Of course it's hard to explain something like that to a six year old,

but she's easily sidetracked. All I had to do was ask her how school had gone.

“Okay, I guess.” She answered. “Aren't you ever gonna wear nothin' anymore?”

That made me think. After a few seconds I grinned. “Not if I don't have to, I

like having no clothes on, I don't have to do so much washing.”

“Oh.” She said. “Hey, Mommy is always telling me I get my clothes too dirty, I'm

gonna ask if I can go mood too.”

She was still talking as she ran out the door.

“It's Nude, not mood!” Laura called after her.

“What heifer!” Penny called back, teasing Laura again by mispronouncing another

word intentionally.

I chuckled as I watched Laura draw a deep breath, but she heard me and saw my

grin.

“She pushes my buttons!” Laura grumped.

“Yep!” I laughed aloud.

Hmmph.“ Laura snorted and stood to go to her side of the room.

I guess she started out to change out of her school clothes, then she paused

when she was down to only bra and panties.

“Hey, Suze, do you really think I might be in the Program soon?” Her face was a

study.

“Possibly, why?”

“Well, you're naked, I bet Mom will let the other kids go naked,” She paused.

“She was naked at school today, maybe I should practise around home, then if I

do have to go into the Program ..?”

“Huh, you're just trying to make me jealous of your tits.” I snorted but with a

big grin.

“Your memory is too short.” She snapped back. “At fifteen, I had dimples, at

least you've got bumps and I hope these stop growing soon or I'm going to fall

on my nose when I try to stand up.”

“I know, Mom was telling me that all of our family blooms late but big.” I

sighed, then I remembered Dad. “Oh, did Mom tell you, we have to baby sit

tonight? Daddy's asked her out to dinner.”

“No way!” Laura squawked. “Just the two of 'em?”

“Unh huh, and Mr. Taylor asked her if Mom and Dad, you and I could come to the

Program directors meeting tomorrow night.”

“No friggin' way!” She just stared at me. “Not after last night for gosh sake, I

mean even I was pissed.”

“Yes way, Mom thinks he wants both her and Dad there and the only way they can

go is if each one of them is with a student that's involved in the program in

some way.”

“But I'm not involved, am I?”

“After being nude, and calling them all 'know-it-all assholes' last night?” I

giggled. “I'd say you charged your way in, like a bull in a china shop.”

“Oh fuck, did I say that out loud?” She blushed.

“Yep.” I giggled. “Mom think's your support for me impressed him.”

“Me and my big yap.” She sighed.

“Hey, I liked it too.” I grinned. “Thanks.”

“Oh you're welcome.” She looked like she was thinking deeply. “Are you going to

go?”

“I guess I should, since it means that either Mom or Dad can go ...” I let my

voice trail off.

“Okay, I guess if you can do it, I can.” She sighed.

“You know they're going to expect us to be nude, huh?”

“Figgers.” She snorted, “I think I'd better talk to Mom.”

So she went downstairs - in the nude.

I went back to my journal, but to be honest, I just didn't feel like writing any

more right then. Instead I sorted out the books Laura had brought home. At least

she'd gotten most of the ones I needed. I was going to have to ask her how she

got into my locker though. Right now, I didn't think it would be a good time

though, something told me she might just be upset.

After a while I went downstairs too. Laura and the kids were in the living room

watching cartoons, but mom wasn't around.

“Where's Mom?” I asked.

“Mommy's getting dressed in a pretty dress cause Daddy's taking her out to

dinner and drinkin' and dancin' and Mommy's ordered us a pizza so we can have a

pizza party and we can go without our clothes in the house and you and Laura are

babysittin' and we all promised to be good kids.” Penny announced.

“Daddy is bringing the pizza.” Donny corrected.

“And he's bringing a big bottle of pop.” Danny added.

“And a new Dizneee movie”

“For our collection.”

“You got all that?” Laura grinned at me. I looked at her for a second and then

at the kids, I'd just had an idea. “Yeah, got a minute? I want to talk to you in

the kitchen.”

She frowned but followed me. “So what's the secret?”

“Dad's apartment is downtown right?”

“Yeah, so?”

“So, if they're partying downtown, why don't we suggest to Mom that she stay at

Dad's tonight. I can stay up late anyhow, if one of us needs to, and I can help

you get the kids ready in the morning ...”

Laura grinned. “Why not? Have you told Mom?”

“I just thought of it, but since you're the oldest, and it's really you that's

babysitting ...”

“You are getting to be a fucking politician, smart ass!” She grinned. “Come on,

we'll both tell her.”

Be back in a moment kids.“ She called into the living room as she lead the way

upstairs.

“Come in.” Mom called when we knocked on her door, she was sitting in front of

her dresser, putting on makeup, and she looked great. “Is something wrong?”

“Nope, we were just talking downstairs.” I said, then looked at Laura.

“And we thought if you and Dad really wanted to party for once and both have a

few drinks, or whatever, ”She looked at me, but I waved my hand for her to carry

on. “Well, why not stay at Daddy's apartment tonight?”

“That way, you won't have some smart ass kid hearing things you don't want her

to hear.” I grinned. “Like, I don't have to get up to go to school, but I can

sure help get everyone ready.”

“And Susan wakes up so easy, she can get up if any of the kids needs anything.”

“And it's not like we haven't done it before or anything, just not for you.”

“Yeah, we've got lots of experience babysitting.”

“Okay you two, okay.” Mom broke into laughter. “I'll let your father know that

we have an option.”

“Oh, you have several, another one is to buy Susan a set of ear plugs,”Laura

cackled.

“Hah, if you do, I don't have to wear them, I like to hear Mom and Dad when

they're happy and having fun.”

And then we were interrupted. Okay, this time the interruption was the doorbell,

not the phone and I can't say I hate the doorbell, not when it's Daddy coming

over.

So while Mom spent a few more minutes getting her face 'right', Dad came in and

sat with us kids while we ate Pizza. Mom came down a few minutes later and she

looked great! So it wasn't long before we were home alone.

Actually it was great night with just us kids. There is something to be said

about family 'bonding' I think both Laura and I learned a lot about our little

sister and our two brothers and I sure learned a lot about Laura. I really do

think that even if she is a bossy bitch at times, she also loves all of us a

lot. Anyway, after we'd eaten and we'd watched some silly film about a stupid

fish, we got the kids cleaned up and into bed. Then Laura sat down to do her

homework and I wrote a bit more in this journal, did a bit of reading and then

talked to Laura a bit before we both rolled over to go to sleep.

Put a HUGE mark on the wall, I didn't cry myself to sleep.

Chapter 8 - Thursday

Okay, so I fell asleep without bawling, that doesn't mean I got to sleep for

long. A little after midnight, I got woken up. I know Mom and Dad were trying to

be quiet, but somehow hearing people sneak around sounds louder than if they

just act normal, at least for me, I don't know about you.

Anyway, they snuck in, giggling and teasing each other like kids, I guessed that

they had really enjoyed themselves. SO I snuggled back thinking that now I could

really relax right? Now I didn't have to worry about te kids or anything, you'd

think I'd fall right off into a deep sleep.

No Frigging Way! Oh, I fell into a doze, and I would have gotten into a deep

sleep, but then Mom squealed! And what a squeal! WOW!

I heard it and I reacted. My body knew just what had brought that sound on and

my body liked it. A LOT! The sound went in my ears, detoured through my brain

and got amplified on it's way south. It hit my pussy like a runaway freight

train at a hundred miles an hour, and I was instantly wet. And HOT! Oh man, was

I HOT!

Then Mom squealed again! And Again! And then AGAIN! That did it, I usually don't

play with myself in the bedroom, unless Laura is out of the room because ...

well just because, I guess I'm a bit shy about that. But, Oh man! I just had to!

So there I was, both hands busy, fingers flying, and I heard this strange

grunting noise.

DAMN, it was Laura!

I looked over at her bed and couldn't really see much, well, it looked like her

knees were spread wide and lifted up, and maybe there was some motion under the

blankets, near her lower belly, but it was just too dark to see more. I did

notice that the grunts seemed to coincide with the movement under the blankets.

That did it, just the thought that both Mom and Laura were either coming, or

about to come or had just come ... I exploded!

I'd never felt anything like that before. Okay, occasionally I masturbate and it

feels darn good, I mean, DARN good. But what it feels like normally and what had

just happened was like comparing a roller coaster ride with lift-off at Cape

Canaveral, same order of business. For a few minutes, I was in orbit. When I

came back to my senses, I heaved a huge sigh.

And Laura giggled. “Yeah, me too.” She said in a stage whisper. “Now, I'm glad

they didn't stay at Dad's place.”

That set me off, I started to giggle and she joined me. We couldn't seem to

stop. I think both Laura and I laughed ourselves to sleep.

The rest of the night, I slept like a log, but for some strange reason I woke up

early the next morning. I lay there for a few minutes, feeling very relaxed and

slightly weird, then I rolled out of bed, knowing that I wasn't going to get

back to sleep. As I was drying myself after my shower, I heard sounds from Mom's

bathroom, so I hurried downstairs, checked the driveway to be sure Dad's pickup

truck was still there, then started coffee. I just sat and waited for it to

perk, thinking about how different my family was from what I'd thought.

“Is that coffee I smell?” Mom said as she came into the kitchen, smiling widely.

“Umm hmm.” I grinned, “Sorry if I woke you this morning making noise in the

shower.”

“Your Dad had to be up early anyway.” She said pouring three cups of coffee.

“Better a kid in the shower than that noisy old alarm clock. What woke you up?

Worry that you'd have to get the kids off to school?”

“Oh no, I heard you sneak in.”

I couldn't help it, I giggled then.

She looked at me and got a strange smile on her face. “I take it you heard more

than that.”

“Oh yeah! Laura and I both decided we were glad Dad brought you home.”

I could see the question on her face, but Dad came in right then. Right after he

got settled into a chair, Penny came in and squealed at the fact that Daddy was

there for breakfast. The noise she and Daddy made soon had everyone else in the

kitchen as well, so it wasn't until everyone was gone off to work or school that

Mom could ask me about my comment. Then as she closed the door, she turned to me

and grinned.

“Now Miss Muffett, why did you and Laura decide that you were happy that your

father and I came home.”

I'd had a chance to think about an answer, so I smiled and said. “Because the

two of you made happy sounds. We both hope someday we have guys who make us

sound like that.”

Mom blushed first, and then I could see tears in her eyes but before I could say

or do anything else, she was hugging me. Both of us got to crying and afterward,

we got to talking. We talked about Mom and Dad, we talked about Jeff and I, we

talked about Laura, the twins and Penny. We even talked about Grandpa and

Grandma and Aunt Rachel, and Mom told me Aunt Rachel was coming over that night

to look after the smaller kids while Mom, Dad, Laura and I went to that Program

meeting. That was when we realised it was almost lunch time.

“Mom, we just spent all morning talking!” I said in amazement.

“Friends can do that, look at Aunt Rachel and I.” She smiled, “Your dad says we

could talk our way to China and back.”

“Wow, I've never thought of you as my friend, not really, I mean, you're my

Mom.”

“Those do not have to mutually exclusive concepts, you know.” She laughed. “Come

on lunch time. We can talk about that while we eat. Then I'd better get some

work done around here and you, young lady, had best do some of your homework.”

Over lunch, we decided the whole family had been changed by what had happened

during the last few days and we both decided we liked the result. I sat there

and looked at my own Mother and she didn't seem to me to be the same person that

I taken for granted on Monday, now she was a friend. Not only that, but Laura

was becoming a friend and I think Dad was too.

Mom thought I had changed, but she thought she and Laura had changed as well.

And Dad, well, Dad was just Dad, but somehow all of us were seeing him

differently. Maybe this week had changed him as well, but we didn't see that as

much. Whatever the changes were, we both agreed that we approved and hoped they

would continue.

Neither of us understood exactly what had happened or why, but both of us needed

to think about it on our own, at least I knew I did. I went up to my desk and

sat down to work. The first thing I did was to fill in my journal for Mr

Bentley.

After writing in my journal, I went to work on the rest of my homework and

surprised myself by having it all done by the time that the kids came in from

school. Well, all except math. Reading about how to do something in math just

doesn't work for me, I have to be shown. I guess it's a kind of mental block or

something. I was still sitting there rereading the book for the fourth time when

Laura came in with another darn envelope of stuff.

“Hey, don't shoot the messenger.” She said when I frowned at her.

“Sorry, I've just wasted an hour trying to figure out my math homework from

yesterday and I think I've burned out my brain.” I moaned.

“So, show me what the problem is, maybe I can help, without doing your homework

for you.”

I looked at her and smiled, yep, she had changed, or maybe we had changed. So I

showed her and she helped me. Okay, she's not a math whiz, but she had taken the

same course two years ago and she had passed with a decent grade. All I cared

about was that she had just dug me out of a hole, and I thanked her for it.

But guess what?

I started bawling again. And Laura cuddled me again, and that made me bawl even

more. After a while, she started crying. That's when Danny heard us, and stuck

his head inside the door.

“Mom! .... Mom! ... Susan and Laura are crying again.” He screamed. “And they

both don't got no clothes on either.”

Damn kids. Now it was a family emergency. Don't get me wrong, I love Danny! And

Donny. And Penny. But damn it, they can be a pain in the ass. So Mom came up and

chased Danny, Donny, and Penny from our door, then asked us what was wrong.

Laura said she was crying because I was crying, and I didn't really know why I

was crying. So Mom, somehow, calmed us down again and after a bit, we all went

downstairs, just in time to see Penny take off her panties and toss them in the

pile with all the rest of the kids clothes.

Mom threw her hands in the air, then turned to me with her hands on her hips and

a mock frown on her face. “Now look what you've done young lady. I have a whole

darn family of nudists on my hands.” And then she blew the whole effect by

giggling. “I wonder what your Aunt Rachel is going to say?”

“I bet she just strips.” Laura laughed.

“No takers.” I giggled. Aunt Rachel was the youngest of Mom's family and she was

'adventurous', and to top it off, she had a great body.

“You're probably right, maybe I should warn Frank? After all they're both coming

to supper.”

“It'd be more fun if you didn't and instead, just took off your clothes too.” I

couldn't help saying.

“Well, I have to take them off for the meeting anyway.” Mom grinned and she

proceeded to strip, right there.

Laura gasped and I wondered what at and then I turned to Mom, looked closer and

I saw ... Mom had trimmed her bush. Trimmed it? Nope, she'd clear-cut it! She

was as bare as Penny, not one single solitary hair. Laura and I just stared.

Then Laura giggled. “If that explains the squeals last night, I'm going to

remember that idea, just in case.”

“Me too.” I giggled as well, “I wonder what Mr Taylor will think tonight?”

“Oh, you would go and remind me, it isn't just you guys and Frank that are going

to see me.” Mom blushed and then almost ran into the kitchen.

Laura turned on me and pushed me back out into the hall, so we could be a bit

more away from the kids I suppose.

“Mr. Taylor?” She demanded.

“Yesterday, Mom went with me to see Mr Taylor, you remember. and she wasn't

wearing anything then either, well except for the 'ground cover'. He sure gave

her the eye and Mom seemed to notice.”

“Do you think that's the reason ...?”

“Naw, in the hall some kid wanted to pet her because he said she was 'so nice

and bushy'. I just about had a bird.”

“You?, how about Mom?” Laura howled.

“She was a lady, turned him down and made it sound like it was okay for him to

ask.”

“Wow, somehow, I would have thought ...”

“Unh huh, I expected the kid to die, but right then she might have been a bit

distracted. I was standing there and another kid has his fingers on me ... and

in me, with her watching.”

“Oh my GAWD!” Laura covered her mouth with her hand. “In front of Mom?”

“Unh huh, right there. Anyway, afterward, after we'd left school, she asked me

if I thought she was too bushy. I told her nope, but that most of the younger

girls trim themselves for their swim suits and I said her new 'boyfriends' might

like her with it trimmed a bit. Mostly meaning Daddy, but I teased her about Mr

Taylor too.”

“Mr Taylor was really 'looking'?”

“Oh yeah! And it's sort of funny, but Mom was reacting to his glances.”

“Hey, if he wasn't the principle ... Naw, I like Dad better.”

“Me too, and he still has the inside track.”

“Hah, after last night, I'd say he has the whole race course. Let's go help Mom

set the table.”

In the kitchen, Mom was fussing with something on the stove and she was wearing

an apron, which of course was open at the back. She happened to bend over just

as Laura and I came in and ... well, we could see all the way to 'the promised

land'. Laura giggled but for some reason, to me, it wasn't funny. I looked at

her questioningly.

“I was just thinking what Daddy would do if he had my view.” She giggled even

more.

“Oh, I dunno, make Mamma squeal again I guess.” I grinned as I reached for the

plates.

“Alright you two, that's enough teasing for right now.” Mom laughed.

The door bell range then and Penny went racing toward the front hall, screaming

“I gotted it, I gotted it.”

Mom held a finger to her lips with a grin, so we all listened.

In just a second, Penny squealed. “Hiya Aunty Rachel, I gotted no clothes on,

an' you look pretty, and all of us gots no clothes on, an' are you gonna take

your clothes off too, cause it's fun, an' you don't get your clothes dirty and

....”

Then Aunt Rachel laughed. “Easy child, easy, where's your mother?”

“Ina kitchen, makin' supper, you smell nice, do you wear perfume an' is it

'spensive an' what're we gonna do tonight?”

“Right now, we're going into the kitchen to see your Mom.” Aunt Rachel laughed

aloud. “I want to know just what's going on.”

“Hi Rachel.” Mom smiled at her as she came in,

She just stopped and stared at all of us for a few seconds. I couldn't help

grinning and I notice both Mom and Laura were grinning too.

“My Gawd, you're all nude.”

“Unh huh, practising outreach.” Mom grinned, slipping off her apron for a

moment.

“OH MY GAWD!” Rachel stared down at Mom, then to my utter surprise, she blushed.

“Damn, I could NEVER do that, I trim but ...?”

“Frank sure likes it.” Mom giggled.

Rachel's eyes popped even wider. “Are you and he ... I mean, it's not my

business but ... Holy shit, you are!”

“Unh huh, the girls think he's trying to be my boyfriend again.” To my surprise,

she laid an arm on my shoulder and pulled me close, with Laura on the other

side. “He took me out to dinner and dancing last night.”

“Mom woke us up, squealing, after they got home.” Laura giggled.

“Oh migod, you didn't get loud, did you?”

“Oh yeah!” Mom blushed. “Right then, it didn't matter who heard. Now, are you

going to be the only one here wearing clothes when Frank comes in?”

“You mean, in front of Frank ... I mean ... but what if ... well, what if he

reacts?”

“He will, I'm counting on it.” Mom laughed. “Maybe late tonight I can wake the

girls again.”

“Oh jeeze.” Aunt Rachel giggled. “That's it, where can I put these clothes? And

girls, I hope you have ear plugs tonight.”

And when Daddy came in he did react. Okay, so he's my Dad, he was also a nude

man, and it wasn't exactly like what happened was hidden. I mean, really, should

I be embarrassed? Mme DuBois, the biology teacher, explained early in the year

that it was a biological thing, that a man just can't help it.

But guess what? Mom reacted as well, and so did Aunt Rachel, and Laura, and me!

Okay, so we all controlled ourselves and there wasn't an orgy or anything, but

we sure did react. And the strange thing was, we all knew we were reacting to

each other and it was just fun, sort of a tease, but innocent, if you know what

I mean, No one had any expectations, well, maybe Mom and Dad did.

When we sat down at the table, it was almost a relief. And that made me think of

the boys at school asking for relief and I got to thinking about Dad. That made

me step back and mentally slap myself upside the head

'Whoa, do not pass go, do not collect $200.00, just do not do that, do not go

there!' I just stared off into nothing for a moment, trying to settle my

thoughts. 'Keerist, that's Dad, get your stupid mind out of the gutter.' I

chided myself.

Somehow I got through sitting at the table and watching the others tease each

other, but I think everyone noticed I was a bit distracted. I know Aunt Rachel

did, because when I excused myself and went up to my room, she came to see me

only minutes later.

“Hi Susan, are you alright?” She asked from the door.

“Hi Aunt Rachel, come in, I'm okay, just mixed up.”

She came over and sat on the edge of my bed where I was lying down.

“Okay, what are the 'think' lines on the forehead from? You must be puzzling a

real problem, maybe if you tell me, I can help.” She smiled, stroking my

forehead gently.

“I think I'm weird.” I said quietly.

“And why would that be?”

“I was sitting there and wondering about Daddy.” I whispered. “What he would be

like, and stuff, I mean, he's my Dad!”

“If you mean wondering what he's like in bed, welcome to the crowd.” She

grinned. “Don't feel bad about that, he's a man, and you're a woman, you're

close to him and you know you both like each other. Well, in this case, you love

each other, but as father and daughter, however it's only natural to wonder what

a friend would be like as a sex partner.”

“It's not weird?” I stared at her.

“The only woman at that table tonight who wasn't wondering what he was like in

bed was your Mom, and she was remembering what he was like in bed.” She giggled.

“I think almost all girls wonder about their Dad's, some of them more than

others. It's only when it becomes a fixation that it becomes a problem.”

“Well, it was just ... I don't know I mean, I saw him all swelled up and I was

thinking about the guys at school who asked for relief and ... well, I was

wondering how he managed to be there with all of us and our boobs hanging out.

And my mind sort of wandered and ... aw, it was just weird.”

“As I said, don't worry about it. Anyone who feels that it's weird, isn't about

to, well, let's say, make a mistake.” She tousled my hair. “Now, what's the idea

of getting everyone in this house nude, huh?” She changed the subject.

So for a while we sat there and talked about the things that had happened in the

last few days and I was left again with the question; when someone says they are

sorry that someone close to you died, do you say 'thank you' for them saying

they're sorry, or just what do you say? I now, stupid question, huh? Well?

After a bit, she went downstairs to hang with the kids and I followed, going out

to the kitchen. Laura and Dad were actually arguing about the program and I

stood beside Mom and grinned. She and I had talked over everything they were

covering, but they did have slightly different angles on it. I was surprised

that Laura was closer to my way of thinking, and dad was closer to Mom's.

So they argued for a while and then it was time to get ready to go to the big

meeting. We decided we'd go nude, what the hell, we were planning on getting

naked when we got there anyway, but Dad couldn't, he had to wear shorts.

I mean, how stupid is that? A woman can walk all over town wearing nothing, but

a guy has to cover from waist to thighs? So I said something about it being

stupid as we got into the car. Dad just laughed, but Mom thought she had an

explanation.

“It's a case of penis pride.” She laughed softly. “Most of the lawmakers are

still men and they're afraid if they walk around nude, women will see what they

really do have, down there. So they left the law on the books, that way the guys

with big dicks have to hide and the guys with little dicks still can pretend to

be bigger than they are.”

“Now that's not fair.” Dad protested. “I'm average size, so I don't mind being

nude, but I still don't want everyone to see when I think a girl is pretty.

That's the real reason.”

“Your average size huh?” Mom snorted. “Sure, and King Kong was just a little bit

bigger than normal. Besides, wearing shorts, you can't hide it when you find a

woman arousing, so that argument doesn't cut it.”

“Thanks for the compliment, Hooters, but I'm just average.”

“Dad, Mme DuBois said the average size of the male penis is 5.04 inches, I bet

you're bigger than that.” I had to add.

“Honey, that must be including the pigmy's in Africa.” Daddy laughed.

“But I bet it includes the Swedes, the Norwegians, and the other Africans too.”

Mom countered, laughing loudly. “I'll tell you what Susan, one night I'll borrow

one of your rulers, hows that?”

“Like hell!” Dad protested.

So we laughed and giggled most of the way to the meeting, which was being held

at Mme Dubois house.

She met us at the door ... did I say it before, she's pretty! She gave Daddy a

box to put his shorts in then turned to the rest of us.

“You are the first to arrive who are so prepared and ready for the meeting.” She

smiled. “Some of the others have almost argued at your families idea of holding

the meetings in the buff.”

“ My ex-wife, Linda was saying something about that on the way over.” Dad smiled

back as he slid off his shorts. “She thinks men like to remain hidden because it

gives them an advantage, particularly if they are ... well under endowed.”

“Perhaps she is right.” Mme Dubois grinned, glancing down quite boldly. “But we

can all see that you should be quite comfortable in this situation, even if

there are no tables for men to sit behind this evening.”

Daddy actually blushed and Mom snickered. I might have but I caught something,

my mind was working overtime. 'I'll be damned, she's loading the dice too, even

more than we did. She isn't going to let the men hide at all. Oh man, I wonder

if she's going to enforce the rule us kids have about not hiding ourselves with

paper or stuff.'

She caught my thoughtful look and she actually winked at me. I grinned at her

and gave her a quick thumbs up signal that I think only she and Laura caught. As

she lead us back through her house to her entertainment room, Laura grabbed my

arm and we dropped back slightly.

“Why the thumbs up?” Laura whispered.

“Because, somehow, she isn't going to let the guys hide their dicks.” I

whispered back.

Both of us grinned and fought back giggles for a second, then forced ourselves

to look more serious when we went into the room with the others. I knew right

then that this meeting was going to be interesting.

We'd gotten there early, but several people were there already. Mr Taylor and Dr

Stan were there, so were a few parents and some kids I didn't really know. And

then to my surprise, I saw old man Bentley, talking to a guy I thought was a

cop, but I couldn't be sure, I mean he wasn't wearing a uniform. Then Nurse

Carver and I saw each other. She headed right for us and greeted Mom and I, so

we introduced Dad and Laura.

Just after that, a few more people came in. Diane and Jason were with them so I

thought one must be Diane's Dad and the woman must be Jason's Mom. They came

over and joined our group, then Dr Stan and Mr Taylor came over. I was starting

to feel crowded. Mom saw it, put an arm around my shoulder and steered me away

from the crowd slightly.

It wasn't long afterward that Mr Taylor called the meeting to order.

“Good evening all.” He said smiling. “Compared to our regular meetings this one

is a bit large and I'd like to thank Mme Dubois right off the top of the meeting

for agreeing to have it here in her home.”

There was a round of applause and then he carried on.

“As all of you know, this meeting is slightly out of the norm. First off, we are

all in the nude, the reason for this is simple; it instills some of the same

feelings into the selection committee that the students feel. Several other

members of the committee and myself agree that anything which gives us more

understanding of the student's situation is bound to have positive results in

the long run.”

“On top of that, we've had some major complaints about our selection of students

entering the Program and to be honest, since this is still a developing

procedure, we are asking for input. As you all know, one of the unfortunate

peripheral effects of last weeks selection was a suicide of a student. To put

paid to any rumours to the contrary, that student was not one of our selections

for entry into the program. In fact it might have been better had he been one of

the selectees. We will never know however, but because of this unfortunate

incident, we are looking to improve on the selection process.”

“The Jennings family, who were directly involved, have come forward with some

suggestions for us to consider.” He looked over at me and I pointed to Dad. “Mr

Jennings?”

Dad stood up and he looked around the room for a second before he started to

talk.

“For those of you who have heard the rumours, I'd like to state the truth first.

My daughter, Susan, was selected to enter the program on Monday morning. Monday

night, the boy, who up until then had been developing into her boyfriend, ended

his life. From what we can ascertain, he mistakenly felt that the Program had

ended his relationship with my daughter. Susan has not attended school since,

but she will be back. It's not the sort of trauma any teenage boy or girl should

have to deal with, but if we can, we would like to find a way to prevent this

sort of thing from happening again.”

“First off, we have a problem with the 'buddy' system. As it is, the Program is

asking for two students to bond, sometimes two strangers. If you knew each and

every student exceptionally well perhaps this would work, but in this high

school alone you have hundreds of students. Each teacher deals with up to thirty

students in each class, and deals with many classes in a day. It's only natural

for some of those students to be known well to many teachers, but the opposite

is also true. Some students manage to simply be a body in each class, a faceless

number to your computer. How can your selection committee deal with them?”

“What we are asking instead, is that you pair a minimum of two friends with two

people who are known to them, but aren't close, and as well you add a fifth

student, one who is familiar and comfortable with the Program. We are asking you

not to seek pair bonding, but instead group friendships. Set up in this way,

they can interact while still supporting one another and by adding the peer to

the group, someone who is familiar with the trials and tribulations of adjusting

to the Program, you make it easier on all those involved.”

“These are teenagers, they need to grow, they need to develop. This is the time

for learning trust, learning what they want in the future, but not for being

forced into corners. We need them to extend themselves, not limit themselves.

Let's help them do that.”

When Dad sat down there was a brief silence, then applause. When the applause

died down, Mom raised her hand, Mr Taylor nodded and smiled at her, motioning

for her to take the floor. Mom stood up.

“One thing more that I feel is worth mentioning. For some of the students, being

faced with the shock of suddenly being selected on Monday morning is quite

traumatic, not only for that student, but for those they call friends.”

“I hate to say this, but I've come to the conclusion that if my daughter had

know she was being selected into the program, she would undoubtedly have warned

her boyfriend. The results just might have been completely different. Tomorrow,

we might not have been going to a funeral.”

That was all Mom said, she sat down. I think I started to cry about then.

Now I'm not going to bore you with all the details that happened afterward, you

can look them up in the minutes of the meeting if you want. Actually, from then

on during the evening, I only remember bits and pieces. It was like my memory

was shutting off for some reason and I know I have to talk to Dr Stan about it.

I remember talking to Jason and Diane, but I don't remember what we talked

about. I remember Mr Taylor telling me that because of the rules of the Program,

I'd have to attend school naked for another week. I guess they thought I didn't

have enough experience being naked at school. Oh, and I think I caught a hint

that Laura is going to be in the Program soon, mabe next week.

But do you know what really worries me? I don't remember going home, or even

going to bed.

Chapter 9 - Friday

I slept in. Oh not a whole bunch, but the kids were gone to school when I got up

and Mom was already busy with the vacuum cleaner in the living room when I got

downstairs. I went to the kitchen and poured myself a coffee, then grabbed a

yogurt out of the fridge for breakfast and sat down at the table.

That's when I realised ... I couldn't remember the last part of last night. My

head was blank. I was sitting there and I was terrified, I was losing my fucking

mind! Maybe I said something, I don't know, but I was staring off into nothing

and I must have had a real weird look on my face, when Mom came rushing into the

room.

“Susan, what's wrong?” She demanded, reaching out and putting a hand on my

shoulder.

“I can't remember!” I wailed.

“You can't remember what's wrong?” She sounded puzzled.

“No, I can't remember what happened. Last night, it's a blank.” I was crying and

I looked up at her feeling helpless. “I remember Daddy talking, and you talking

... but ... but hardly anything else.”

“Well, not much happened, it was ...”

“Mom, I don't really care what happened.” I interrupted. “Don't you understand?

I was there, I was awake, I should remember! I don't even remember coming home!

Or going to bed! Or anything! I think I'm going nuts!” By then I was screaming.

“I think perhaps we should talk to Dr Panoslovski.” She said quietly.

I didn't say anything, I just nodded my head, and then I dropped my head into my

hands and started to cry real hard.

Mom must have called him, I'm not sure when though, I remember her cuddling me

while I cried though. And I started to sob on her shoulder. I don't know what

set me off but after a while, I started to tell her all over again about Jeff

and I, then I remember talking about being worried about some of my other

friends from school and then I told her how scared I was that something would

happen to someone else. I think I told her I was scared about Laura, and the

other kids and how I worried about her and Daddy and ... I guess I just talked

and rambled.

I must have been in some sort of trance, I don't know. I do know that when I

really started to pay attention to what was going on around me, Daddy was there.

So was Aunt Rachel and even Dr Stan. He was holding my hand.

Did I tell you he has a nice voice ... and the softest blue eyes.

When I told Dr Stan about not remembering, he explained that sometimes that

happens.

“Our brains are pretty smart.” He smiled so softly. “Somewhere in there is a

circuit breaker and when the load of emotions get to be just too much, it clicks

off for a little while and then it resets itself. I think that's what happened

with you. Someone said or did something that made your switch pop but now it's

back to normal.”

“When you have a friend do something that you just don't comprehend, your mind

worries on that, trying to work it's way around to understanding. It's so

worried about understanding that it builds on those worries, something like a

dam in a stream. It adds little worries that may have nothing to do with the

original, backing them all up one behind the other. Sometimes the load grows

until it's just too much for the dam. It has to dump some of it's load.”

“I think last night, your memory took a little break. Now this morning, your

mind has been sharing some of it's load with us, which is a really, really smart

thing to do. It's like putting an overflow on that dam I was mentioning, it

relieves the pressure.”

And then he smiled again. And it was one of those smiles that just comes all the

way from the other persons toes, you know it's kind and real and it says I love

you just because you're you. Just a real honest to goodness, deep down friendly

smile. And maybe that helped more than anything.

I sighed. “Then I'm not losing my mind?” I whispered.

“No Susan, you're not losing your mind.” He chuckled. “You have a very firm

grasp on reality. All that happened is that you decided you needed help to

handle the load. Perhaps for the next little while, you should make a habit of

telling others of all the things that are worrying you. Your Mom or your Dad, or

your Aunt would certainly listen, and it might be an idea if you'd like for you

to talk to me? I could see if you have a study period when I'm free and you

could drop around and talk, would you like that?”

That did it, I knew my mind was back working right, I just had to grin.

“Sure, you can set me up with an appointment with the school shrink.” I snapped,

not really pausing to think first. It was only after I'd said it that I wanted

to bite my tongue.

But he thought it was funny, he laughed, an honest to gosh, deep down belly

laugh.

“Alright Susan, we'll see about setting you up an appointment with the 'school

shrink', but don't forget my phone number.” He grinned. “And remember, short

term memory loss sometimes does happen after a traumatic experience. If it makes

you feel better, carry a little notepad and mark down important things, I don't

think you'll need it, but it will be there just for your own assurance. Now,

it's time for this 'school shrink' to get back to school, there may be someone

there who needs me even more than you.”

When he stood up to go, I hopped to my feet.

“Dr Stan, this isn't school and know I couldn't do it there, but I'd like to hug

you and say thank you. May I?”

And you know, he blushed! But he held out his arms too. Okay, I know, a patient

often gets a crush on their doctor, I've read about it in Mom's gooey romance

novels. But right then, I knew he was my friend and I didn't have a crush on

him, I really didn't.

So he left, Dad showed him out, and we were back to just family. It was sort of

weird. I didn't know what to say. I don't think any of us did.

Aunt Rachel broke the ice though.

“Damn, for a walking scarecrow, that man has a weird appeal.”

I just looked at her and grinned. “You should look deep into his eyes, while

he's talking in that soft, low voice.”

Mom laughed and Aunt Rachel gave me a real funny look.

“Now look here missy, he's your doctor and you know he's far too old for you.”

“And I think he has a girlfriend.” I grinned. “The school nurse.”

“AWW FUCK!” She snapped.

Mom was really laughing then and I smiled, but somehow, I just didn't feel like

laughing or teasing right then. I excused myself and went up to my room. I knew

we had to go to the funeral in a couple of hours, so I went to the closet and

dug out my black skirt and was wondering what I could wear with it when Mom came

to the door.

“Are you okay Susan?” She asked quietly.

“Yeah, I was thinking about what to wear to the funeral.” I answered, my voice

almost a whisper. “I gotta go, so don't ask if I ...”

“It's okay Susan, I understand.” She was at my side and just touching me. “I'll

be with you, if you want.”

“Oh yes please Mom.” I was crying, but it was okay. “I'm going to wear this

black skirt, but I don't know what to wear with it, on top.”

“Laura and I were talking about that last night,” She smiled. “She suggested

that you might like to borrow that black jumper of hers.”

I just stared at her. Borrow clothes from Laura? Borrow Laura's jumper, that she

had wanted so badly and only wore once?

“But ...” I started to say something, then didn't know what to say, I was almost

in shock. I mean Laura didn't even like me touching her dirty clothes to take

them down to the washing machine. And she'd suggested I borrow her jumper?

“Well, she knows you usually like bright colours and didn't really have anything

suitable for a top.” Mom pulled the jumper out of the closet and handed it to

me. “She suggested you try it anyway.”

“But, it's strapless, what will I use for a bra?”

“Honey, you aren't exactly huge. Laura bought it to wear braless and she's a lot

more developed.”

“But my nipples ... what if they ... It's a funeral and if I get chilly ...”

“Well, it's a warm day, but if you're worried, we can tape them.”

“Tape them ... my nipples you mean?”

“Sure.” Mom smiled. “When I was younger we used to tape our nipples if we didn't

want to advertise. I didn't much, 'cause your Dad liked them poking out, but

lots of my friends did it. Especially if they were on a date where they didn't

want people to guess that they were turned on ... or if it was cold.”

Wow, Mom used to go braless?

“In your case though, I wouldn't worry, you've been nude all week. I doubt if

you'll feel cold wearing a top of any kind. Go ahead, try it on.”

So I slid it on, flipping my hair out from under the back as I pulled it down,

then turned to her.

“You need the skirt too!” She grinned. “Unless you plan to go bottomless.”

I had to giggle, that would be a real faux pas. So I pulled on the skirt, paused

to look in the mirror and adjust things slightly, then turned back to Mom. It

felt real funny to be wearing anything, and the jumper was tight! How did Laura

wear it? As I moved it tickled my nipples, just a little bit, but enough to make

them perk just slightly.

“Just a moment, let's brush your hair out a bit.” And she turned me to face the

mirror again as she brushed my hair to let it fall straight down my back.

“There, now let's go down and see your father and Aunt Rachel, let's see what

they think.”

“But Mom, what about panties?”

“Honey, after only two nights of doing without panties, I'm not going to wear

any!” She said emphatically. “When I tried putting them on this morning, they

felt horrible. If you want to wear them, go ahead, but wear light weight ones if

you do.”

I remembered what I'd found before and just grinned, then we leaded downstairs.

Daddy didn't say much, he just smiled proudly, but Aunt Rachel made up for it.

“Young lady, if no one has ever told you before, you are beautiful. Anyone who

can look that good in such simple clothes has my admiration.”

I just hugged her, and then Mom asked what I'd like for lunch. That's when I

realised I hadn't eaten anything, I hadn't even eaten the yogurt I'd taken out

of the fridge earlier. Daddy looked at his watch about then and said he had to

go back to the office for an hour, but he'd meet us at the funeral chapel just

before two and he hurried off, after hugging me as well as Aunt Rachel and then

giving Mom a huge kiss.

After he went out the door, Aunt Rachel shook her head slowly. “For a divorced

couple, you two sure get along well.”

“Mmm, whatever.” Mom grinned as she stood at the counter making sandwiches. “We

had a long chat about that after you left last night.”

“What, no passionate sex?”

“No little sister,” Mom laughed, “Some tender love making though, I have no

complaints.”

“So, since you mention the long chat, it must have been important.”

“Kinda.” Mom smiled and looked at me as if she were almost afraid to say what

was on her mind, then she seemed to decide it was important. “Frank told me flat

out that he didn't want to live here, in this house, at least for now. So I

doubt we will ever remarry.”

“Oh wow. What did you say to that?” Aunt Rachel almost gasped in surprise.

Maybe it surprised her, but it didn't surprise me, there was something about

this 'new' relationship between Mom and Dad that ... well, was different

somehow. I just smiled at Mom.

“I breathed a long sigh of relief.” Mom grinned at me and winked.

“What!” Aunt Rachel blurted. “Don't you want to be married?”

“We both decided, we aren't the marrying kind.” Mom smiled at her. “Look, when

we were married, I bossed him around and he returned the favour. You should

know, you watched it all happen. We got married when I was sixteen and Frank was

only eighteen. We had Laura inside the year, then it was only a year and I was

pregnant again, along came Susan. We were a struggling young couple and we damn

near broke up over fights and squabbles, then the twins were a surprise

pregnancy. They brought us back together, long enough for me to get pregnant

with Penny.”

“By then Frank had finally gotten a handle on his business and I was trying to

get him to spend more time with us, while he was fighting to make the business

grow. We were just constantly at odds with each other. He got more involved with

his business and I got more involved with the church. We simply had never ending

battles, he would criticise me, and I would criticise him. Finally one day, he

just moved out and we made arrangements for him to have visitation rights with

the kids. We agreed on a divorce, I filed for it and he didn't contest it.”

“He's gotten used to his independence and I've gotten used to mine, neither of

us wants to give that up. BUT, both of us missed having a bed partner. He says

he's never really taken the time to try to find one and me, well, I've been

spending so much time with the kids and the church that ...”

“So after what. twelve years of marriage, and five years of divorce, you've gone

back to dating?”

“Yep, and it's wonderful.” Mom giggled. “And this time I had the sense to get a

little poke in the arm too. Five monsters is enough.”

I frowned and looked at her. “When did you have the time to get a birth control

shot?”

“Oops, you caught me.” She grinned at me. “Actually, I got one from your school

nurse, Miss Carver. We got to talking when you were with Dr Panoslovski and I

was telling her about your Dad and well .... She said it was cheap insurance and

that it was against the rules but that the school board would never know so ...”

“I like her.” I grinned.

“She's your school nurse? The one that Dr Panoslovski is going out with? Aunt

Rachel asked.

“Yep, Sorry Rachel, but she's a sweetheart.” Mom grinned.

“Damn.”

“Oh come on Aunt Rachel, I'm not even positive they're going out together, isn't

it worth at least finding out if you like him so much?”

“If she'd seen him last night, she'd sure think so.” Mom snorted around a bite

of sandwich.

“What do you mean?”

“OH” I squeaked, grinning widely. “You mean the display of soldiers last night.

Yeah, I'd say at least a major, wouldn't you say Mom.”

“Pardon me? What in the world are you talking about?” Aunt Rachel asked.

“Oh.” Mom was laughing. “Remember when we were younger, and we used to compare

guys sizes by referring to them as navy ships? Well, Susan refers to them as to

army rank because of their salutes.”

“So, how would he rate on the naval scale?” Aunt Rachel grinned.

“At least a cruiser.” Mom snickered.

“Why navy ships?” I said and then slapped my forehead as I realised. “Oh that's

a BAD pun.”

Both Mom and Aunt Rachel roared with laughter. I just shook my head.

Anyway, Aunt Rachel decided that she needed to find out and asked me to see what

I could find out from the school rumour mill and Mom promised to ask around too.

We cleaned up then and I went upstairs for a bit.

By then it was time for Mom and I to go to the funeral. Aunt Rachel was going to

stay there in case the kids got home from school before we got back. As Mom

drove to the funeral home, both she and I were quite quiet. I sat there thinking

about how lucky I was to have a family like mine. I know it was because I'd been

thinking of Jeff and his life a lot and I couldn't help but compare what I had

to what he'd been missing. By the time we got to the funeral home, I was already

teary eyed, not really crying, but on the verge. Daddy met us there, and we

waited a while before we went inside.

There weren't many people there for the service. Mel and Paula were there with

Mel's Dad and Billy was there with his Mom. I was surprised to see Mr Taylor and

Dr. Stan there too, but the big surprise was that Diane, and Jason were there.

They came and sat with us. There were a few other people I didn't recognise, I

guess they were Jeff's Dad's friends and neighbours. There was no casket. We

found out afterward the Jeff's Dad had asked for him to be cremated and he was

going to scatter the ashes down along the river where Jeff used to like to go.

I'd never been to a funeral before, so in a way, I tried to pay attention. but

in only a few minutes, I was crying so much that ... Well, I just don't even

want to think about it.

Afterward when we went back outside, I was sort of numb when we were talking to

people. It was like part of me was watching, but the real me wasn't there,

that's the only way I can think of to describe it. I remember talking to Jeff's

Dad and hugging him hard, he was crying as much as me. He told me he was going

to move away, that there was nothing left for him here and that he needed a new

start, so I hugged him once more as a goodbye and then went back to Mom and Dad.

They were talking to Mr Taylor and Dr Stan. Mr Taylor took me aside and said

that they were going to give the suggestions Dad and Mom had outlined a try out

for at least six months. As well, he told me that one of the new policies was

that when people were selected, a student who had been in the program would be

asked to warn whoever it was at least a few hours beforehand, preferably the

evening before. I woke up from being numb when he asked me if I would tell Laura

and her friend Deirdre that they had been selected for next week.

“Do Mom and Dad know?” I asked.

“Not until you tell them.” He smiled. “Oh, and by the way, on Monday, wear

clothing please. The committee all feel that you need a little more time after

this trauma before going through another attempt at the Program. Also, Mr

Bentley sends word that he expects your report on this last week to be on his

desk Monday morning, including any major happenings from over the weekend that

relate to the Program. I would imagine that he probably means for you to

describe what happens when you tell Laura, I believe she is one of his students

as well.”

“Oh my, is he going to grade it? If he does, I'm sunk, or else I'd better

rewrite the whole thing.”

“I wouldn't worry about it Susan, I think from what I have seen of you and your

family that whatever you wrote would be quite well accepted. Now I have to

hurry, I have an after school meeting I need to attend. As does Dr Panoslovski.”

He turned and tapped Dr Stan on the shoulder.

When they left, Dad hugged Mom and then we all left as well. I sat there like a

bump on a log, I was back in that damn numb spot again, but Mom woke me up.

“Well, your Aunt Rachel will be very happy.” She said quietly.

“Pardon me?” I said, sort of like I was just waking up from a deep sleep.

“Aunt Rachel?, she's going to be quite happy, Dr Panoslovski isn't married and

he isn't going out with Nurse Carver, she's engaged to his roommate.”

I just stared at her. “Mom, how the hell did you find that out so fast, and at a

funeral for crying in the sink?'

“Misdirected questions.” Mom smiled. “And I hope you don't mind, I've invited

him over for Sunday dinner. Do you think Aunt Rachel would like to come?”

“Mmm?” I pretended to think. “Is the Pope Catholic?”

“Yeah, that's what I thought too.” Mom dead-panned. “Now if only I had a good

reason for us to all be naked, she could check out the 'cruiser'.”

“You've got two or three of them.” I grinned, seeing this as a solution to my

problem with Laura as well. “Number one, officially, I'm still going to be in

the Program until the next morning and we can say we're practising outreach.

Number two, it's your house and you can do whatever you damn well want. And...

well, number three is a secret for now.”

“What, my girl is keeping secrets from her mother?” Mom grinned. “Can I guess?”

“Now why would you want to do that?” I had to smile again, teasing right back.

“Well, Dr Panoslovski did let slip that the school is going to give your ideas a

tryout, as modified by your Dad and I, so since you've been through the program,

at least somewhat ...”

“Oh, they are?” I tried to act surprised. “That must have been while Mr Taylor

took me aside to tell me to wear clothes to school Monday because they felt I

needed to forget this week for a bit. Oh and I'm to have that darn report ready

for Mr Bentley for Monday, including anything that relates to the program from

the weekend.”

“Oh!” Mom did act surprised. “I thought sure he'd asked you to warn Laura that

it was her turn to be in the Program. If it isn't that, I'm sure I'm stumped.”

“Good, it'll be a surprise for the whole family then.” I grinned.

When we got home, Laura met us in the front hall. “DAMN, Aunt Rachel was right,

that top looks better on you than it does me Susan.”

I didn't let her say much more, I was hugging her too darn hard. Then I realised

I was hugging bare skin.

“Hey what's this?” I squawked. “You're nude and I'm not, what's going on?”

“Damn, that's two bucks I owe her. You didn't even notice right away.” She

giggled. “She and I talked it over, we decided we're closet nudists.”

“Closet nudists?”

“Sure, we want to be nudists, but we're scared the public might find out.”

“Oh.” I laughed. “Well, you'd better hope your name doesn't get called for the

Program then.”

“Oh, oh, the Program.” She squealed. “We got a notice to give to you, oh just a

minute, I'll be right back.”

I winked at Mom and she grinned, giving me a thumbs up. We could play dumb, sure

we could. It would make Laura happy to give us the 'news'.

“Look at this, Looka this, looka this.” She squealed waving a sheet at us.

“They're going to give your ideas a tryout for six months, almost exactly like

dad and Mom proposed last night.”

Now she was hugging me and handing the sheet to Mom I guess, because Mom started

reading it aloud.

“Trial Naked In School Program Modifications for Freemont Highschool.”

“For the remainder of this school year, Freemont Highschool will use the

following procedures in selecting students for the Naked In School Program:”

“#1; Two students will be chosen who are well acquainted with each other and are

relatively well adapted to the highschool environment. Two other students, who

need neither be as well acquainted nor as comfortable with the highschool

environment, as well as one peer advisor, who has had previous experience with

the Program, will join the initial pair. These five students will form a mutual

support group. It is suggested that the five students be allowed to get to know

one another initially during the remainder of first period on the Monday after

their selection. It is also suggested that these students exchange telephone

numbers or other contact information and meet each day in the cafeteria for

lunch to discuss any problems or triumphs and provide support and encouragement

for each other. Additional meetings are encouraged, however school time will not

be set aside for them.”

“#2; Each student who is to be selected will be warned of their selection by the

evening prior to the actual selection taking place, which will allow them time

to make any necessary special arrangements. However, should the student in

question attempt to take advantage of this warning in such a way as to avoid

participation, that students grades and transcripts will be held until such time

as they have completed their week in the Program. This will include attempted

school transfers by the parents of the student.”

“All of the regular rules of program participation will remain as provided in

the initial pamphlet entitled ”Student Guide to the Program“ as written by

'NASA'.

“Well, that sounds pretty comprehensive, what do you think Susan?” Mom asked.

“Okay I guess.” I said quietly, pulling free of Laura, “Right now I just want

out of these clothes and into a shower.”

“Don't you want to see if Aunt Rachel wants to come to Sunday dinner?” Mom

grinned.

“Okay, but the clothes go first, alright?”

She just laughed, And darn it, she was stripped before I was, but then she was

only wearing one thing, a loose dress and dresses come off easier than a skirt

and a jumper. Laura and I followed her into the living room where Aunt Rachel

was sitting with the kids, watching tv.

“Rachel, we were wondering if you'd like to drop over on Sunday evening for

dinner.”

“Well, unless I have a date.” She said quietly, almost nonchalantly. “After last

night, and then today, I'm almost worried about wearing out my welcome.”

“Fat chance.” I snapped, “Besides, Mom invited a guy over that you might like to

get to know.”

“Oh Christ Linda, I didn't mean to sound that desperate earlier. I do get dates

you know.” She said, looking at Mom and frowning.

“You don't want to meet a doctor?” Mom smiled.

“What would I have in common with a doctor?” Aunt Rachel still frowned.

“Me.” I giggled.

“You?” She looked at me puzzled, then I could see comprehension dawn. “Oh shit,

the shrink! Gawd, yes, I'll be here. Oh damn, what will I wear?”

“What you're wearing now.” Mom grinned. “Susan is still in the program for the

rest of the weekend, and I'm declaring this house a nude zone, until Monday

morning.”

“Ohmigod, you mean, I'll be ... he'll be ... Oh shit!”

“Yeah, you'll get to see if the major salutes.” I laughed.

Mom and I were in hysterics by then and Aunt Rachel was sitting there looking

almost stunned, but Laura was frowning.

“Mom, you don't mean that about nudity do you? Some of my friends might come

over.”

“Oh for cripes sake Laura, was it all that hard for you to be nude the other

night? Hell, you might be selected to go into the Program any day, what are you

going to do then, argue?” I snapped. “Do your friends go to Freemont? They might

get picked even before you. At least here you get to be nude amongst friends and

family, not tossed out in the hall bare naked like I was.”

I was pissed and I stomped off, grabbing her damn jumper and my skirt on the way

past, I ran upstairs. I threw the clothes onto my bed and ran for the shower. I

scrubbed. I don't know why, but I felt like I needed to wash away the whole week

or something, so I was in the shower a while.

When I got out of the shower, Laura was sitting on her bed and her eyes were red

from crying.

“I'm sorry.” She snuffled. “I never thought about what it must have been like

for you on Monday, at least now if I get called up, it won't be a complete

surprise and you did that. I really feel stupid.” She was crying again.

I started out to tell her it was okay, then I started to sniffle and I ended up

sitting on her bed, hugging her and crying. Hey, this was me, cuddling her, on

her bed. In seconds I went from crying to giggling. Laura pulled back and stared

at me.

“I was just thinking, we gotta stop meeting like this.” I snorted.

That did it, we started out giggling and ended up laughing like fools. Dammit. I

think I really like my sister. We laughed so hard we cried, and it really wasn't

all that funny. Finally we dragged ourselves off to the bathroom to wash our

faces and then went back downstairs.

After a real shitty week, the weekend actually wasn't starting all that badly.

Let's see, what all happened Friday night? Aunt Rachel got talked into spending

the weekend somehow, even if it meant she was going to be sleeping in the same

room as Penny. Daddy phoned to say he was coming over with Chinese food. Laura's

friend, Deirdre, showed up and didn't kick up that much fuss when Laura wouldn't

let her come in past the front hall until she had stripped, Daddy suggested that

he dig the old barbeque out of the basement so we could have a cook-out on

Sunday. I found out that Deirdre was lots of fun and Laura decided to ask Mom if

Deirdre could come over Sunday night and Mom said yes.

And then things got complicated again. Well, they had to didn't they? I mean it

is my life we're talking about. First Jason phoned me. You know, Jason, the guy

with the great voice and the ... well, you now who I mean. He was upset. He

wanted to know if he could talk to Diane. When I told him Diane wasn't there, he

got even more upset. I tried to find out what was going on, but it just seemed

to make him more evasive and more angry if anything. He ended up hanging up on

me.

I hung up the phone and... mm hmm, you guessed it ... the doorbell rang ... and

you're right again ... it was Diane.

She was bawling, but she managed to make me understand why she was upset. She

and Jason had been out for a ride and had stopped at a park not far from our

house to go for a walk. They'd had a fight in the park and she had lost her

temper and walked off on him. The thing is, they'd been doing a little

'outreach' in the park. Their clothes were in Jason's car.

When some crazy looking loser had approached Diane, she had suddenly realised

she was nude. So she'd run back to where Jason had parked the car, only it

wasn't there. There she was in the middle of a park and it was getting dark, she

had no clothes, she was miles from home, there was tramp or some sort of nut

around, and she didn't know what to do. She didn't even have the change to make

a telephone call.

She started walking home, hoping to see a cop car or a taxi, but as usual our

neighbourhood is quiet as a mouse's hole, nothing ever happens here. So as she

was walking and then running alternately, she noticed that she recalled some of

the street names and suddenly she knew why, she'd been to our house just a few

nights before. That's why she came to us.

By now I had gotten her into the living room and sitting on the couch with a

drink of water that Laura had brought. Everyone but the little kids were

gathered around, ready to help in any way they could. She was still crying, but

not so much now, she knew she was safe.

“Jason did call, but you weren't here yet.” I said quietly. “He was real upset,

but he didn't want to tell me why he was looking for you here, like he was

ashamed or something.”

“He damn well should be ashamed.” Dad spoke up.

“Please Mr Jennings, it was more my fault than his.” Diane protested. “I'm the

one who got angry and ran off. He's probably still looking for me and worried

sick.”

“Well, since he's phoned here, I wonder if he's phoned your home?” Mom asked.

“Oh God, I hope not, Mom would have coniption fits. Can I use your phone and

call her?”

Mom was already handing her the phone ... did I mention Mom has a thing about

the phone? Yeah, I must have. So anyway, Diane dialled home. And the line was

busy.

“I'll bet he's on the phone to her right now.” Diane said her eyes rolling back

as she stared upward. She dialled again.

“I don't get it, we've got incoming call signalling, and after that, we've got

an answering machine. Damn it Mom, hang up on one of the six fucking people

you're yammering to.” She slammed the phone back on the hook.

And it rang. Mom grabbed it.

“Hello, Jennings residence.”

“Yes she is young man and if you don't get your ass right over here, I can

guarantee that it will be kicked so hard you will have to part your hair to take

a dump!”

“Jason, I don't want excuses, get off the phone, get in your car and get over

here. NOW!” She hung up again.

Diane was just staring at her. “He's going think you're ready to rip his balls

off.” She whispered.

“No, but having had one of Mom's tongue lashings he might wish she'd done that

instead.”

“I think in this case it's my turn.” Dad said quietly. “I'll be out front.”

“Dear, he's only sixteen.”

“I know!”

Diane asked if she could try calling home again while we were waiting. Her mom

picked up on the second ring. Diane talked to her for a moment or two and then

excused herself, saying some else needed the phone but that she'd be home in an

hour or so.

“Mom wanted to talk, she was full of news about family, she'd just had a

conference call with several of them. I didn't want to tell her the real reason

I was calling over the phone, I'll tell her in person.” Diane said looking at

Mom.

“Would you ask her to phone me tomorrow.” Mom asked.

“I can, but I will tell her you know.” Diane smiled

“Oh, I imagine you will. I was just thinking, in fact I just decided we need a

second phone line into this house.” Mom smiled at Laura and then me. “What do

you think girls, would you like a phone in your room?”

“Oh yes.” Laura yelped and I nodded.

“We'll talk tomorrow.” Mom smiled.

Just then Jason and Dad came in, Jason was carrying Diane's clothes and wearing

his.

“Frank, did you go outside like that, with no clothes on?” Mom snapped at Dad.

“Do you want to get arrested right in front of the house?”

“I forgot.” Dad grinned, sheepishly.

Diane went careening past Dad and into Jason's arms, both of them were crying,

both of them saying were they were sorry. Mom looked at Dad and Dad winked and

nodded. Something told me the only way I was going to hear what happened at the

park was if Diane or Jason told me.

“Well, you two, since you are back together again, you have two choices, Jason,

you can either take of your clothes and join us for a hot chocolate, since I've

declared this a nude household for the weekend. Or Diane, you can put your

clothes on and get your young man to drive you home, and I will expect a call

from your mother tomorrow.”

They glanced at each other and then Diane turned to Mom and hugged her, then

Dad, then me.

“Thank you all, so much.” She said and they left to a chorus of 'goodnight's.

“I'm going to bed.” I announced. “If there's an earthquake, or a tidal wave,

wake me up, otherwise I want to sleep. No more excitement, please! Okay?”

So I got my hugs and I went up to bed. I felt like I had been through the spin

cycle in a washing machine, I was just plain wiped out.

Chapter 10 - Saturday

Saturday morning I was up early and at first I didn't want to get out of bed, if

I didn't get up I wasn't going to do anything, right? If I didn't do anything,

then stupid things wouldn't happen, right? I decided that made it seem like I

was afraid of life and that was something I really didn't want either.

I slowly sat up and looked around, not really in a rush to do anything, but

knowing if I didn't get to the bathroom soon, ... well, let's just say natural

bodily function was at work. Laura was snoring and to my surprise, Deirdre was

sleeping on the floor between our beds on an air mattress. I didn't realise she

had been going to stay over. It had been warm last night so neither of them had

bothered to wear anything to bed, and this morning neither of them had much

covering their bodies.

Okay, so I looked. I mean they were there, I was curious, I looked and I

compared them. I knew even without looking that Laura was rounder and fuller

figured, but when I looked at Deirdre, I was surprised to see that I could count

her ribs, she was skinny! And her boobs were smaller than mine. I was almost

staring at her by that time, what was she doing, starving herself? I remember

last year when we'd been at the beach and she'd been along with Laura, she'd

looked better then. But even while I was wondering about that my body was

telling me that it hadn't visited the bathroom in a long time and I needed to

go. I actually had to run.

If there is a better place to think than sitting on the can, I don't know what

it is. At least if it's at a time when you're certain no one is going to disturb

you it is. So I sat there for a while and just thought about things, mostly

about how my life had changed in the last week, but darn it, my mind kept going

back to Deirdre and how skinny she was. I couldn't help wondering if she was

sick. Mom might know, and if she didn't, Laura had been real nice all week,

maybe if I caught her away from Deirdre ...?

Then I had to grin at myself. Wow, I had changed too. I mean, everyone was sure

I had problems, but here I was worried that maybe one of my sister's friends

wasn't well. Is that what happens when you lose a friend yourself? Do you start

worrying about your family's friends?

And then I felt it, a great big wave of guilt. If only I'd paid more attention

to Jeff, maybe I'd still have a friend, even perhaps by now a boyfriend. I

started to cry again. I missed him. I missed his arms and I missed his kisses

and ....

Damn! Now I was mad at myself, I was letting my mind slop around and go all over

and I wasn't in control. I tried to force myself to stop crying, but if you've

ever tried that, you know it doesn't work. I still hurt. I missed Jeff, and now

maybe Deirdre was sick, and I was the only one in the house who was awake and I

needed to talk to someone.

Of all the places I could have been when I started crying, the bathroom was my

last choice. I went back to bed, burying my head in my pillow so no one could

hear me and .... And in only a minute or two, I stopped crying.

I knew I couldn't go back to sleep, now it seemed that I couldn't cry, there was

no one awake to talk to and I was thoroughly confused. I knew my emotions were

riding a roller coaster and I was scared that they were getting out of control.

So I did what any kid does when they don't know what to do, I went looking for

Mom.

Her door was closed and I knocked lightly, not really expecting an answer. After

a second, I tried the knob, and slowly opened the door. There was enough light

coming in the window to make out Mom and Daddy in bed. Mom was laying with her

head on Daddy's arm, near his shoulder and her leg was sort of draped over his

under the covers. They looked so comfy that I didn't really want to disturb

them, but Mom must have heard me. I saw her shift slightly, then her head lifted

and she looked at me.

“Susan? Is there something wrong love?” Her voice was so soft, yet so warm.

“Sorta.” I whispered. “I need to talk to someone.”

I could feel tears coming to my eyes again as she slipped out of bed then she

was at my side. I don't know how, but if felt like no time had passed and she

was holding me tight as we sat on the couch in the living room. I poured out the

things that I had been worrying about already that morning. She just held me and

cuddled me and listened. She didn't comment, she didn't criticise, she just

listened. We had been there for a while when I heard Daddy ask her if she would

like a coffee. I was almost asleep, snuggled against her nice soft boobs and I

felt her nod her head without speaking. That did it, I came awake, pulled my

head back, and smiled at her.

“Thank you.” I whispered and leaned forward to kiss her and then I hugged her as

well.

“You're very welcome.” She murmured. “I hope that helped.”

“Oh it did, now I should let you and your guy have some time to talk.” I smiled

as I tried to pull away.

“Not so fast.” She smiled at me, but held onto my hands. “You were asking about

Deirdre and why she looks so thin.”

“Yes Mom. She looked much better last year. She seems so thin now.”

“Well honey, please don't say anything about it to her.” Mom said quietly

looking me right in the eye as if it were real important.

“Okay, but can I ask why?”

Mom sighed deeply. “Do you know her folks at all?”

“Only a little bit Mom, I saw them at the beach a couple of times and other than

that, only when they come here to pick Deirdre up after she's stayed over and

stuff. I don't like them much really, they seem so fussy about everything.”

“That just might be Deirdre's problem punkin, lets go in the kitchen and have a

coffee. Maybe we can talk about it.” She said standing up, “Or did you want to

go back to bed, it's pretty early for a girl your age to be up.”

“Oh Mom,” I grinned. “You know sometimes I get up early and just can't sleep.”

“That seems to be happening more often lately.” She said as we moved into the

breakfast nook in the kitchen.

“Well, I don't know why.” I shrugged. “Morning Daddy.”

“Hi Shnookums.” He grinned snagging me into a hug on my way past him.

I just melted against him, he hadn't called me 'Shnookums' in years and I

realised then that I had missed it. Then he made me happy and mad at the same

time, he gave me a whisker rub. I loved the attention and hated the feeling, so

all I could do was giggle and squirm out of his arms.

“You need a shave.” I snapped, pushing him away. “Mom. how do you stand his

beard in the morning.”

“It's like hugging a porcupine at times dear, you move your head with the grain,

not against it.” She snickered.

“But what do you do if he goes to kiss your ...” And I blushed, stammering to a

halt, not knowing what to say next.

Mom stared at me for a second and then she blushed too and Daddy started to

laugh. In fact Daddy snorted, trying to stop his laughter but he couldn't manage

completely. Then Mom sort of giggled.

“You ask the darnedest questions.” She chortled, “Wait until I tell Rachel that

one.”

“Oh Mom, you wouldn't.” I blushed even brighter red.

“Oh yes I would.” She laughed aloud.

“Well, dear, you said you were going to be honest if the kids asked a question

about sex.” Daddy snickered. “Are you going to answer her question or do you

want me to?”

“I wiggle and squeal and spread my legs as wide as I can.” Mom giggled, “And

next time you want the answer to a question about me and your dad, do me a

favour and ask it when you and I are alone.”

Then she looked at me more seriously. “Now, how did you know enough to even

ask?”

“Oh, lots of the girls talk about that.” I said shyly. “Jeff and I never did it,

darn it.”

“Just how far did you and Jeff go, or is that none of our business?” Mom said

quietly.

“Just kissing and touching and stuff.” I sighed. “The guys at school have done a

lot more and I wasn't even there most of the week. I've done more myself.”

“You're comfortable talking to your dad and I like this?” Mom asked in surprise.

“Why not?” I asked, surprised myself. “I mean, that's what the whole Program is

about isn't it, being comfortable about your own sex drives and stuff?”

Mom just stared at Dad and he smiled.

“I think you're exactly right Susan and to be honest, if I were giving a grade

on completion of a course, I'd have to give you an A+ for that answer.” He said

quietly.

“Thanks Dad.” I grinned. “Now if only I'd been there all week, maybe I wouldn't

have had to ask Mom that silly question and embarrassed myself so badly.”

“You don't think that you'd have ...” Mom looked at me in shock.

“Taken a lickin, and kept on tickin'? Maybe even made whoopie?” I grinned. “Why

else do you think they make sure you have that little pin prick from the nurse?”

“But, what happens if Laura ...?”

“I think some guy might get lucky.” I still grinned.

Then I stood up and stretched, “And remember, I have to go through another week

of the Program, after Doctor Stan, the school shrink, decides I'm healthy

enough.”

“Oh My God.” She lifted a hand to her mouth, I guess it was just sinking in,

finally.

“Daddy, I hate to change the subject, but is that coffee ready?”

Even he had been staring at me, and when I asked him about the coffee, he got

sort of flustered, that's when I realised that 'the Major' was standing at

attention. Now that embarrassed me. I realised that it had happened because I

was implying things about sex. He had become aroused.

I'd done that to him, I hadn't meant to, but it had happened. He'd gotten stiff.

I just sat there sort of stunned. I mean, I guess I had realised that all of us

were naked, but it hadn't dawned on me that Daddy would get a woody. And then my

mouth went into embarrass Susan gear again.

“Unh, should I go for a walk or something ... so you guys can ...?” I heard

myself say.

Mom glanced at me in surprise and then she looked at Dad and I saw her eyes slip

down so she was really looking at Dad and she started to laugh. I wanted to fall

through the floor and I know I was blushing bright red. Daddy was blushing too

and then he started to laugh right along with Mom.

Thank goodness Aunt Rachel had spent the night last night and didn't sleep well

when things got noisy. She chose that moment to wander in, bleary eyed and

yawning.

“What is so damned funny at this ungodly hour of a Saturday morning.” She

managed to garble through a huge yawn.

Mom and Dad were still laughing so hard that I was the only one who could

answer.

“We were talking about sex and I embarrassed Dad and myself so Mom started

laughing.” I muttered. “And Daddy can't pour coffee because he's scared he might

spill it on ... well on ... something... or other.”

Then I had to giggle. Aunt Rachel stared at me in astonishment, then she looked

at Mom and Dad and darn if she didn't start to howl with laughter. Cripes it

wasn't that funny!

Finally I decided I wasn't going to say another word, but I did want a coffee. I

got up and shoved Daddy out of my way, then I poured out four mugs of coffee and

dug out the milk and sugar. I handed the mugs around and sat back down, staring

at my cup as I stirred it over and over.

“Honey, coffee is different.” Aunt Rachel snickered. “It works the other way,

the more you stir it, the colder it gets.”

I just stared at her, that was plain silly, but Mom giggled again and then she

got the hiccups. I remembered how I'd help her cure them the other day, so I

handed her the sugar and my spoon. Both Daddy and Aunt Rachel watched in

surprise as Mom put some sugar on her tongue and sat back with her eyes closed.

Daddy opened his mouth to say something and I just shook my head and held my

finger in front of my mouth.

In a few moments, Mom opened her eyes and smiled at me like I was the best thing

since sliced bread. I loved it, a smile like that is almost as good as a Mommy

hug, it makes you warm all over.

“Alright, I've seen you fight the hiccups for hours.” Dad said loudly. “Where

the hell did you learn that trick?”

“Susan.” Mom grinned. “I think we have a naturopath on our hands.”

“Mrs Who?” Aunt Rachel said. “what in the blazes is a naturopath>”

“Oh come on Rachel.” Mom snorted. “A naturopath is someone who uses natural

remedies to cure illness. Susan is very observant and she notices things that

work. She remembers little cures like that.”

“Is that right Susan, do you want to be a doctor or a nurse?” Aunt Rachel asked.

And it hit me, I knew what I was going to become.

“In a way I guess.” I smiled. “I think I want to be a school shrink, like Dr

Stan or maybe a child psychologist, something like that. I want to help kids

like Jeff or even like me, kids that are having trouble with life in some way.”

I think all three of them knew I meant it and you know the surprising thing

about that is that I think they knew that I could do it too. It was strange

though, we had gone from laughing about sexual things and misunderstandings to a

serious discussion just because of a spoonful of sugar. It sure is funny how

little things change your life.

Our whole conversation became more serious at that point and it stayed serious

most of the time we were sitting there. I found out that both Mom and Dad were

worried that Deirdre was suffering from anorexia and I felt slightly silly

because I had to ask them what that was. When I found out, I looked at them in

surprise.

“She can't possibly think she's too fat.” I gasped. “You can count her ribs.”

“Shhh!” Mom shushed me. “She or the others might hear you.”

“Oh, okay.” I whispered, then sighed “I'll talk to you later.”

“Good idea.” Mom smiled sadly. “But you can see why we worry a bit.”

“Unh huh.” I agreed.

“I was surprised this morning when you mentioned it.”

“I couldn't help it. I mean it's there in front of me, like a red flag. I guess

you're right, I notice things.”

“Well, that answers one of my questions.” Daddy smiled and tousled my hair. “I

guess I'm going to have to toss a few more dollars at your college fund aren't

I?”

“To be honest Daddy, let's see how I do on scholarships.” I grinned. “I think

now I've got a real good reason to buckle down and work for what I want. I've

got a few years until I graduate and my grades aren't bad now, lets see what

they look like by the end of this year. But don't expect me to just study huh? I

want to have some fun too, isn't that what school is for, to develop a well

rounded personality?”

Mom and Dad both stared at me. And Aunt Rachel leaned over and hugged me,

grinning from ear to ear.

“Fuck Dr Stan, you are one perfect kid, there isn't one damn thing wrong with

you.”

“But Aunt Rachel,” I pulled back and looked at her as mock serious as I could,

“I thought you were the one who wanted to fuck Dr Stan, I really don't.”

Everyone was dead silent for a moment and then Aunt Rachel started to blush. Mom

and Dad howled with laughter and I giggled as I scampered out of the kitchen

before Aunt Rachel could retaliate. Scoring points on Aunt Rachel can be

dangerous to your health.

When I went upstairs, Laura and Deirdre were laying there, quietly talking but

they asked me what was so funny downstairs. So I had to tell them about my smart

crack to Aunt Rachel, that got them in a giggling mood and darned if we didn't

get talking about guys. It was neat, I found our what kind of guys Laura liked

and what kind of guys Deirdre liked and I had to admit that I liked most guys if

they weren't too pushy or self centered. Then I went off and had a quick shower

before going down and grabbing a couple of pieces of toast and bacon for

breakfast.

While I was munching on that, Deirdre and Laura came in the kitchen.

“What are you eating?” Deirdre asked.

“Toast with slathers of butter and some nice greasy bacon.” Laura told her, “She

eats like a horse, or maybe a pig.

“Oink, oink.” I grinned, not letting her get to me. “All this fat is so my tits

will get as big as yours and I can have guys drooling down my sweaters like you

do.”

“But it's not healthy and it'll make your butt get big.” Deirdre objected.

“Oh Bull, at our age, we can metabolise anything, besides, guys love fat butts.

Tell ya what, I know where there's a construction site, I'll bet if we all went

down there nude, Laura would get the most whistles of the three of us, if we

walked by one at a time.”

“Oh I don't know if I would, Deirdre has a model's figure.” Laura said.

“Yeah, but real guys like big tits and a fat ass.” I giggled. “Only dweebs on tv

and in the movies like skinny chicks, it's another marketing ploy that women buy

into. It sells more clothes and it sells weight loss programs and it sells

girdles and it sells all sorts of crap. I'm not buying in.” Then since I was

done the sandwich, I liked my fingers and then my lips. “Besides, I get to eat

real food. I like to taste what I eat.”

And then I decided I'd done almost enough on the propaganda routine.

“I'm going for a walk, and I'm going to get whistled at.” I giggled, jumping to

my feet.

“You're really going out - nude?” Deirdre gasped.

“Yep and I'm going to walk past the construction site too. I hope they work on

Saturdays. Want to come? I could wait a few minutes if you do.”

“You're totally nuts!” Laura giggled.

“Sure, but I'm going to have fun too.” I grinned.

Both of them just looked at each other and blushed, giggling like mad

“Look at you guys nipples.” I crowed. “You're turned on just at the suggestion

that guys might see you nude. What the hell are you going to do if you get into

the program, dribble down your legs as you walk down the hall?”

“SUSAN.” Deirdre squawked, totally mortified.

I just laughed and turned toward the door, but I'd hardly taken two steps and

Laura shouted.

“Hey, wait!”

I turned to her in total surprise. “You're coming with me?”

“I'll be damned if my little sister is going to get more whistles than me.” She

laughed but blushed bright red. “Come on Deirdre, let's show this little wench

what sort of whistles real women can draw.”

“Oh God no, what if one of Mom's or Dad's friends saw me.”

“They'd get to see a beautiful young woman.” I grinned. “Maybe if it was a guy,

he might even whistle.”

“What is all the noise out here?” Aunt Rachel said, coming in just then.

“Oops, don't tell her girls, or she'll want to come and then we'll be completely

sidetracked while she gets the mainline.” I laughed, knowing I could tease her

into coming along.

“Don't tell me what?”

“What we shouldn't tell you.” Laura giggled, catching on when I winked at her.

“What aren't they supposed to tell me Deirdre?”

“Oh I couldn't.” Deirdre blushed, really not wanting to say anything or be

involved in any way.

“Linda your girls are hiding something.” Aunt Rachel called back to Mom in the

other room.

“Probably a schoolboy crush.” Mom came in and winked at us girls, I grinned

back. “Now what is it girls, Rachel and I are trying to get ready for tomorrow

and we only have a couple of hours before Frank is back with the younger

children.”

“Oh I was going to go for a walk.” I sighed as if I were giving in to Mom's

superior power. “Laura was thinking of coming, but Deirdre was wimping out and

... well, if we take Aunt Rachel along, the boys will all look at her, not us.”

“What boys would that be?” Mom asked, I think she caught on that I wanted us to

go nude.

“Well, the other day I went past a construction site and the guys whistled at me

... I was kinda thinking of walking past it again, with these guys along.” I

almost whispered, like I were admitting something naughty.

“Ah, teasing the guys huh?” Aunt Rachel piped up. “You're right, I could get

into that today.”

“You could get into that any day.” Mom laughed. “The difference here is I think

Susan was thinking of going for a walk in the buff, weren't you Susan?”

“Sorta.” I admitted

“OHMIGOD, you're kidding right.” Aunt Rachel gasped. 'You were going for a walk

down the street and then past a construction site in the nude?“

“Why not.” I grinned. “It's fun.”

“You have to admit, it takes teasing the guys to a whole new level.” Mom snorted

at Aunt Rachel. “and I have to admit that even driving to Susan's school and

back in the nude the other day was ... well, exhilarating.”

“Oh sure, in the house or driving a car, but walking in the street? Bare? No way

you'd do that? Would you?” Aunt Rachel turned and stared at Mom.

“I don't know,” Mom grinned, “Remember, I walked into the school and met Susan's

principal and even Dr Stanley, and I was nude all that time.”

“She even got an offer to feel her up.” I giggled.

“WHAT?” Aunt Rachel was staring at Mom, like she was a stranger of some sort.

“The offer came from a boy, about a twelve year old I think.” Mom laughed

disparagingly.

“He was older than that Mom.” I giggled. “He had to be, just to be in our

school.”

“Oh ... my ... God.” Aunt Rachel still stared at her. “You wouldn't just walk

out on the street though... would you?”

“Why not?” Mom grinned and winked directly at me.

That did it, I didn't know for sure that she meant that she was coming with me,

but I was going for a walk ... right now. I headed for the door, and Mom sort of

chuckled and followed, then Laura gave a hoot and came along, giggling like mad.

I opened the door and looked back at Aunt Rachel and Deirdre. “Well ... are you

two coming or not?” I demanded.

There is something to be said for peer pressure, not all the time, but sometimes

it can be useful. They both came, blushing madly and complaining bitterly while

trying to hide behind their hands, but they came along. I felt comfortable and I

don't think Mom was too bad, but the others were all pretty tentative about the

whole thing.

“I think just around the block, Susan.” Mom whispered to me when we were far

enough in front of the others for them not to hear.

“Okay Mom.” I grinned and winked at her.

“Wait for us.” Laura squawked about then and came running to catch up, of course

the others had to run too or they would have been left alone.

I couldn't resist, I turned and whistled at them hurrying along. My whistle must

have been loud enough to make Mr Entwistle down the block look up from washing

his car. He just stared, the hose he was holding spraying out and into the

street.

“The car Johnny, the car, not the sidewalk.” Mom called, then blushed a bit when

she realised she'd actually been teasing him.

That set Aunt Rachel off and she started to giggle like a school girl. Both she

and Deirdre were blushing a lot, but I noticed they weren't trying to hide

themselves as much, even this soon. By the time we got to the end of the block,

people were coming out of their houses and the younger kids were hollering and

running ahead of us.

I was feeling good and I'd hurried a little bit ahead of the others, I don't

know why, just being a smart aleck I guess. I mean, I was outside in the fresh

air and the sunshine and it was a beautiful day and my Mom and my aunt and my

sister were there too and ... well whatever.

That's when another of my brilliant ideas turned to crap.

Jimmy Baker, a kid down the street that I'd kinda had a crush on for a year or

so, came riding home from delivering his papers and as he turned the corner on

his bike, he saw me and he stared. As usual, he was peddling like crazy and

going too fast. When he stared at me, he just naturally turned the way he was

staring and he hit the curb.

Oh man did he wipe out! The bike went one way and he went the other, he

literally flew, right over the sidewalk and onto the lawn of the house on the

corner. His body hit the ground like a ton of bricks and he actually skidded on

his belly on the grass. All of us stared for a few seconds and then I realised

it was my fault ... again. Once more I'd managed to hurt somebody I liked.

I just ran to him and I knelt down at his side. I didn't want to know if he was

hurt, but I had to ask.

“Jimmy, don't move for a second, but are you okay?”

“I'm fine.” He mumbled and then he looked at me and his face went bright red.

Aunt Rachel had come up to us by then and she knelt down too and Mom and the

girls were behind her and Jimmy's eyes went flicking at each of them for a

second and then he sort of moaned.

That did it, I hollered at one of the kids to run down to the Baker house and

get his Mom and then I turned back to Jimmy. I rested my hand on his neck and I

could feel his pulse was fast, but I didn't know what it should be and I wasn't

even wearing a wristwatch to check it if I did know anything.

“Don't you even move a finger.” I ordered him. “Did someone call the

paramedics?”

“I don't need them.” Jimmy protested and I could feel him tense, like he was

going to move.

“I told you to lay still.” I barked.

I don't know what I would have done if he had, but I could feel him sort of

relax again. I never will know I guess, cause his Mom came running up, dressed

in a house coat. I know she's a nurse, so when she bent down, I watched what she

did.

Jimmy's eyes flicked to her when she took his wrist in her hand and I could feel

him relax. She looked him right in the eye and he stared back, then she seemed

to relax a bit too.

“Jimmy, can you wiggle your fingers?”

A nod.

“Your toes?”

Another nod.

“Do you hurt anywhere?”

“My knee, but I think it's just a scrape.”

“I think your fine, but try rolling over slowly.”

“Do I have to.” And he blushed again.

“What, why don't you want to roll over?”

“I will ... if Susan will go away.”

I stared at him, really hurt, but I got up and moved away. I knew I was going to

cry and suddenly I had Mom's arm around my shoulder. Since his mom was there,

and all, I just started to walk toward our house and the rest of our family did

too. Mom had her arm around my shoulder and was guiding me because I was crying,

so we weren't walking very fast. We'd just made it to our place when Mrs Baker

called from behind us and Mom stopped.

“I wanted to tell Susan thank you.” Mrs Baker said “And I think she should know

that Jimmy is fine and he's certainly not angry with her in any way, he was just

embarrassed. He's very sorry he made her cry.”

“He was embarrassed, for what, for looking at me and losing his balance?” I

managed to say through my sniffles.

“Oh no dear, it's just that he's very shy and he ... well, he had a little

accident when you touched him.”

I stared at her, did she mean ...? Did he really let go and ...? Just because I

touched him? Just because I stroked his neck? I mean, I know that it could be

messy for guys but ..? Was that why he didn't want me near when he rolled over?

My mind was flipping through images at a hundred miles an hour. Oh my! That made

me blush just thinking of it and I broke right from tears into giggles.

Suddenly him falling down wasn't such a bad thing and suddenly the sunshine felt

good, but at the same time I wanted to be inside.

“Thank you for telling me Mrs Baker.” I squeaked and I ran past everyone else,

into the house, and straight upstairs to my room.

I just flopped on the bed and hugged myself. I'd made a guy come in his shorts,

just by touching him. And it was Jimmy Baker too. He was nice. I knew he was a

little older than me, but he was in the same grade as me in school. I just

didn't see him there much. I think he sort of hid and if he was shy, maybe that

was why.

That's when Laura and Deirdre came in and they actually started to tease me

about Jimmy and this time, I really didn't mind.

“I wish I could make a guy come in his pants.” Laura said in a stage whisper to

Deirdre.

“Yeah, maybe small tit's aren't so bad after all.” Deirdre giggled.

“The way she was kneeling down, I don't think it was her tits he was staring

at.” Laura laughed.

“Do you think she was winking at him? I couldn't see, not from where I stood.”

“If she was winking, it wasn't with her eyes.” Laura snickered

“I wonder if she'll teach me how to do that, if I ask real nice, or do you think

it's a special talent.”

That did it, both of them broke up and started giggling. And their teasing set

the tone for the rest of the day, they teased me, Mom teased me, Aunt Rachel

teased me, even Daddy teased me a bit. The smaller kids didn't know what was

going on, but they did their best to tease me too.

I did get some of my homework done that afternoon and the teasing slowly eased

off. Then just before six, when we were just finished eating, the doorbell rang.

Mom sent me to see who it was.

It was Jimmy Baker and I know he blushed, but I think I did too. Aw, who am I

trying to kid, I turned bright red and probably broke out in patches. I didn't

know what to say or if I should invite him in or what.

It didn't matter, he just shoved a small package and a little bouquet of flowers

at me and mumbled. “Mom insisted I should say I was sorry for making you cry.”

And then he pretty near ran out to the street and back home.

I didn't know what to do. I just closed the door, went upstairs, and sat on my

bed, staring at the flowers and the package. I was sitting there, probably

looking stupid, when Mom knocked on the edge of the open door and peeked around

the corner at me.

“Who was that?” She asked quietly.

“Jimmy Baker.” I mumbled, still staring at the things in my hands. “He said he

was sorry for making me cry.”

“Would you like a little vase for the flowers?” She asked, and I could hear the

smile in her voice.

I looked up at her and then I started to cry again, but it was happy tears this

time. A guy had brought me flowers. Okay, so he'd probably picked them out of

his Mom's garden, but they were flowers. And then I realised I hadn't even had a

chance to say thank you, he had run away too fast.

“I didn't say thank you.” I whimpered. “He ran away.”

“I think he's a very shy young fellow and you still aren't wearing any clothes.”

Mom smiled, “Just a second, I'll get you something for those flowers and we can

talk if you'd like.”

“Okay.”

When she came back, she took the little bouquet from me, put it in water, and

set it on the corner of the dresser, then sat down beside me on the bed.

“I'll bet you're the first girl he's ever really looked at who didn't have

clothes on.” She said quietly.

“But he goes to my school and the Program ...” I said just as quiet.

“Oh, I'll bet he's peeked at girls, just for an instant, and then looked away,

but those girls were naked, you're nude, to him there's a difference.”

“Huh?” I looked up at her not understanding.

“The girls at school, are they comfortable with having no clothes on?” She

asked. “I mean really comfortable, not just used to it, but going bare naked

because they like to do it?”

“Well, not most of them I guess.” I said after I thought a bit. “I mean we have

to ... at school.”

“Well, you sure look comfortable.” Mom smiled.

“Umm, I guess, I mean there are times when I feel a bit weird, but mostly I like

having no clothes on.”

“Well, that's the difference between being naked, and being nude, at least to

me. When we went out on the street, I felt naked, but here in the house, where

I'm comfortable, I'm nude.”

“You mean, I upset him because I was comfortable?” I asked in surprise.

“Perhaps, I don't know, you'd have to ask him.” She smiled at me.

“Ask him?” I squeaked, my voice going all funny on me.

“Unh huh.” She grinned. “I bet if you open that package, that it's got candy in

it, probably his favourite kind of candy and you did say he ran off before you

could say thank you. If it is candy, you could slip on a dress, so you don't

embarrass him so much, then you could walk down to his house, tell him thank

you, and offer to share the candy with him.”

“But I was going to go naked all week, Mom.”

“Isn't a nice new friend worth putting on a dress for? You don't have to wear

anything else, just a thin summer dress, just so you're covered.”

I giggled, but I started to open the package, and she was right, it was

chocolates. While I was trying to pick out a dress, Laura and Deirdre came in

and Mom told them I was going to tell Jimmy thank you for the flowers and

chocolates.

“She makes a guy fall off his bike and he brings her flowers ... and

chocolates?” Laura squawked. “Damn, what am I doing wrong? She's got half the

tits I've got and a quarter the curves and guys fall for her, while walking

right past me.”

Deirdre was giggling like crazy and Mom was chuckling, me, I was too busy

eliminating dresses as too long, or too short or too heavy or the wrong colour.

“What are you looking for?” Laura said, trying to sound exasperated but not

doing a good job.

Trying to find just the right dress.“ I grumped. ”I want to look pretty, not

tartish.“

“You like him, don't you?” She asked quietly.

“Well, yeah, sorta, maybe, I don't know yet.”

“So wear your green shorty top and the long yellow skirt. then only skin he'll

be able to see is around your belly button. Maybe you can learn to wink that.”

I grabbed them and spun so I could I stick out my tongue at her, then grinned to

show I didn't mean it.

As I skipped out the door a few minutes later Mom called. “Be home by eleven

Susan.”

Eleven? What was she thinking? It was hardly seven now.

Mrs Baker answered the door and I explained that I wanted to tell Jimmy thank

you, so she invited me in and then called Jimmy. When he came down from his room

and saw me he started to blush, which set me off too.

“We have to quit blushing every time we see each other you know, otherwise

people are going to think something is going on.” I quipped, and then wanted to

bit my tongue ... as usual. “I'm sorry, I just came down to say thank you for

the flowers and candy and I'd like to offer to share the candy with you.”

“Your welcome.” Jimmy grinned, still blushing, “But, you've got clothes on.”

“I thought maybe you wouldn't blush so much, but it doesn't help, does it?” I

giggled, knowing darn well that I was still blushing too.

“I think I memorised what you look like without the clothes.” He snorted, but

you know what, I could tell he was more comfortable.

“Would you like a candy? This real nice guy I barely met gave them to me and I

thought they might help me make a new friend.” I offered.

“Oh, you're smooth.” He grinned. “I guess if I'm around you, I don't have to

worry about pick-up lines, you've got 'em all.”

That stumped me, was I really being pushy? Then to my surprise, he lead me into

the living room, steered me to a seat on the sofa and offered to get me a cola,

all without even flinching. This guy wasn't really shy, at least not at home.

“Where did Mr Shy Guy go?” I grinned at him.

“Oh, I'm still here.” He blushed. “But Mom has coached me to be a good host so

many times that it comes automatically.”

That's when I realised she had disappeared. While he was getting the drinks, I

was left alone for a few seconds and I took the time to check to make sure my

skirt was on straight and not pulling up or something, then he was back. For a

few minutes we fell into an awkward silence, then I started to talk to him about

school and of course the Program came up.

He admitted that he was terrified of the idea that he would have to go through

it.

“When we moved here, I didn't know they did that to you.” He was blushing again.

“I don't know how I can. I think I'll just die.”

“Oh, it's not that bad.” I grinned. “I like being nude.”

“Yeah but you're gorgeous.” He whispered. “I'm sort of plain and I'm a guy, plus

I'm just plain scared.”

“You could always practice at home.” I grinned. “A week ago my mom would have

had a fit if anyone walked around the house naked, now she's declared the house

a nude zone for the weekend.”

“Then I'm glad I didn't stick around long enough for you to invite me in.” He

grinned. “Your Mom would have just kicked me back out again. There's no way I

would have let her talk me into taking off my shorts.”

“Well, it is our home, so we're comfortable. You could do it here, or would your

Mom mind?”

“Go naked in front of Mom?”

His voice did that funny squeak thing that boys voices do at times, just on the

word Mom though. I guess she heard that and nothing else, in just a few seconds

she appeared at the doorway.

“Did you call?” She asked.

“I didn't mean to, my voice went strange again.”

“I suggested that since he was so worried about the Program that he could

practice at home and he...”

“Shhhh ...” Jimmy shushed me, blushing again.

Mrs Baker appeared to be thinking and then she smiled.

“Susan, that might be a very good idea, but it would just get him used to seeing

me, and I'm not sure that would be enough. Besides, I'm not all that comfortable

with nudity myself.”

“I thought you were a nurse?”

“I am, and it's not other people's skin that bothers me, it's my own.” And

darned if she didn't blush too.

“A week ago, I might have agreed with you.” I smiled. “But you know what, right

now, even with just a skirt and a blouse on, I feel hot and sticky and sort of

confined. It's weird, I think it's the same for most of my family. And like I

said, it's only been a week.”

“You don't mind talking about not wearing underclothing?” She stared at me in

surprise.

“Unh uh.” I shrugged. “In fact I'm not looking forward to the week after next

when I have to wear panties.”

“You mean your monthlies.” She whispered and Jimmy's face flared bright red.

“Oh for cripes sake.” I said staring at him. “About fifty percent of the

population are women and women have periods once a month, why do people get all

upset by that.”

“Because guys don't have 'em.” Jimmy snorted, embarrassed but laughing. “And to

be honest, it's sorta weird to us and maybe we think of it as a bit dirty.”

“There's nothing dirty about it.” I growled. “Look, my body can make a baby, and

once a month it puts out a new egg, all ready for fertilization. If after a

while I haven't found that egg a daddy. It cleans house and starts over. what's

dirty about that?”

“But you bleed.” Jimmy said.

“Some, but how is that different than say ... a nose bleed or a scrape on the

knee?” I sighed. “The first time I have sex, I imagine I'll bleed a bit too and

from the same place, is that going to be dirty as well?”

'Oh my.“ Mrs Baker grinned at me. ”You're very frank aren't you?“

“Nope, that's my Daddy, his name is Frank and my Mom's name is Linda.” I

quipped, deciding it was time to change the subject. “Say, would you guys like

to come to a barbeque, we're having one tomorrow evening. I bet if I phone home,

Mom will say I can invite you.”

“Oh, I don't know, I would like to meet some of the neighbours and after meeting

you, your family does sound interesting, but ... what do you think Jimmy.”

“Unh uh Mom, didn't you hear? Her family are all nude this weekend and her Mom

has said everyone visiting has to be nude too. That would mean you ... and me

too” Jimmy protested.

Mrs Baker just stared at me.

“I was going to mention that.” I grinned. “It's just not darn fair, Jimmy got a

chance to see me without clothes, I want equal time.”

She broke into laughter. “My but you're single minded.” She chortled.

“Well, Jimmy had better realise that everyone in the whole school goes through

the program at least once, some more than that. Before we graduate, I'm going to

get to see as much as he did today.” I grinned.

“What if I transfer.” Jimmy demanded.

“If you do, the new rules say that puts you into the Program right away. They

insist that you do it before they will give you your grade transcripts.” I

grinned.

“Oh my.” Mrs Baker sighed, then looked deep in thought for a moment. “Susan, I

have what may be a silly question, but if I take off my clothing, will you take

yours off too.”

“Certainly, if Jimmy doesn't mind.”

“I mind.” Jimmy snapped, “Well, actually I don't mind if you've got your clothes

off, I like the way you look, it's just that I think Mom wants me naked too.”

“Okay, how about if everyone just takes off their tops.” I offered, flipping

mine off as I spoke.

Jimmy just stared at me for a minute and I heard Mrs Baker moving, but I just

looked at him.

“Shirt Buster.” I teased. “I want to see that manly chest.”

That got him laughing and he pealed off his shirt. He did look good. Oh he was

no Adonis, after all he was only fifteen, but throwing around bundles of

newspapers every morning must build muscles. When he moved, you could see them

flexing under his skin.

“Hubba, Hubba,” I teased, “And you are worried about getting naked. Good gosh

man, I wish my chest looked as good for a girl as yours does for a guy. Look,

hardly any boobies.” And I cupped them in my hands.

Man could that guy blush. I think he could start forest fires. I just watched

him for a minute and it was worth it. He looked really nice, really, really

nice! I could almost imagine getting a hug from a guy with muscles like that. I

took a deep breath.

“Okay, you can keep your undershorts on, but the blue jeans, the runners and the

socks gotta go, I'll trade you for my skirt.” I grinned. “If you can peddle a

bike as fast as you do, you gotta have great legs.”

I stood up to take my skirt off and I saw his eyes swing past me and over to his

Mom for a second, so I turned to look. Oh my was she in good shape. I hadn't

realised how good she would look without clothes. I was thinking of Dr Stan and

Aunt Rachel and I just realised that inviting these two to the barbeque might be

great for me, but what about for Aunt Rachel. Mrs Baker was stunning, even Aunt

Rachel didn't compare and she looked good.

“Wow, and you were worried about going to a nude barbeque?” I whispered to Mrs

Baker. “If you do come, do me a favour and don't stand in Daddy's line of vision

when he's cooking, huh? I like my burgers cooked right, not burnt from lack of

attention.”

I turned back to Jimmy and gasped. Then I just stared.

“Well, come on.” He said impatiently. “I want to see if you look as good as my

memory of you.”

My hands undid my skirt automatically, my eyes were glued to his body. He was

gorgeous. and when I dropped my skirt, he smiled.

I didn't have any smart cracks, I didn't have any quips. I don't know if I even

had a mind. I know I had a body. I could feel my nipples swell up and harden and

I could feel the warmth in my pussy. I swear I was wet in an instant. And he

still had his shorts on. It didn't matter, I could see the outline under them,

so they really didn't hide much anyway.

I don't remember much of the rest of the evening. I do remember phoning home and

asking Mom if I could invite them to the barbeque and then giving Mrs Baker the

phone. I know that while she was talking to Mom, Jimmy kissed me and I know I

did talk him out of his shorts, somehow. And I remember him walking me home and

kissing me goodnight on our doorstep just as the clock in the hall struck

eleven. But the rest of the night? I don't know where my mind was, on holiday I

guess.

Chapter 11 - Sunday

When I woke on Sunday, right away I knew I had slept in and I felt great. It

must have been almost ten in the morning and the house was quiet, I guessed that

meant everyone was off to church, but it also meant that I had no one

interfering with me in the bathroom so I had a long lazy shower, then I went

downstairs to find Daddy and Aunt Rachel sitting in the kitchen. As I grabbed a

cup of coffee, I got greeted with grins and good mornings.

“Where's everyone at.” I asked Daddy.

“Your Mother is being a shit disturber this morning.” He laughed softly. “She's

taken the whole crew to her church ... and all of them are nude.”

“And you didn't go?” I giggled as I grinned at him.

“Nope. your dad and I knew that if either of us went, the church elders would

think it was our idea.” Rachel chuckled. “Your mom did invite us to come and she

apologised for not waking you, but she said she thought you needed the extra

sleep.”

“I'd rather hear about it than be there.” I giggled. “Did Deirdre go along?”

“Nope, she popped home for a while, I don't know why, her parents won't be back

until Tuesday. She'll be back around lunch.”

“Oh, well are you going to be sleeping at home tonight Aunt Rachel? Deirdre's

been sleeping on the floor on that stupid air mattress and it must be

uncomfortable. I was thinking if you were going home, Deirdre could sleep in my

bed and I'd sleep in the spare bed in the 'chatterbox's' room.”

“You knew she talked in her sleep and you didn't warn me?” Aunt Rachel teased.

“If I'd known how bad she can get, I'd have brought ear plugs.”

“She does get noisy when she talks in her sleep doesn't she?.” I grinned. “But

you never answered my question, are you sleeping here tonight or going home?”

“I hope neither.” She grinned at me. “Since Dr Stan and I will be the only

single grownups at the party, I've got my hopes up.”

“Uh oh,” I sighed, “That's not exactly true. In order to talk Jimmy into coming

over I had to invite his mother too.”

“Omigod, Lily Baker is coming?” Daddy sat up a bit straighter.

“You see what I mean.” I smiled at Aunt Rachel. “I am sorry but she looks pretty

darn nice.”

“I knew it was too good to be true.” Aunt Rachel got that funny smile that told

me she was expecting her terrible luck with guys to continue.

“Will you quit being a pessimist.” I snapped. “For all I know she's a nun, she's

sure shy enough. Besides, she's a nurse and Dr Stan said something to Mom about

never getting involved with nurses, I think he said it was because they talked

shop too much.”

“Humph.” Was all the answer I got.

Since I was hungry, I cooked a hard fried egg with bacon and made a bagel

sandwich, then went out on the back deck to eat it. I was laying back on the

recliner when Laura came roaring out of the house to tell me about church.

I guess it was a real circus, the long and short of it was that although Mom

quoted chapter and verse from the Bible in her favour, the church elders

basically asked her never to come back unless she was fully dressed. So Mom told

them where they could stick their church in rather basic terms. I just grinned,

I'd been expecting that to happen.

Then I asked Laura about Deirdre being so thin and she almost blew a gasket. She

really liked Deirdre and she absolutely hated the way Deirdre's parents treated

her. She said that they nit-picked at Deirdre all the time and because they were

so overly fussy, Deirdre felt that she was fat and dumb, both of which were far

from the truth.

“You do know that after your little stunt yesterday with the bacon sandwich and

then how Jimmy reacted to top it off, she ate more last night than I've seen her

eat in ages. She actually had more than just a yogurt for breakfast too, she

actually had an egg and toast and two strips of bacon.”

“I guess maybe she's anorexic, is she bulimic too” I had to ask.

“What's bulimic?”

“Well, a person with bulimia eats and then goes to the bathroom to purge, they

usually force themselves to vomit or else they use laxatives.”

“Nope, I don't think she does that, but how do you know all this stuff?”

“I ask questions.” I sighed. “It's just a habit, I guess it's like noticing

stuff.”

“Huh, I supose that explains some of your grades, but you never seem to do much

homework.”

“I sure have been this week.” I grinned. “But then I haven't been doing much

school this week.”

“Yeah, I guess we shouldn't say much about that huh?”

“What do you mean?”

Well, I'm sorry, but it almost seems to me that every time we mention school,

you end up crying.“

“It's not that bad now, and it's getting better.” I smiled, then I sat up and

stretched. “But that reminds me, I still have some homework to catch up on.”

“Bentley's journal?”

“My journal, Bentley's assignment.”

“Deirdre and I think we should have editing privileges on that, you know. If I

know Old Man Bentley he'll read it in class or something.”

“Not a chance, I'm going to warn him that it's 'classified information' and that

if he reads it in class, my family might sue.” I grinned at her.

“You wouldn't dare.”

“Hah, just watch me. In fact I'm going upstairs right now and write down this

conversation so I don't forget.” I looked at her and smiled sort of hard, trying

to look like Mom does when she's got 'the bit in her teeth' as Dad puts it. “Can

you just imagine what Mom would do to him if she heard he'd read aloud to the

class about her being kicked out of church?”

Laura just grinned and snickered, shaking her head. “She'd eat him alive and

then sue him for his eye teeth.”

“You betcha.” I grinned back and stood, stretching. “Gotta go, I better get some

writing done, Jimmy wanted to go for a walk this afternoon before the barbeque.”

“So it is a date, already? For sure?”

I just stared at her for a second, feeling surprised. “Oh my gosh, I guess it is

a date of sorts, isn't it?”

“Yep, and I think he's a nice guy. Way to go Sis.” Then she stood up and hugged

me.

“Yeah, well wait until you see all of him.” I whispered, giggling in her ear

before pulling away and running inside.

Just thinking about the way he looked left me sort of tingly, and I hardly

slowed down on the way through the house and up to my room. I know I passed

Donny and Danny in the living room, but I never saw anyone else, or at least I

didn't notice them.

I spent an hour or so writing in my journal and reading more assignments, then

Mom sent Penny to call me down for lunch.

Lunch on Sunday at our house is fun. Mom cleans out all the leftovers in the

fridge and adds to it with easy to prepare foods and we have a 'smorgasbord' of

sorts. We all fill our plates with bits and pieces of whatever is there and we

sit around the living room instead of at the dining room table. Well, the

smaller kids usually sit at the table. Deirdre showed up just in time to join

the madhouse.

I watched as she was filling her plate, and darn it, it looked like she was

going to eat more than just salads and veggies for once. She actually had a

chicken wing, a bit of cheese and even a small piece of ham on her plate. I

caught Laura's eye, glanced at Deirdre's plate and then winked. Laura just

grinned and winked back.

It looked so nice outside that I took my plate out on the back deck to eat, then

Laura and Deirdre followed me out, and only a minute later Mom and Aunt Rachel

came out as well. Dad looked out, decided that we all had a great idea and

chased the twins and Penny outside too, so we were all out there.

“Huh, a girl tries to be a hermit and gets inundated by a crowd.” I teased

everyone with a big grin on my face.

“Now is that any way to treat your loving family.” Dad grinned back.

“Oh, I think I can live with it.” I laughed.

Talk revolved around the family and we just chatted while we ate. I brought up

my idea of sleeping in Penny's room that night so Deirdre could sleep in my bed

and got argued at by both Deirdre and Laura. It seemed that they thought that I

was trying to get out of talking about Jimmy. I'd temporarily forgotten that he

and I were going for a walk soon and I was suddenly wondering what I would wear

when Mom spoke up.

“That look on your face wouldn't be worry would it?” She asked.

“Well, Jimmy and I are going for a walk and I was thinking I'd have to put on

clothes again ...” I said quietly.

“And you were wondering what you could wear” both Laura and Deirdre spoke in a

duet, grinning like Cheshire cats.

“We thought that might happen after you told us about going for a walk last

night.” Laura smiled. “And I'd loan you something, but most of my clothes are

way too big ...”

“... so when I went home today, I brought back a couple of thin summer dresses

that are getting a bit short on me.” Deirdre smiled as well. “But I bet they'll

look great on you. So ... wanna try 'em on after lunch?”

Deirdre had brought two beautiful, light weight sun-dresses that fit me like

gloves. I couldn't get over how great they looked. I liked them both, but the

blue one almost matched the colour of my eyes, I absolutely loved it. When Jimmy

met me at the door, I think he liked it too, but he might have been a little bit

disappointed. I almost think he would have rather I had been nude when I came to

the door.

I teased him a bit as we walked to the park, telling him that all I was wearing

under it was me. I mean, I knew that he knew that, but still it was fun to see

him react. He blushed and ... well, he reacted, the way a guy is supposed to. I

liked being with him, he was fun in a quiet sort of way and I'll be honest, I

was impatient for the time to pass until we could go back to my house for the

barbeque.

In the park, Jimmy knew of places that I had never noticed, like there is this

huge stand of big rhododendron bushes and you can't see it from the outside, but

did you know that in the very middle of that stand of bushes there's an open

patch, where the ground is covered in thick moss. He kissed me there and we

played around a bit, but never got serious or anything. It was such a magic

little hideaway that even if we were going to my house to a barbeque and a sort

of a party where everyone would be nude, I really didn't want to leave when we

finally did have to go. I made him promise that we would come back there again,

and he agreed.

When we walked back past his house, we checked in and then asked his Mom to walk

to my house with us. She actually sighed when she saw I was in a sun-dress.

“I was thinking, that it was so close that I'd just go nude, but I think I might

have to get a lot bolder before I can do that.” She smiled at me.

“The difference is you'd cause accidents and I'd ... Oh wait a minute, even I

caused an accident, didn't I Jimmy.” I grinned at him.

I love it when he blushes, but he was grinning this time, so the blush didn't

last very long. He ran upstairs for just a moment and Mrs Baker told him to

hurry, then asked if I would mind waiting a moment and she disappeared too. It

only took a few seconds and she was back, slipping a sun-dress on as she came

out of her bedroom.

“I liked the idea of wearing something on the street, but this goes on and off

so easy.” She grinned. “And do you know what's funny, I'm actually looking

forward to this. I can't believe I am actually looking forward to being naked.”

I just laughed, but then Jimmy came down from his bedroom, all he was wearing

was a pair of Bermuda shorts and he had a shirt draped over his shoulder. I

couldn't help it, I swear, it just happened, I whistled. And he ruined it, he

didn't blush. I was astounded. Both he and his Mom thought the look of surprise

and disappointment on my face was funny.

Then we grabbed the bowl of potato salad Mrs Baker insisted on bringing to the

party and off we went. Just for fun, I rang the door bell at our house.

Mom greeted us. “Hi Lilly, Hi Jimmy, who's this trouble making scamp you brought

with you?”

We were all laughing as we stepped inside and Mom took the bowl of potato salad

and offered Mrs Baker a hanger for her dress. I whipped off my sun-dress as Mrs

Baker was taking hers off but Jimmy seemed to be holding back as if he were shy,

so I decided enough was enough. As soon as Mom and Mrs Baker's backs were

turned, I stepped in front of Jimmy, put my hands on his hips and dropped to my

knees.

“May I?” I whispered looking up a him.

His eyes stared at mine and they seemed so big ... I thought I saw the slightest

bit of a nod, and very carefully, so I didn't pull his shorts against any tender

piece of his anatomy, I slid his shorts down. My eyes just seemed to be glued to

an interesting place but when his shorts got to his feet, somehow we managed to

get them off without him falling.

I wanted to touch him so bad, but I settled for blowing on him gently, he

shuddered.

“Oh please, no, not now. Not here, not where someone might see.” He gasped.

“Is it that close.” I whispered, pulling back and standing up.

He nodded, I glanced around and then grabbed his hand and ran down hall to the

downstairs half bath. He tried to close the door on me, but I pushed inside with

him.

“Oh no you don't.” I grinned at him. “Kiss me.” I demanded.

Kissing him, when he was really primed like that, sent such a huge thrill

through my body that I could hardly believe it. The idea of snuggling when we

weren't wearing any clothes was just so delicious that I felt a shiver right

through me ... well, maybe part of the thrill was knowing that we were also

temporarily relieving the pressures he felt. A big wad of tp later and our

tummies were wiped clean enough to be presentable again.

I think both Mom and Mrs Baker noticed that it took a couple of extra minutes

for us to join the party, but no one else seemed to. Jimmy sort of hung back so

I did too, I saw Laura look at Jimmy, then do a double take and I winked as I

caught her eye, then I grinned and mouth the words 'Told ya so.'

She just nudged Deirdre and whispered something to her, but right at that

moment, I noticed Dr Stan and Aunt Rachel. He was relaxed back in the corner of

the couch and she was sitting almost sideways to him, she had one leg crossed

under her and was leaning his way. He was talking and she seemed to be hanging

on his every word. I also noticed that not all of Dr Stan was relaxed and I had

to grin.

Mom and Mrs Baker went out on the deck to join Dad and I turned to Jimmy. “I

think Mom and Dad like your Mom.”

“Everyone likes my Mom.” He smiled.

Penny chose that minute to come over and stare directly at Jimmy's dick, then

look up at his face.

“Hi Jimmy.” She said in her sweetest little girl voice and I expected her to

embarrass both Jimmy and I somehow. “I'm sure glad you didn't hurt yourself bad

the other day.”

That was it? The 'make everyone blush' kid couldn't be finished, but as soon as

Jimmy said “Hi”, darn if she didn't wander off, leaving us alone again.

“Let's go find out how long the burgers will be.” I suggested, grabbing Jimmy's

hand, trying to get him out of the house and into a more open space before we

were surrounded by my family.

Guess what, going outside was a mistake. That seemed to be the trigger, as soon

as we stepped out the door, Laura and Deirdre headed outside and directly for

us, then it was the twins, Mom wandered over, then Dad because he wanted to say

Hi to Jimmy and of course with Mom and Dad there, Mrs Baker was too.

Jimmy had gotten a little bit tense for a moment, but as soon as his Mom was on

his one side and I was on the other, I could feel him relax. In a few moments he

was smiling and talking like everyone else, I could feel my whole body relax

then, and I hadn't even realised I was tense. Since his Mom was right there, I

stepped back a bit and turned toward Laura, she grinned and used her head to

gesture away from the crowd so I followed her.

“Wow,” she grinned at me. “He's gorgeous. Who would'a thunk it.”

“Undresses real nice doesn't he?” I grinned.

“Is he always that big ... and that ... hard?”

“No.” I grinned even wider. “I think he was soft for about three seconds a

little while ago.”

She stared at me for a second and then her eyes got huge. I just winked and

headed back to be with Jimmy, knowing that her imagination was giving her a far

more outrageous idea than the truth would have. Actually in only a few minutes

Daddy had the burgers ready and we all filled a plate and found a place to sit

and eat. We even had a fancy desert, it turns out that Dr Stan can cook too, he

had brought a wonderful cream filled cake that everyone loved.

I'd watched and Deirdre had not only had a burger, but she even had a little

piece of Dr Stan's cake. It was when everyone was pretty well done their desert

that I walked over and stood behind and between Laura and Deirdre as they sat at

the picnic table, putting one hand on each one's shoulder.

“Hey everyone, I have an announcement.” I grinned as I spoke fairly loudly,

getting everyone's attention, then looking at first Laura and then Deirdre. “The

Program committee has asked me to warn these two that they are going to be in

the Program starting tomorrow morning.”

“Oh shit.” Laura mouthed quietly.

Deirdre just stared at me, open mouthed.

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And you know what Mr Bentley, I'm going to end the report there. The rest of the

evening didn't have one thing that had anything to do with the program and not

one more thing that I am going to tell you about either. If you want to hear any

more, why don't you ask Laura?

The End