**[Rose's Nude Day](http://nakedtimestories.blogspot.co.uk/2006/12/roses-nude-day.html)**

I walked into homeroom just as the morning bell rang.  
An odd sensation swept over me the moment I stepped through the doorway; I felt a draft over my whole body that made me shiver slightly. Suddenly I had the sinking feeling something was missing. I stopped dead in my tracks, and looked down nervously. My eyes followed the curves of my flesh down my 32B breasts, around my hard pink nipples, down past my tummy and all the way down to my bare toes. My fears were confirmed: I was completely naked.  
My mind raced. I had been dressed when I came to school, hadn't I? I couldn’t remember exactly, to be sure. I remembered getting dressed that morning, I think. Or did I? Well, I didn’t get undressed when I woke up this morning, unless I slept naked? Did I? I couldn’t remember any specific details as to whether I had ever been dressed today.  
One thing was for sure though, I was definitely naked now, and I didn’t know what to do about it. I just stood frozen in place near the classroom door, unsure of how to react. Finally, my homeroom teacher spoke up. “Rose, will you please sit down so I can take attendance?”  
I gulped, and moved towards my seat. I put my backpack on the ground next to me and sat down. The plastic desk chair felt cool against my naked butt, which was actually somewhat refreshing since it was a particularly hot and humid day. I looked around, waiting for someone to react to the fact that I was naked. But everyone was acting as if it was completely normal for me to be sitting in homeroom naked.  
In fact, through all of homeroom, almost no one said anything at all about my undressed state. The only comment I got was when Samantha, my best friend, turned and said, “I think you have the right idea Rose, in this weather I think you’re the only one here who's dressed right!”  
I blushed madly at the comment and counted the minutes until the bell rang signaling the end of homeroom. When it finally did I waited for everyone else to file out of the room. I stood at the exit to the classroom and took my first nervous step out into the hall. It was just as crowded as I expected it to be. A few people looked in my direction, but no one said anything. I quickly darted out into the crowd and nervously found my locker. I opened it, hoping I would find some clothes, but alas, it was devoid of anything I could use to cover myself.  
I sighed. I knew that there was no one at my house today; so there'd be no one to call to bring a set of clothes from there. It looked like I would have to go through the whole school day nude. I hung my head in defeat as I left my locker and moved on to my first period class, computer science.  
The computer lab was air conditioned. I immediately felt the wall of cool air all over my body as I opened the door to enter. It felt like the air itself was massaging my skin, a strange but pleasant sensation. The floor was chilly to my bare feet, but not unbearably so. My tiny pink nipples hardened, and the colder air made me feel more aware of my body overall, which while pleasant, just made me that much more self conscious. Red faced, I made my way to a computer terminal to do my work for the day.  
The class passed with no one remarking on my nudity, as did the following one. Third period I had gym. When I checked my gym locker I wasn’t surprised to find that I only had tube socks and sneakers. I put both on, and then went out to the gym floor while everyone else was still getting dressed. I felt awkward wearing just my socks and shoes and nothing else, that little bit of clothes just made me more aware of how naked the rest of me was.  
The coach came out while I was still the only one on the gym floor. “Ready for the track meet today Rose?” she asked.  
My cheeks flushed. I had forgotten all about that. Right after school I would have to get on the bus that would take the whole girl's track team, including me, to a meet three towns over. “Um,” I said to the coach. “I’m sorry, but I don’t know what happened to my uniform today.”  
The coach gave me a long hard look. I felt so embarrassed, the uniform was required for meets, and I was letting the team down by not having it. “It’s alright, we’ll work something out,” she said. “In any case, I think you should do some extra warm ups while everyone else gets dressed.”  
I just nodded, too embarrassed to speak. I stood up and began to do my stretches, as the rest of the class began to fill in from the locker room. I tried to put them out of my mind and went about doing my warm up exercises. I discovered that it was certainly easier and more comfortable to do my stretches nude, but I was also keenly aware of how exposed I was as I bent over and spread my legs in plain view of the class as they emerged from the locker room.  
The coach had us all spend the period running around the indoor track. When I started my jog I immediately noticed the difference running nude. Feeling the air flow over my entire body made me feel much cooler than usual. I was able to get into a rhythm much more quickly than usual, and felt much more relaxed as I ran, even though my breasts jiggled slightly with each step. I must have gotten into some kind of trance, as I was surprised when the coach called my name and pointed out that everyone else had already gone into the locker room. Luckily getting changed was a non-issue for me today, so I had no fear of being late for class.  
I stopped running and joined the rest of the class in the locker room, quickly removing my socks and sneakers once there. I was actually glad to be rid of them; it actually felt good to feel the floor on the bare soles of my feet again, and it just seemed silly to wear so little when the rest of me was so naked anyway. I quickly showered the sweat off of me and subsequently toweled off, then collected my back pack and waited for the bell to ring. Despite my late entrance to the locker room, there was still several minutes left until the end of the period; not having to get changed was a real time saver.  
The next class was math, which was uneventful and boring; not even being naked could breathe any life into that. Lunch came next. I sat with my friends, and as always. As I feared, the discussion turned to my naked state.  
“So why’d you come to school naked today Rose?” my friend Michelle asked.  
“I didn’t. I mean I guess I did, but I don’t know what happened to my clothes,” I answered, half speaking and half muttering, unable to speak clearly through my embarrassment.  
“Yeah, right,” Fleur, another friend of mine, commented. “You like being naked don’t you?”  
“No!” I said reflexively, and then felt my face turn beet red. I knew that wasn’t how I felt. “Well, it’s not as bad as I thought… it’s kinda nice I guess. But – “  
“And who could blame her in this heat?” Samantha cut in, defending me. I smiled, it was great to have a friend like her. “I think it’s very cool that Rose is brave enough to do this.”  
I blushed some more, but that put an end to the line of conversation. Lunch passed without further incident, unless you count the meatball I dropped on myself. However, having no shirt on to stain, it was hardly noticed. I just picked in up and wiped my skin with a napkin.  
In the next period my English teacher added to my embarrassment by using me to exemplify Robert Graves' The Naked and the Nude. She had me standing in front of the class reading the poem out loud. I felt awkward at first with all eyes on me, but then I grew accustomed for it, and even enjoyed performing the monologues for the class. Still, I was glad when it was finally over; I knew I wasn’t much of an actor.  
The rest of the day went by in a breeze. Three more dull periods and the last bell rang. I felt relieved, and was glad to gather my things and head out of the building. I stepped out of the front door and was amazed by the sudden sensation I was feeling. The hot sunlight bathing my entire body made me tingle with delight. The tiny breeze on this humid day seemed to cool my entire body. I stepped out a little further and onto the grass (the concrete was too hot for my sensitive feet) and I was amazed at the contrast between the cool soft grass and the hot humid air on my skin. I just closed my eyes and spent a moment taking it all in and forgetting my embarassment. I imagine I must have looked pretty silly there, a naked girl in front of his school with his eyes closed and smiling, but I didn’t care. It was one of the most unique and wonderful sensations I’d ever known.  
I eventually drifted back to reality and sought out the coach. I wanted to ask if there was enough time for me to run home and get something to wear before the bus left, since the other girls still had to get changed anyway. When I found her though, I never even got a chance to ask my question.  
“Rose, there you are. I think I found an answer to your dilemma. According to the meet rules, you’re only required to be wearing your number when you run. It doesn’t say on what. So I ran out during my free period and bought you this.” She tossed me a something which I caught in the air. I examined it, and read the label. It was a jar of body paint. I looked at him, unsure of what to do with it.  
“Stand still, and I’ll write your number on your back with the paint,” she explained.  
I didn’t know what to say, so I silently complied. A few minutes later I had rinsed off under the shower and toweled myself dry, and the coach was writing the number five on my back. The paint felt cold against my skin, but once it settled I didn’t feel anything there. I was just as naked as I had been all day.  
I sat in the back of the bus on the way there, dreading what was about to happen. At least my school was all girls; the one we'd be competing against was co-ed. Plus I was sure the stands would be filled with onlookers from both schools. Of all the days to come to school naked... I kept thinking to myself.  
The bus ride was short, and before I knew it I was stepping out into the parking lot and followed the rest of my team out onto the field. I looked at the stands, but I couldn’t make out much because the sun was also in that direction. All I knew was that there were a great many people sitting there, and they didn’t have the sun in their eyes as they looked back at me.  
I sighed, and began to do my stretches, trying not to think of the display I was giving. On the bright side, it felt really good to do them outdoors. The warm sun on my skin was invigorating, and it was easy to forget where I was.  
Of course, I couldn't forget for too long, because the track meet had to start sometime. My event was the mile run, which wouldn’t be until the end. My school's track team was actually doing pretty well this morning, so I felt some pressure to maintain our good record. So needless to say I was getting nervous as my event approached - I was worried that running naked would make me blow it somehow. I looked enviously at all the other students around in their uniforms, and cursed myself for getting into this situation.  
Finally I heard my name called to take my starting position. I tested the track with my bare feet. It was a faded brown, so it wasn’t too hot on my soles. I decided to run barefoot rather than put my sneakers on, because they had felt awkward running in earlier, and besides, it just made a kind of sense that I should be running totally nude.  
The starting pistol shot off, and I began my run. Once again I was struck by the sensation of the wind moving unobstructed over my body. The sun's energy fueled me, and before I knew it I was in a rhythm, moving faster than I ever had before. It felt so good that I ran an extra hundred yards passed the finish line before I realized I had won.  
I was invigorated when I finally turned to look at the cheering crowd. They were still mostly a dark blur since the sun was still low in the horizon, but I turned and waved anyway, arousing more cheers. My teammates came and dumped what remained of the ice water cooler over my head, which made me scream - but once the shock wore off I had to admit even that felt good.  
I was still glowing from my victory as we got ready to board the bus to take me home, when I heard a voice call out my name.  
"Rose!" Samantha yelled before I got on the bus.  
I turned and looked at her. “Samantha! I didn’t know you were here.”  
She smiled. “Well I am. I saw you win that race, you were fantastic.”  
I blushed, for the first time today not because I was naked. “Thank you,” I said meekly.  
We both stood there awkwardly for a moment. Then I heard the coach ask if I was coming. Samantha mentioned she was walking home, and before I knew it the bus was pulling away without me. I guess it would be a little longer than I had hoped before I could go home and put some clothes on.  
Samantha and I were alone in the parking lot. She looked nervous about something, but I had no idea what. Finally she said, “A beautiful day like today, I should have done this from the start, but I don’t have the guts that you do Rose.”  
I was honestly confused until she took her shirt off, then I watched as she removed her shoes, socks, shorts and underwear. She took a moment to stretch and absorb all the new sensations then looked me in the eye again. “That feels better, shall we go?” she asked me, taking my hand.  
We walked slowly the four miles back home. Along the way she asked me all sorts of questions, and I did my best to relate my experiences of the day to her. She wanted to know how it felt, what it was like, and what difference it made to be naked all day. I gladly answered all her questions, and surprised myself when I realized that despite feeling embarrassed much of the day. I had nothing negative to say about the experience. We shared a lot on that walk home, enough to fill a story in of itself.  
Finally we reached the front of my house. Neither of us wanted it to end. I just kind of turned and headed inside, but then Samantha yelled to me when I was halfway down the front walk. “Hey, wait,” she said. I turned and waited to see what she wanted. “Um, do you want to come to my house? We could work on math together.”  
I stopped and considered. I looked at my house, my room with my privacy and my clothes, and then I looked at Samantha, every bit as naked as I was. I made the only decision that seemed to make sense.  
I could go a little longer without clothes, after all.