**Samantha's Story**

by Kelsey

Actually,” said Madison to the assembled (mostly) naked students in the university hall of residence, “Samantha’s story is interesting too, since she was a convert to naturism. She only joined the school in the sixth form. Sam, why don’t you tell them about it yourself?”  
  
The pretty, brown haired student next to Madison reflected for a while before answering. She remembered having to tell the story of her discovery of naturism when she first interviewed at the school, how she felt and what she said.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Some two years earlier, sixteen-year-old Samantha sat nervously with her parents, who were equally apprehensive, on the sofa outside Miss Mattingly’s office. They tried not to stare at the plump, grey-haired secretary who kept getting up from her typing to file things. Every time she did, they tried not to pay attention to the parts of her body that they weren’t accustomed to seeing. Samantha’s father couldn’t help noticing her deeply tanned, sagging breasts and buttocks and worrying about what his daughter was getting herself into. ‘Will she want to run around looking like that when she’s that age?’ he wondered. He couldn’t imagine his beautiful young daughter ever looking like that, but then not that long ago he wouldn’t ever have imagined being where they were at that moment.  
  
The office door opened and a striking and surprisingly young-looking woman came out to greet them.  
  
“Welcome to Mattingly’s Academy for Girls, Mr and Mrs Watkins, Miss Watkins. I’m Miss Mattingly, the assistant head. Won’t you come in?” she said.  
  
The Watkins family looked surprised, not that the woman was naked, but that she was so young.  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Mrs Watkins. “I didn’t mean to look so shocked. It’s just that we expected you to be much older. I mean, hasn’t this school been around for a very long time?”  
  
“You must be thinking of my great-aunt who founded the school – also Miss Mattingly. A lot of people make that mistake. Sadly, Aunt Agnes is no longer with us, but I’m proud to uphold the family tradition. Please take a seat. Miss Watkins, you may first wish to undress.”  
  
“What? I didn’t know …” sputtered a startled Samantha.  
  
“Miss Watkins,” interrupted Miss Mattingly, “you are applying to come to a naturist school. Your marks and exam results are certainly impressive, but it is important for you to be naked for your interview and tour of the school. If you are not used to the sort of nudity that will be required if you join us, it is important for both me and you to assess whether you will fit in. This school is not for everyone.”  
  
“I understand, but in front of my parents –”  
  
“My dear, your parents are the last people in the world you should be embarrassed to be naked in front of. For many of our girls, naturism started at home and was the most natural thing in the world. Those who, like you, came to it later very quickly learned not to be embarrassed at home or indeed in front of anyone. That is very much in keeping with the philosophy of the school. Of course, if you are having second thoughts …”  
  
“No! I’ve made up my mind. I just … I just didn’t realise it would start so soon,” said Samantha.  
  
“It is best to start before you come to the school, and if you are to join us next year, I strongly recommend you spend as much time naked at home this summer as you can.”  
  
“Excuse me,” said Samantha’s mother, “but we aren’t expected to undress now too, are we?”  
  
“The school policy is that visiting parents and other family – do you have any siblings?” said Miss Mattingly, turning to Samantha.  
  
“Yes. A sister two years older and a brother a year younger,” answered Samantha.  
  
“Right,” continued Miss Mattingly, returning to Mr and Mrs Watkins. “So when you or your other children visit the school, you are not required to be naked, though of course you are more than welcome to be so. I would strongly recommend you try being naked at home to support your daughter, so she isn’t the only one – though of course it is fine if she is.”  
  
“Thanks,” said Samantha’s father, “but I don’t think our other children would be ready for that.”  
  
“You might be surprised. The positive effects on many of our girls from non-naturist families have inspired a number to become naturists themselves, and even siblings who choose not to participate have been very supportive. Anyway, Miss Watkins, you can put your clothes over there,” said Miss Mattingly, indicating a clothes rack and table in the corner.  
  
Samantha stood and began nervously unbuttoning her blouse. She did not mind her parents seeing her in her bra, as that happened occasionally at home, but she worried about what would come after. She removed and folded her blouse neatly and laid it on the table. Still facing it with her back to the others, she reached back and unhooked her bra and slipped it off. Then, she steeled herself and turned around.  
  
Mr Watkins tried not to react at seeing his daughter’s mature breasts for the first time. He knew of course that she had filled out, but somehow they seemed larger when he saw them uncovered. He looked nervously down to his lap.  
  
Samantha realised she had to kneel down to take off her shoes before she could remove her jeans. She knelt on one knee at a time, trying not to notice her breasts brushing against each raised knee in turn and hoping her parents weren’t watching closely either. Her shoes off, she stood and unzipped her jeans. Then, after only a momentary hesitation, she pulled them down and off, placing them on the table on top of her blouse. As she stood in only her knickers, she tried to remind herself that they were no more revealing than her bikini. ‘But what difference does that make?’ she thought. ‘I’m about to take them off as well.’  
  
Determined to be brave – she was as nervous about appearing too hesitant to Miss Mattingly as she was about undressing in front of her parents – she did not turn away to remove them. Facing the others, she hooked her thumbs into her waistband and swiftly pulled them down and off, placing them with her bra under her other clothes. Though it seemed slightly absurd in the circumstances, she didn’t want to leave her underwear in plain view.  
  
Samantha’s parents looked at their daughter naked for the first time in many years. What struck them both immediately was the tiny, neatly trimmed triangular landing strip they had no idea she had. Samantha could tell where they were looking and why.  
  
“Oh, that. It’s for my bikini,” she said.  
  
“Well you won’t have to worry about that while you’re here,” said Miss Mattingly. “You are welcome to groom yourself as long or as short as you wish. Many girls depilate completely. But we have a strict rule that no piercings are allowed.” Miss Mattingly’s own pubic hair looked natural, with only a little tidying trimming.  
  
Samantha wondered why she mentioned piercings in the context of her pubic hair, but then the penny dropped. She blushed.  
  
Her mother asked, “Are earrings allowed? Samantha has only recently had her ears pierced and it seems a shame to let them close over again so soon.”  
  
“Yes, of course. One set of discreet earrings is allowed. We try to discourage any other jewellery, though girls who wish to wear crosses or other religious symbols are of course permitted to do so. Please have a seat, Miss Watkins. And well done if this was your first time undressing in public.”  
  
“Um, my second,” said Samantha, sitting down between her parents. Unconsciously, she slumped her shoulders, as if she wanted to make herself smaller.  
  
Miss Mattingly noticed that Samantha’s parents looked surprised at her last statement. She didn’t want to put Samantha on the spot, but she was concerned about Samantha’s body language and felt it was important to inquire. She also wanted to send a signal to all three that there was nothing to be ashamed about.  
  
“Was the other time part of your discovery of naturism?” she asked.  
  
“Yes – it’s how I first got interested,” said Samantha.  
  
“Good. Why don’t you tell me about it?”  
  
“Well, over the Easter holidays we visited some friends of my parents in California. They have a son my sister’s age, and we hung out together a lot while the parents did other things. One day, it was really warm and sunny and we all decided to go to the beach. There’s a beautiful beach north of San Francisco near where they live, so our friends’ son, Tommy, drove us there – all except my brother, who said he had a cold, but I think he just wanted to play video games.”

**Samantha's Story -- part 2**

Mr and Mrs Watkins looked at each other, not realising their son had been left alone all day, but reckoning he was old enough. They also suspected their daughter was right about the video games.  
  
“So anyway,” Samantha continued, “it was me, my sister Amy Tommy, and two friends of his, Mark and Bridget. We got some food and games and headed to the beach. After we’d been there a while, Amy said how cool it was to be on the beach in April and how remarkably tanned everyone else was. Tommy said if we wanted to see tans, we should see the nude beach around the rocks.  
  
“Amy and I were amazed. We’d never heard about nude beaches. The others all knew about this one, of course, living so close, but none of them had ever visited it. Amy said … oh, I don’t want to get her in trouble.”  
  
“There’s nothing to be ashamed about, Miss Watkins,” said Miss Mattingly. And if your parents don’t see that already, I hope they soon will. What did your sister say?”  
  
“She said she really wanted to see it. Tommy said he’d always wanted to go but never had the guts, and Mark said the same. Bridget said it sounded disgusting.”  
  
“And what did you think?” asked Miss Mattingly.  
  
“I was curious. I didn’t really know what to think, as I’d never heard of such a thing. I guess I couldn’t believe it, so I wanted to see if it was true. So Bridget was outvoted, and Tommy led the way. He’d heard about where it was and knew you could get to it either from a car park back along the road a mile away up a big hill and then down a long trail, or you could get to it around some big rocks from where we were. Naturally, we chose the closer way, but we didn’t realise how tricky it was.  
  
“We had to wade out into the surf to get around a big rocky outcropping. It was scary when a wave came in, but they weren’t that big and it wasn’t that deep, so I guess it was OK. That led to a tiny, rocky cove. Then there was another outcropping, but it went out way too far and had too many sharp rocks nearby to get around it safely through the water. Tommy had heard that you had to climb over the outcropping to the other side. That was really difficult in our flip-flops, but once we got away from the rocks at the bottom, it was just dirt so we could take them off.  
  
“When we got to the top of the outcropping, we looked down to see the beach. I couldn’t believe it. It was way smaller than the other breach, but it was way more crowded. The sand seemed almost covered with people, and they were nearly all naked! Tommy said this was the place, as if we couldn’t all tell, and led us down.  
  
“When we got to the beach below, the only place we could walk was on the sand by the water. Further inland, it was too full of people, though there were also lots of people going back and forth to the water where we were too. It felt as if we were surrounded by naked people.”  
  
“And how did you feel then?” asked Miss Mattingly.  
  
“I was really curious, but even more embarrassed,” said Samantha. “I couldn’t look at them.”  
  
“And how did the others react?”  
  
“Tommy just had this big grin, and just like that he took of his board shorts. He looked really funny, with a tan from the waist up and the knees down, but all white in between. I couldn’t believe it. I’d never seen a boy’s penis before … I mean … of course, girls don’t have penises, so … so … .” Samantha stopped, flustered.  
  
“It’s all right, dear,” reassured Miss Mattingly. “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. Go on. What about the others?”  
  
“Well, Mark just smirked and Bridget said it was disgusting again. And Amy … oh dear, she made me promise not to tell my parents,” said Samantha, looking back and forth at them uncomfortably.  
  
“It’s all right,” said her mother. “I don’t think under the circumstances that you need to worry about that. We promise that neither you nor she will be in trouble.”  
  
“OK. So Amy just looked at me and told me not to say anything, and then she took her top off.”  
  
Samantha’s parents were relieved that’s all it was. Mrs Watkins had even gone topless once on a beach in the south of France, so they couldn’t begrudge their eighteen-year-old daughter the same right to try it once. They were both a little uneasy, though, to hear that Tommy was naked.  
  
“And the others?” asked Miss Mattingly.  
  
“They kept their swimsuits on. So did I. I was wearing my one-piece – you know, Mum, the one with the small flower print – so I didn’t have a top to take off.”  
  
“Did you want to?” asked the assistant head.  
  
“I don’t think so – it was all still so new. I was still reeling from seeing my sister do it. But she and Tommy seemed cool about it. They laughed and then ran in for a swim. We all followed, I guess not wanting to be left there the only ones dressed on a nude beach. We swam for ten minutes then came out. Amy was really cold, and we’d left our towels on the other beach. She actually went up to some people lying down and asked if they had a towel she could borrow to dry off. They were really friendly and cool about it and said ‘sure.’ I don’t think I’ve ever seen that on a normal beach.”  
  
“We use the term ‘textile’ rather than ‘normal’” explained Miss Mattingly.  
  
“Oh, yes, I’ve read that. Sorry. I didn’t mean to imply –”  
  
“It’s all right. Continue.”  
  
“So it turns out everyone else on the beach was really friendly too. I don’t know if it was because they were all packed so close that they had to interact, or because they were naked, or both, but anyway, Amy and Tommy were soon chatting with lots of different people – some lying down, some going in our out of the water.”  
  
“And what about the rest of you?”  
  
“Mark and Bridget stuck together away from Amy and Tommy and all the nudes. I stayed with Amy. I was really curious to hear what they were talking about. I was too shy to say anything myself, though.”  
  
“You don’t strike me as a shy young lady,” said Miss Mattingly.  
  
“No, I’m not usually. It wasn’t talking to strangers I was shy about. It was because they were all naked and I was not.”  
  
“Were you embarrassed by them?”  
  
Samantha thought a moment. “No. I wasn’t embarrassed about them, I was embarrassed about myself. I felt really weird being the only one dressed. I wondered what they thought of that and of me. At least Tommy was naked and Amy was topless. I thought maybe that’s why Mark and Bridget were uneasy too. After a while, though, Mark came over and said they were continuing round the next set of rocks and they left us.  
  
“We must have spent at least half an hour meeting people, and going in for another quick swim – I couldn’t believe how cold the water was, but this time Amy didn’t borrow a towel. She and Tommy just dried off in the sun. Anyway, we realised we hadn’t seen Mark and Bridget for a while, so we went looking for them.  
  
“We found them on the other side of the rocks. It was still sandy there, but the space was too small and cut off from the water to use for a beach, so there was no one else there. We could see the long trail that led up to the road. It looked really long and steep, but Bridget said she wanted to go back that way rather than back across the nude beach. Tommy tried to tell her it was too far, and the road back to the beach wasn’t safe to walk on, but she went up the short stairs at the bottom of the trail and stood there, almost out of sight. Mark went to join her.  
  
“Not only did Tommy and Amy not want to walk that way, they didn’t want to leave at all yet. They wanted to go back to the crowded beach. They’d left Tommy’s board shorts and Amy’s top there anyway, but Bridget couldn’t be persuaded to come down.”  
  
“And did you want to stay?” asked Miss Mattingly.  
  
“Yes, and not only that. I wanted to be like Amy, but I couldn’t be in my one piece. But then, this older guy came around the rocks and talked to us.”  
  
“What do you mean?” asked her father. “How much older? Was he naked?”  
  
“Oh, I don’t mean old. I mean he was maybe in his twenties. And yes, of course he was naked. Anyway, it wasn’t like he was bothering us. He was just on his way to the trail. He stopped to ask if we were enjoying ourselves, and we said yes. He noticed Tommy’s and Amy’s tan lines and asked if it was our first time. We said it was, and he was really encouraging. He said we should make the most of it while we had the chance. I assumed he meant by undressing, so I explained that I wanted to go topless but couldn’t because of my one-piece.

**Samantha's Story -- part 3**

“He told me that was no problem – I could just roll the top part down to my waist. I’d never seen that and worried it wold look silly. He said there was no reason to worry about that – no one would mind what I wore or how. So I did it.” Samantha looked again at her parents before continuing. “I rolled down my top. Amy and Tommy applauded, I mean in a quiet, encouraging way.”  
  
“And how did that feel?” asked Miss Mattingly.  
  
“It was great. In fact, I didn’t want to stop rolling when I got to my waist, but …”  
  
“But what?”  
  
“But Amy was still only topless, and I suddenly felt funny about showing my vagina.”  
  
“Your vulva, dear. Your vagina is inside you, so you would not have shown that at all.”  
  
“Yes, I know that, but somehow that seems … and everyone says …” said Samantha, slightly flustered again.  
  
“It’s true that not ‘everyone’ but many people use a lot of euphemisms and incorrect terms for things they think are embarrassing. Here at Mattingly’s we are not coy or circumspect or embarrassed about discussing any part of the body.”  
  
“I understand. My vulva. I was nervous about showing my vulva. God, I never thought I would be talking about my vulva in front of my parents, let alone letting them see it!” said Samantha.  
  
“A vulva is a beautiful thing, Miss Watkins. With the exception of Caesarean births, we all entered this world through one, and before that, with the exception of artificial insemination, we all entered the womb though one. I dare say few enough people meet both exceptions, so very nearly everyone on Earth has passed through one in one way or the other. The vulva, and here it is correct to speak more specifically of the vagina, is truly, as in the title of the famous painting by Gustave Courbet, ‘l’Origine du Monde” – the origin of the world. You should never be ashamed to have a vulva or to talk about it. You should cherish it. Likewise, breasts give sustenance to new-born life. These parts of a woman’s body are the most deeply and beautifully significant things she can ever show. She should never be too shy to do so just because of some outmoded, paranoid shame imposed on her by an unenlightened society.”  
  
Samantha and her parents were uncomfortable at the frankness of Miss Mattingly’s words and the passion with which she spoke them. They could not disagree with the sense of what she said, though, and they realised this view was something they would all have to accept if Samantha went to the school.  
  
“I will remember that,” Samantha continued. “But speaking of how I felt there on the beach, I was suddenly shy. I didn’t know Tommy all that well, and this older – I mean, this guy in his twenties, I didn’t know him at all. So I just enjoyed being topless for the moment. And everyone was really supportive. No one was really looking, but no one was looking away either. We just talked naturally and without embarrassment. It was so cool!”  
  
“That’s good,” said Miss Mattingly. “I’m glad you felt that way. But what happened next?”  
  
“So the guy said good-bye and wished us a happy rest of our visit, and he started up the trail. As we looked up after him …” – here Samantha paused remembering how she thought at the time what a cute behind he had – “… we looked after him and could see the top half of Bridget and Mark waiting up above. The guy said hello to them, but poor Bridget nearly fell over backwards. It was the first time all day she had actually been confronted by a naked man up close. He looked surprised – I mean, who expects someone to be surprised by a naked man at a nude beach? So he just kept on walking. He soon disappeared, and we could only see the trail again much further up the hill.  
  
“After that, Mark and Bridget came down and joined us. I guess they were worried about meeting more naked people on the trail, even though there was a sign saying ‘no nudity past this point.’ Anyway, they joined us and asked what we were going to do. They wanted us to get dressed and leave, so I guess they were pretty annoyed by what I did.”  
  
“And what was that?” asked Miss Mattingly, and she and Samantha’s parents watched and waited for her answer.  
  
“I rolled my one-piece the rest of the way off. That really freaked Bridget out. Amy’s breasts and Tommy’s penis were one thing, though she didn’t even approve of that, but I guess when another girl showed her … vulva, it was too much. I think she was afraid we would all get naked and make her strip as well. Then …” Samantha paused again.  
  
“Yes,” encouraged Miss Mattingly.  
  
“Then Amy took her bikini bottom off as well. Suddenly, there were three of us completely naked. Bridget really started to look panicked. We assured her, though, that no one would make her do anything she didn’t want to do. She said, ‘What about coming to this beach? I didn’t want to do that.’ We all thought about that, but Tommy said we hadn’t actually made her join us, and we wouldn’t make her go back to the crowded beach with us, but that’s where the rest of us were going.  
  
“We all stood there waiting for her decision. As we were waiting, we saw the guy from the beach re-emerge on the trail. He turned and waved to us. I guess he didn’t see the sign, or pay attention to it, because I could see that he was still naked from his …” Samantha paused a moment, but she did want Miss Mattingly to have to warn her about being coy again, so she continued. “… from his dark patch of pubic hair. He must have been able to see ours too and tell that Amy and I were now naked. He gave us what I assumed was a thumbs up, though it was a bit hard to see from so far away.  
  
“After that, Bridget said she would stay where she was until it was time to leave, and she asked Mark to stay with her. Tommy told them to suit themselves – I guess maybe that was an unintended pun – and we all went back to the beach.”  
  
“And how did it feel being naked on the beach for the first time?” asked Miss Mattingly.  
  
“It was a bit nerve-wracking at first. I mean, it was hard enough to get naked just in front of my sister and Tommy. But there were maybe a couple hundred people on the beach, and so crowded together you couldn’t possibly find a private little corner. I decided just to go with it, and after a few minutes it felt really natural. I didn’t think about being naked at all.”  
  
“That is the reaction of most people,” said Miss Mattingly.  
  
“Maybe, but not all. Amy kept saying she was embarrassed, and she couldn’t stop talking about what everybody could see.”  
  
“So did she put her costume back on?” asked Miss Mattingly. Mr and Mrs Watkins were particularly interested to hear the answer, wondering if they would have not one but two naturist daughters to deal with.   
  
“No. I think she really wanted to, at least at first, but after the showdown with Bridget, I think she worried what Tommy might think. It was almost like a dare she didn’t want to lose.”  
  
Samantha saw her parents exchange a concerned look at this description, and she worried she might have neglected to make it clear how much she admired her sister.  
  
“Actually, I think what Amy did was much braver than what I did. She was really, really conscious of being seen naked, but she went through with it and stuck with it anyway. For me, it was really no big deal. I just felt natural. I think that’s probably when I first realised I was drawn to something – though I didn’t know then it was called ‘naturism.’”  
  
“And when did you learn about that?” asked Miss Mattingly.  
  
“Actually, it was not long after that. But first we went in for another swim. It felt so good swimming naked.” Miss Mattingly gave a knowing smile. “And Amy said the same thing, as it was her first time without her bottoms on. I think she warmed up to the skinny-sipping part more easily than the beach lounging part. While we were in the water, I asked why she was so shy all of a sudden, when she had been so outgoing before. She said topless was different. Showing herself ‘down there’ (her words, not mine) was only meant to be for … sex.”  
  
“Oh my,” said Miss Mattingly. “How wrong she was.”  
  
“So anyway, I asked her why she didn’t mind being naked earlier with Tommy then. She just gave me a funny look. Oh dear! I hope I haven’t said too much again!”  
  
“It’s OK. Please continue.”

**Samantha's Story -- part 4**

“When we came out, she wanted to lie down rather than walk around naked. The thing is, we didn’t have our towels with us. Amy still wanted to lie down just in the sand, so we found a spot almost big enough for the three of us. Amy lay on her front, but Tommy and I didn’t mind lying on our backs on either side of her. We lay that way a while, until Tommy warned us about getting too much sun on one side. He and I turned onto our fronts. Amy didn’t want to lie on her back, though, so she sat up and wrapped her arms around her knees. This hid her private parts …”  
  
“We do not use that term at Mattingly’s,” interrupted Miss Mattingly. “It is a central tenet that there are no such things as ‘private’ parts.”  
  
“Sorry,” said Samantha. “I mean it hid her breasts and vulva from view. The only problem was that after only a few minutes, she realised that she had got sand all up in … in her vulva?”  
  
“Not in this case,” explained Miss Mattingly. “The sand was most likely between her labia minora, or possibly even within her vaginal opening. It is not important. I think we all get the picture.”  
  
Mr and Mrs Watkins certainly did, and they shifted uneasily at their naked daughter’s rather detailed account of their other daughter’s awkward predicament.  
  
“Anyway,” continued Samantha, “she was really uncomfortable, and for that matter Tommy and I were completely covered in sand too, so we had to go back into the water to rinse it off. When we came out, Amy realised lying down wouldn’t be an option. So we had to walk around. Amy felt really self-conscious, and I think she wanted to cover herself with her hands, but that would have looked really ridiculous.”  
  
“More ridiculous than walking around naked?” asked Samantha’s father. Miss Mattingly shot him a disapproving look, and so did Samantha.  
  
“It was not ridiculous at all, Dad. What’s ridiculous is covering yourself with flimsy, uncomfortable swimsuits that are supposed to hide something but really just draw attention to it. Do you think I look ridiculous now?”  
  
Mr Watkins looked at his daughter. She did not seem ridiculous. She seemed proud, articulate, honest and unpretentious.  
  
“No, Sweetheart, you don’t. I’m sorry. I just meant Amy must have felt … uncomfortable, and I was surprised she found it more comfortable not to cover herself.”  
  
“I guess you had to be there, Dad. There was a mood about the place. It wasn’t a mood that said ‘You have to be naked,’ it said, ‘You shouldn’t be ashamed to be naked.’ Amy knew covering herself would send a signal that she was ashamed. I’m proud she didn’t, no matter what she felt.”  
  
Miss Mattingly took note. She was forming a very good opinion of the candidate before her. She asked Samantha to continue and explain how she found out about naturism.  
  
“It was when we were walking about. The people were still really friendly, and it was easy to make conversation, only this time it was Tommy and I who were asking all the questions while Amy was quiet. I think, though, that after a while of standing up without covering herself, she must have got more comfortable with it, as she became a little more talkative.  
  
“So anyway, while we were walking about, the guy from before came back. He had just gone up to the car park to get a cooler of … soft drinks.” This wasn’t strictly true, but she didn’t want to say it was beer in a school interview in front of her parents.  
  
“He congratulated us for joining in the spirit. When he asked where we were sitting, we explained about the towels, and he invited us to join him as he had a blanket spread out with a little room to spare. We happily took him up on the offer. He was really nice, and full of information. We ran out of the usual small talk questions we’d asked everyone else on the beach pretty quickly, which meant we could have a more involved conversation.  
  
“I asked him first whether he had gone all the way up to car park naked. He said yes, but he took a towel with him in case he needed it. As it happened, there were no cars on the road, so he didn’t bother. I asked him what about other people on the trail, and he said that was never a problem as anyone on the trail down to the beach was probably a naturist, except for our two friends, and he was sorry it he alarmed them.  
  
“Peter said not to worry about Bridget, that she could be alarmed by her own shadow. But I asked him what he meant by ‘naturist.’ That’s how I first heard about it, and when he described what it meant, I just knew that’s what I was. I had never felt so free and natural. It just felt right, and I wanted to be with other people who felt the same way. As soon as I could, I Googled as much information as I could, and I was absolutely fascinated. I showed it to Amy and asked what she thought of naturism, but she just shuddered. It wasn’t like Bridget, though. I don’t think she was disgusted by the other naked people, I just think she didn’t want to be naked herself.  
  
“My response, as I said, was completely different. And when I was Googling again some time later and found out about Mattingly’s, I just knew it was the school for me. I’m just sorry I didn’t discover it before the sixth form and can only have two years at the school – if I’m lucky.”  
  
“Thank you, Miss Watkins. That was a most compelling account. I think you will fit in very well here. Are you ready for a tour of the school?”  
  
“Am I?” said Samantha, standing up tall and proud. “You’d better believe it!”

**Samantha's Story -- part 5**

Samantha gave an abbreviated version of this account to the meeting of university students, leaving out Miss Mattingly’s interjections, but including all the essential detail.   
  
“Thank you, Sam, that was really interesting,” said Lisa. “Anybody have any questions?”  
  
“Yes,” said one of the other new students sitting towards the back. Did you actually go naked at home that summer?”  
  
“I didn’t wait until the summer. After the school tour, which was fantastic, I told my parents on the drive home that I wanted to start going naked right away. They weren’t sure and said they had to discuss it with my brother and sister first. I pleaded with them, and they said we could have a family meeting that evening.”  
  
“So what did your brother and sister say?” asked the same student.  
  
“When we all sat down after dinner, they explained that I had been accepted to the sixth form at Mattingly’s and that it was a naturist school. My brother asked what that was. My parents thought I could explain it better, so I told him naturists believed clothes were not necessary in most situations and that the naked body was nothing to be ashamed of. My brother just sat there with his mouth open in astonishment. Then he asked if that meant I had to be naked sometimes at school, so I told him it meant I had to be naked ALL the time there. He couldn’t believe it.”  
  
“And what about your sister?”  
  
“Well, she had heard about naturism from me of course, and she knew of my interest, but I think she was still amazed to hear about the school. She just rolled her eyes at me. Then my brother asked if I would be naked when I came home at night, and I explained it was a boarding school. He said, ‘That’s good. So you won’t be naked at home.’ My parents and I all looked at each other, and then my mother explained that the school thought it would be a good idea for me to get used to being naked before I went there, and they agreed.  
  
“My brother asked when this would start, and what would happen when he had friends over. My parents explained that I wanted it to happen right away, but they wanted to discuss it as a family first. As for friends visiting, they hadn’t thought about it but she reckoned that when other boys came over to visit him, I should get dressed, as otherwise their parents might be upset. As for girls visiting my sister, they were mostly eighteen already, and as they were girls – women actually – I could be naked if they didn’t object. My sister was surprised to hear that, but she reckoned it sounded like a reasonable rule. She just couldn’t imagine any of her friends agreeing.  
  
“So then my parents asked my sister if it was OK with her if I went naked at home, and she replied, ‘Sure, what do I care?’ She didn’t say anything about how she had gone naked on the beach, and of course she didn’t know my parents already knew. That only came out later. That left only my brother.  
  
“My parents asked him if he minded if I went naked. He said it sounded weird and crazy. That made me really upset and a bit angry. Then he said, ‘I can’t even imagine what it would be like to see my sister naked.’ Then I lost it a bit. I stood up and shouted at him, almost, ‘You want to know what it would be like? This is what it would be like!” Then I started pulling my clothes off as fast as I could. My parents tried to stop me, but I was furious and didn’t stop until I was completely naked. I said to him, ‘Here, take a good look. What on earth is wrong with this?’  
  
“Wow,” said Lisa. “What happened then?”  
  
“Well, my parents were really cross that I did that, and they sent me to my room. My sister told me later that my parents then told my brother they were sorry if my actions offended him, but that they really didn’t think that my being naked was something to be upset about. They also explained how strongly I felt about it (as if I hadn’t shown that myself), and they hoped he would respect my feelings. Then my sister stood up for me as well. She said she told my brother if he objected then he was a jerk. My parents glowered at her, but in any event it did the trick. My brother said he reckoned it would be OK.  
  
“My parents called to me that I could come out. I asked if I had to get dressed, and they said, ‘No, dear. You never have to be dressed at home if you don’t want to – unless there are boys visiting.’ And you know what, from that day, I was naked at home as much as I could possibly be. As soon as I got home from school, off came the clothes until it was time for school the next day. I had to dress when my brother had friends over, but frankly he tried to avoid that.”  
  
“And what about your sister’s friends?” asked another voice from the back.  
  
“That’s funny. Despite my sister’s prediction, not a single one of them objected. Several thought it was cool, even if they didn’t get it themselves, and they told Amy she was lucky to have a sister like me. I was really happy. Then, one day, one of Amy’s friends asked if Amy ever went naked, to which of course she said ‘No.’  
  
“Then her friend asked if it would be OK to sunbathe topless in our garden. My brother and parents were out, and the garden is really private, so Amy says she guessed it was OK. She and her friend went out back and her friend took her top off. Amy didn’t, but when her friend kept prodding Amy to say whether she’d ever been topless on the beach, she finally said yes, and then Amy reckoned she might as well join her friend and took her top off as well. It was a really nice day, so I went out and asked if I could join them.  
  
“We had a great time lying out in the sun, and we didn’t hear when my mother came home. Suddenly, she poked her head out the door and said, ‘Hi.’ Amy quickly tried to cover up, but my mother said, ‘Oh, it’s OK dear. I already know about your trip to the nude beach. Don’t be cross with your sister. She didn’t want to tell us, but, well, it just came out. But don’t worry. We’re absolutely fine with it. You’d better finish soon, though. Your brother will be home in twenty minutes.’ Then she popped her head back in, having no idea what she’d stirred up.  
  
“Amy shot me an angry glance, but her friend was fascinated. ‘You’ve been to a nude beach? What was it like?’ she asked, but Amy didn’t want to say a thing. ‘Ask our little naturist friend here,’ she said, looking at me. ‘Just don’t tell her any secrets.’  
  
“I felt terrible. I tried to explain, but Amy was too upset to listen, so I just went in. A few minutes later, Amy and her friend came in too, and Amy ran upstairs to her room. Before she left, though, her friend took me aside and asked me all about the beach and this naturism business. She said it sounded amazing and she wanted to try it. She even offered to drive me to a nude beach if we could find one near home. I was really excited by that, but I suggested she discuss it with Amy. ‘Do you think Amy will join us?’ she asked. I said I doubted it, but it would be great if she did.”  
  
“And did she ever?” asked the first new student.  
  
Lisa thought Samantha had been put on the spot long enough and that others should have a chance to speak, so she said, “That sounds like a great topic for another time. Thank you very much, Sam. Now, would anyone else like to introduce yourself?”  
  
THE END (for now)