[Starting School -- in the Nude](http://nudeinpublicstories.blogspot.com/2008/12/starting-school-in-nude.html)

By Claire  
  
Last night (Sunday) was my first night in the dorm. I came up   
myself with just a few boxes of things, my laptop and a couple   
of plants. It's a quad, which is four dorms (two girls dorms and   
two guys dorms) surrounding a courtyard. My room is a triple   
and both my new roommates, Amy and Steph, were already there   
unpacking. Steph was not really unpacking much because she  
told us she'd actually be living with her boyfriend day-to-day   
and just keeping enough stuff in the dorm so her parents would   
think she was living there. So it would really just be me and   
Amy with the extra room of a triple.   
  
I really like Amy because she's very nice and has a good sense   
of humor and we hit it off right away. Plus one of the first things   
she said to me was, "I imagined you showing up naked" because   
of what I'd said about being a nudist. She didn't really expect me   
to do that, of course, but it was just an image in her head and   
it kinda broke the ice on the subject (but her saying that made   
the crazy part of my brain feel all tingly and I wanted to rip my   
clothes off right then and there).   
  
But there were still lots of parents and big brothers and grand-  
persons running around the hallways carrying stuff.  
  
And right about then there was a knock on the door and it was   
our floor's RA (that's resident advisor, a grad student who mother-  
hens us youngsters) and her name is Emily and she had a   
clipboard with our names on and she looked up at me and said  
"ah, you're my nudist, aren't you? Don't worry, it'll all be clear in  
an hour or so."  
  
And then she was gone again to the next room checking on her   
little chicks and pretty soon we were all unpacked and it was   
dinner time so the three of us went out and found one of the   
cafeterias and talked some more. The subject of my nudism   
came up again, this time Steph asked if I grew up as a nudist   
and went that way around my family. I was honest about the   
fact that no, I was not brought up as a naturist, and that I haven't   
had all that much actual experience doing it. It was a really   
good conversation, probably the first time I'd really talked it all   
out and I was SO relieved that they were still so cool and   
accepting about it all.  
  
So then we go back to the dorm and all the parents are gone   
and things have settled down. It's like 7:30 or something and   
I decide this is the moment to get naked. So I announce that I'm   
going to take a shower and I get undressed gather up my shower   
stuff and my towel. I fumbled around a bit at this point because   
my brain was debating whether to put the towel around myself   
or carry it. Carrying it won and I went out the door naked with   
the towel over my shoulder and holding my little plastic bucket   
of bath stuff and as I started to close the door I made eye contact   
with Amy and she was grinning back at me like "go girl."   
  
I walked down the hallway and at first there was nobody else   
but then two other girls came out of a room and were walking   
towards me and I tried to be really casual as we passed and   
I said hi cheerfully and they said hi and we introduced ourselves   
and I remembered their names because I always remember   
people's names when I meet them (one of my popularity skills),   
and nothing at all was said of me being naked.   
  
So then I went on to the bathroom, got in the shower and got   
all clean. I was feeling pretty excited and very tempted to   
spend extra time washing certain body parts but I resisted   
(mostly) that urge. And then a few minutes later there I am   
walking back down the hallway very naked and all damp   
from the shower carrying my wet towel over my arm. But   
NObody was in the hallway this time which was disappointing.   
  
But the important thing was establishing the "normalness' of   
me being naked in the dorm room. So back in our room I hung   
up my towel and blowdried my hair, still naked of course as Steph   
and Amy went about their preparations. Then when I was done   
with my hair I just sat down at my desk and started sorting through  
my class stuff. I looked up and Steff was looking over her things   
too like nothing was unusual and Amy was also but she glanced   
over at me with a big smile that made me feel SO good about the   
situation. Here I was, accepted by my new roommates as a nudist!   
This was just what I hoped for and I thought of how every day I'd   
just be nude in the dorm room, hanging around, etc.   
  
But then I heard some conversation in the hallway and -- feeling   
so confident now -- I said "I hafta go pee" and went out the door.   
This time I was naked and without even the towel but just walking   
down the hallway towards the bathroom again and eager to meet   
people this way. Unfortunately the voices I'd heard were from a   
bunch of girls walking away from me and now far down the hall   
with their backs to me, not seeing me at all. I walked fast hoping   
they'd turn around and want to chat me up, but they disappeared   
down a stairwell.   
  
I was standing right next to the bathroom door again so I went   
ahead inside and peed a teeny bit because, well, I was there and   
that's what I said I would do. Then I stood in front of the mirror   
a bit all alone and got myself a little hot hardly even touching myself   
(though I did a little) but mostly just by the awareness of what I was   
finally doing.   
  
Then, feeling all tingly, I started back down the hallway to my   
room, but now suddenly there were a bunch of girls in the   
hallway coming my way. Cool. And I saw Emily the RA knocking   
on doors calling "floor meeting!" And Steph and Amy were coming   
out of our room and heading in my direction. Everyone was headed   
in my direction and I was going against the stream and then   
Emily was in front of me and I guess I was stammering about   
whether I needed to get a robe but she turned me around by  
the elbow with a smile, saying "you're fine," and sort of pushing   
me in with the flow.   
  
Steph and Amy were at my sides and everyone else was coming   
out of rooms and joining us as we filed into a big common room   
with sectional sofas and loveseats and heavy tables and chairs   
The room filled up quickly and there was noplace for us to sit   
but on the floor.  
  
As everyone settled down I was mostly thinking "Holy shit, I'm   
naked! This is great!" And Steph and Amy were grinning at me   
because they knew how totally major this was. And I started   
looking around at everyone's faces in the room and most of   
them were looking right at me. Many of them were making eye   
contact but some were focused a couple feet lower and it occurred  
to me that I was sitting in a normal, comfortable way but not   
paying any attention to how exposed I was. I tried to be more   
modest but discovered that there really aren't many good positions   
to sit on the floor without flashing my wet parts to the whole room  
(and yes those parts were getting wet).  
  
Emily led the meeting telling us about all the dorm rules, visiting   
times, laundry facilities and so on. Male visitors, for example, are   
permitted between noon and 7 p.m. on school nights and til 9 p.m.   
on weekends. That kind of thing.   
  
And then we did the bit where you go around the room and all  
say something about yourself. Like I always do I tried to remember   
everyone's names and something about them. That's something   
I'm good at -- I'm very social by nature and always get to know   
everyone around me.  
  
When it came around to me I was nervous because of being   
naked and self-conscious about making sure I was sitting the   
right way. I had decided to totally ignore the fact that I was   
naked and just gave my name and hometown and stuff. But   
some girl on the other side of the room yelled, "so are you   
really a nudist?"  
  
And I said what I told Amy and Steph -- that I didn't grow up   
in a naturist home or anything, and haven't actually been a   
practicing nudist before coming here and Emily said "but she   
wants to get in more practice with us!" and everybody laughed.   
Then it went on to the next person.  
  
When the meeting was over and we were all filing out of the   
room some girl edged her way through the crowd to me and   
said "I just want to tell you I think you are SO cool," which   
made me feel really great.   
  
And I was able to say, "thank you Katie, I think you're pretty   
cool too -- studying criminology and all." She was flattered   
that I remembered what she'd said and we stood there in the   
hallway in a little knot of girls having a conversation, me naked,   
and as I looked around at each of them I tried to call them by   
name.   
  
Then we were back in our room and it was 10 p.m. Steph took   
off to go to her boyfriend's and me and Amy sat up talking for   
a while and I felt so comfortable just lounging around naked   
(and not bothering about how my legs were positioned).   
  
At about 11:00 we both had a chocolate craving (and I had a   
wander around the dorm craving) and so we gathered up our   
change and dollar bills and went up to the kitchenette/laundry   
room on the next floor up that Emily had told us about during   
the meeting. I thought she'd said there were vending machines   
there also but there weren't. But it was pretty nice anyway.   
There was a sign on the fridge explaining that milk, coffee,   
margerine and a few other basics were provided and that if   
you brought your own cereal and stuff you should label it.   
  
"I'm pretty sure the are vending machines in the lobby," Amy   
said, glancing down at me with a grin. "You up for that much   
... travel?"   
  
"You bet I am!," I said and we went down the stairway to the   
first floor. I was nervous but also really excited. I could hear   
lots of voices as we pushed our way through the door way.   
Amy stopped and kind of held me back.   
  
"Claire, there are some guys over there," she whispered.   
  
Supposedly no guys were to be in the building at that hour,   
but there they were sitting around the lobby with some girls.   
That was way across the room, but if they looked up they'd   
see me.   
  
"It's okay," I insisted and walked straight to the vending   
machine area. Nobody noticed and once we were in the   
little vending room we couldn't be seen from the lobby   
-- though there was a big dark window that took up a   
whole wall, which meant I was on display from outside   
if anyone was looking.  
  
We both bought dark chocolate Hershey bars with almonds   
(we have so much in common) and then I led us back to the   
stairs.   
  
The elevator was right next to the stairway and I hit the button   
and then just stood there facing the group in the lounge as I   
waited for the elevator just standing there in plain sight feeling   
a little miffed because nobody was noticing.   
  
But then one of the guys looked up and stopped in mid-sentence   
and then without taking his eyes off me he said something to   
the others that I couldn't hear but now everyone was looking at   
me and the elevator still wasn't there. Amy was more panicked   
than I was even though she was wearing clothes and was hissing   
"let's take the stairs" at me but I was frozen with a piece of   
chocolate sticking out of my mouth. The guy called out   
something to me, something friendly but I didn't make it out   
over the rush of excitement in my head.   
  
"Ting." The elevator doors opened and we stepped inside, everyone   
still looking. As the doors closed I waved and then Amy and I looked   
at each other and squealed with laughter, hugging each other and  
jumping up and down.  
  
Back in our room we talked a while longer and then climbed in our   
beds and put out the lights. I couldn't sleep, thinking back on all   
that had happened and touching myself a little as I listened to Amy's   
breathing across the room. And then I realized she was breathing   
kind of fast and I peeked over at her in the moonlight and saw the   
lump of her hand under the covers between her legs, moving   
just a little.