**Tami at Cronenberg**

by donnylaja

The naked girl, sweating from her long travels since leaving the Daughters of Judith, her body marked up by the branches and leaves and dirt she had walked through, her bare feet muddy and scratched up by brambles, stumbled through the steaming Georgia woods and crouched down, finding herself in front of a clearing.

It was a big garden. Behind, some fields, and a large building, out of place in the middle of this wilderness. If Tami hadn't been working-class she would have recognized it as a boarding school. And in the garden, desolately chopping the rich black earth with a hoe, was a teenaged girl in a green plaid skirt with a gold "C" emblazoned on it, long black knee socks and leather shoes, and on top, no blouse, just a modest looking white bra. Her face was a mask of misery.

Tami watched the girl for a few moments, wondering why she had just a bra on top, yet wishing that she herself had one, or even any tiny scrap to cover her nakedness. The girl seemed nice. Surely she could get something
for Tami to put on!

Tami bit her lip and stood up, covering her breasts and her crotch with her hands, and gingerly walked forward. "Hello?" She tried again, louder. "Hello?"

The girl looked over and stopped hoeing, regarding the naked girl with puzzlement and surprise.

Tami walked into the garden, looking down to make sure her bare feet were not stepping on the row of carrots, all the time covering herself with her hands.

"Hi," Tami said, shyly. "Please help me. Do you have anything for me to put on?"

"You're asking the wrong person," she said. "I have to be -- like this -- all week as punishment. Just for being five minutes late to class!" Self-absorbed, she looked down again and gave the hoe an especially angry chop.

Tami looked on, wondering why this girl didn't notice her total nudity. "Punishment?"

"Can't you see!!" the girl said peevishly. "They took away my blouse! I have to go a whole week without a blouse, just my -- my bra!" She curled her shoulders together so as to minimize the sight of her small, bra-covered breasts. Her attitude both aggravated and puzzled the naked Tami. Finally after a few more chops the girl looked up. "Sorry, it's just that I'm new. It's nothing like your punishment. I heard about you."

Tami's mouth dropped open. "You have?"

"Of course, everyone knows. You're Catherine Higgins. You have to be naked for another month." She looked down at Tami's muddy bare feet. "I thought they let you wear shoes and socks though. I didn't know they took those away from you too!"

Tami looked down at her feet and then at the girl's beautiful green knee socks and nice shoes. Her mouth went dry with longing, trying to remember what it once felt like, having socks covering her calves and feet, her toes all snug in socks, having warm pretty shoes to protect her feet from the rough ground, covering them . . . She cleared her throat and stood up a little straighter. "Please, my name's not Catherine, and could you get me some clothes?"

The girl rolled her eyes. "You KNOW that's out of the question." She looked around toward the building, then back at Tami. "You shouldn't even be covering your -- your parts like that. They must have telescopes or something, they can see everything. Do you want to get another month's punishment?"

Tami looked up to the building with alarm. She didn't know what this place was, or what kind of weird stripping punishments they did, but it was obviously not a place where she could get clothes. She didn't want someone to come up and take note of this naked girl asking for covering, calling it into the police, who had that fax about the nationwide manhunt and who would then call Dr. Fortescue at Chalfont who would have her medicated and committed. . .

She could not explain it, but this place definitely had a red flag. The naked teenager thought she saw someone come out of the school -- a lady in a business suit -- and without thinking another second she turned and ran back into the woods. The girl in the white bra called out -- "Hey -- " But by then Tami had disappeared back into the swampy woods, glad she hadn't given out her name, once more feeling the branches and leaves flapping past her breasts and butt and legs.