**WAIF, The Continued Adventures**

BY: Mark Chessman

**Part 1 The Final Beach Day**
Molly Malloy walked up to the gaggle of giggling girls and boys sitting on the beach. Beginning the morning of 15th July, Molly had been walking her beach post nude. Grease pencil, like the kind used for triathletes to mark their numbers, read GUARD on the outside of her left arm and right leg.

“Hi, kids, how is the last week of vacation going, remember, school starts on Monday,” Molly smiled at Tad, Brad and Ronnie who were lounging on the beach and waiting for their friend, Waif, to come back to the shore from the break line of waves she was riding along with Loretta and Hank, the two junior life guards. With them were five other girls, all sixth, seventh and eighth grade level.

“Miss Malloy, we are more than ready. We have book reports for our summer reading, and Waif has been showing us algebra and geometry, so I think we are more than over the two month brain drain of summer.” Ronnie told the teacher. “I guess it is Ms. Malloy again and not Molly, right?”

“None of you are my students, so Molly is fine, Ronnie. I was actually looking for Amy and Tammie, have you seen them today?” The educator/life guard asked.

“They are off someplace with their other grandmother, their father’s mother, Ms. Fiona. There is a big stink going on with the two grammas. Gramma Andrews, has convinced her granddaughters to go to school in the Naked in School (NIS) Program. Gramma Farrell is against the idea, and has taken action to get the twins removed from their mother’s care, claiming she is unfit. She dragged the kids off to see a counselor today.” Ronnie reported, and then she added, “Waif is legally an adult so can determine her own fate, but, the girls are being used as pawns in a battle of wills between two distinct lifestyles.”

“Not your words are they Ronnie,” Molly asked.

“Nope, Molly, they are Waif’s and I just remember what she says. She told me when she was sick and always in the hospital the two sides of the family played this same game over her treatment. Her father’s mother was against her mom and dad having another kid to try and cure Waif. Gramma Farrell believed God’s will was for Waif to be strong and suffer unto death and reap her reward in Heaven. Gramma Andrews convinced her daughter and son in law to go ahead and have the second child. Turns out they were the twins. The stem cell therapy worked, then the bone marrow therapy worked and now there are three grandchildren. Fiona Farrell still resents the science and medicine that intervened in what she sees as the true plan. Now that she is well, Waif says she is in remission, but all of us are praying she is well, the families are warring over how the twins shall be raised.” Ronnie reported, “Me I’m happy it’s just me and my mom. She makes good money writing her articles for the newspaper and magazine and I’ve never met my father, or either set of grandparents, so no one fights over how I’m being raised.”

“Yes, we know you are being raised by wolves, wild thing,” Brad teased. “Look at you no modesty what

So ever, sitting there sprawled open for everyone to look at.”

Ronnie blushed and changed her position, then came back at her tormentor, “Hate what you see Bradley? You sure are taking good long looks; maybe you need a camera to take pictures that will last longer? Hmmm, Mr. Happy doesn’t look like he hates what he sees either!”

Molly Malloy ended this with, “What were you taught about respect, the two of you. Boundaries must be maintained. What the two of you have just done is what falls under the rules of sexual teasing. If this happens in school public paddling is the consequence, you both know that.”

A joint, “Yes, ma’am,” came from Ronnie and Brad. Molly Malloy continued her walk down the beach, smiling and wondering in her head to match the small smile on her lips how long it would take the two twelve year olds to know that they actually loved each other.

Molly spotted Waif, riding in a small swell on her hot pink short board, thirty yards further along the beach and waited while the girl bounced out of the surf with the board tucked under her arm.

The teacher-lifeguard and the eighteen year old under developed young woman had formed a bond in the last two months plus they had known each other. The two spoke freely on every topic and Waif considered Molly both a mentor and a friend. She was the go to adult in Waif’s life when none of the other adults made any sense.

“Hey, Moll got a minute or do you have to watch your water?” Waif called to the guard on shore as she bounced out of the littoral back wash.

“I can talk, walk, and watch at the same time Waif, it is mostly your surf crowd in the water with school starting Monday.” Surfers know the water, watch for each other and can use their boards as floatation devices if necessary, they were much less a rescue risk than the average middle aged male down for the weekend going in the surf line too deeply while showing off for his small children playing on the beach.

“Okay, then, I spotted you and the grade sixers talking before, while I waited for that wave. I suppose she who knows all and must speak same, told you about the twins?” Waif shook her wet hair and spiked her board into the sand, kicking up enough sand around the tail to keep the board upright.

“Briefly, yes,” Molly laughed, “The child has a future as a CIA listening post. She quoted you word for word.”

“She remembers everything that is important to her, apparently math is not one of those things, she is of the eight girls and boys I have been tutoring, the poorest of the students. However; no one will ever be able to fault her empathy. From the day we met she has been totally involved with me, my illness and my life. I love her like the middle sister I never had and the twins adore her as well.” Waif ran her fingers through the tangled curls of her hair. She looked at her adult friend and asked, “Does it itch?”

Molly had, unconsciously, been scratching at her left arm pit. “Not so badly now, the pubic hair when it started growing back out; now, that itched like crazy, but this isn’t too bad.” The NEA had passed a NIS ruling for teachers who would be instructing their classes nude, that all teachers should when possible allow their body hair to grow back fully to demonstrate the ‘natural look’ of the body.”

“How many women who have lasered off their body hair will not be able to comply with that ruling?” Waif laughed. “Hey, if I decide to be a teacher, what do I do, wear a wig?” This set both of the women off in a fit of laughter.

“Waif, sometimes you make me laugh so hard that tears run down my leg,” Molly blurted between chuckles. This of course set the two off again. A few minutes of quiet ended with, “You know the possibility exists, sweetie, that when the twins go through puberty, your body, with their stem cells floating in it might also transform fully into womanhood. I saw the research on line and it suggests that one in three kids who received stem cells and marrow from pre-pubescent siblings will undergo at least partial pubescence when the siblings do so.”

“So at age twenty-three or so you are telling me I could actually, possibly, become a woman? By then every guy my age who may have been interested in me will be taken. What do I tell a potential husband? Marry me now and maybe in five years we can have sex? See Paul out their carving waves? Molly, I really like him and I know he likes me but I’m not girlfriend material, just a surrogate little sister. I am not the kind of girl a guy wants. At least not in the way I want to be wanted.”

“Waif, you have two more years of high school and then college for all of this to work out for you. It is frustrating for you, but do not let Fiona Farrell get in your head. Her opinion is that you should be dead; with the ‘it was God’s will crap,’ can poison you on many levels. She doesn’t even believe the twins should have been born.

“God wanted you alive to be the gift to all of us who have met and come to love you. You have a purpose here and now. You are a survivor. Look at the wounded warriors we had at the beach last week. None of them are whole, either. Burned, scarred, missing limbs, but playing the cards they were dealt with dignity.

“Do you know who they most admired? You! One sergeant mentioned to me that you were the bravest woman he had ever met. Living your difference to make a difference and doing it with dignity.” Molly smiled at the look she saw on Waif’s face. “He said, I volunteered to serve and knew this, meaning his injury, could be a result. That kid had her disease thrust upon her unwillingly and yet has turned it around to make it a force for good.”

Several miles away, Amy and Tammie Farrell were having a horrible day. For the first time in six weeks they were clothed. Worse, they were wearing identical sundresses in pink. Neither liked pink and when they had worn clothing on a regular basis they had always made sure that they were dressed differently. If Amy wore a skirt, Tammie wore pants. When Tammie wore green Amy wore blue. Fiona Farrell had her grandchildren identically matched right down to the underwear, ankle socks and Mary-Jane shoes.
Even worse, their hair was tightly gathered into a side pony tail over each girl’s right ear. They sat in the waiting room of a social worker for child protective services and waited for their grandmother to finish speaking with her.

Their interview lasted no more than ten minutes. The woman, asked each girl about their grandmother, Ruth Andrews, about their mother and sister and their father and about their friends. She asked each girl to draw a picture of a house, a tree and a person and of their family. She then showed the children into the waiting room, toys and books and a television were there to amuse the children, but they chose to sit quietly and wait for their paternal grandparent to come and get them.

Fiona Farrell was having an even worse day than her two young grandchildren. Giovanna Buonacour, MSW, EdD a licensed social worker and counselor to the state board of children’s protective services was explaining the facts of life to Mrs. Farrell.

“You are quite correct, Mrs. Farrell, where you come from such behavior is not allowed, at least not yet. The moral climate toward nudity in public is shifting rapidly and some jurisdictions have embraced this change more swiftly and completely than others.

“These girls are perhaps the well-adjusted of any child I have seen in many months. The drawings they made are well beyond the detail one expects in their age group. The family picture is most telling. While their grandmother Andrews, their mother and their sister as well as the twins are depicted as nude, you and your son are both wearing clothing. Your son as an officer in the service is in appropriate uniform and you are in a dress. They accept your difference. I am asking you to try to accept theirs.

“The person they drew is a nude pre-pubescent female. Both pictures have similar features, a girl with Short brown hair, big blue eyes and a scar that runs from the navel to the right hip. You may not realize it, but these girls knew their sister was in severe pain and when hooked up to the pumps and blood cleansing machines just before the bone marrow transplant was near death for the second time in her short life.

“They were five going on six when they were asked to share their bone marrow with their sister. Both knew it would hurt and only one may have sufficed; however, both love their sister so much that they willingly agreed to share the pain if Waif, you call her, could get better. Now they are seven, soon to be eight, and you wish to rip them from the girl who has been their role model, mentor, and playmate all of their lives. On another level, they do not wish to be separated from their mother and both adore their maternal Grandmother.

“I have spoken with your son, the twins’ father, via satellite computer link. He is also not in favor of removing the girls from their family just to appease your sense of modesty and morality. Mrs. Farrell I can only suggest that you get with the times and accept that public nudity is here to stay. Times change and if you do not change with them then you shall be left behind the curve of society.

“Racial segregation ended. Gays and lesbians now have equal rights to live openly and publically as couples. Nudists now have the right and privilege to walk openly among the textile community. Clothing is a choice, an option and some say a status symbol. For years schools enforced a uniform dress code on students so that rich or poor all children had the level field of sameness in clothing. Now that level field has advanced to no clothing. What can be more socially leveling than all people being nude?

“So, Mrs. Farrell, your application for custody of the twins based on your perceived moral failure of their parent and grandparent, is being denied.” Doctor Buonacour rose and showed Fiona Farrell the door to the waiting room where the twins sat.

“I would like to thank you two lovely young ladies for coming to see me today and share part of your life history and your wonderful pictures with me,” Doctor Buonacour told the girls. “Good luck in your new school this year, I am sure you will do well. Say hello to your sister, mother and grandmother for me. Your Grandmother Farrell loves you very much and wants what is best for you. As with most families sometimes adults try too hard to do what is best for the children and wind up doing the wrong things for the right reasons. This may have been one of those times. Get home safely, all of you.”

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Fiona Farrell was an unhappy woman. With the state child protective service agency ruling against her, she had two choices. The first was to return the twins to the Andrews home and continue to allow the naked wanton women in that household to corrupt her innocent grandchildren. The second choice was to simply retain custody of the children and move them to a state where the evils of the NIP/NIS laws had not been enacted into law.

The plot developed in her mind, but, for now she would return the children to their mother sister and the other grandparent. She had the money and the power and influences to make her plan work. But, she needed time to establish residence in a suitable place and arrange for the twins education.

The hour and one half drive from the social worker’s office to the ocean community of Shoreside Park gave Fiona plenty of time to plot and plan. So involved was she that the twins begging for a potty break and something to drink was ignored until it was almost too late.

When the twins got back into the car they had already tossed the underwear they had been forced to wear into the trash in the ladies room. Respect for Fiona Farrell kept them in the sundresses, only as long as it took to run up the stairs of the beach house and into the arms of their mother.

[**Part 2**](http://barelinstories.blogspot.co.uk/2012/07/waif-continued-adventures-part-2.html)

Molly Malloy looked out at her class of third grade children and smiled. She knew most of them from school last year and the beach activities during the summer months when she held the post of senior life guard for the town of Shoreside Park. Among the new group composing her class were Amy and Tammie Farrell. The younger sisters of Waif Farrell were busily detailing the horrid day last week when their grandmother, Fiona Farrell, had dragged them to a meeting with a social worker.

  “The worst thing was we had to wear those icky clothes she picked out for us,” Amy told Amanda Sun one of the girls who had bonded with the twins over the summer.

“Yeah, can you believe pink hair ribbons, pink sun dresses, pink panties, pink socks and Mary-Jane shoes,” Tammie, her face displaying the displeasure of her grandmother’s taste, added in, “We are twins but for golly sakes we don’t want to be matching book ends. Amy likes art I like soccer. Neither of us likes pink. I like purple and Amy likes green. Our grandmother has this weird concept of how life should be for us. We don’t want it and our mom sure doesn’t want it for us.”

 Amy continued, “But, our dad is overseas for at least another year, and some judge grandma Fiona knows gave an order in court that she has rights to extended visitation with us. Our mom couldn’t fight it. Her lawyer is a friend but mom says that we don’t have enough money to pay him the kind of billable hours needed to mount a full court battle.

“I sure don’t know what all that means, but I know with dad serving in the military we are not getting paid anything like what he made on his civilian job before he was called up. We moved in with grandma Andrews to save money. The lease on the townhouse we had in the city was too much for our new income level. Mom stored our furniture and stuff and now we live with Grandma Ruth. That’s my mom’s mom.” Amy paused for breath and Tammie took over.

 “We love it here, Miss Molly and Loretta and Hank and all of you have made us feel like we belong and have lived here forever and that’s just what we want to do, live here forever,” Tammie ended just as Molly’s “ahem” caught the children’s attention, “Melody, Amanda, Amy and Tammie please take your seats so we may begin.”

All four of the girls took the special seat towel designed for the school from their back packs and spread the towel on the seat attached to the desk assigned them.  Their nude tanned bodies slipped into the seats and the lessons for the day began.

Loretta Lake, who had a younger sister, Melody, in school with the twins, and Hank Sun, Amanda’s older brother rode in a three wide seat on the bus with Wendy Ann Ingrid Farrell. The eighteen year old girl with the body of an eleven year old was on her way to her first day of classes as a junior [eleventh grade] student in the newly clothing optional Bayside High School.

 The school was a thirty minute ride from Shoreside Park, requiring the bus to travel over the causeway from the barrier island community across the bay to the mainland where the regional school district maintained its high school for grades nine to twelve.

Paul Wilcox, fellow surfer, Shoreside park resident, senior class varsity surfer and the current object of Waif’s romantic fantasies sat directly behind the trio. “Waif, don’t get too upset with the kids at school when you meet them. You are going to hear from some that you are a ‘daughter of Eve’. The religious conservative kids from the mainland orthodox community will probably be the worst of the vocal abusers. Their community is against women and men bathing together on the same beach in swimsuits, so this whole Naked in Public/Naked in School program are going to throw their leaders into a frenzy of picketing, demonstrations and riling up their kids to activism in school.

 “We are supposed to have an assembly when school begins and rules will be explained by Doctor Suarez our principal. I hope after that the year gets off to a smooth start. I don’t have the option of doing the consenting nudist thing full time. As a football player I am required by state law to wear the full uniform and to be clothed in school for the football season at least. Same with baseball in the spring, so I’m with you in spirit, but my scholarship[s to college depend upon my sports seasons.

 “I, and the entire sports program, intend to support all of you as you go the clothing optional route. I have had email from my team mates, my coaches and the school athletic boosters. Everyone is behind this shift, at least those who have come forward.”

 “Well we are here, so there is no turning back at this point even if we wanted to,” Loretta Lake grinned, rose from her seat exposing her lithe totally tanned body and grabbed her backpack to get off the bus. Waif and Hank followed, Hank telling Paul, “My coaches tell me that the swimming, diving and surf teams will have the option of competing nude.”

 “Yes, and so will the beach volleyball players, track and field teams and the cheerleaders and gymnasts,” Paul agreed. “The full clothing rule is being applied to all contact sports. I mean come on common sense dictates that football and hockey require a lot more than just skin.” Paul replied with a grin.

Loretta added,” So that means girls field hockey and boys and girls lacrosse as well I guess.”

 “I think the principal shall be giving us the definitive answers at the assembly, Loretta, but you are probably correct.” Paul finished the conversation as the four friends pushed through the front door of the school into the chaos that is the usual form for first day of school.

Loretta and Hank were also entering grade eleven, and the trio of summer friends found themselves assigned to room 207 for their home room. Waif entered the room with the usual gasps coming from the taller and more developed girls and boys with whom she would share this school year. Hank settled them down with, “Hey, everybody, I would like you to welcome Wendy Ann Ingrid Farrell to our class and our school. She and her family moved to Shoreside Park this summer. Waif, as she likes to be called, just turned eighteen. Hey, yes I know she looks like she is eleven, but trust me the wicked smart brain packed into the small body can take on any one of you and she swims like a fish and surfs like she was born on a board.

 “Let’s get it out of the way. She had a rare blood disease that required her to undergo complete marrow replacement when she was eleven. Because of the radiation and other stuff she has never developed physically. With her illness, she lost a couple of years in school, so she is here with us.  Loretta and I found a friend and a fun companion in Waif this summer and I hope the entire junior class will find the same qualities in her as the year goes on.”

The rest of the homeroom students, seven girls and nine boys came over one by one and were introduced. Several of the boys wore clothes and Waif quickly and politely remarked they must be part of the football team. Only one shook his head negatively. John Jakes rolled up a pant leg to reveal full leg braces. “I was riding on the back of my brother’s motorcycle two years ago, when we went into a skid. I jumped the wrong way; the bike rolled on top of me and crushed both of my legs. I can’t walk without these braces and the special canes. Hey, I guess that makes us both medical miracles in a way, no one thought I’d live either. Here I am though and I’m very glad to meet you.”

Nine girls in the homeroom and Waif and Loretta had entered nude. This declared their status as ‘confirmed nudist’ while the other seven girls were sporting tank tops and cheer shorts. A girl who introduced herself as Karin, explained, “We know that Principal Suarez will be calling out names today for the mandatory one month NIS all of us must complete to graduate. All of us are willing to do our month, but not all of us are ready to commit to complete full time nudism like you two have done. So we all decided to wear the bare minimum in case we were chosen at assembly to strip and begin our month.”

Of the ten boys seven, including John Jakes, were clothed. Hank was nude as was a boy named Bill Reilly and another named Justin Thyme. Hank with the swimmer/surfer lifeguard body was buff. Bill was lanky and gangly tall his muscles not having caught up with his bone structure. Justin was fit but soft and stood five inches taller than Waif who is four feet eleven inches. Either Justin was destined to be a small man or he had not had that final Growth spurt that determines adult height. His pubic hair was slight and light and where Hank and Bill displayed manhood, Justin was still a boy.

The bell rang and the teacher formed the class up for the march down the stairs to the school gymnasium, set up with folding chairs and with the bleachers pulled out for seating as well. The class found their seats and waited while the other groups of students from various grades and home rooms filed into the large room.

Principal Dorothy Suarez climbed the stairs to the riser stage at the front of the gymnasium and the student body fell into a hush.

 “Welcome back to our returning students. Welcome to our new students in grade nine and all of you who have transferred from elsewhere. Welcome to our new faculty and our returning staff. Welcome to a brand new year with a brand new reality.

 “The seven feeder school district, the regional board of education of Bayside and the state board of education have enacted two new programs for this school year. First, as you see scattered among the student body, is the ‘confirmed nudist program’. Any student faculty or staff, who appeared for the beginning of school today, nude, will be expected to participate in all school, community and social functions as a confirmed nudist for the entire school year. Those of you having made this choice please join me on the stage.”

Of the eight hundred students and one hundred faculty and staff about fifty students, mostly in the eleventh and twelfth grades, strode to the stage amid catcalls and some rude remarks. Waif stood with Loretta on one side and Hank, Bill and John on the other in their cluster of junior class students. Representatives from the other junior home rooms were African-American, Southwest Asian and Oriental as well as mixed race and white both boys and girls. A few sophomores mostly girls and all the younger sisters or brothers of senior or junior class students who opted for nudity clustered with the juniors.

Of the seniors, it appeared that the entire varsity swim and diving team as well as the beach volley ball and gymnastics teams opted for full time nudity. Two girls that Loretta pointed out as cheerleaders were also in the cluster of nude students.

Fifteen faculty and staff joined the students on stage. Most were in compliance with the NEA request that faculty regrow their body hair. One particularly attractive female in her late twenties distinguished herself with the dragon tattoo that covered her right leg from knee to hip.

Principal Suarez began again once the group of nude students and staff were settled behind her. “I shall introduce you now to the woman appointed by the school district to be the Dean of Discipline for the Nude In School/ Nude in Public program as Bayside High School, Dr. Sean Gottet.”

The woman with the dragon tattoo stood forward and thanked the principal for her introduction and for the floor. “Students, faculty, staff may I take a moment to speak to you all about who I am and what I am assigned here to do?  Mores are changing in this society. The moral center has shifted and things that were hidden in a closet or swept under a rug a generation or two ago are now front and center in the public eye.

  “We have suffered through scandals with teachers and students having illicit sex, and we have suffered through the epidemic of teen age pregnancies. We have suffered through homophobia and racial prejudice. We have suffered through changes in what is considered a proper core education for our society. Now, we are midstream in the next period of turmoil; the shedding of our last societal inhibition, our clothing, and the discovery of the freedom that is the human body openly and honestly displayed.

 “My task is to promote modesty and virtue through nudity in school. A naked boy or girl is not a sex toy for others. She or he is simply stating to the world, his friends and his school that she is comfortable enough with her body to allow those around her to see her as she really is. It is a position that is both vulnerable and powerful.

  “My duty to those who have made this commitment is to enforce sanctions against any and all who might exploit the vulnerability of the confirmed nudists standing here.

“It is also my task to assure that each student participate in the mandatory one month Naked in School program. With limited exceptions, each of the students sitting on the bleachers or in the chairs in this gymnasium shall be naked in school for one month during the four years they attend Bayside.

 “Seniors and juniors will, by the end of the next period select a scrabble tile from a velvet bag. Those selecting a VOWEL will strip off and begin their month of Naked in School at that time. NIS shall mean any and all classroom, field trip, sports activity or community project required of the student in that time period. Freshmen and sophomores shall have a full month of health education and physical education orientation before their grade levels begin participation. Health education shall discuss male and female anatomy and physiology including menstruation and male and female arousal. Physical education shall allow those willing to participate in gym classes nude to acclimate themselves. Beginning October first, sophomore and freshman students will participate in the same selection process as the junior and senior level students.

 “Each faculty member will also take a one month turn at the NEA mandated au natural teaching program. Any student, who during his or her mandatory turn at nudity, who wishes to declare themselves a ‘confirmed nudist’ may do so and complete the school year nude for all in and out of school activity. Faculty members are encouraged to commit to the Nude Educator program full time.

 “My office is next to that of Principal Suarez. My door is always open. Any student needing counseling, support or wishing to file a grievance for harassment or mistreatment may come to me directly. Thank you for your time, and now I turn the program back to Principal Suarez.”

Dorothy Suarez had disappeared behind the massed nudist student and staff on the stage. When she emerged the fifty something mother of three grandmother of one was head to foot naked. A collective gasp rose from the student body. “Boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, I have always led by example. No one is free from the mandatory one month of Naked in School. IF this body can be on display for all to see for the next month then none of you have anything to hide from me, your peers or yourself.

“I echo Doctor Gottet in her words concerning interfering with or harassing those students and faculty you see along side of me and whom you shall see once the selection process gets under way for the student body. Mind the boundaries, look but don’t touch unless invited to touch by the nude student.

“Those requiring or requesting relief shall be given the usual fifteen minutes alone time to accomplish their need. All of this will be covered for the freshman and sophomore classes in their health education classes. Thank you for your time and again welcome to what should prove to be a very fulfilling and exciting school year. You are dismissed to your classes.”

**Part 3 Healthy Choices**

August drifted into September and the football team the Bayside Screaming Gulls was three victories into their season. Paul Wilcox, senior player, team co-captain and recruiting prospect of several universities strutted in the halls of the school gleaning adoring looks and hopeful ones from most of the senior and junior girls. Those same girls were hissy fitting over the fact the one girl Paul seemed to concentrate on was the new junior with the eleven year old body, the confirmed nudist, the girl who called herself Waif.

The girls with one thing on their minds didn’t know that Wendy Ann Ingrid Farrell was helping Paul maintain his eligibility to play football by tutoring him in physics and calculus. Paul was a great athlete, but not a rocket scientist when it came to math and sciences. Waif having the affinity of surfing and swimming, passions Paul shared, was able to work tutoring into those activities showing Paul practical applications for the math and the science. Paul rose from a probationary D grade of barely passing earned just prior to the first game to solid C+ in both the physics and calculus classes. His other grades were solid B+ to A- in English, German, World History and Contemporary American Issues.

“I am putting you in for an honorary varsity letter in football,” Paul told the girl at his side.

“Sure, I am the size of the pole you use to mark the line of scrimmage. What did I do to deserve a varsity letter? Also, wise guy, where would I wear it?” Waif chuckled at the irony of her wearing a varsity sweater over, uh, well nothing else.

“I would not be player eligible if not for you. Moose, Bear and the Whale all say the same thing. You are like another coach for the team, the academic coach.” Paul grumbled. Moose, Bear and the Whale were the linemen who blocked and opened running room for Paul on offense. All had been in academic trouble before Waif volunteered to help Paul and that extended to tutoring whoever on the team needed help.

Waif would sit in the locker room, bare legs straddling the bench and show the players how to work the formulas in math and science or edit the papers due in English comp or history, correcting spelling and punctuation in the boys’ drafts so that the papers turned in for grading showed the knowledge each had. “You know how much the play book means to Coach?” She would ask the player and always get a yes for the answer. “Well consider that the other teachers have their playbooks also. They want to know you can run the plays assigned to you in their subjects. If you cannot express to them that you understand their subject they cannot pass you with good grades. Without good grades you cannot play football. So, let me help you get the grades you truly deserve.”

She was so much a fixture in the locker room and around the training rooms that the slender nude girl was barely noticed as being bare. The day she had followed Whale into the shower room demanding to know where his book Report on Moby Dick was so that she could review it for content was the day she realized none of these boys recognized her as a girl.

Eighteen teen-age boys in an open shower room and there among them one four foot eleven undeveloped girl who was acting more like a nagging nanny than a high school girl in an awkward situation. The other eight players were in the training room being iced down or having sprains taped.

“Hey, Waif, you need shampoo?” Bear called from a shower head two down from her confrontation spot with Whale. The irony was that Richard Richards, called Dick by his family got his team nickname from his size and name Whale being a derived portion from Moby Dick. Yet, he had problems dealing with the book from which he was given his moniker.

“That and a towel Bear, but first I need your Left Guard to tell me where he put the flash drive with his book report.” Waif called over the water and noise of showering team mates.

At that seventeen players turned on their teammate. Peer pressure shortened shower time and the large teen age boy and the slight teen age girl found themselves looking at the screen of a lap top computer fact checking the report Whale had prepared.

“The guy who tells the story about the boat and the whale,” Waif Sighed reading what Whale had committed to bits and bytes. “Whale, what is the opening line of the book?”

The blank look on his face told the entire story. “Call me Ishmael,” “Whale did you read any of the book? What was the Captain’s name? The name of the whaling ship they were on? Where are the facts to prove you have actually read the novel?”

She sighed, “I know a book that long is a challenge and many things will be unfamiliar to you. But, if you do not succeed in this, you leave a hole in the line of your team. That puts the whole team at risk. Worse yet, you put your future at risk. You know, I’ve been sick most of my life and my only escape from my illness was the written word and math. While my body withered I tried to keep my mind active. You need to do the same thing, Whale, you lift weights and push tackling sleds and run plays and have a fit body to show for it. But, someday, that body will fail you. Without exercising the other muscle that needs it, your brain, where does that leave your future?”

The other twenty-five boys in the training facility were silent. Waif may have hit a soft point in all of their psyches or perhaps it was just respect for a girl who wore a naked body bearing the reality of life’s fragile nature.

Paul coughed and then said, “So say we all, Whale. You know what coach says, only seventy per cent of us will go on to play in college and less than seven percent of college players go on to be pro ball players. If this is it for your sports career, what are you going to do for the rest of your life?”

Waif set down an outline of what she needed Whale to do by their next session. “That report is due before Homecoming in October, Whale, I guarantee you a B on it, minimum if you follow this game plan. I have a feeling your team is going to be on your backside to make sure you do, but anyway, I will see you again Thursday.”

“She looked around and in her best imitation of the tough one room school teacher, called out, “Paul, physics tomorrow, John, Geology and Mike I want to see your Geometry quiz so we can go over the ones you missed.”

The girl who had aspired to becoming a varsity cheerleader had become the team mother instead.

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Sean Gottet sat in the small conference room in the school with Tom Smith, president of the regional school board and Dorothy Suarez the high school principal. Tom Smith was speaking, “So, you see Doctor Gottet, we have observed the first two weeks of this new program and we approve of the change in the level of respect and courtesy student to student and student to faculty. Our feeder school boards take exception to only one aspect of what you call the program. That is the ‘relief’ issue.

“We as a unified district are of an opinion that the goal of this experiment is to create a school uniform, and a uniform student body. Eventually having all students attending classes in their natural state is the goal of the sending districts. However, the implicit humiliation in the public stripping of those chosen by lottery to participate in the Program and the concept of sexual release are not aspects of the program we wish to instill or install into our program here at Bayside.  The sending districts which adopted the NIS use a behavior modification for teasing and harassment the offender is publically paddled, either in the classroom or at a weekly disciplinary assembly. No school official does the paddling. The offender is paddled either by a parent, a guardian or the parent of the victim child.

“This is the program we wish to carry forth here at Bayside High, Doctor Gottet, not one of humiliation by public masturbation such as the NIS program has as an option under law.”

He paused to let the board’s position sink in, then continued, “Further the health education aspect is not a teaching situation for street slang. The board wishes the freshmen and sophomores required to take the introduction to human sexuality course to leave that course knowing the proper terminologies, medically and scientifically, for male and female body parts and their functioning. Erections are not ‘hard-ons’, orgasms are not ‘cums’ a penis is a penis and a vagina with its labia and clitoris shall be referred to as such not a ‘kitty’ or other slang terms, like ‘pussy’ or ‘cunt.’.

“We believe that nudity should not be a gateway to promiscuity. Yes, arousal will occur, it is a natural part of attraction one person to another. It is also natural in hormonal teen age boys and girls who are growing into their adult bodies. However, this should not result in a student being forced to perform an act upon his or her self nor should it draw the undo attention of others around the aroused child.

“For this district ‘reasonable request’ shall mean ‘look but don’t touch’ your position here is, we feel, as an enforcer of these rules and restrictions. Violators may be stripped on the spot if they are clothed and paddled on their bottoms if already nude, the punishment of humiliation befitting the crime committed. The state law allows for these adjustments and I hope you will go along with them. If not we will find an administrator who shall.”

Sean Gottet allowed her brain to process what the board president had told her and responded, “This is not the liberation of sexuality I believe the Program is designed to promote. However, you are correct Mr. Smith; this is one of three alternative paths of the NIS/NIP program allowed under the state laws.

“I believe I can work with you to make this alternative plan operational and fully functional within this district.”

After a few more details the meeting came to an end. As is the rule, compromise often leaves both parties dissatisfied but with a workable middle ground. Dorothy turned to Sean after Tom Smith left and spoke to her quietly, “There are two conservative sending districts that put the most pressure on the board, Doctor Gottet. Ocean Pines, which has roots as a religious denomination’s summer retreat camp is one. The other is Shoreside Park, which oddly sent us the most confirmed nudist students, but which holds a libertarian, yet conservative community mind set as to sexual behavior. Both sending districts feel that nudity does not equate with promiscuity. In fact by taking the mystery of the body away by removing clothing, Ruth Anderson, the driving force behind the Shoreside park district voting for Bayside High to participate in the NIS/NIP program, believes you reduce promiscuity.”

“Well, I cannot say I fully agree with that, as my doctoral studies were based within the normal and deviant sexual behaviors of adolescents. I tend to see everything needed for a school to be a successful NIS program in terms of the release of tension though sexual relief within the student body and faculty.” Sean paused and then said, “Yet, this district may prove an interesting field study for post-doctoral papers on the separation of nudity and sexuality.”

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Katherine Farrell waited for her twin daughters outside the school building in Shoreside Park clad in sandals and cheer shorts.

Amy and Tammie ran shrieking out of the school building moments after the final bell rang. Amanda Sun and Melody Lake trailed behind the twins, each holding a large rolled piece of poster board. “Mom, hi, we got homework. We gotta find shells and stuff on the beach and draw them on the posters and identify them.” Tammie informed her parent.

“Oh oh, Mom’s wearing pants,” Amy stopped short.

“Well, girls we’ve explained that to you in detail, you know when a woman gets ready to have a baby her womb sheds its lining to grow a new healthy one incase her egg is fertilized?” Katherine explained.

“Oh, that happens even when Dad isn’t her to make babies with you?” Amy responded as only a child could.

Her mother smiled, “oh, yes, my loves and it will happen many times, before you have boyfriends or husbands and even when you have cute curious little ones of your own. Once they start your periods come every month unless you are pregnant.”

A collective “EW” from the lips of four little girls with an additional, “That’s icky” from Amy ended the conversation. The topic changed to the homework, when it was due and when would be the best time to collect the samples they needed from the beach.

“Amanda and Melody, use my cell phone to call your moms, we’ll stop at our house, drop off the poster boards and grab a snack and then we’ll all go up to the beach and look for samples, okay?” Katherine handed her phone to Melody first and once she got the okay from her mother, she handed the phone back to Katherine, “Yes, Toni, they got the assignment today and I know the weather report is for thunderstorms the rest of the week. Okay, no later than six o’clock I think we can get everything done by then.” She handed the phone to Amanda, “Yes, mommy, okay,” the child said after explaining the project to her mother. She handed the phone to Katherine Mary Farrell, “Hello Dawn, is there a problem?” Katherine listened for a while and then muttered an affirmative, “Sure, she can stay over at our place if you like and I’ll take her to school tomorrow morning. It isn’t like she’ll need a change of clothing or anything,” the laugh on the other end of the phone ended the conversation.

“Amanda will be staying over with us tonight girls, her mom was called to work an extra shift at the hospital tonight,” their mother told the twins.

“Yippee, sleep over,” Tammie screeched. Amy jumped up and down excitedly.

Katherine cut that short with, “It’s a school night. Come now let’s gather your materials on the beach and then Melody will be picked up by her mom at six.”

Four naked little girls running up and down the beach collecting specimens piling them up sorting through them picking the best to use in the project left four sandy sweaty tired children by the time Katherine headed them home to the house on Springpoint. Showered and toweled they sat on the steps of the house and waited for Toni Lake to pick up her daughter. Once Melody said good bye to the girls and thanked Katherine again for watching her Lake’s left and the three third graders and Katherine Farrell retreated into Ruth Anderson’s home to prepare dinner.

**Part 4 Homecoming and Coming Home**

Home room was unusual the first week of October. The selectees of the first round of one month nude in school had finished their mandatory time without clothing. The second drawing had gone without a hitch, using the same scrabble tile selection process. Now, following the sophomore and freshman completing their introductory courses in anatomy and physiology, there were kids from all class levels going about school and extracurricular activity nude.

Three of the girls in Waif’s home room decided to sign the paper work for confirmed nudist status after the first month of school. Two boys were also now full time nude while several others had drawn vowels and were now doing their one month stint. Then there was the elephant in the room. Homecoming, the big game, the big parade with floats and marchers and the big semi-formal dance with alumni from many years graduation classes attending.

Karin Romanov was one of the girls opting out of clothing for the rest of the year. “I thought I would be disgusted with the whole nude experience, Waif, but I much as you said, actually found it liberating. My mom says my posture has never been better and my dad, well my dad told my two sisters and my brother that the new standard for around the house, yard and pool was Karin’s outfit. He hasn’t worn a stitch at home since the second day I was in the program. Mom cannot use tampons so the only time she wears anything at home is during her cycle. Rowdy, my brother, is more embarrassed than my sisters or I the poor kid can’t seem to well let’s say he has real problems urination wise most of the time.”

Waif smiled, “Rowdy doesn’t have that problem with me in the locker room, Karin, and by the way he is a very good linebacker for a sophomore. How old are your sisters?”

“Twelve and eight,” Karin replied.

“Mine are twins and they will turn eight soon. They can be a handful when they get to pranks and teasing. Think that might be part of the problem?” Waif asked.

“Might be part of it, Waif, but I think it is more testosterone rampage. Dad had hoped football would channel it, I think it made it worse. Oh, by the way Homecoming is just around the corner. Are you walking with a float for the parade? Did Paul ask you to the dance?” Karin asked hoping she might still have a shot at getting a date with the football player.

“Paul and I are surfing buddies, bus buddies and I tutor him as well as most of the other players on the football team. Frankly he hasn’t asked me. But I do have a date for the dance. He is a football player, and he won the date on a bet.” Waif smiled.

“Oh, spill,” Loretta had just walked over and it was her demanding the ‘deeds’.

Waif smiled, “You know I’m tutoring the team? Well, the lineman they call Whale, was on the verge of losing eligibility for the team and failing English this semester. Paul got him motivated to follow my study plan for the major book report on Moby Dick by telling him Paul would get him a date with any girl in school for the Homecoming dance if he got an A on the report. Richard Richards, aka Whale, turned in an A paper three days ago. He asked ME to go to the dance with him. I told him I had nothing to wear. He laughed and told me to come as I am he liked the outfit.”

The three girls were still laughing when Justin Thyme and John Jakes walked in. John drew an “E” the second round and was nude save for the ankle to hip leg braces. Andrea Merkle, a wheelchair bound paraplegic had drawn an “I” the first round and had fulfilled her month. This changed the exemption for physically challenged students. “What’s so funny?” John asked the girls with Justin looking on.

“Not you guys for sure,” Karin noted eyes fixed on the spot below the navel that seemed to fascinate every woman in the building now that John was nude. The word large was inadequate. Flaccid every girl thought’ I could never manage that’. Karin had seen John erect only once and that one glance had left images in her dreams that left her weak kneed. “Waif was telling us how she got her date to Homecoming by being payment for a debt.”

“Oh, yeah, you and Whale, I thought he was tossing a pile of manure when he told us he was going to the dance with you.” Justin replied.

“Nope, and he is a sweet gentle guy once you get past the huge muscled football lineman he wears outside,” Waif smiled.

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Fiona Farrell met her two granddaughters at the gate outside their school. The two ran up to their grandmother and hugged her, both children feeling her body go tense at the touch of two naked sweaty girls wrapping arms around the grandmother’s skirt. “Please stop, until you are washed and clothed, girls, you will soil my linen skirt with your sun screen and sweat.”

Belted into their towel covered seats in the third row of the Lincoln Navigator driven by Fiona Farrell, the girls asked why their mother had not picked them up as usual.

“She had errands to run, babies, and I have a wee surprise for you both today, so I came to get you instead.” Fiona responded.

Kathy Farrell arrived at the school pick up area fifteen minutes later.

“Hey, Molly, where are the girls? I am sorry I am late, but I had a flat tire when I got to the car and had to use two cans of auto inflate and sealer before I could get here. I called the office but no one picked up the phone,” Katherine called to her friend and the teacher of her youngest girls.

“Oh, Kathy, their grandmother picked them up about thirty minutes ago. Sorry about the office, the principal was dealing with a disciplinary problem and the office manager was in the copy room away from the phone.” Molly replied.

“My mom picked the girls up? I thought she was tied up with school board business all afternoon at the high school.” Katherine replied.

“Not Ruth, Kathy, it was your husband’s mother, Fiona. She said she had a surprise for the girls and off they went. Since she is known to us as family and has picked up the girls before, we didn’t ask her for a permission slip from you, I mean she is on the list as a primary contact in case of emergency.” Molly replied, sensing something was amiss now due to the look on Katherine’s face and the body language she expressed.

“I don’t know, it just feels off, Molly. Fiona has been making this big deal over the girls being invited to be in the Homecoming junior princess court and riding the float for the Homecoming Queen in the parade next week. She was going on about matching frilly dresses and tiaras and proper shoes. Perhaps she figured she’d get her way if she took the kids shopping without me knowing. Mom and I thought sea shell necklaces and flower crowns would be proper, the girls have beautiful tans that really do not need to be hidden under frilly dresses. But, Fiona sees every event as a good excuse to try and force the girls back into clothing.” Katherine had a tone in her voice suggesting she was trying to ease the anxiety not only of the teacher who had allowed the girls to go with their grandmother, but herself as well. Katherine picked up her cell phone and speed dialed her mother-in-law’s phone number.

A recorded message played after several rings. “I shall not be answering this phone again. Until and unless you and your mother come to your senses, Katherine Farrell, I have taken custody of your minor children to assure they are raised properly and decently clothed.”

“Oh my lord, she has snatched the kids, Molly. Here let me replay the message for you.” Katherine did so and Molly Malloy went wide eyed.

“Should we call Dave Wilcox? I don’t know what the time limit is before you can put an AMBER alert into play but Dave surely would.” Molly said, referring to the Shoreside Park Police Chief who was Paul Wilcox’s father.

Katherine called Waif to alert her, just in case Fiona came for her as well. She then called Ruth Anderson and told her. While she was doing that Molly Malloy was on the phone to Shoreside Park Police who dispatched the juvenile division officer and Chief Wilcox to the scene.

Officer June Pierce was the first to arrive at the school yard. She had Molly and Katherine repeat their back stories for her report and then began asking questions. “Your Equinox had a flat tire? Do you have the OnStar vehicle assessment application on your smart phone? Okay, let’s get that record scoped up and printed out, I want to see exactly when your tire began to lose pressure.”

The record showed that the tire was suddenly deflated at 2:20 p.m. about ten minutes before Katherine would get into the car to go to the school to pick up the girls. “Well, we cannot prove anything from circumstantial evidence,” Detective Pierce told the mother and teacher, “However; it certainly looks suspiciously like a stall tactic to slow down Katherine from arriving at the school to pick the girls up. If you did not have the cans of flat fix, Mrs. Farrell, you might have been even longer having to change the tire, or calling road service to do it for you. Coupled with the message on your mother-in-law’s phone, intent is clearly there.

“I believe we have sufficient cause to issue the AMBER alert, but I don’t have the authorization. Chief Wilcox will have to review this and issue the alert.”

Dave Wilcox rolled up several minutes later, huffing out of the marked vehicle, he apologized and said, and “Stupid fisherman with a heavy truck and no four wheel drive stranded himself on the beach with the tide running in. It took two tow trucks to get him out, what’s up here June?”

Summer season over, the Shoreside Park Police reduced itself from a summer force of twenty-four part time officers and traffic enforcement personnel to the nine police officer year regular year round force. One chief, one lieutenant, two sergeants and five patrol officers, each having a specialization in addition to their regular patrol duties, covered the small town more than adequately in the off peak months. Fewer officers meant multi-tasking for all, though, which is why a chief could be tied up with a mired vehicle instead of sitting behind a desk acting as the administrator of the department. Court appearances, the prisoner transport and processing that occasionally occurred, days off and vacation time that could only be used after the summer rush, left this department with a usual shift of not more than four, but usually three, police on duty at any time during the day. Usually the headquarters was manned by a dispatcher and a reports clerk, both civilian employees.

Chief Wilcox listened to his officer, and then asked additional questions of the mother and teacher. “If this is a kidnapping under custodial dispute, your mother in law has almost an hour head start on us, Mrs. Farrell. Do you know where she might be headed?”

“Not a clue, Chief, sorry, but she has money and influence and if she is going to hide the girls somewhere, she will have planned this carefully, in advance,” Katherine replied.

“I’ll need the identikit pictures of the girls taken at the beginning of the school year, for the alert. I’ll need a description of the vehicle, I hope she did not switch them out, maybe we’ll get lucky and a description and picture of Fiona Farrell for the alert,” Dave Wilcox was making demands on the fly, and once all was in place he used the school’s facsimile equipment to send out the AMBER alert to the county and state police departments.

Soon every electronic message board on every highway was flashing “Amber Alert…twins Amy and Tammy Farrell, taken by paternal Grandmother. Vehicle, Lincoln Navigator, license HR 2725, digitized photos of the girls and grandmother followed the written alert.

Fiona Farrell had plotted her time line well. She had underestimated her daughter in law with the cans of tire inflator, thinking she would need road service to come and change her flat tire. That cut twenty minutes of escape time from her plan. Further, little girls after school usually needed to urinate and hydrate. She had not built in time for a potty stop and snacks cutting her lead time even further. She was heading for the automobile ferry at the end of the state which would take her into a more friendly state which had not yet passed the NIS/NIP laws. The Lincoln would be left at the dock site there; she had a new Ford Escape with plates and registration in the new state waiting for her under the new name she had selected. She cursed under her breath, they had missed the early ferry by twelve minutes and another would not arrive for half an hour.

Lewis and Brigit Murphy saw the Amber Alert flash for the first time near mile parker 5 on the state highway leading to the auto ferry. “Oh, those poor girls must be scared stiff,” Brigit remarked to her husband behind the wheel.

“How could any person steal a child?” Lewis replied and looked ahead in the queue of cars waiting to load for the next ferry.  “Wait, what was that car they were in?

“A white Lincoln Navigator, why,” His wife replied.

“I cannot see the license plate yet, but there is a white Navigator five cars ahead of us in line. Call the emergency number, use your cell phone, at the worst we inconvenience those people, but if that is the correct car, maybe we help get those kids home tonight.”

Under the guise of preventing air pollution from idling vehicles, police from several agencies began going from car to car in front and behind the Navigator asking drivers to turn off their engines.

A state police sergeant walked up to Lewis and Brigit Murphy’s car and once Lewis rolled his window down, offered in a low voice, “Thank you for the tip, it is the correct car and occupants. We will need you to file a report and you might have to testify in court at the trial. But the two of you can consider yourselves among the good Samaritans of the world for your help.”

The ferry pulled in and began to unload a sign reading ‘Wait Time until Boarding is now Twenty minutes” went up.

Ten minutes later a state police helicopter flew over the ferry terminal and landed in a nearby clearing.

Three minutes after the helicopter was on the ground, Fiona Farrell ranting madly against the perversity of the nudity laws and her desire to protect her grandchildren was in custody. The twins ran into their mother’s arms, “She was gonna steal us Momma, she really was,” Tammy yelped sobbing into her mother’s bare left thigh. Amy was similarly sobbing and slobbering over Katherine’s right leg. Both were hugging tightly enough to impair circulation.

**Part 5 Courts**
In most small towns, high school sports are the major social events of the week. Yes, parents with children who played the lesser sports would show up and root their off spring on whether those sports were tennis, fencing volleyball or swimming and diving. What really put the area to a standstill were the major sports; those being Basketball, soccer, and football. Girls’ soccer was added to the program as a title nine balance field sport for boy’s football.

Each of those sports had an event that was a close the town down we are going to the game show stopping showcase. For football this was Homecoming Weekend. It started Friday with the parade and alumni reception which was a dinner dance event held at the ballroom of the local Holiday Inn. During the parade the Homecoming king and queen and the princess court were presented. Usually the king and queen were athletes, scholars or a combination of both from the senior class. These were Kids who were popular due to their achievements rather than simply a pretty face or well-muscled body.

The princess and prince court were junior class student athletes who would be the core group vying for the title of king and queen the following year. Most had worked hard in freshman and sophomore year to win a spot on the princess court as juniors.

Despite this it surprised only Wendy Ann Ingrid Farrell that she was spotlighted as first princess on this year’s float. Two months ago she was a virtual stranger to everyone in the school, yet the junior class had voted her on to the court with an overwhelming affirmation. The second princess won her spot with forty fewer votes than Waif. “But, you deserve this more than me. I’m the new kid and you, well you have been around since kindergarten and everyone knows and likes you,” Waif had protested to Karin Romanoff when the announcements for court were made.

“No, you walk into a room and suddenly if there was discord there is calm. You can always lighten a moment with a joke or a funny take on the situation. You set the example on how to be nude in public and still be a modest and virtuous girl. We all thought, once stripped naked we would turn into wanton sluts. You set the example on how not to let that happen. Well, okay, if you look at Margie or Nan your example didn’t work for everyone. But, nearly all of us who are now nude are only comfortable with ourselves and our nudity because you blazed the path for us.

“Add to that the fact that almost every male jock and a couple of the female ones as well owes their academic eligibility to one small woman who willingly began tutoring them, for free, and you have the prime reason everyone voted for you. Just sit there wave and enjoy it.” Karin paused, and then continued, “If I had been bold enough to do half the things you have done since you have been my classmate, I might feel worthy to sit here next to you.”

The Bayside High School Screaming Gull marching band led the parade with the color guard and twirlers up front.

Then came the Homecoming King and Queen and the court of princesses on their float.

Each of the regional elementary schools sent a contingent of junior princess to the parade. Shoreside Park was represented by Ronnie Peters, Brad Williams and Amy and Tammy Farrell. Ronnie and Brad represented the middle school age children, Amy and Tammy the lower grades.  There were sixteen students on this float six of them nude, four of those came from Shoreside Park.

The next float traditionally held alumni football players and cheerleaders, some of whom were parents of current players and cheerleaders. Dave Wilcox and his wife were on that float as were Ivan and Lori Romanoff.

The last float held the current football team and cheerleaders. Four of the cheerleaders were nude, two having drawn vowels in the last round and two who started the year as confirmed nudists. The football players were all in uniform. Their turns at the letter draw would come following the final game of the season Thanksgiving afternoon.

The floats paraded down River Road along a route lined with fans and families waving and cheering and then into the football stadium where they circled the field on the cinder track used for track and field running events stopping on the home team side of the field. The band marched on the field and played the alma mater of the school and several rally songs.

The cheerleaders did their routine asking the crowd, “Who’s gonna win,” and getting the answer “Bayside”.  Followed by several “We can’t hear you” calls from the cheerleaders and even louder yells each time of “Bayside.” Then the cheer team changed to “Who yells loudest?” For which the crowd knew the response to be, “Gulls Fans”. A few exchanges of ‘We can’t hear you” and louder roars from the stands and when the crowd had screeched that last response the cheerleaders stepped aside. It was then that Dorothy Suarez stepped up to the microphone and named the homecoming king and queen and the junior princess court for the crowd.

Louder cheering and the announcement that the football boosters and alumni association expected to see all alumni and spouses at the dinner dance later that evening and the entire Homecoming court would be at the event along with the cheer squad. The marching band performed another tune while the stands emptied and the parade portion was complete.

Ruth Anderson walked up to her three grandchildren and hugged them telling them how proud she was of them all. “Where’s Mom,” Waif asked expecting her mother to be there.

“She was detained at the county court house, your other grandmother had a preliminary hearing to set bail on her charges, she said to tell you she was sorry to miss the parade but would be at the dinner tonight as my plus one and she would catch you up there.” Ruth Anderson responded.

“Look at the twins, they are exhausted from the excitement,” Ruth continued, “It is a good thing they are staying with Brett Peters tonight or that dinner and dancing would be no fun at all.”

Waif laughed at the twins when she glanced at them as their heads were nodding even as they tried to fight to stay awake, “Come on Bugs it is time to get you home to Ronnie’s house. Brad and Tad and Ronnie are going to be watching you tonight, so you best behave or no more sleep overs.”

“I’m a Bug,” yelled Amy. “I’m a bug too,” responded Tammy, “I’m a Stink Bug what kind are you?”
“I’m a Bed Bug I bite and I chew!” Amy giggled and Waif regretted the day she began teasing the twins with those nicknames.

The alumni event that evening began following the parade. Around five thirty Katherine Farrell walked into the ballroom and spotted her mother and Waif walking in the buffet line. After getting her name tag and identifying herself as Ruth Anderson’s daughter and Waif’s mom, she caught up to the rest of the family searching the selections for  what they wished to eat. “Hi, Mom,” Waif looked up and spotted her parent, “Try the flounder, it is very flakey and totally boneless.”

“I just might, right after I try the cabernet or the merlot, Waif, it has been one of those days,” Katherine responded.

“A white would go better with fish, but you name your poison and the open bar is over to the left,” Ruth told her daughter with a smile.

“I am too tired to care, mom, honestly. Fiona’s lawyers tried every trick in the book to get her out on bail. They cited health conditions I never knew the woman to have, offered to surrender her passport and put up her townhouse as collateral, offered to have her wear an ankle bracelet monitor and at that point the judge almost relented.

“I had to laugh, though; our prosecutor nailed the old girl and her team when she told the judge that all the terms were agreeable to her, if and only if, Fiona Farrell surrendered her entire wardrobe as well. She could be released on bail using her townhouse as collateral after surrendering her passport and wearing the ankle bracelet but nothing else.

“Fiona sputtered something into her lawyer’s ear and he told the judge that his client would rather stay in custody than have to be naked in public. So she’s still in the county jail awaiting trial.

“We go back to court after the grand jury hears the case. If they vote to indict her, a trial date will be set within a month of the grand jury hearing. Unfortunately for all of us, including Fiona, the grand jury empaneled now ends its term on the thirty-first. With the holiday season coming up a new panel will not be seated until after the New Year. Meanwhile her tricksters with law degrees will be looking for loop holes in the law to get her out and get her off.

“Rumor from the prosecutor has it that her lawyers want me, Waif, and the twins to sit through seasons with a court appointed psychologist to determine if we are sane people as we wish to live our lives nude. It sounds as if this entire family will be put on trial before she goes on trial. They are hoping to wear us down. The prosecutor told me that it is not unlikely her lawyers will have a team of private investigators tailing us, just waiting to catch one of us at a bad moment that can be used against us to mitigate Fiona’s actions.” Katherine sighed and gazed longingly at the bar set up across the room.

“Go get your wine, we are at table ten, Waif is sitting with the princess court at table three,” Ruth Anderson told her daughter.

King and Queen of Homecoming was more than a popularity or beauty pageant. Since the voting stressed the extracurricular activities of the students selected for the title as voted by their peers, the football boosters and the Bayside Alumni association awarded scholarships to the King and Queen as well as lesser ones to the junior class members selected to the princess court.

The King and Queen were awarded fifteen thousand dollar scholarships to be applied to the tuition and fees at any university they wished to attend. As first Princess, Waif was given a choice of a three thousand dollar scholarship to the college of her choice or pending her grades and achievements in her senior year, a full scholarship for four years to the Philadelphia University for Fashion Industry and Technology. The offer would remain open until December of her senior year. Each of the other princes and princesses received the three thousand dollar scholarship.

“Wow, Karin what is up with this? They want to give me a full scholarship to PFIT? Why I wonder?” Waif muttered to her fellow princess seated next to her at the banquet table.

“I can think of a few reasons, Waif. First, you deserve it. Second, PFIT will be a perfect fit for you; the campus is a ‘life model’ school with clothing having been optional for about five years now. The emphasis of totality of person is what you have been doing by example since you arrived here. The vice chancellor of the university is an alumna of Bayside High School, an author and educator and has endowed more than a few scholarships for various majors. He is also Paul Wilcox’s uncle as he married Chief Wilcox’s sister.

“See her sitting beside the Chief, the tall nude woman with the silver collar around her throat and the silver wrist cuffs and ankle bands, she is the leading editor for a huge publishing house; the one that publishes his books. In fact she acts as his personal editor before a manuscript leaves his computer for print review.” Karin replied. Karin’s nipples had tightened as she looked at the collared woman one table removed from them. Waif wondered, if the air conditioning had kicked u a notch or if Karin wished she was in that kind of, oh, wait, the flash of light in her brain came just as the sound of her voice squeaked, “Is he the author of SUBMISSION AS THE ROAD TO POWER IN THE BUSINESS WORLD? If he is I doubt he would give me a scholarship. My last long hospitalization I picked the book up off the cart the pink stripers wheel around out of sheer boredom. I read four chapters and wrote him a letter picking his premises apart point by point. Another four chapters and another letter went out. I finished the book and wrote him one more letter. He had waited I guess for me to finish and send him the last letter before he responded.

“The letter to me was four sentences long. He thanked me for reading the book. He thanked me for taking the time to comment on his thesis. He noted that my experience with the business community appeared limited and perhaps with more time on the workplace I would appreciate his ideas more. Then he signed it. I still have the letter, tucked into the book. I guess it is stored with the rest of our stuff from the old house in storage.” Waif ended her conversation with Karin as a fifty something male slid up a chair and sat beside her.

“I was passing your table when I overheard your conversation, young lady,” the man who did not introduce himself to her said, “I just want you to know I still have your letters, also. Never have I read a better written defense of the opposite position from any one. In fact, not using your name, I use parts of those letters in my undergraduate lecture. Had I realized at the time that those words came from the pen of a fourteen year old girl in a hospital bed, I might have added a line or two to my response.” He smiled and grasped her hand. “You would be a most welcome addition to the PFIT community, please keep our offer under consideration.”

With that he rose and excused himself and returned to his table.

“OMG, Waif, now you have done it. I mean game on, girl. He just challenged you to go to HIS University and take on HIS premises in his classes. That, girlfriend, is a power move if I ever saw one.” Karin gushed.
“We’ll see what we will see,” Waif said without committing to anything. Her thoughts were of what Karin had just said; challenging a man of power on his own playing field would take preparation and confidence.

Saturday brought a day of clouds and warm temperatures, unusual for late October but Indian Summer would last the weekend then Tuesday would begin three days of rain and autumn would set in with a vengeance. Paul and Rowdy played a game of a lifetime. Paul rushed for over one hundred yards and scored two touch downs. Rowdy intercepted a pass form the opposing team and ran it back for another six points. Paul ran the ball in for a two point conversion and that would give Bayside the victory for Homecoming by one point. Whale, Moose and Bear had played their hearts out as well, allowing the holes to open for Paul to run and collapsing back on the quarterback so that he was protected on his pass plays.

Whale Richards pulled up to the Anderson house in his pride and joy, a nineteen fifty-five Jeep Comanche pick up that he and his father had restored to almost factory condition. The one difference was the bucket seats replacing the canvas over springs utility seating the old vehicle had when father and son found it in a junk yard. The new seats and three point seat belts met the legal requirements for driver and passenger restraint.

He knocked on the door and was met by Katherine who smiled broadly and invited him into the house. Waif walked down the steps from the second floor and saw him there, smiling up at her. He was wearing a formal bow tie; Nothing else, just the bow tie. He held out a box with a wrist corsage in it. Katherine took several pictures and the couple was off for their night at the Homecoming dance.

Dance they did, from the first to the final. Whale Richards, six feet four inches two hundred forty pounds of muscle was as light on his feet as any dancer on that television show with the mirror ball as a prize. When Waif tired, Whale slid his hand under her bottom, picked her up off of her feet and simply carried her around the dance floor. She felt like a baby in the arms of her father and snuggled into the boy’s muscular chest simply enjoying the masculine smell of him.

For the first time in her life, Waif was thinking of a boy in THAT way. The ride home found her wet and squirming on the bucket seat and hoping she wouldn’t soak the towel she sat on. Whale pulled the truck over in the drive of her house and got more than he expected. She kissed him like she meant it. Long and passionate enough that he too reacted as all teen age boys do his penis hard and erect. She looked at him and said, “I’ve never…”

He laughed and said, “Neither have I, but I sure wouldn’t mind if you were my first. But, you deserve more than a quickie in the front seat of a pickup truck, Waif. Do you want to go somewhere else or perhaps wait until another time?”

“Point Dunes Park, NOW,” Waif commanded, “Before we both chicken out.”

Two hours later the girl was a woman and she laughed that she had sand in places no girl wanted sand to be. Whale Richards rubbed her shoulder and said nothing. Words would ruin things; there would be time for words tomorrow. He walked her to the door and kissed her one more long good night kiss.
“Call me, maybe,” she asked as he walked down to the truck.

“First thing I wake up in the morning and last thing I do before I go to sleep tomorrow night, Waif. Thank you again for the best night of my life. “

“And thank you for the best night of mine,” she smiled wistfully and slipped inside her front door.
Ruth and Katherine were waiting in the sitting room. As Waif glided through Ruth coughed to get her attention, “Well, did you have a good time at the dance?”

“Gramma, I had a fabulous time at the dance and an even better time after it. That is all you get from me tonight, I’ll talk to you both in the morning.”

**Part 6 A Winter Wonderland**

The second of the three, “town stopping events” at Bayside Regional High School [home of the Screaming Gulls] is the mid-winter basketball classic tournament.

To be fair, before politically correctness, the event used to be called the Christmas Basketball Classic. Now it is the Mid-winter Basketball Classic. It is run, much as is the NCAA March Madness tournament. Twenty high school teams which normally do not have each other on their schedules due to conference or regional differences are invited. Play begins the day following the closing of school for the winter break and continues until a champion is determined on December 31st.  Five games a day involving ten teams each on the first two days of play. This round is single elimination loser going home, winner advancing to the next round. The ten teams left go into pool round robin play over three days.  The six teams with the worst records leave after this round. The four teams with the highest win average then play each other to determine the champion of the tournament over the next two days.

Most of the town of Bayside is involved with hosting and hospitality of visitors from the competitor’s schools and player families. The spill over into the eight sending school districts is quite large as well. Shoreside Park, with its rental bungalow and bed and breakfast business slack after the summer peak welcomes many team families who will remain to see the tournament even if their teams have been eliminated.

Two things changed in the Anderson/Farrell house following Homecoming weekend. The first was, of course, Richard “Whale” Richards was now a regular visitor and surrogate family member. The twins adored him and Grandmother and mother approved of him. Yes they knew he was Waif’s “first” and neither woman minded particularly after seeing what a gentle giant of a boy Whale was with all three of the girls. The Jeep Comanche became a regular fixture in the Anderson driveway, starting after the finish of football Thanksgiving Day. The players grabbed letters from the Scrabble bag in the locker room and Whale drew an “A”. He smiled shrugged and toweled off to meet Waif stark naked.

The twins were even more impressed than Waif. Whale was their first ‘big boy’ and they had all types of personal questions. Whale proved he was comfortable with them and the family by not turning away a single one and answering them all in a way the eight year olds understood. Whale’s home district of Ocean Pines was not as liberal as Shoreside Park within its elementary feeder school.  Rita Richards, Whale’s ten year old sister often came to play with the twins when Whale visited when she did she took the opportunity to practice being nude in a nonjudgmental setting.

It was as serious a high school romance as such an intense first round of real loving emotion became. Waif and Whale were everywhere together and very comfortable with each other. Coincidentally, Waif had felt ill a few days after the couple did the deed. She spent three days in bed and another two just lazing about the house with every joint in her body giving off aches.

Usually a family marks a growth spurt with the suddenly shorter skirt or pant leg on the growing child. When you live life naked there is no such artificial marker. Waif realized on day five of her ‘illness’ that things in the kitchen storage cabinet she once stood on tip toe to reach were now easily within her grasp flat footed. She yelled for her mother to bring the tape rule that was kept in the tool kit and stood in a doorway while her mother confirmed the new height with the measuring device. The once four foot ten inch tall Waif was now a full five foot two [158 cm]. Katherine Farrell also pointed out the swelling of Waif’s bust line indicating the beginnings of breasts. The twins noticed a few wisps of hair around her pubic bone. Puberty had finally struck the eighteen year old and it was welcomed as a final indication her medical problems were behind her.

Late in November, about the time of the final football game, Waif experienced her first cramping. No flow, just the bloated cramping nasty menstrual symptoms she had avoided for most of her teen years. Wisely anticipating what might happen the next month Ruth Anderson came home one afternoon with a package of Hanes Her Way boy briefs and a box of sanitary napkins ‘just in case’.

The need came in the middle of the night of day three of the Mid-Winter Basketball Tournament. Waif reappeared from the ladies room clad in aqua boy briefs and asked Whale to take her home. Tea, toast and Grandmother Ruth’s back rub helped her get through the first night of misery and cramping.  All was normal by day three and the family was able to watch the two semifinals and then the championship and consolation games together. The cheer competition following the championship game found Bayside tied for second place with Mountain Grove High while the overall championship cheer team was awarded to Mountain Creek High School.

The teams and cheerleaders from the schools in the tournament were invited to the awards dinner and dance, many of the visitors spending time with Bayside students reviewing the policies this district had concerning nudity in school and in the community.

Waif became the most popular student sought out to discuss Bayside Regional High School policies. One girl, the cheer captain from Mountain Creek High, named Lisa Ki-Moon, talked about how happy the ‘naked kids’ appeared in Bayside High. “Our kids are always being touched and stopped for requests; it makes them feel dirty and confused. If the purpose of the Program is to allow people to feel comfortable in a clothing-optional society, then what does that have to do with sex?”

“Good point, and the clear answer is ‘not a thing’. It gets confusing with the reading of the law, Lisa,” Waif responded, “My Grandmother fought with the state legislature to have the ‘request’ portion of the law struck down. However, the national model law passed by Congress and signed by the President to make it the law on federal lands allows for ‘stimulation for educational purposes’. Grandmother told our legislature that allowing for something did not equate to a mandate in favor of it. So the state has allowed each school district to implement parts of the law the locality feels are within community standards. Some school boards failed to recognize their discretionary powers and just pushed the whole package on the schools in their districts.

“Here we do not publically paddle, although it is on the books as a possible punishment for gross misbehavior. The eight feeder schools for the high school allow paddling by a parent of the child to be punished only if the offense was one of a physical nature against another student. The young ones soon realize that hitting or tripping will get you naked over dad or mom’s knee at the Friday assembly and all the kids in the school will witness your punishment. My sisters go to Shoreside Park Elementary and this school year there has only been one such incident. My boyfriend, Richard comes from the Ocean Pines district. His sister, Rita, told the twins they have had three disciplinary assemblies this year. One girl who slapped another during a basketball game who after her ten with a ping pong paddle cried hugged the girl she hurt and went on to be best friends with the girl. The other was a boy known to be a bully. When he repeated the same offense against a weaker boy taking the boy’s lunch money and pushing him to the ground he was given fifty by his mother who then signed the paperwork to have him remain naked for the rest of the school year.

“Rita says no one teases him, they simply shun him. Or most do, the little boy who was his victim turned around and befriended the bully. A few others in his grade level also rallied around him. One was a neighbor who quietly told his teacher and classmates that the boy was having a hard time at home since his mother was raising him alone after his dad was badly wounded overseas and hospitalized, in a military hospital in another state. Money is tight and the boy often went hungry. His former victim started bringing two lunches and sharing with the boy. Both his mom and the boy are now in counseling dealing with the grief of having a wounded warrior in the family.

“What I’m saying is sometimes the disciplinary can lead to something positive. But, I do not believe myself that it should be humiliating. I find the whole public relief thing to be just that.” Waif finished.

“But isn’t that all about learning to appreciate the freedom of your sexuality,” another voice came into the conversation, Kip Anson of the Mountain Creek Basketball team and Lisa’s boyfriend, “We are told that self-pleasuring  is just the same as public displays of affection. They are perfectly fine as long as no one is offended by the behavior.”

“So, if the two of you felt the need to copulate, say right here on this table during the dinner dance, you would do so if no one was offended by it?” Whale asked the question, coming back to the table with plates of food for Waif and himself and catching the end of the conversation. “I for one would find myself losing my appetite; both for food and the pleasure of your company.”

“Most of us would’, Karin Romanoff added, Paul Wilcox on her arm as her escort nodded in agreement.

“Sex in public is not so much a display of clinical anatomical and physiological positions as it is a discrete form of intimacy between two people who care for each other. It is one thing to sneak under the life guard boat on the beach and make love with your lover. It is quite another to be forced to perform alone or with someone else in front of a classroom of students in school, just because you happen to have an erection or if you are a girl are a bit damp between your legs.” Paul concluded.

“I agree,” Whale added. “What Waif and I do or do not do is up to us as a couple, and we should not be forced to perform for an audience like circus animals simply because one of us is aroused.”

“Wow, you guys live in a completely different world than we do. I think I would like nudity if it was consensual and not forced. I believe I would like it better if school was less about masturbation and more about education. But how can we get the warped policies of our district to stop?” Lisa asked.

“When the school board stands for reelection, vote the present board out and replace them with people who have the same views and values as you have,” Whale replied. “Then keep an eye on them as well as pressure to assure they follow up on the promises they made when you elected them.”

“You both are over eighteen, you could make a start by taking the stand that you will be candidates for the school board and state in your campaign not only what you are against but what you favor. You would be perfect since both of you have been through the program you object to and can tell voters why and how you wish to change it.” Waif added.

“Wow that is a lot of heavy stuff to think about,” Lisa said and Kip nodded in agreement, “I guess the only way to have limits set is to be in a position and a place to set those limits. I’m not saying we would run ourselves, but, my mom might and Kip has a brother who just finished law school. He might be able to put all the legal stuff together for us to use in a campaign.”

“Look, I started out as an accidental nudist. I never intended to become a crusader, just to try and pass as well, as someone who wasn’t who she seemed to be. Until a few months ago I looked like an eleven year old and had since I was eleven. It had to do with some really bad medical issues. Now I have grown, several inches, and I’m losing that straight up and down look.

“Whale just told jokes about my ribs and my hips meeting in the vicinity of my navel, a few months ago. Now he compliments me on having a place for his hand to rest in the curve of my hip.” She smiled as Richard Richards massaged her shoulders, letting out a sigh, “Now, that’s why I keep him around. The boy has marvelous hands.” She smiled up into his eyes and winked.

Lisa giggled, “Perhaps your Whale could give my Kip a few pointers.”

“Public displays of affection are not necessarily sexual,” Whale responded. “They are tender relationship affirming acts that show the couple to be bonded on a special level, not just two animals rutting in heat.” He continued to massage his girlfriend’s shoulders and upper back. “Waif was my friend, my tutor and my mentor, long before we dated or were a couple. She was all that and more while naked and while I still was wearing clothing full time. I fell for the girl inside the wrapper that is her body. I fell for her personality, her wit, her brains and her strength of character. I want THAT to be the best part of our relationship. If you can make that the best part of your relationship, then you will get why nudity has nothing to do with sexuality. You are attracted to a person for who she or he is not what he or she looks like if it is love. Otherwise it is lust and it will never last.”

Waif and Whale went on the dance floor for the slow song that was playing. When that ended they slipped away to the Jeep and went back to the Anderson house. Whale called his mother and told her that Rita and he were staying over for the night.  The twins and Rita fell asleep in front of the television, on the floor in their slumber bags, while watching a DVD of an old Disney cartoon movie. Wrapped in each other’s arms Waif and Whale soon followed dozing off on the day bed. Ruth Anderson walked in quietly and covered them with a light blanket. The daylight would bring the first day of a new year, and more experiences for the Farrell clan and their circle of friends.

**Part 7 Spring and a young person things of**

Molly Malloy sat in Ruth Andrews’s kitchen the discussion concerned tenure for three teachers now completing their fourth year of teaching and by time spent in their positions now eligible.

“Melina Morrow has been innovative and well-liked by her students since her arrival at Shoreside Park Elementary, Ruth, and I definitely would, as the steward of the teacher’s union here in SP and as a colleague, would recommend her for tenure,” Molly looked up from the folder in front of her and scratched a bug bite on her bare thigh.

It was the middle of April, school would be out for the summer in late May and teachers not attaining tenure would need time to shop their resumes to other districts. Molly was also currently recruiting for the life guard and beach control for the summer season which would begin for Shoreside Park just after the close of school.

For her it is a seamless transition, teacher in the nude on Friday, lifeguard in the tower seat still nude the following Monday. The back burner agenda today was Molly Malloy seeking Ruth Andrews’s permission to recruit Wendy Ann Ingrid Farrell as a lifeguard for the summer.

“What about Martin Baker,” Ruth asked, “His seventh grade classes seem to like him, even if he is a “textile teacher” and he has shown ability in interesting all grades five through eight in Earth Sciences and Geology.” She paused, then added, “My one concern is that he does not seem to want to take on the extra duties most teachers have done. He does not sponsor a club nor coach a team and he seems to want to leave as soon as the final bell of the day rings.”

Molly responded, “His mother passed away when he was very young, his dad was never in the picture as a parent. The father worked in Colorado for a mining company and sent money for his support but did not really want him. Fortunately, he was raised by a maiden aunt who basically gave up her life to become his surrogate mother. She is suffering early onset dementia. He has a care giver for her during his work hours but rushes home to be with her after school and sits with her all night.

“He knows that in a year or two she will need full time care in an institution, but for now and as long as he can he wishes to keep her in their home surrounded by the things with which she is familiar. He told me, ‘she gave me her whole life out of pure unselfish love. I love her with all my heart and the least I can do is allow her to have her normal life at home for as long as possible’, and speaking with the other teachers and his students they respect his commitment to his aunt.”

“I see, well that changes my vote to in favor of retention, I was tempted to vote no tenure as I did not know his situation.” Ruth responded.

“That brings us to Laura Lonegan, Ruth, and truthfully, I am on the fence with her. I like her, she is a good teacher and was a fine section leader for the beach patrol the past two summers, my concern is her fourth graders seem to not respond to her discipline. Granted they were no angels when I had them as third grade students, but, they seem to be getting even wilder as they age. If it is the kids and not the teacher I dread seeing this class hit puberty in a year or two.”

“Once she has tenure, her removal will be far more difficult, should it turn out it is HER and not the children. Perhaps I will call her in for a private interview and find out what issues she might be having, also I want to speak to the person Waif refers to as “‘The Source” one Miss Veronica, ‘Ronnie’ Peters, that child has her fingers on more pulses and her thumbs in more pies than Clara Barton and Jack Horner combined.” Ruth said with a straight face, getting the appropriate giggle in response from Molly Malloy.

The older woman showed the younger to the outer porch when Molly turned back and asked, “Has Katherine reconsidered Waif becoming a lifeguard this summer? She has all of the qualifications, passing water safety instructor courses while with the high school swim team this year and Red Cross Life Saving. She does the beach run with the team every morning just for exercise and is a fit young woman. I don’t get Katherine’s objection,” Molly paused.

“Katherine still sees the girl as the frail, sickly underdeveloped child she was when she arrived on this doorstep last year. The fact Waif has grown five inches gained twelve pounds of muscle and is the picture of health does not dispel her mother’s memories of a sick onto death child.

“I am hoping that the twins and I can talk her into it before the hiring window closes. Speaking of growth spurts, have you seen the ‘bugs” lately? Those girls had best be volleyball or basketball players with the height and thin reed bodies they are creating.” Ruth smiled and winked. Molly was assured of her lifeguard and of at least two girls for the Shoreside Park recreational beach volleyball teams.

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“I’m sorry, Kate, but this is the most important assignment I’ve been given in my military career and I am the best person for the job.” Keith Farrell told his wife by Skype. “It will take a minimum of two and a half more years. I feel it is best to put the city townhouse up for sale and put the contents in storage, unless your mother can use furnishings for the shore place, and Barney wants to buy out my share of the business partnership. That will give you a bit more flexibility financially.”

Katherine Farrell had just heard that her husband was ‘tour extended’ by the military. The rebuilding portion of the mission in south western Asia had begun and as a civil engineer in civilian life as well as a project engineer for the Air Force the Department of Defense had ordered his extension on active duty to oversee the rebuilding of highways and bridges damaged in the conflict.

“What about Waif and the twins, Keith? What should I do about your mother and her child interference case? Should I let Waif take the summer job on the beach? I need a little help here I feel overwhelmed.” Katherine was close to tears, she had expected Keith to be announcing a date for his return home, not an extension of almost three more years away from home.

“The girls will be fine, Kate, and Waif is more mature than you realize. If her doctors tell her it is okay, at her checkup later this month then, yes, she should get the experience and responsibility of the lifeguard job. My mother and her lawyers are going to use every trick they can to keep her out of prison, Kate. She already has been able to reduce the two counts of kidnapping to two counts of custodial interference and two counts of child endangerment. A good judge on a bad day might sentence her to the maximum of three years in prison on each count and have her serve them consecutively. But the odds are in favor of a concurrent sentence with no prison time less the time she spent in county jail already, wearing an ankle monitor and an order of no contact with the children. My JAG officer here has been advising me as to possibilities short of dragging the twins through a trial. His suggestion is to let her plea bargain her deal, avoid the twins having to testify in court against their grandmother, and make a condition of the deal that she never have contact with her grandchildren again, even after the sentence is completed. I’d say if your lawyer stateside agrees, do it and get this matter resolved quickly while we can avoid the twins having to be deposed and possibly testify in open court.”

“I think I can agree to that, the twins were already anxious about having to tell what their grandmother did in court. I agree to selling the townhouse, Keith, but, and hear me out, there is a two story seven bedroom four bath eleven room house up for sale two doors down from my mother. If we get the price we should for the townhouse, we can afford this one. I think my mother would relish the kids being close but not under her roof, Keith. They literally love her to death. It is exhausting her.

“The house is directly across the street from Bret and Ronnie Peters. It is zoned commercial/residential, so when you do come home you can set up a new engineering office right here. Do you remember me talking about Captain Don? It was his place. I think you can get a lot of business locally, Keith, we have our foot in the door already. Year rounders’ here all know each other and Waif has been such an ice breaker in the community for us that we are already members in good standing in the community. If that meets with your approval may I place a bid on the home?”

“My mother bought us that town house as a wedding present almost twenty-two years ago. Now it is nothing but bad memories. I know I could not live there and I’m sure your mother did not think you the kids and ultimately I would stay with her full time, so YES put the bid on the house. My share of the firm partnership will cover the house even if the townhouse doesn’t sell for a while.” Keith reassured his life partner. Plans in place the family was prepared to move on.

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Waif sat in the stands cheering on the track team as the girls ran the four hundred meter race. The Spring Break Sports Spectacular was in full fruition and her friend and fellow committed nudist Kelly Franks was running for the ‘Girl Gulls” and at the two hundred meter split was in fourth place behind two textiles from Graftonville High School. The leader in the breakaway pack was Chelsea Looney, another Bayside Regional runner who also was a textile.

Kelly looked tired and Waif worried that she would drop further back and lose the breakaway group. As the race turned toward the three hundred meter point and the gun sounded announcing the final lap of the race everything changed. Kelly broke into her sprint and passed the two girls from Graftonville. She closed to within a body length of Chelsea before the leader realized she was there and then passed Chelsea on the inside just staying legally in the lane while doing it and finished a stride and a half ahead of her clothed team mate.

Waif giggled to herself watching from the stands. She knew the bet that was between Chelsea, a senior and Kelly a junior. Kelly wagered Chelsea that should Kelly win the race today Chelsea would surrender her rights to clothing until graduation. Chelsea having never lost to anyone from her own team or an opponent readily agreed and added if Kelly lost she would wear LOSER in marker across her naked butt.

Looking none too happy about it, Chelsea pulled off her running briefs and singlet and handed them to Kelly. Two Bayside girls stood naked on the platform when the race results were announced. Only the girl coming in second had tan lines. A clothed girl from Graftonville stood on the last spot.

Spring track and field and spring soccer competed for the athletic fields of Bayside at this time every year. Such was and is the Spring Break Sports Spectacular. Three sports, aquatics [swimming, diving, water polo and synchronized], track and field and soccer all competing on Bayside Regional’s campus for the ten days of the annual high school spring break. The track meet was the qualifier for state championship finals held in late May. The round robin girls’ soccer tournament began almost immediately upon the track meet closing. Eighteen teams, three soccer fields, three games on each field Saturday. Winners advance and play Each other on Sunday with Bayside girls taking the opponent position for the fifth game. Again winners advance to the Monday game, played on a Monday holiday. The rules state that should Bayside win their game Bayside does not go on to the trophy round. The three teams victorious in the last games are ranked by goals scored, goals scored against and as a tie breaker penalties.

This was the third and last high school sporting event that closed the town down for several days. Merchants who had to remain open kept the live feed from the Bayside Regional High School closed circuit television station on in their shops. Parents with sons and daughters competing in events were given time off of work to attend and cheer on the Screaming Gulls teams. It was not unusual to see a mother running to the daughter’s game on the soccer field while the father sat on the bleachers in the natatorium to cheer for the son who was a diver on the swim team. So it was with loyalties of classmates and teammates.

Waif sat on the aluminum bleachers in the sun, stark naked, on a team towel from the swim team. She was between heats, having qualified for the two hundred meter breast stroke finals earlier in the morning. Her race would be called in an hour and she had a half hour before returning to the pools to warm up.

Next, she would go in and watch Loretta dive her event on the ten meter spring board. Then would come her warm up and her race; with Hank, Kelly and Loretta sitting in the bleachers rooting her on as she had done for them.

So intent on the goings on happening field level that she did not hear the foot falls on the bleachers behind her, Waif was startled when Principal Suarez spoke her name from behind her left shoulder.
“We need to talk, Miss Farrell, not now, once school resumes next week. I would like for your mother and grandmother to be there when we have our chat.” The Principal of the school smiled when she spoke and added, “It is wonderful good news, so please do not worry or let this throw you off your pace for your swim, I do so want to see you add a varsity swimmer to your varsity “B” alongside your one from football.”

Waif had been voted a football varsity letter for her academic eligibility tutoring of Whale, Paul and several other players. The letter she would win for swimming would not be honorary; she had competed the entire season, never finishing less than second in her two events. Today would be her last swim of the season.

Dorothy Suarez turned to walk up the steps of the stadium and Waif, now so used to the casual atmosphere of the school toward nudity actually noticed for the first time that the principal was nude.

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Bayside had a tradition of both student and faculty participating in two theater productions annually. The first one in the fall had been an in the round production of the play “The Fantasticks”. It was a fully textile production. It was performed during the nude in school introductory period and none of the cast neither faculty nor student had been chosen for their nude month. While successful, it was agreed by most that it was nothing out of the ordinary, though the lead singers were given good reviews for their vocalization.

The Spring production HAIR, was the opposite. Performed fully with costumes for the first two nights and the nude portions kept in, the show drew huge audiences. Thursday and Friday nights, those in the cast who stripped off for the nude scenes remained so during bows and encores. The show closed its run Saturday with a matinee at three p.m. and an evening show at eight p.m. At the matinee the entire cast stripped and took bows and encores naked. The evening performance was done fully nude to the delight of wives and parents siblings and neighbors of the teachers and students on stage. The local newspaper reviewed the performance and rated it ‘as enjoyable as any night of theater this writer has experienced.’

Bayside Regional High School was gaining a reputation as the pace setter and example of how in school nudity should be done in policy and practice. Waif was credited as being the point of the arrow by setting the example of full time committed nudity in public early on in the year and being supportive of others who tried it short term or ultimately like Waif fully committed to the nude life style.

In the back of the playbill was an advertisement posted by the drama and theater department, “Come Join Us for “Most Happy Fella” October 21-24.” Presale of tickets already six months in advance suggested added performances would be needed to accommodate the crowds. It was rumored that the Spring production would be, “Oh, Calcutta.”

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Waif swam her event and won by an arm length. She then had to wait out a protest from the rival team complaining that she had unfair advantage as she swam nude. The district sports committee for high school aquatics rendered an immediate ruling that Waif actually swam at a disadvantage as the sleek swim suits worn by the opposing team were designed to lessen the drag in the water of the human body. The committee chairman suggested that in total fairness, perhaps the rival team girls should also swim the race nude and the results of the rematch would be considered the official race results.

The opponent team abruptly withdrew its protest. Waif giggled at that. Some of the girls on the other team were rather well endowed. Without their girls tightly tucked into the Lycra swim suits Waif could tell their times would be much slower.

Waif clinched her varsity swim letter and won a District medallion not unlike an Olympian would win for leading her team to the Division championship. To be fair all nineteen athletes on the swim squad received a medallion, but the first neck that was draped was Waif’s.

The Sports Dinner was uneventful; Whale and Waif danced and spent time with Katherine and Ruth at the dinner table. The younger ones went to excuse themselves and slip out for some alone time when Ruth Andrews stopped them. “There is no reason why, if you and Richard are going to be together tonight, Waif, that you should think you need to go to some deserted portion of the beach. The two of you are welcome to stay at home in your room. Lock the door and no one will disturb you as the twins are staying with Ronnie and Brett Peters and Rita is with them.”

The odd thing about Whale and Waif was sex was not the be all and end all of their relationship. To look at them together was to see a pairing such as Michael Strahan alongside Kelly Ripa on television. Whale standing six feet four inches tall and Waif a mere five feet and almost three inches; Whale the rich café au lait of a mixed racial parentage to Waif in her reddish blond ivory paleness. Old souls in young bodies the pair spent most of their time talking and cuddling. Occasionally when both felt comfortable sex would happen, but it was not nor had it ever been the driving force of their relationship. Tonight might be one of those nights as Richard Richards had been offered and had signed a letter of intent to play football for PFIT and would be leaving in mid-July for training camp at the university.

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Ronnie Peters sat across from Ruth Andrews and sucked the thick milk shake through the straw, pausing only for the brain freeze to pass when she sucked too hard. Looking up and swinging her bare feet under the picnic table outside the ice cream shop she broke her silence. “Auntie Ruth, many of the kids in my grade level have younger brothers and sisters in Miss Lonegan’s class. I hear from my friends that the class has two really wild kids and they are both girls, Sophie Valenzuela and Melina Griffin, they somehow control the behavior of the other eighteen kids in the class. They get away with it because it is never done in front of the teacher and it is always a psyche out form of bullying never physical. Also, Auntie Ruth, they act like angels in the class and always get good grades; that is why no one suspects they are behind what goes on.”

Ronnie paused and sucked down more of the thick semi-liquid mix in the large glass in front of her, “It’s like they will torment some other kid in the rest room or on the playground or in the line on the way to first class in the morning, and tease them about something personal and private. Once that kid is primed to the point that he or she will act up with the least provocation they stop. We kids in the middle school have tried to get them to stop, but we cannot get the teachers to take a close look because they never do anything in front of an adult.

“Miss Lonegan can be a really good teacher. She just seems to catch the back lash of Sophie and Melina’s actions. Molly saw some of this last year, but the two were just getting started with their terror campaign. As they gather more information to use against the other kids, their power grows. Rumor is they have a digital camera or a phone that has pictures on it they have taken of kids caught in embarrassing acts. Urination, masturbation and anything anal seem to be what the focal point of their stash is, but one really cute blond girl was caught with a finger up her nose at least once. She is Richie Boomer’s sister, he’s in my class, and Richie is trying to find that camera and put an end to all of this blackmail and manipulation.”

Ronnie slurped down her last suck from the large glass and stood with Ruth to leave. Ruth thanked her very much for her help and told her all of her information would be kept confidential. Ruth had one more stop to make that day, to the principal of Shoreside Park Elementary School to arrange the fall of the reign of the two witches of the fourth grade.

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“That is my biggest concern, Waif; I would not be able to afford to go to college except for the football scholarship. I would probably just find a job and maybe take a class or two at community college. I want to go to school but I really don’t think that my mom can handle Rita alone and in her condition.”

Ruby Richards had been a vibrant caring loving wife and mother until the night she and her husband Robert went out to celebrate his promotion to supervisor on his job. Coming home from the restaurant, a drunk driver in an old pickup truck slammed head on with the Richards’ Chevy Equinox. Despite the airbags deploying Robert suffered a broken neck above the fourth cervical vertebrae and died before medical attention arrived. Ruby, seated in the front passenger seat, suffered crushing injuries to her lower legs. Both legs were amputated below the knee.

Whale did the shopping and carried his mother to her appointments. He helped her in and out of the bathtub to bathe and did most of the housekeeping in their house.

“You know my grandmother is a ‘fixer’, Whale, if we run this by her I’m sure she would have a solution. Your mom has her degree, right? I’m sure she wants the same for her son, and like most parents do even more for you than she was able to accomplish. “ Waif told her man and waited for a response.

“There is more, the landlord doesn’t want to retro fit the house for wheelchair access without substantially raising the rent. Mom lives off of disability and a little annuity from dad’s life insurance. If the rent goes up she cannot afford it. I might have to forego college and get a job just to keep a roof over our heads.” Whale concluded.

Waif smiled. “Come on you big oaf of a man, I think your mom and my mom need to have a chat with my grandmother.”

The meeting took four days to arrange. Because of the amount of stairs in Ruth Andrews’s house, Ruth, Katherine and Ruby met at the new house up the street. The previous owner, Captain Dan, had run a bicycle and beach supply rental business out of the first floor. To allow easy access to the bikes the steps, on both the front and rear doors, had been replaced with a ramp similar to those used for persons with disabilities.

Whale pushed his mother up the ramp in her transport wheelchair with Waif walking along side. Katherine greeted Ruby warmly and offered a tour of the new house. “I’m sorry there is so little furniture the movers are bringing down our stuff from our old house early next week and we are still painting the girls rooms upstairs,” Katherine said, “But, I think you get the idea of how the place will look. The advantage of the first floor having been a business is the former living room and dining room is now a ‘great’ room. Wait until you see the back of the place behind the security door,” Ruby wheeled herself through the doorway with inches to spare around her wheelchair.

“Katherine, why are the doorways so wide, I usually have a much harder time getting through doors in older houses,” Ruby asked.

“Business codes, Ruby, the man who owned the house had to renovate to business code on the first floor. That included wider doorways and a sprinkler system. Wisely he continued the sprinklers in the upstairs living quarters as well. Well, here is the kitchen, as you can see it is a commercial Viking stove with six Burners two ovens and a grill griddle. The range hood vents outdoors and also has a fire suppression system built into it, look at the Dutch door refrigerator freezer and a standalone freezer and enough room for a table to seat ten, easily. The guy, captain Dan, used to rent fishing equipment, as well as bikes and beach chairs and umbrellas. A few years ago he got the bright idea that fishermen would be hungry early in the morning and began selling egg sandwiches and coffee to go along with the surf poles and bait. Keith and I agreed to keep the commercial stove, one thing our family can do well is pack away food at meal time. The twins are like sharks, always hungry and always looking for food. To the left is a bathroom that must have been used by employees. No bathtub, just a simple walk in shower with benches.

“Across the hall, here,” Katherine opened a door and flipped on a light, “Is what must have been a storage room. It is fifteen feet by twelve feet.”

Ruby looked around at the room and then asked, “Why are you showing me all of this? I’m happy for your good fortune, but this is like…”

“Mom, listen to me,” Whale leaned over her chair and looked Ruby in the eyes, “Mrs. Farrell has a proposal for you. Hear her out.”

“Ruby, I have basically taken off this last year to tend to Waif and the twins and all of the events that have transpired. With my husband still deployed and with everything that has gone one with my mother-in-law and her court case coming up soon, I am going to need to be away from home a lot more frequently. Yes, my mother is just down the block and Waif is still at home for now, but I have two mischievous twins who need supervision. Ruth has her own interests and the school board that need her attention, as well. That leaves us open for a nanny/caregiver for the girls to provide hands on supervision.The kind of hands on supervision I cannot provide while attending to business and legal matters.

“I am proposing a deal that may satisfy both of our needs. This house meets your disabilities needs and this room is yours rent free if you can agree to be my eyes and hands and watch over the kids when I’m working, “Katherine asked.

“You know, mom, like you do for Rita and me, get us up and dressed, pack a lunch help with homework, stuff like that,” Whale tried to convince his overwhelmed mother.

The sound of thunder on the staircase from the second floor followed by three thuds at the landing proclaimed Amy Tammy and Rita were now downstairs, Rita wearing a bikini swimsuit bottom and a tank top tee shirt, the twins naked as usual.

Waif yelled in, “Hey Bugs, we’d like to actually live here BEFORE you wreck the place.”

Three prepubescent giggling girls chorused, “SORRY,” then made their appearance. “Anything to eat, we are starved,” Tammy asked.

“There is milk in the refrigerator and cereal in the pantry. On penalty of a red bottomed death, do not eat the cake in the refrigerator,” Waif replied.

The look in Amy’s eyes suggested the three knew of and actually wanted the cake. Rita acted as voice of reason, “Look they will cut the cake later and we’ll get some then, let’s settle for some fruit for now. I saw bananas in the pantry before.”

Ruby smiled, “They get along like sisters, or should I say sisters-in-law,” passing a sly look to her son and his girlfriend, “Rita would be heartbroken if she lost the twins as friends and I would be a fool to not accept your offer. Would Rita stay in my room?”

“Nope, we have that worked out already,” Tammy replied with a mouth half filled with banana, “She’s getting the room next to ours. Well next to the bathroom next to ours. It has this neat door that connects the two rooms that we can either prop open or take off and the three of us will all be together.”

The two mothers laughed, “They decided this was to be long before I did,” Ruby chuckled. “Now, I see why you need the extra set of eyes and hands. Those two must cook you up a steaming pile of mischief several times a week.”

“More like several times a day, you remember the story of how I started out as a full time nudist? Well, that was one of their SLOW days,” Waif replied.

“I believe that Rita being about two years older than the twins will help to keep them in line, you just saw one of the many times she has mediated those two out of troublesome behavior. Without her diverting the two of them would have tantrum tossed until cake was on the table. They are not vicious just immaturely mischievous,” Katherine sighed.

Ruby smiled, “even before this happened to my legs, I had Rita doing chores around the house and taking responsibility for those things she could and should handle. I think we can get the twins to the point that they are both responsible and accountable.” She then called in to her daughter, “Rita, do you still have Mister Manners?”

A very concerned ten year old walked in to the kitchen, hands behind her back and head to the floor. “Yes, mother, Mister Manners is back in our other house packed to come here. Do you need him,” her furrowed brow and welling tears in her eyes showed she knew full well who and for what purpose was Mister Manners.

“No, dear, not for you…I think I may need to apply his magic to a couple of younger bottoms…once or twice, until they get the message as to who runs this household and how it is to run smoothly,” Ruby told her daughter.

When Rita left the room, Ruby explained to Ruth and Katherine what Mister Manners was, “Robert took an old paddle ball racquet, painted a smiley face on one side and a frown face on the other. He put three pegs on the wall in the kitchen Richard and Rita’s names appeared over one each of the pegs and Mister Manners over the third. When all was well Mister Manners smiley face resided on its peg. If Richard or Rita did something that deserved punishment, the paddle was turned to a frown face and placed on the offending child’s peg.

“Punishment, a paddling, would be avoided if the child admitted to and corrected whatever behavior caused the frown under his or her name. I f the same offence was repeated willfully, or if it caused a hazard to others in neglect, the paddling would take place after dinner.

“It only took a few times over the knee bare bottomed for things like clothes to be put away, beds made and bathrooms tidied after use to no longer need more than a reminder. Robert got one a month ago, Waif was the cause, he forgot to call and tell me he was staying over here that night. With him and his old Jeep and no call I was worried sick. Mr. Manners reminded him to call next time.” Ruby finished and looked at her son’s face.

“It worked for us, I guess it might work for the twins as well,” Whale agreed with his mother, then added, “My cell phone died and I had it programmed to chirp ten minutes to midnight so if I was going to be late or staying over I would remember to call home. I now remember to keep the phone charged, thanks to Mister Manners’ reminder,” he said with a smile and rolling his eyes as he rubbed his backside.

All three adult women laughed. Ruth had quietly trailed along with Katherine and Ruby, but now chimed in, “Discipline is always an issue, Ruby, and I think you are correct in assuming that the new style ‘time out and similar child behavior modifications are less effective than ‘spare the rod and spoil the child’. With the girls all living upstairs, though, how will you keep an eye on them?”

Waif said, “Mrs. Richards I really wish you could see the upstairs. My mom and dad have the ocean side master bedroom with a window bench in a bay window that looks out over the waves. The second bedroom on that side will be mine, it is large enough to set up my desk top computer and other electronics so I can do school work and stuff. Mom and Dad have an en suite master bath. There is a hall bath room. Tammy already told you about the one that separates the twins and Rita’s bedrooms. The hall bath is the one that I will use. Across the hall from my room is the twins’ room and as you have heard about the connecting doors allows access to the next room which Rita has claimed. Mom has the idea that the room closest to the stairs on the girls’ side will be a spare bedroom for Whale when he is not away at school.”

Whale then told his mother, “I can piggy back you up the stairs if you want to see, mom, and Waif can bring your chair.”

“I’d like that, and do we honestly believe that the two of you across the hall from each other will NOT sneak into bed at night? I know I don’t,” Ruby said with a grin, “No grandchildren until you BOTH graduate college and have good jobs. That is my only restriction.”

Rita ran in, followed by the very bare twins, “Mom, Amy and Tammy and I have been talking. The Farrell house and Gramma Andrews’s house also, are clothing optional. The twins are almost always naked and since I will be living here and going to school here where school is also clothing optional, well we all wondered,” Rita did not get a chance to finish.

Ruby looked her in the eye and in a tone only a mother could use said, “Young lady are you asking my permission to run around bare ass naked like those heathen Farrell girls?”

“Uh, Mom, yes I was going to ask that,” Rita meekly backed off, knowing better than to lie to her parent.

“I understand, talking to Amy and Tammy, that you have been practicing that very thing while visiting them. I know in your old school, your turn for a nude month in school was coming up early next year and both the town and school of Shoreside Park is clothing optional. So I ask you young lady, why are you making laundry by soiling clothes you do not need?” Ruby grinned the gotcha grin only a mother knows how to smile.

“Thanks Mom,” Rita said peeling off the tank top as she ran from the room.

“Now, Robert, I’ll take the offer of a lift upstairs. I would like to see the girls’ rooms.”

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Ruth offered the idea and Katherine and Ruby thought it an excellent one, “The girls have lap tops with web cameras. If we make a condition of them being alone upstairs while Ruby attends to things down here, why not simply have them leave the web cameras on. If they are in their rooms doing homework or playing you can watch them on your monitor down here, Ruby, of course the hall and bathroom will not be covered, but you will be able to have eyes on the girls, without running up and down the stairs on this,” Ruth held out a pamphlet for a disabled person’s stair chair lift, “It will be installed next week, for you to use in those times when you might need to get to and from the second floor without your son carrying you piggy back style.”

Ruby was seated in her transport chair at the top of the stair case, having seen the rooms and familiarizing herself with the lay out. “I can see myself needing to make one or two trips up and down stairs every day, unless Richard can set up satellite cameras that will give me a sweeping view of the two bedrooms. I want to assure that clothes are neatly away and beds are made. I suppose Katherine could assure the three of them are awake for school before she comes downstairs for the first time in the morning and Waif you might be the ‘snooze alarm’ if the little ones roll over back to sleep. Yes, I think we can make this work.”

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Ruth Andrews made two trips to the principal’s office on two separate days. Shoreside Park Elementary School had a male principal, Walter Casper, who had advanced degrees in school administration but tended to interact with faculty and not the children in his school, preferring to leave the hands on day to day dealing with students to their teachers.

Ruth brought him the insider information she had learned and he looked at her as if she had two heads. “Those precious angels are the best students we have at that grade level, what makes you suspect this is more than a jealous attempt by malcontented classmates to harm their perfect reputations?” The principal demanded of the Board of Education president.

“Sophie Valenzuela and Melina Griffin are not the children you describe, Walter, I would not come to you with rumor only, no I took the time to have the juvenile officer of the Shoreside Park police do a random locker check as is permitted by state law. We randomly selected five lockers. Two happened to be Sophie and Melina’s and what we found in each would make a spy master shudder.

“A lap top running surveillance of the boys and girls rest rooms, easily done since the unisex laws allowed stall doors to be removed. Still photos that were obviously video frame captures of each fourth grade student and several fifth and third graders as well as some of the middle schoolers in less than complementary poses. Best of all, a notebook with dates and times of the blackmailing bullies notes of how and what each of their victims reacted and did subsequently.

“Walter, those children are going to juvenile court to face delinquency charges and you are going to face the Board of Education on charges of failing to provide adequate leadership to staff, negligence and loss of confidence. Next Wednesday, seven at night in town hall, Walter, be there with your signed letter of resignation or be prepared for the public to read all about your pitiful attempt at leadership in the Ocean Times-Courier.” With that Ruth stormed out of the principal’s office and nodded to the two police officers to acknowledge readiness to barge into Laura Lonegan’s fourth grade classroom and relieve the teacher of her troublesome twosome.

With one officer holding the two girls outside the room, the other asked, “How many of you have been forced to do some things by those girls that you would never have done and you did it because they had cruel things to show against you?”

Eighteen fourth grade hands shot up. The officer turned to the teacher and said, “Miss Lonegan, would you have your students write an essay, each one personal, as to what, when and why they acted out in school at the orders of Melina and Sophie?” The teacher agreed, “Children, those acts committed by you are what are known as ‘under duress’ actions. Miss Lonegan may give some of you detention, but I think for your honest essays a general amnesty can be arranged. In other words tell the truth and the whole truth in your reports and no one except those two who deserve it shall be punished, okay?”

Relieved, the class agreed and as the officer departed, was being given instructions by their teacher as to how to format their essays.

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Ruth Andrews sat in a different principal’s office the next afternoon along with Wendy Ann Ingrid Farrell and her mother Katherine Farrell. Dorothy Suarez sat behind her desk and happily told the three across from her, “Bayside Regional High School is going to have to ask Waif to leave us.”

Shocked splutters came from the grandmother and mother and Waif asked, “Why is something wrong, did I do something?”

“Yes young lady you have done something. We have reviewed your hospital schooling and home schooling and the record from you previous high school and what we have discovered is you not only have all of the required and elective courses needed to graduate, you are three credits over the requirement, as of right now without this last semester’s grades being added in.

“I have taken the step to notify PFIT that you will be graduating this May. They have sent you an email acknowledging activation of your scholarship effective September of this year, Wendy and you should be receiving a large manila envelope from the university by mail shortly.

“Ruth, Katherine, you should be very proud of your granddaughter and daughter. She has changed the dynamic within this school for the better and has been such a positive influence I wish I could keep her here for four more years. I can’t, she has a life to grow into and staying here would only stunt her growth and development. But, please Waif, consider this your second home and come and visit us often.”

**PART 8…You are already naked. There is no reason not to follow your heart.**

[To Waif’s loyal readership, I intend for this chapter to end the adventures of Waif in Shoreside Park. If time and health permit, I may continue her on to university, with Whale and a few new friends. I had hoped to wrap my little enforced nudity/ clothing optional universe up by means of another five part story containing old characters and new set in Shoreside Park. We will see how much free computer access and time I have left to work on these ideas. Again thank you for your loyal readership and your comments.]

The third Sunday in July found the extended Farrell clan in Faith United Independent Church for the eight o’clock in the morning service. Waif was due to work her lifeguard job by ten, and Whale was to leave for his football camp at Philadelphia University of Fashion Industries and Technologies, also known as PFIT.

His mother Ruby, and sister Rita sat in the aisle seats. Ruby Richards sat in her special wheelchair and her daughter Rita in the pew alongside her holding her hand. Her son, Richard, sat in the pew just in front along with Ruth Andrews, Katherine Farrell, Wendy Ann Ingrid Farrell and the twins Amy and Tammy Farrell sat and watched the recently appointed pastor of the congregation lead the worship service.

Mark Dunn was preaching on the topic of “Idols blocking our faith,” this would be the third in his series of sermons. His wife, Dorothy, a statuesque brunette hirsute consenting nudist, sang the solo prior to the sermon then returned to her seat in the front row to sit beside her friends Andrea and Duane and the five children the two couples shared.

Dorothy and Andrea had been nuns together at a Catholic college; Mark had been a priest and Duane a cheerleading and gymnastics coach who was now a professional exercise physiologist. Mark left the priesthood and sought credentials in a faith allowing marriage. After associate pastor tenure at a large suburban church, the committee seeking a full time clergy person for the Shoreside Park Faith United Independent Church had called Mark to pastor this flock.

Now married four years and childless though wishing children of their own, Mark and Dorothy opened their hearts and home to three orphaned children of mixed parentage ranging in age from six to eleven. All three children had the same mother now deceased due to an accident behind the wheel while drunk but each father was a different one night stand taking advantage of a drunken woman of uncertain morals. The other two girls were Andrea and Duane’s three and five year old girls.

Duane and Andrea stood out from most of the mixed nude and textile congregation, not for their nudity, but as they had declared themselves ‘complete absolutes’; as such they wore no jewelry and had laser removal of every follicle of hair from their bodies, leaving both bald from head to toe. When Andrea had left the order one of her exit penalties had been an order to shave head to toe. She found she enjoyed the freedom and a wealthy friend from college had, as a wedding present, given her the laser depilation treatments. Duane followed her about a month later, having grown weary of shaving himself on a daily basis.

“What then are the idols that separate us from our spiritual wholeness? How may we overcome them and become the completed beings the Almighty wishes us to be? Let us look together at these issues as we look at the Tikkun Olam, the healing and restoring of the world,” Mark was midway into his sermon and Waif had begun paying attention again after drifting off into her own thoughts, “We, the caretakers of this world have allowed it to spoil by turning away from the One Plan of the Almighty and allowing our idols to distract us from the work at hand.

“Each of us, in prayer, needs to repent of our individual idols. Idols, you ask, what are our idols? What do you spend the most time on? Is it important or is it a diversion in your life from the closer contemplation of the true meaning the almighty has for you and for your world?

“Watch too much television or play too many hours of video games? A great many of the young folks may be squirming in the pews if they think of those distractions, and I remind you a distraction is an idol.
“Do you spend so much time at your employment that you neglect your family and its needs? You justify that by saying, ‘Pastor, I’m providing the money so they have the things they want’, and you are correct; however, think on this, are the things they want the things they need or are they idols that you with your paycheck enable your family to covet?”

“New cars can be idols. Clothing and jewelry can be idols, many of us when we chose the path of committed nudity or absolutism came to realize our investment in fashion trends was money better spent on the needs of the world around us. To some job promotions and advancement can also be an idol. Before I took this position as your shepherd I asked in prayer was this an ego move that would turn this building and all of you into an idol distracting me from my calling as a servant or was this flock where the Almighty wished me to be to be of service, to lead you away from temptation and into the good pasture with good water we spoke about last week when we opened up Psalm 23 and looked at it.

“If what you are doing is taking time away from what you know you should be doing for the good of others and the Creator, then what you are doing is an idol. Dorothy and Andrea, my wife and her best friend, held a youth retreat on the beach early Saturday morning. Many of the youth of this church are ‘water babies’, surfing, swimming, sailing and fishing are ingrained in the fiber of this community. It makes its money as a haven for those seeking the serenity and tranquility of a seaside haven.

“Dorothy reported to me later, “The waves were coming in in sets of four, the mid swells were averaging five feet and the break was to the south with a north-east breeze,” Mark paused while most of the congregation laughed, giggled or in two cases snorted, “Dorothy knows naught about wind wave or water. She does recognize when something else in a youth’s life is more important to them than the task at hand. That is the very definition of an idol in my dictionary.

“So, the recommended reading for all of you, this week is what our Jewish neighbors call the Tikkun H’Klali, the ten psalms that by recitation at the recognition of an idol or sin in your life should be recited to ask the Almighty to forgive your sinful pursuits, Psalm 16, 32, 41, 42, 59, 77, 90,105, 137,150.

“Also my friends, seek the truth in your hearts and if there is that one something that keeps you from the service of a servant of our Creator, then pray for that idol to be cast away and the time and energy devoted to it be spent in humble service to those in need around you.”

A short benediction and the service ended, the early flock, usually the larger of the services in the summer as those who worked in town catering to the vacationers as well as those vacationing had other plans for the rest of the day.

Waif turned to her mother and said, “I really like this new pastor. He makes sense and I learn more about living life from him than ever before.”

“I for one cannot disagree,” Katherine responded and Ruth nodded affirmation, “Just his charge to look into what might be blocking our spiritual awareness showed his desire for us to learn and grow into better servants serving others, as he puts it.”

Ruth added,” I liked what he said last week about submitting without becoming submissive.” She paused and added after a moment’s reflection, “Waif is an example of that as are all the children and adults who have shed their clothing in Shoreside Park. We have become empowered by the very act which most would see as an act of submission. By baring our bodies to the world and accepting the vulnerabilities our nakedness creates, we each become stronger as individuals and as a family and society.

“The vacationing textile that sheds his or her clothing and ‘parties naked’ loses the true meaning of the lifestyle. It is not about showing off for sexual display or enticement. No, it is rather the spiritual connectivity of the bared body and soul to the oneness of the world we exist in and seek to improve.”

“Well, philosophy and spirituality aside, Mom and Gramma, I need to meet the rest of the guards for our workout before we open the beach,” Waif kissed each older woman on the cheek and called over to Rita, Amy and Tammy, “Hey, Bugs, I’ll be in tower four today, I’m working with JoAnne so bring enough in the cooler for both of us to share, okay?”

The younger girls had the tasked chore when Waif was working to bring her lunch and cold drinks from home. Most weekdays Waif manned a tower alone, but on busy weekends such as this week the guards worked in teams of two with a dune buggy riding ‘roving patrol’ to assist as back up if needed.

“Okay, Waif, we’ll use the wagon and the large cooler. Would you rather have iced Tea or seltzer today?” Rita called back and the twins argued whether bacon, lettuce and tomato on whole wheat bread or salami, provolone and pepperoni on Italian bread were better lunch choices for the guards.

“Some of each if you would? Remember that in case the sandwiches have to sit out a while if we get busy, no mayonnaise on them okay?” Waif called back and Rita nodded her head indicating she understood.

JoAnne Puglia was on the sand stretching when Waif arrived. “Hey, what kept you? Our run and swim starts in five minutes.”

“I went to church with the family, Jo, and came straight here from there when services ended. Whale leaves for school this afternoon and it was my last chance to be with the whole family until I leave for freshman orientation last week of August.” Waif explained.

“So, are you going to marry that great hunk of naked manhood or are you just going to live in sin at school?” JoAnne teased.

“If he’ll have me with all of my genetic flaws, knowing we can never have children, I will happily marry him. Right now, with his sister and Mom living with My FAMILY it is like we are a huge extended family. I would not want to crap on that relationship for any reason, Jo, for the twins and my mom’s sake as well as Whale and Rita and Ruby. Come on, let’s get the run in then we can swim back to our tower. The twins are bringing lunch later so don’t worry about that, okay?” Waif ended as she jogged into her run warming up as she went.

JoAnne Puglia was a true sight to behold, three steps in front of Waif on the half mile run down the beach. JoAnne refused to go nude when on duty, preferring to wear the traditional nylon one piece red female style guard swimsuit made famous by Farrah Fawcett and the Bay Watch girls. She had the soft rounded body of southern Italian heritage, firm not fat but curvy none the less. The cut of the suit high on the hips left a Brazilian style bottom to her suit, one that barely covered JoAnne’s derriere when she was not on the move and one which had now completely disappeared into the crack of her behind leaving a pseudo thong in its place. Waif laughed to herself as she drew even to JoAnne and saw the sway of the girl with whom she was partnered as her generous C cup breasts tried to escape the relatively low cut top of the red suit.

As JoAnne cut to her left and plunged into the surf, her breasts finally escaped their confinement. Waif dove into the waves just behind JoAnne and as she rose to the surface was confronted with the small scrap of nylon fabric floating in front of her. Oblivious or ignoring the fact she was nude, JoAnne was free styling her way up the beach aided by a following current. Knowing the suit clutched in her hands would slow her down Waif tossed the suit onto the beach and carried on with her swim.

Reaching the tower at which they were stationed, Waif stroked to shallow water, stood and waded out of the surf line onto the shore. JoAnne was nowhere to be seen.

Waif turned to find her partner still neck deep in the surf, and she was calling Waif to her.

“What’s wrong, Jo?” Waif responded.

“I’m naked,” came the reply from the water.

“Can’t hear you, the waves are too loud, come here and tell me,” Waif responded.

Shouting loud enough to alert every sunbather on the strand, JoAnne bellowed, “I’m NAKED!”

Whistles and cheers came from the small crowd on the beach many of whom were full season regulars and had hoped since May when the beach opened that JoAnne would finally relent and guard in the nude as did eight out of ten of the guards on the beach this year.

Molly Malloy pulled up on the ATV decaled with Guard Supervisor and having a surf board on a roll bar rack and a rescue can secured to the front a full EMS kit residing where the rear seat would be in a civilian dune buggy.

“JoAnne, get out of the water and on your tower, Waif cannot run this beach by herself today.” The teacher/guard supervisor demanded.

Slowly, and reluctantly a very embarrassed JoAnne Puglia emerged from the surf. The cold water and perhaps fear had puckered the nipples of her breasts into pencil eraser stiffness. The tattoo of a triskell entwined in a heart just above her pubic area pointed to a completely denuded pair of tightly closed nether lips. Her head bowed so he gaze was at her toes and not at the people on the beach she shuffled up to Molly and Waif and sputtered, “I lost my uniform suit in the surf, how can I work today,” and began to wrack dry sobs from her chest.

“The same way we all do, sweetie, and the first day is always the toughest on us,” Molly told her subordinate, “Just smile carry your rescue can and wear the grease penciled GUARD on your arm and leg. By the end of this shift you will wonder why you never allowed yourself to work this way before. Am I correct Waif?” Molly asked her young friend.

“Honestly, I cannot imagine ever wearing a swimsuit again, Molly, now that I’ve been nude for a year. Besides that, who wants nasty white patches of skin to break up the perfect tan of a summer on the beach?” Waif added. “Think of not having to use body make up to cover white spots when you want to wear a formal or a sundress at school.” Waif winked to Molly at that one. If JoAnne fit the profile, once you got her working au natural she would become a consenting nudist with only the tan lines from her sandals to worry about ever again.

“One of you has to explain this to my Mom if she comes down to the beach today, promise me you will? I have honestly wanted to try this, but my parents think nudity and sexuality is the same thing and drilled into me and my sisters that only hookers run around naked.” Joanne chattered out her nervousness making her shiver despite temperatures in the mid-eighties.

By the time Waif’s twin sisters and Rita Richards wheeled the cooler chest to the side of the life guard tower, JoAnne had completed forgotten her nudity. A lost six year old safely returned to her mother, a skim boarder with a foot cut open on a broken sea shell and an older gentleman knocked down by a wave and struggling to get back up had occupied her full attention.

The older gent remarked with a grin, “Nice ink, sweetie, my late wife had the same tattoo but it was on her left butt cheek.” No one remarked about her nudity, though the lost child’s mother mentioned a reapplication of sunscreen on parts that were slightly pink.

The girls took turns eating and watching their water. Molly came by at two o’clock to give them bathroom breaks and at six p.m. they closed their tower and ended their shift for the day. Tipping the chair down, signifying the beach was closed as the guards were off duty, the two girls walked up the beach toward beach control headquarters.

Loretta was working the control desk. She looked up at Waif and JoAnne and reported, “Someone turned in a red Tyr one piece suit they found in the surf line near tower seven. Are you missing something like that, JoAnne?”

“Possibly,” she took the suit and looked at it, “Mine didn’t have all these holes and rips in it though.”

“Oh, the owner had to wrestle it out of his Labrador retriever’s mouth.” Loretta reported mater of factly.

JoAnne grinned, and dropped the ruined suit into the waste bin beside the communications desk in the life guard office. “Well, if Mom asks I can honestly tell her the dog ate my suit and I HAD to spend the day nude.”

Loretta and Waif laughed with her at that, as both had spent the summer s naked as JoAnne now found herself.

The three guards walked off the beach and onto the street where Waif had Whale’s beloved Jeep Comanche pickup truck, lovingly restored to mint condition by Whale and his dad before the fatal crash that took his father’s life and his mother’s legs, now left for her use until she too departed for PFIT where freshmen were not permitted automobiles. “Come on then, I’ll ride you both home,” Waif told her friends.

“Drop me first, please,” JoAnne asked and then quietly asked if the two other girls could walk her in so that her mother would maybe react less angrily seeing JoAnne nude for the first time in public.

Mrs. Puglia met the trio at the door when she heard the truck pull up. “JoAnne why are you bare?”

“Hi, Mrs. P,” Waif interjected, “Ho had a bit of trouble with a large dog while on duty and her suit got ruined. Ms. Malloy had her finish her shift this way so the beach would not be shorthanded. We are very grateful to her making such a big sacrifice and knowing you might disapprove. But she really was needed today.” Waif went on to explain about the lost child and the old man in trouble in the surf.

“Oh,” JoAnne’s mother softened a bit, “You girls are always naked, why is that?”

The older woman laughed hearing the story of how Waif came to be a full time nudist and how as the granddaughter of Ruth Andrews she had become the benchmark for the newly passed clothing optional clothing free ordinances of Shoreside Park. “And no I am not promiscuous as a result, though I am in a monogamous relationship with my boyfriend, who is away at college football camp now.”

“I met Waif when she was posing as a twelve year old to cover for her being stripped bare by the ocean; I was there when that happened, actually. I became friends with Waif and gradually accepted the clothing free life after it became legal. I also attend high school nude, and will be a senior this next September. I am also not promiscuous, Mrs. Puglia, I am a virgin and intend to stay that way for a good long time.” Loretta added.

“I was at the eleven o’clock service to hear Pastor Dunn preach, I saw his wife sing naked in church and I saw him lead the service naked save for his stole around his shoulders. I spoke to many people clothed or not and I am having my eyes opened to the fact that clothed or naked God is present and working in good people’s hearts and minds. The shame should be in and on those people who pervert nudity in lust and seek to use permissiveness for perversity.” Mrs. Puglia said with a sigh in her voice. “I said to JoAnne when she spent her birthday money on that tattoo that it would turn her into a tramp, because in my mind only a tramp got a stamp on her body like that.

“Well, I was wrong about the tattoo and I guess I may be wrong about public nudity as well. But I am worried that your sisters will want to follow your example, JoAnne.” Her mother concluded.

“Mom, you know that Fabiola will be spending a month nude for school this year, and Carmella as an eighth grader has many classmates already going clothing free. The only example I can set for them is the acceptance of what they have as beautiful and to embrace themselves as more than clothing and jewelry and fads.” JoAnne told her mother, “And who knows maybe after the summer, I may want to wear clothing again once in a while, or not or maybe never go nude again or not, but I have the choice. Like Waif keeps telling me, this is the house you live in if you are proud of your house you don’t hide it under a huge tarpaulin where no one can see it.”

A dialogue ongoing between mother and daughter, Loretta and Waif excused themselves and left the Puglia family to plan a future befitting life in Shoreside Park.

Final Chapter