**Work Experience Mailgirl**

by Thedancingfrog

Nervously, stacey knocked on the guidence councilers door.  
  
'Come in' said the voice inside, deep with authority.  
  
'Hey Mr Peters!'  
  
'Ohh, hi Stacey, sit down sit down. Now did you look into that scholarship program? The arrr what was it, yeah the DDE one?'  
  
The words knotted in Staceys throut 'Yeah, its why i'm here.'  
  
Many years had passed since DDE started their mailgirls programme. A few lawsuits, a few political donations, and favours to all the right (or wrong, if you look at it that way) people, had allowed DDE to expand Mailgirls to a true servant worker class of employee. Careful managment had avoided all those pesky unions and legality issues. As such, DDE had morphed into one of the largest private mail logistics networks in the western world, hiring out their attractive workforce for atractive rates.  
  
It was a common sight to see a young woman, bereft of all clothing bar her company issued iPhone, running a practicle marathon of deliveries all over the city. Other companies sprung onto the idea and started nude female labour services like nUdBER, carting their fares across town in ricshaws, but the gold standard, where all the fastest and lovliest workers ended up as DDE mailgirls.  
  
David Peters straightened some papers and addressed Stacey.  
'And?..' leaving the decision to hang in the air for the teen to take it and make it her own.  
  
'I, I think that the scholorship route is what i'll do.'  
  
'Excelent, lets get that paperwork started.'  
  
DDE's scholorship program had started 2 and a half years ago. After a 2 year internship as a mailgirl, if your service was found to be exempliary, they promiced a full 3 year scholarship to the college of your choice, with an offer of employment (as a mailgirl of course) at the end. Competition for these positions was fierce. A stringent selection process still left the first years intake as oversold, with quite a few girls taking up straight paid mailgirl offers instead.  
  
'Now your aware that part of the selection process involves not only keeping up your grades, but time spent in "work experience" here?'  
  
'Yeah, its only for a week tho, right?'  
  
'Well, yes, that is the minimum term, and we'll certinly do a review after that time, but I think if you volinteer until the end of the school year, it'll really help with your selection'  
  
'ohh yeah that makes sence. Is it just school hours?'  
  
'No, once you volunteer you'll be considered an asset of the school. Insurance reasons mainly. We do have a small sleeping & study area for any girl going through this program tho, so do you want to commit?'  
  
Stacey steeled her resolve 'Okay, lets do this!'  
She took a deep breath, grabbed the bottom of her dress and started taking the floral printed garment off.  
  
'WOAH WOAH! Not yet!' David stopped the girl from proceding. 'We've got paperwork to do first!'  
  
'Ohh right, of course'  
  
'Right, now your 18?'  
  
'Yeah, turned it a month ago'  
  
'Alright, good, I heard of a girl last year that had to perform her duties for a month in a swimsuit until she turned 18'  
  
'How embaresing!'  
  
'Yeah she definatly got a few puzzled looks and comments, poor lass, okay now.. ' David typed and tweaked a few details on the form on his computer and pressed print. A nervous silence filled the small office while the form printed in triplicate.  
  
'Alright now if you'll sign here and here, initial here here and there and sign and date here' the counciler pointed to various areas of the form, 'and for your part, we're done, Congratulations! Your a work experience mailgirl!'  
  
'Phew! Okay, now can I?'  
  
'Sure, pop your belongings in that box there and we'll do all the other data entry stuff'  
  
She immediatly removed and folded her dress, placing it neatly in the cardboard container indicated. 'Finally!' she exclaimed while reaching for the clasp on her bra, 'I never thought i'd get this far!'  
  
'Excuse me, Miss Stacey, but a mailgirl is supposed to be humble and quiet, you don't want a demerit within the first minute of your job do you?'  
  
'Oh no Mr Peters! No I didn't think and umm i'm sorry!'  
  
'Its Sir now, but I think we'll just keep that one between us okay? Remember from here on out your carying the honour and prestige of this school on your shoulders. Okay? Theres a good girl'  
  
'Thankyou Mr Pe.. Err Sir, Sorry Sir'.  
  
'Alright now finish getting undressed and we'll get your details entered into the system, jewelry too'  
  
'Yes Sir'   
  
Stacey quickly divested of the rest of her clothing while David double clicked on an icon on his pc. The DDE logo filled the screen for a moment before disolving the reveal a mailgirls managment program. There were rumours that this version of the software was developed by a female programmer, a Nude female programmer, but that seemed like mere rumour to the guidence counciler. What programmer would want to work naked?! Anyhow, it had been installed last year free of charge by a DDE technition, and was followed up a week later with a delivery by a naked blond woman with a box containing 5 pre programed iphones and arm bands with the schools colours.  
  
The next ten minutes were filled with measuring, weighing and photographing the new recruit for all the fields required for registration.   
  
'Allrighty I think we're just about done here, and I have your first assignment!  
  
'Sir?' the newly naked teens body tenced with a mixture of fear, adrenalin and excitement.  
  
'Yes I need you to take these forms to the front office so the secretary can file them, then I need you to go down the street to your parents work and get them to sign this release then come back here.'  
  
'Sir?!' the teens face started to drain of colour, her stomach twisted and turned 'd dd down the street? Sir?!'  
  
'Just a formality, but it helps keep those feminist lawyers off our backs. Just remember to act like all the other mailgirls you've seen around town and you'll be fine. Theres many people who have pride that their kids become a mailgirl. So off you scoot, i'll see you in 2 hours'  
  
And with that, he set the timer on the iPhone app for 120 minutes, opened the office door, and let Stacey out. As her feet transitioned from the carpet of the office to the cold hard linolium of the hallway floor. A shiver went up from her feet up her spine, bringing her mind to the cold hard reality of the situation she had signed up to.   
  
The iphone beeped to indicate a minute had elapsed, it brought the girl to her sences. 'i've gotta do it, lets do it!' she told herself as she turned towards the offices and started a quick jog, and capturing the attention of all the 10th grade math class on the other side of the hallway as she passed by.