

SHOW NOT TELL

My name is Louise. I am 22 years old. This last summer I had been on holiday to a Greek island near Athens, and I had been on a nudist beach. I enjoyed it so much that I decided I wanted to be a naturist.

When I returned home I remembered I had a friend who I knew was also a naturist. I decided to go and tell her. I knocked on her door and she let me in.

“Hello, Louise – what brings you here?”

I said “I wanted to tell you that I have become a naturist. I went on a nudist beach in Santorini, and I liked it so much that I am going to be a naturist even in England.”

Jennifer was delighted. She took off all her clothes there and then, and invited me to do

the same. I noticed that she hadn't been wearing knickers anyway.

So I took my clothes off too – my white T-shirt (I was not wearing a bra), my blue jeans and my light blue panties.

Giggling, she poured each of us a double vodka and coke, and said “Let's play cards, shall we?”

So for 2 hours we played all the card games we knew, totally naked.

Before I put my clothes back on and got ready to leave, Jennifer said:

“You know what you should do? You should tell someone else that you're a naturist – but someone who isn't one themselves. That will be a bit more difficult than telling me.”

I thought about this on the way home. Who should I tell?

I then had an inspiration: I wouldn't tell someone – I would show someone (or in fact a group of people).

The next morning I put a few clothes into a carrier bag and walked to the launderette – the only launderette that remained in our town, as far as I knew. There were 5 people seated inside. A couple, 2 lads and 2 women in their 30s. That'll be fine, I thought.

I had brought some washing liquid and some coins. I put the clothes from my bag into the empty machine. I then looked round at the people sitting down and smiled at them. I then proceeded to remove every last item of clothing I had on; finishing with my navy blue panties, and put them all in the machine. I put some washing liquid into the container, put

the correct number of coins in the slot, and turned the machine on. I then looked round.

Everyone was looking at me open-mouthed, particularly the lads.

I nonchalantly started a conversation about the weather with one of the lads. He didn't take in what I said, I don't think – he was too busy looking at my fanny.

The other lad came to his senses a bit quicker. He said:

“It's alright for you women – you can take your drawers off in here and nothing happens – except us lads have a good look at your snatch, of course. But if I came in here and took off my Boxers, I'd be carted off to prison. Is that Equality or what?”

I smiled. “Stop complaining. I bet you love it really.”

“You bet I do,” he said. “Just make sure my bird doesn’t find out, will you? By the way, do you come here often? When are you coming next?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

I then sat down on the bench, still naked of course, and started whistling.

Half an hour later my machine had finished. I noticed that everyone else was still there, even though for most of them, their washing was done – they were enjoying it so much, even the women (must be a bit bi, I thought).

When my machine’s cycle had finished, I thought I’d better dry everything in the dryer – after all, I didn’t want to put on my soggy knickers!

So I found another 5 pound coins and was there another 20 minutes.

Finally, I got dressed. I noticed the 2 lads were still there, watching me. I smiled at everyone.

“Cheerio then,” I said, and walked out, and walked down the street.

Wait till Jennifer knows about this, I thought.