

## That One Time I Became A Nudist...for a day

It was a bright and beautiful day and I was jogging down the beach in nothing but shorts and shoes like a 62 year old sausage-skinned retiree.

Gotta keep this young blood on the pump, after all.

Waves crash, children laugh, all is right with the world. All the atrocities and horrors of the Earth may as well be occurring on another planet as the tide rolls in and I can hear a voice in the wind whispering...*not your problem...*

Sweat begins to bead on my forehead and roll over my brow. Because I'm dressed like an aging divorcee on the hunt for wrinkled beach tang, I've neglected to bring anything more than my Cool Guy sunglasses. The salt of my head secretions makes its way into my eyes.

My exuberant run has turned into a battle for balance as my vision is obscured by burning irises and I try to peek through the blur in the same way someone living in the Midwest would peek through the tiny space on their windshield that isn't covered in ice as they speed to work because they woke up too late to warm up their car.

I stop running and do what I must do. I bend over and stretch my shorts up to wipe my eyes dry of any residual sight stingers.

That's better.

Back on the trot.

Not ten seconds later I'm blinded again.

I keep running this time. I can suffer through the squint. If I accidentally run into the ocean and find myself swimming for distant shores for no particular reason, maybe that had been my fate all along.

As I trotted along like the blinded bohemian I was, something catches my eye through the haze of salty static.

*Was that... was that a dick?*

I must be hallucinating. It's got to be the heat. People don't just walk around all 'dicks in the wind.' NOT IN THIS COUNTRY.

Then again, wait...

*Were those tits?*

I stop and stretch my shorts again.

It was. And they were.

I now realize that I stumbled my way onto a local beach where the P's and V's are free to flaunt themselves in any manner they choose.

Wow. I completely forgot where this place actually was.

It was here. And now I am as well. How about that.

I make my way down the stretch of sand and witness a healthy mix of fleshy shapes and sizes normally reserved to be seen by others only through the light of a flickering consciousness during a hormonal bout of drunken impulses.

Not here. Not in this haven.

After I take a moment to settle the screeching monkey in my brain from yelling *Boobs!* on a constant loop, the actual reality of the situation dawns on me. No one gives a shit. That's the whole point. How calming, yet exciting.

The thing is, well, as a homegrown middle-class American, *I ain't used ta' seein' none a' this freaky deaky European shit. With their bits and tits all hangin' out like we in some kinda gypsy circus. NOT IN MY COUNTRY.*

I feel a rush of energy as the potential for new experience shines on me and opens my eyes in the exact opposite way that the blazing ball of godfire in the sky had blinded me mere moments ago.

I mean, I'm already only wearing a single piece of fabric. I may as well already be naked.

I stand in a nice open spot to give myself some privacy as I hook my thumbs into my waistband.

You see, normally my brain would associate me pulling my pants down with the subsequent act of dropping some heat in a public stall, or perhaps just releasing that beast of burden within the safety and comfort of the home bowl. So, as I proceeded to sink my shorts onto the sand, my brain couldn't help but scream, *YOU CAN'T SHIT HERE!*

And yet, there I was, clean-assed and standing proud in the sun as my Italian freak flag billowed in the wind. Tan lines so prominent it may as well have looked like I was wearing white shorts...but, ya know, like, with a dick drawn in the middle.

Not shitting, though. Definitely not shitting.

I walked the beach in naked anonymity. I was free to strut the shore like I had just been squeezed from the suds themselves. It's like no one even knew my dick was like, *right* there.

And sure, I'd be lying if I said that the monkey in my head wasn't still singing *One boob! Two boob! Red boob! Blue boob!*, but at that point what kind of human would I be to deny my primal nature? All beach creatures are welcome and appreciated, but it should go without saying that some are more than others...

It should also go without saying that the P to V ratio was WAY off. It was essentially an outdoor men's locker room, so I had to restrain my musical mind from also inadvertently memorizing the words to a song playing simultaneously called *Old Dick, Young Dick, Gross Dick, No Dick*. It comes with the territory.

Knee-shooters and pea-shooters aside, I felt the kind of enlightening freedom only felt by a child who's just ripped off their diaper to unabashedly run into an open street. Danger? What's that? This world is MINE.

I was a new animal, and this was my new home. What reason would I ever have for leaving the warm embrace of this place? This place of my primordial birth?

No. No, I will not reenter society. I will not return to the flock to be herded along with the rest of the sheeple. I am wild now. A lone beast and a force to be reckoned with. One with nature and my surroundings. Finally at peace amidst of a world of chaos and injustice. This moment was meant for me, and I was meant for this moment. This was my life now and NOTHING was going to change that.

The breeze *was* getting a bit chilly though.

And I also hadn't realized until that point that the ol' droopy dog between my legs hadn't actually ever seen in the sun before. It was panting like a tired porch pooch and in dire need of some shade. Sorry, boy.

I looked back at my shorts while another flappy old guy crossed my path for the 13<sup>th</sup> time, then looked again to the ocean. I can always come back, right?

I set my primal pride aside and returned my flute-covering fabric back to its rightful place.

*\*sigh*

*To be so free*

I started my walk, happy with my decision to burn my balls in the sun but also quite ready to get out of Dick City.

I made the long trek back to where I had started this unexpected journey. Along the way I passed one last man. Another wannabe wildling like me. Walking by with no real purpose other than to soak in the freedom of unadulterated nudity. *Right on, brother.*

He was a husky fella, bit of a gut on him. As I walked by, I couldn't help but glance south and notice that whatever sort of turtle head he was working with down there had receded so far back into its shell that it was virtually imperceptible.

I looked out at the horizon once again and thought,

*Everything's going to be okay.*