

# **Naked Boys in High School: A True Story About a Teenage Boy**



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It was my freshman year in high school in 1985. I had just started school at Canyon Del Oro a week ago. Everyone in freshman P.E. took swimming at the beginning of the year, which was at Dennis Weaver Park, adjacent to the school's main parking lot. Tomorrow was Monday, and the first day of swimming. A swimsuit was already packed in my backpack.

Having to change into my swimsuit in the boy's locker room was inevitable, but I was shy and nervous at the thought of being seen naked by the other boys. I had put off dealing with it

since I found out that swimming was required in freshman P.E early that summer.

All during my first class, Algebra, changing into a swimsuit occupied my mind. During second period, English, I worried more. Then, it was third period. As I headed to P.E., I tried not to think about it. In the boy's locker room, the freshmen were getting changed. I unlocked my locker and took off my shirt, shoes, and socks. Then, sitting down on the bench, I quickly removed my underwear and, as fast as lighting, slid on my blue

swimsuit. It wasn't tight-fitting like a Speedo; in fact, it was baggy. As I changed, I kept my eyes on my legs. Relieved now, I followed the other boys to the park. *That wasn't as bad as I thought it would be, thank God.* I thought, *There must be a God.*

It was a relief to have completed changing. I had fun swimming, as the instructor timed us doing laps. One of the freshman boys had never learned how to swim and was given swimming lessons by another P.E. teacher in the shallow end. I only had a little time to check out the girls, some in one-piece

and some in two-piece swimsuits. I admired their feet; many of them were petite and absolutely beautiful. After swimming, the boys and girls headed back to the locker rooms. All the freshmen boys changed. I opened my locker, got out my clothes, and placed my underwear right next to me on the bench. I quickly slid off my suit and hurried to put on my underwear. I kept my eyes on my body, not looking at the other boys changing. Whew! That was over, at least for today. Tuesday, I changed again, the same way as the first time, not looking at the other

boys. The second time wasn't as bad. Again, as I had the previous day during swimming, I checked out the female freshmen eye-candy. After swimming, using the same procedure as Monday, I hurried to get on my underwear.

Wednesday, I changed again, only this time, I glanced at the other boys changing and didn't see anything I wasn't already familiar with. After changing back to my clothes after swimming, I didn't feel as self-conscious about my body being seen by the other boys.

Today, on Thursday, when I changed, I did not feel my stomach turn and turn; I realized that it wasn't a big deal to be naked for a brief period with the boys. I glanced at the other boys changing for longer today. Now, I felt a lot better and enjoyed swimming.

Being naked briefly in the locker room didn't bug me anymore. I'd just changed each day, like it was no big deal. *Whew!*



**About the story:** Rich, a shy, sensitive, and imaginative fourteen-year-old freshman in high school must change into a swimsuit in the boy's P.E. locker room. The idea of being naked with the other boys really bugged him. Based on a true story that took place in Oro Valley, Arizona, USA, in 1985.

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