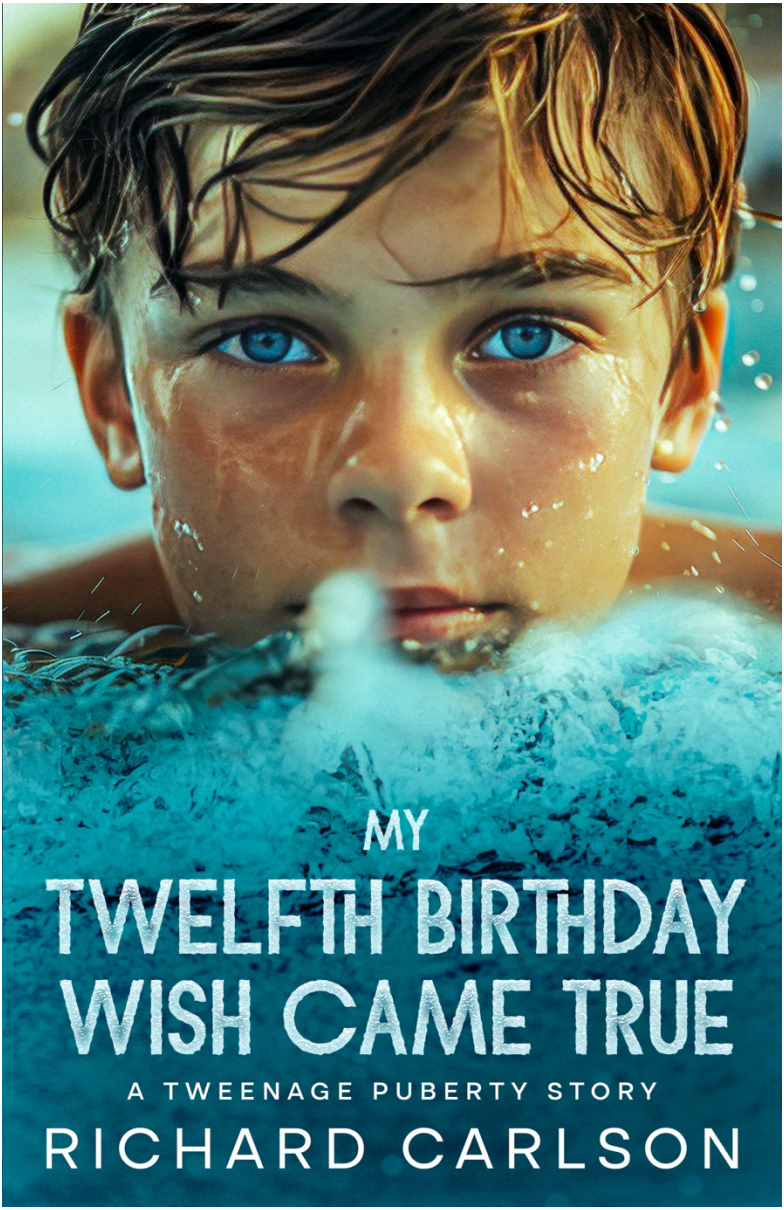

MY
TWELFTH BIRTHDAY
WISH CAME TRUE
A TWEENAGE PUBERTY STORY
RICHARD CARLSON

My Twelfth Birthday Wish Came True:

A Tweenage Puberty Story

Richard Carlson

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Part I

It was late May, and school was out until late August. A whole three months of summer vacation ahead of me! Fun, fun, fun!

My sixteen-year-old older brother Ricky and I stood in the bathroom of our house, located in the harsh southwestern desert of Tucson, Arizona in the USA.

My name is Jeremy; I was a soon-to-be twelve-year-old, in

only ten more days. Ricky was showing me how to shave, even though I really didn't need to quite yet. We were standing there in front of the large mirror, each with a razor and our faces covered in very light blue shaving cream. We were completely naked. My family members were nudists, and we had been so for our entire lives. I had started puberty not too long ago; Ricky was well into puberty. Both of us had pubic hair, and our

legs were hairy. He had a little chest hair, underarm hair, and a line of hair going up from his pubic hair to his belly button, unlike me. I looked forward to having hair just like my brother.

Dad, who was a pediatrician, had told me that I was in Tanner Stage Three of puberty because of the darkening of my pubic hair, growth of my willy and testicles, and cracking voice; hopefully, my voice would deepen soon. Dad

had said that Ricky was in Stage Five. There are six stages of puberty, so he was almost done.

My fourteen-year-old sister, Michelle, was in Tanner Stage Four, and my eight-year-old sister, Jenny, hadn't even started puberty yet. Being nudists and having a pediatrician as a dad, I've learned all about puberty for boys and girls from what I saw Ricky and Michelle go through. My family and I have visited nudist

resorts and beaches where everyone is naked. So, I'm used to seeing nude babies, young kids, tweens, teens, and adults.

My sisters were swimming nude in our backyard pool. We also had an above-ground jacuzzi. Dad was at his clinic. Mom was a hardworking housewife, and she was in the kitchen, feeding the bird. Yes, she was also naked. We have a pet, a blue and gold macaw, named Charlie. He talks,

or, to use the correct term, mimics, things people have said to him, such as “hello” and “You’re a handsome bird, Charlie.”

As Ricky and I were carefully shaving, I said, “I’ve got something to tell you. Susan, after P.E., said I was ‘really cute.’ She said it right on the basketball court at school, in front of the entire class, as we were heading back to change in the locker

rooms.” I put down the razor and looked at him in the mirror. “My insides tingled so much when she said it; it was a complete surprise, and she is the prettiest girl at school. I was walking on air. Imagine that. The babe at school thinks I’m really cute!”

I had fallen madly in love with her the moment I heard her “really cute” comment. I’m sure a lot of guys at school really wanted to date her.

“Then the guys and girls in my class laughed and cheered for me. The guys cheered ‘Go for it’ to me,” I added.

I was so happy. I have never had a girlfriend before. Maybe I’d have one soon, and an absolute babe at that.

“Are you in l-o-v-e?” Ricky smiled and teased me, nudging my shoulder.

“I really like her a lot. She also has a nice, winsome personality.

I'd love to date her," I admitted, tilting my head to the side. I was too shy to admit I had fallen in love.

"You really like her–I think you're madly in love," he continued to tease.

"I do like her," I said, hoping he'd ask me again. I was still trying to gather my courage to say the words.

"You're in love." He smiled and bounced his eyebrows up

and down while looking into my eyes in the mirror.

I picked up the razor and continued to “shave.” “I’m going to ask her if she’d like to be my girlfriend—real soon,” I said. I hoped she’d say “yes.”

“Don’t wait too long; she might find someone else,” he warned.

That made me start to worry a little. “I’m going to invite her to my birthday party—”

That's when it hit me like a semitruck plowing into a thick brick wall: I would host a nude, aka no-clothing, birthday swim party at our house. *What a great idea!* I could introduce Susan and my friends to nudism. But what would Mom and Dad think? *Would they agree?*

We finished shaving, and I wiped the excess shaving cream off my ears and nostrils with a moist paper towel. I felt my

cheeks: a baby's-butt smooth face.

I went to find Mom. She was in the kitchen drying dishes and utensils.

"Mom, can I ask you something? It's my *one* and *only* birthday wish. I really, really, really, really, *really* want to host a nude birthday swim party for me. Our family likes being nudists. My friends might really like it. Can I? Pretty please, Mom? *Pretty*

please? I can introduce my friends to nudism. You always say that there is nothing wrong or shameful about nudity. How about it? *Please?"* I practically got on my knees and begged.

"Their families aren't nudists?" she asked. "If they're not, then we can't," she explained.

"They're not," I said, "but, but, but pretty, pretty, *pretty please?"*

“They’re not used to nudism, and their parents might not want their kids to be nude with other kids, especially kids of the opposite sex,” Mom explained, dashing my hopes for my ingenious idea.

“Oh, no,” I pouted, frowning and twisting my arms together, hoping she’d see things my way: I was just a plain, hapless soon-to-be twelve-year-old, in need of his mommy’s support.

“If they were nudist families, then we might be able to,” she said. “Sorry.”

My hopes dried up more quickly than fresh monsoon rainwater in the harsh Arizona summer desert.

She continued, “You are correct in that there is nothing wrong with us being naked with our family or other nudists. There’s nothing to be ashamed of about nudity. But it’s up to their

families whether they decide to become nudists."

I shrugged and sighed.

"Remember: Do not take naked pictures or videos of yourself or others. Do not post them online. Do not send naked pictures to anyone. Promise me you will never do that!"

I could tell that she was concerned about me doing something that I should never do.

“I know, Mom. I remember. You always tell me that.” I added with a smile, “I’ll never do that; I promise and promise.” I even added, “Doing that would be very wrong.” Mom had told me again and again that kids shouldn’t take naked pictures or videos of themselves or of other kids. She cared for our family and me very much!

“Also, if any kids at school do, you need to tell a teacher and me

and your dad immediately," she said.

"I know, Mom," I said, nodding again and again and again.

"And if anyone asks for you to send them naked pictures or videos of you, you must not do it, and you should immediately tell your dad and me." She gave me her stern look. "Got it? There are some people who just aren't nice."

“Yes, Mom. I already knew that. Some people are just plain creepy,” I replied, making her smile and hug me.

“Do you have a swimsuit to wear on your birthday?” she asked.

“Well, I have a very old one that doesn’t fit.”

“We’ll buy you a new suit, tomorrow,” she said, “at Walmart.”

“All right,” I said, shrugging, and then I hugged my mom. We loved each other very much!

Part II

The next day, Friday, we drove to the Walmart supercenter in our neighborhood.

“I like this suit,” I said holding up a baggy yellow and green swimsuit. It had a white mesh lining and two white strings, one on each side of the waist to tie it on tight. The legs were longer than on the other suits there.

“It has Bart Simpson on it,” I said. I smiled and posed with my other hand on my hip, hoping I could get this one. Bart’s character was printed on it in different poses in a checkered pattern.

“Go into the dressing room and try it on with your underwear still on,” she said, and I did.

I removed my shoes and pants and then put on the suit and tied it. I smiled as I looked at

myself in the mirror. It fit me perfectly.

"Mom, I love it," I said, twisting my hips back and forth as I came out of the dressing room.

She tugged on the side of the suit.

"Is this one too small for you?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I really love it. It has Bart on it."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes. It fits," I announced.

After I changed back into my own clothes, we walked to the checkout. As I pushed our shopping cart, I wished that I could introduce my friends and their families to nudism--especially Susan, the girl I was in love with. They might really like it, like I do.

Finally, it was my birthday. I was now one hundred percent, officially, a twelve-year-old young man. I was practically a teenager.

It was early Saturday afternoon as Mom, Dad, my siblings, and I waited for everyone to arrive. I had invited two boys and three girls, including Susan.

Despite my wishes, we were dressed for the celebration. My younger sister and I wore our swimsuits. I couldn't wait to see Susan in her bikini. *What awesome presents would I get?*

Part III

Jason was the first boy to show up for my party: he wore a maroon, green, and black horizontal striped speedo and a black Metallica T-shirt. His present was in a big box.

Next, was Eddie: he wore a swimsuit like Jasons, with blue, black, red, and green horizontal stripes and a white T-shirt. His gift was in a huge box, too.

Next was Susan: she wore a two-piece green bikini. (my favorite color). Her gift box was small, but that was all right.

Next, was Jennifer: she wore a one-piece yellow swimsuit. Jennifer's gift box was huge, a very, very long and very narrow box.

Next, was Sarah: she wore a two-piece purple suit. Her gift box was large.

I made my announcement to them as we stood in the kitchen waiting to sing. “My birthday wish was to host a nude, aka no-clothing birthday swim party, since, as you all know, my family and I are nudists, but my mom said I couldn’t, because you guys and your families aren’t nudists.”

My guests laughed and laughed and laughed.

“We’d love that,” Jason said, smirking, and Eddie nodded in

agreement. The girls just smiled at me.

Then, Dad lit twelve of the thirteen candles, and they sang “Happy Birthday” to me. Dad had Charlie on his shoulder. I blew out the twelve candles, but first, I made a new wish: to date Susan and very soon. I kept my new wish a secret.

“You’re a handsome bird, Charlie,” Charlie mimicked, and we all chuckled.

“Hello, Charlie. Handsome bird,” I said, happy he was there, too.

“Hello. You’re a handsome bird, Charlie,” he mimicked, and everyone smiled.

Then, I opened my presents. Mom handed me a nine-and-a-half by eleven-inch envelope with a gigantic green ribbon on top. *What could this be?* I carefully opened it. It was an online printed receipt for a subscription for a

one-eight scale model kit of a *Back to the Future* 1981 Delorean DMC-12 with working lights! How the subscription worked, Dad explained, was that the company would mail me some of the parts each week, and I would gradually assemble the entire model over a long period of time.

"Thank you, Mom and Dad," I exclaimed, very excited. "Thank you!" I hugged each one of them.

Next, I quickly unwrapped Jason's gift. It was a one-forty-eight scale model kit of a MiG-29 Fulcrum, a Russian made aircraft. It included decals for two different MiG-29 planes: one Ukrainian and one Polish. The Ukrainian version had what was called "digital" camouflage.

"Thank you, Jason!" I said, very happy.

After that, I unwrapped Eddie's gift. It was a model of a

one-forty-eight scale American AH-64A Apache helicopter with eight AGM-114 Hellfire missiles and other weapons. The model included decals for two different American versions used during Desert Storm in 1991, over thirty years ago.

"Thank you so very much," I said to Eddie, and we grinned at each other.

Jennifer's gift was next. The box was very long on one side and

narrow on the other. It was huge! I unwrapped it quickly. It was a one-three-hundred-fifty scale USS Titanic model kit! My chest tingled with joy. I was so very happy.

"Thank you very much," I said to Jennifer. "Really, thanks."

Next, I unwrapped Sarah's gift. It was a one-eighteenth scale 1978 Pontiac Firebird model kit.

"Thank you," I said. "It's just like the car my dad drove as a

teenager. We have a picture of it on the wall in the living room." Everyone went to the living room, and I pointed it out.

"It is," Sarah said, smiling at me. "How wonderful. I had no idea."

"Thank you, very much," I said with a big smile.

We went back to the kitchen.

Susan's present was the last one to be opened. I unwrapped hers, and to my surprise, it was a

five-pack of—*Bart Simpson underwear!* For my birthday? Bart's character was printed on it in various poses in a checkered fashion, just like my swimsuit.

"What is this?" I asked, holding it up as everyone cracked up.

Susan explained with a grin, "I called your mom and asked her what unique present I should get for you; she said "underwear" and gave me your size.

“Well, thank you very much,” I said, chuckling.

Then, she held up a small box in her hand. It looked like a jewelry gift box. I unwrapped and opened it.

“It is a sterling silver necklace with a very old Spanish silver coin pendant. The coin was recovered from a shipwreck,” she explained. “It’s pretty valuable. My mom won it from a museum in Mexico in an

online auction," she added with a big smile.

"Thank you!" I exclaimed, adding, "It's nice that you know how to joke around and have fun."

Everyone clapped and cheered. It was wonderful! I put it on. Mom took my picture with my friends. I was so very lucky and grateful to have received such nice presents! I had great parents and great friends.

Soon, everyone was enjoying a slice of German chocolate cake and a tall, cold glass of milk.

“We wish this was a nude, aka no-clothing party, like you said,” Jason joked, smiling widely at me.

I laughed. “Yeah. I wish it was, too,” I said.

Part IV

After we had cake, I put the necklace in a safe place on my dresser. Then, everyone went in the backyard to go swimming.

Susan removed her sneakers and T-shirt. Her bare feet were so beautiful! They were the most beautiful bare feet in the entire world! Her light neon green fingernail polish matched her toenail polish. I hoped to see her

soles soon. Soles were my favorite part of a female's feet. She was so pretty in her bikini.

After spraying sunscreen on each other, my friends and I sat in the above-ground jacuzzi with the jets on high. There was just enough room for the six of us. I sat next to Susan and hugged her side. She hugged back. We talked about the school year and all the fun we'd had. I could tell Susan really, really liked me!

My older sister and older brother went to their friends' houses, and my little sister built a three-story sandcastle in the sandbox while we sat in the jacuzzi. Mom and Dad stayed inside.

"Jeremy is *really, really cute,*" Susan said, and everyone laughed and cheered.

"Dude, go for it. Dude, go for it," Jason chanted, grinning at me as Eddie started clapping.

I just blushed, looking down into the jacuzzi water.

Still embarrassed, I quickly changed the subject: “How about we dive off the diving board?”

“Okay, let’s,” Susan said, and everyone climbed out of the jacuzzi.

Before we dove, I had an urge: to see Susan’s soles.

“Susan, please. Let me see the bottom of your feet,” I asked.

“Okay,” she said, lifting her left foot up high so I could see.

“Hold it right there,” I said. I was so excited to finally see her soles.

“Now, maybe the other one?” I asked nicely.

She lifted her right foot close to me.

“Wow. Hold it there, please,” I asked. I could feel a tingling in my chest.

“That’s amazing. Thank you,” I said, and she lowered her foot.

“What was that all about?” Jason asked. “Do you like girls’ bare feet?”

I could feel myself blushing. “No,” I lied. I was too shy to admit the truth.

“Yes, you do,” he retorted with a big smirk. “You’re attracted to girls’ bare feet!”

Now I was blushing even more. My face felt so hot, it could

have competed with the sun in a hotness contest, and I could have easily fried bacon and eggs on it.

Susan and my other friends broke out laughing.

"Jeremy likes girls' feet...

Jeremy likes girls' feet...

Jeremy likes girls' feet..."

Eddie was chanting over and over again, in a funny, singsong voice.

"Okay, I do," I admitted.

Having a blast on my birthday.

Everyone giggled and giggled and giggled.

Part V

My friends each dove, one by one, into the pool. Then, it was my turn. I dove off the diving board just like an Olympic swimmer.

“That was an awesome dive,” Susan exclaimed as I surfaced.

“Thank you,” I said.

“Look! Look!” Jason said, holding up my suit, which had floated far away to the side of me. My suit had somehow slipped off!

Jason hurried out of the shallow end, holding up my suit. Eddie also hurried out. I was in the water, completely naked.

“Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!” Jason cracked up as the girls giggled and giggled.

“Come on, you guys,” I muttered.

I swam to the shallow end and got out. Then, I tried to get my suit, but Jason and Eddie were throwing it to each other. As soon

as I got close to each one of them, they would toss it to the other one. Meanwhile, everyone could clearly see my willy and my tush!

That didn't bug me at all. I was very used to being seen naked by tween girls and boys. But what would Mom say?

"You're really cute," Susan said, smiling at me. The other girls were giggling, and the boys were laughing.

My chest tingled with love for Susan. I was madly in love with her!

Suddenly, the girls got out of the pool, and Jason and Eddie removed their suits. Jason's willy was by far the biggest; next was Eddie, and then me. Jason threw my suit to Susan, who was standing on the concrete walkway that went around the pool.

Then, as I stood there, Susan and the girls took off their bikinis.

Now, all of us were naked. Susan was so, so, so, beautiful! But, seeing her naked wasn't at all a big deal to me; I was used to seeing my mom and sisters nude and tween and teenage girls and boys at nudist resorts and beaches my family had visited. I could tell that the guys and girls were well into puberty, like me.

I went to get my suit from Susan, but she threw it to Eddie.

“Boy, your willies are huge,” I said to Jason and Eddie as I tried again to retrieve my trunks. “Your willy is as big as the summer sausage my mom buys at Walmart,” I said to Jason. I was a little jealous of his size, as he was by far the biggest. But I wasn’t at all ashamed of my naked body.

Jason stood there, proud of his endowed manhood, while Eddie giggled.

“Hey. Why is your penis different from Jason’s and Eddie’s?” Susan asked me.

“That’s because I was circumcised as an infant, and they weren’t,” I said. I had learned about circumcision from Dad. Ricky, Dad, and I had all been circumcised.

“The foreskin on my willy was cut off,” I said. “Look at them. See? They’re different from me.

They have a foreskin on the tip of their willies."

The girls compared the three of us.

"Why was your foreskin cut off?" Susan asked, puzzled.

"My parents decided. They wanted me to be like my dad and my older brother, Ricky. They were circumcised, too," I explained, feeling happy to educate the girls.

"Which is better?" Susan asked.

I shrugged. “I don’t know. No one ever told me.”

I didn’t know at the time, but some people say that being circumcised is better, while others say that being uncircumcised is better. There are advantages and disadvantages to each.

Circumcision decreases the risk of a urinary tract infection. It lowers the risk of sexually transmitted infections. It protects

against penile cancer, which is low in the USA. It also makes genital hygiene easier.

However, circumcision can cause infection and bleeding from the surgery. It can cause pain during surgery and after. It can negatively affect a man's sexual pleasure. And a boy or man might regret being circumcised.

"Your birthday wish came true," Susan said, and I giggled.

My friends continued to toss my suit around until, finally, Susan had it. I approached her, and she dropped my suit on the walkway and smiled, staring at my willy.

I giggled as she continued to stare. My first birthday wish had come true.

“You’re really cute. I love your dimples. You are going to grow up to be a very handsome man,” she said.

“Thank you, sweetie pie,” I said, smiling with love for her. “You are beautiful, and I love your personality,” I said. I tilted my head sharply as I looked into her beautiful green eyes.

“Jennifer and Sarah are also beautiful,” Jason interrupted, giggling as he and Eddie stared at their bodies. Eddie and I agreed. They were beautiful girls, too. But I didn’t stare at them: I was used to seeing naked tween girls.

Everyone swam naked for a while and had a lot of fun. We played five games of Marco Polo. Thank goodness, Mom and Dad didn't come out and see us. I'd be busted big time, I realized.

"There is nothing wrong with nudity. This is what it's like to be a nudist," I explained to my friends, remembering Mom's warning about not taking or posting naked pictures or videos of me or other

kids online and not sending naked pictures or videos to anyone.

After we got out of the pool, Susan held her left foot close to me and teased, “Come and get it, Jeremy. Come and get it.”

That’s when Jennifer and Sarah showed me their soles.

“Girls’ bare feet. Very sexy, indeed. Very sexy, indeed,” I drawled, feeling my chest tingle so much with delight.

Everyone cracked up.

“Okay. That’s enough fun for one day,” I replied. Their soles were very, very beautiful, but Susan’s were my favorite.

Before Mom and Dad could see us, we put our suits back on. *Phew!*

Part VI

We each dried off and then went inside and watched a classic 1982 horror movie, *Halloween III: Season of the Witch*, in the family room. Everyone had permission from their parents to watch the R-rated movie. I sat next to Susan on the loveseat. I was in l-o-v-e. It felt fun to be so. I wanted so much to hold her hand. Then, when there

was a love-making scene in the movie, I did! I simply reached out and slowly held it. We held hands until the end of the movie. She really liked me! I loved it!

"You two were holding hands," Jason teased in a silly voice.

He was such a goofball, but I didn't care. My chest was tingling so much; I wondered if my heart would leap out of my chest right there in front of everyone.

Susan giggled, and everyone else laughed.

“Awww. Susan and Jeremy are in love,” Jason teased as Susan and I smiled and gazed at each other. We were having a grand time being in love. Mom and Dad smiled at us.

“Susan’s my good, good, good friend,” I blurted, trying to think of the right thing to say. I was embarrassed to admit to

everyone that I was in love with her.

After the movie, everyone's parents arrived. Susan's mom was first.

"Bye-bye, Susan. Thank you for coming to my party and for the thoughtful and nice presents. I love the Bart Simpson undies," I exclaimed. I was so in love with her. I wanted to be her boyfriend and to kiss and hug her really

tight. My friends and I waved as her mom drove them away.

Then, one by one, the others were picked up and went home. I thanked each one for coming to my party and for the really nice presents.

I had unintentionally introduced my friends to nudism. I ran to my room and put on the necklace and silver coin pendant Susan had given me. She was so, so beautiful! I was going to really

miss seeing her beautiful bare feet, especially her soles. It wasn't just wishful thinking: I knew that Susan really liked me and wanted to be my girlfriend. I couldn't wait to ask her to date me. I quickly came up with a master plan. I had to act fast before someone else got her!

First, though, I needed to be truthful with my mom, who didn't approve of my friends and me swimming nude. My stomach

turned and turned like a pottery wheel spinning so fast that it spews material all over the place. Mom and I were in the kitchen.

“Mom. I need to tell you something. Earlier, when my friends were here, we swam naked. What happened was that my suit slipped off when I dove in the pool, and Jason took my suit, and then the boys took off their suits, and then the girls did, too. They didn’t ask me. But I went

along with it. I should have told them not to, because you didn't say we could swim naked. I'm sorry. I apologize. I'm very sorry," I said to her.

"I forgive you," she said. "Thank you for being honest," she said with a smile. "Maybe your friends felt they had to do it, to make you happy."

"Oh. Okay," I replied. I hadn't thought of it that way.

Then, I went to my bedroom and took off my swimsuit and lay on my bed nude, thinking about how beautiful Susan was. Her feet were so beautiful; I wanted to date a girl with feet like hers. I thought about my master plan to make her mine.

Part VII

The next day, I invited Susan to my house to swim again.

In the pool, we swam alone. I swam close to her in the deep end. (We were wearing swimsuits.)

“Will you be my girlfriend?” I mustered the courage to ask. I smiled and tilted my head sharply to the side as I looked into her beautiful green eyes. “Please,” I

added, as my chest and heart tingled with intense love.

"Yes, cutie pie," she said, smiling at me. And she swam really close to me, making my heart beat faster and my chest tingle so much. Being in love was so, so much fun!

Then, it happened: we leaned toward each other's faces, closed our eyes, and kissed on the lips! It was our very first kiss. We were in love! We swam to the shallow end

and gave each other a big bear hug.

"You're wonderful," I said, sighing with love.

"You're wonderful, too," she replied, hugging me tight.

I really wanted to marry her, someday, when we were grown up, with our own nudist family.

I made two birthday wishes this year, and both had come true. I felt so very happy. I was a very lucky twelve-year-old young man.

I kissed her cheek, and we hugged tight.

“Promise me that we’ll be nudists and have nudist kids if we someday get married,” I said, tilting my head sharply.

“Yes, of course,” she said. “You have really cute dimples.”

“Thank you, honeybunch,” I replied, giggling. Life was great!

About the story: Soon-to-be twelve-year-old, very handsome Jeremy and his family are nudists, but his friends and their families aren't. He wants his friends and their families to become nudists, too, so he plans to host a nude, aka no-clothing, twelfth birthday swim party with several friends from middle school, including a beautiful babe who has a major

crush on him. (He really, really, really likes her, too.)

How does he handle his mom not going along with his ingenious nude-birthday master plan?

About the author: Richard Carlson is an author of children's and coming-of-age books. He is a highly sensitive person, or HSP. You can learn more about him at www.richardcarlson.com / www.boyspubertystories.com