**Amber Dear Diary**

A story in the Absolute Nudist Universe

by Linda Bare

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**Introduction**

Readers, I have known for years my diary was published on the website storiesonline.net by my former friend Carrie without my knowledge. Recently I regained access to the profile and considered requesting the website webmaster to take it down. With a change of heart, read the comments that readers posted over the last decade. Read that readers have no plans on removing it from the website. Instead, I dug up my edited version of my journal (diary) on an old portable hard drive.

Outside of those pages in August of that year, no plans for any additional pages. Now much older, I was just nineteen living on my own for the first time in an apartment my parents provided me. Those pages were out of my journal (diary) to replace the old version.

**03 August, Monday**

**03 August Tuesday**, both of those interviews didn’t land anything again. Neither of them offered me an entry position. I’m determined to find a role that aligns with my career goals and aspirations. Work rather than be willing to make compromises and just settle for any old job that a company might offer me.

I know it sounds stubborn, but I just can’t bring myself to take just a job. Yesterday marks my eleventh job interview since I lost my after-school office job at the end of the school year. I’m starting to feel like I’ll do anything to land a job that meets my expectations - even if it means being willing to work in the nude. Know it is technically legal to be in public without any clothes.

Of course, I know that’s not a realistic possibility, even in our increasingly liberal society. Asked what I’d be willing to do to get the job I want might be desperate enough to say something like that. Being realistic, I do not expect anyone to take me seriously. Ask me to leave and laugh me out of the interview would allow anyone to work fully nude. The news got around to moving out of town. But the fact remains that I’m willing to do whatever it takes to get the job I want.

Have another interview tomorrow morning at eight for Tyrell Corporation. It is for a junior administrative assistant paid interim position. Their downtown office building is off the metro line. If the interview goes well and I accept the desired position, I could take the metro line to work and home.

**04 August, Monday**

**04 August Wednesday**, the job interview is twenty minutes away, and I haven’t gotten dressed yet in the clothes set aside. Those thoughts started on the first day since moving into this apartment, having wild dreams of being naked everywhere. Only a fantasy and not based on the reality of showing up to the job interview naked? My Diary wishes me luck! Goodbye for now.

04 August Wednesday at 5:32 pm, Diary! I got the job! I found myself in Wendy’s, eating dinner and feeling elated. Despite not having a formal education, I got the job! The job was what I was hoping for and what they were willing to pay me. I was ecstatic that I had landed the position. However, what I was about to share was almost too absurd to be believed. On my first day at work, and all the days after that, I would be nude.

Halfway through the interview, it turned out to be another dud interview. The interviewers asked if I had anything to do during the interview, and I made the foolish mistake. I said, “Understand that there is no formal education on my resume, experience working at my parent’s company. I would be willing to work for your company in the nude, the buff as my only formal wear at the company.”

The room becomes a chilling silence, expecting to be out the door. One of the female interviewers asked me if I was serious. When I confirmed I was, they asked me to stand up, walk to a table near the door, and remove all my clothes before returning to the interview. Felt my heart pounding with each passing moment, and I did as told. The interviewers were stunned by my decision but didn’t immediately dismiss me.

Instead, they asked me more questions as if I was still fully clothed. They eventually offered me a job as a junior administrative assistant, but with a caveat: I would have to work completely naked in the office. One of us is familiar with the recent changes to the law. Be asking if you are willing to be just as nude with only your identification lanyard when representing the company. At first, I was unsure about this, but I eventually agreed to sign a contract stating that I would be fully nude in the workplace and when representing the company. However, I was committed to my decision and grateful that the company was willing to let me work nude.

I asked if I could have a locker installed to store my clothes when I arrived for work each day, needing to be naked before entering the facility. Later that evening, I reflected on the day’s events in my diary and felt overwhelmed by the experience. I wondered how I would tell my loved ones about my new job and the decision to be unclothed. I concluded by expressing love for my diary and signing off for the night.

**05 August, Monday**

**05 August Thursday**, Looking in the mirror at my nude self, wondering what in the world could work naked. Barely remember slipping on my clothes after standing by my car last night. She looks at the phone to see if I have any emails or calls from my prospective employer. After my public nudity, there is no way to allow me to work for their company.

Due to the expected reactions, I have not told anyone about my public stripping downtown yet. Scare to turn my phone over to see what notifications pop ups. I took a huge breath, an unreal email labeled acceptance letter.

My hands were shaking reading the email. It read my name,

“I hope this message finds you well. Per our agreement during the interview, we would like to remind you of our expectations regarding your appearance as a company representative.

You must maintain a professional appearance at all times, despite the understanding that being fully nude and free of any garments. We expect you to act as if you are wearing appropriate attire that reflects the values and standards of our organization. Understand those areas of your body covered by garments will be exposed that will need to be neat.

We understand this may be a unique requirement, but an aspect of our company culture is to be open to all differences. Our company believes your lifestyle will promote equality and inclusivity among our employees and clients.

If you have any questions or concerns about this requirement, please do not hesitate to contact us. We would be more than happy to discuss this with you further.”

I was so shocked I must have read it about ten or more times. I looked around at all the scattered clothes around the small apartment, wondering if I should accept it and sign the acceptance letter. If I sign it, I should get used to living that way. I need to build up the stamina to confront the parents nude.

**06 August, Monday**

**06 August, Friday**, Diary I just had the most difficult conversation with my mother on the phone and told her everything. Let’s say it. I’m scared to sign it after a heated argument with my mom. Mom said things I had to jot down and look up after hanging up the phone last night. Oh, shit! Mom! Outside the door!

Mom just left! Diary, what did I do? Now I’m officially clothless with nothing to wear! Mom made me toss everything into the dumpsters. She watched me sign the employment acceptance letter and listened to the conversation with Human Resources to finish the onboarding documentation, with my first day being this upcoming Monday orientation. The last thing they said about respecting my lifestyle choices of living freely in my skin.

Feeling my future sealed now in a fantasy of a world without the bother of getting dressed. At the dumpster, some of those items mom had me toss recently purchased. Now I am in this apartment with a closet full of nothing or anything that could be considered clothes. Mom even had me carry most of my bedding. I argued with her about when it becomes colder in the fall. She told me to walk faster when the temperature dips.

Diary here is the worst part of mom’s visit. Later at four, mom wants me to be at the house. She told me friends and family congratulated me on my new job. No, I don’t have anything to wear besides that smile. Mom said, “I made my bed and now got to sleep in it.”

My life turned upside down, and I do not have a stitch of clothing to my name. Bye for now.

**07 August, Monday**

**07 August, Saturday,** A single drop of alcohol, like I’m suffering from a hangover. Laying here is nothing like I’m going through some horrible nightmares right now. Now I am living that dream for real, and I have no idea how to survive in the world of textiles.

I am scared to leave this apartment and am considering calling mom to tell her I am not ready to venture out of the house again nude. I looked out the kitchen window and saw clothes all over the place. My first reaction was to move away from the window, fear of being seen. Having mixed felt like the skin would burst into flames if touched by clothes. While scared to death of leaving the apartment nude.

Shit, I can see one of the maintenance guys in that golf cart approaching the dumpster. Clothes were scattered everywhere on the ground and hanging in the shrubbery. Knowing I didn’t make the mess, it was other people’s responsibility. I still felt I’m responsible and that I should go out there to clean up the mess.

I could build up the confidence to head out there. A maintenance golf cart showed up by the dumpsters. Before I could reconsider, I grabbed my keys and slipped the bungee cord around my wrist and out of the door.

The maintenance guy Frank’s eyes almost popped out when he saw me. Not in the mood for conversation or caring about what parts of my body are showing. To begin helping him gather up the garments and toss them back into the dumpsters. It wasn’t until I grabbed the last item I needed to climb the tree to reach it. Reality struck me hard, up on a tree branch for that cartoon character thong off the tree branches.

He asked me the obvious question, “Guess where the clothes we were picking up were?” Not sure how to answer that question, I said, “Yes. I wasn’t in the mood to tell him any more information or that an employer would allow me to work naked. He just put his pickup stick back and said, “Thanks,” as he drove away. The trembling feeling swept over me as I closed the door and locked it. What did I just do with the maintenance guy?

I’m butt naked from the second I woke up! There was no way outside in the nude? Diary: What’s wrong with me? I am nervous about seeing my family and friends nude. Wish me luck!

**Week 33**

**08 August, Monday**

**08 August, Sunday**, Diary, where should I begin? This weekend started with a bang with the dumpster, tree, and maintenance guy yesterday. I made his day by seeing up in that tree. Back in the apartment, I finished all of the onboarding paperwork I needed to do before my first day on Monday. In the Human Resources Department email, get a temporary identification badge from Security in the lobby.

The email stated that security was aware of my status as being nude. Under the agreement made with senior management, I will not be concealing my body or permitted to as agreed. Read the security is advised to provide me with the choice of using a lanyard to hold my temporary badge. The other option is double-sided tape to attach to the skin above my right breast. To be in Room 214 by eight in the Hancock Tower Building for my interview. The orientation will take up most of the week.

The email mentioned some reasonable accommodations relating to the nude lifestyle I adopted. The company will provide me with two durable seat covers that will be maintained and kept clean. It reminded me that under the employment agreement relating to my choice of lifestyle. I will need to use the safety gear required by law when needed. With the understanding that it will not conceal the body to fringe my choice lifestyle of always being nude.

To take a shower to see my parents, siblings, and my friend Carrie, I better close this laptop to get ready. After this week and after exposing my body to my apartment complex as it is normal. Know if I will be able to go back to wearing clothing again. The thought process before the interview was trying to find some advantage over the other applicants with more schooling and experience than me.

With my mother holding me to my word, I am stuck with no clothes to my name in this apartment with the money to replace the clothes I tossed yesterday with my mother. Now that the salvage truck showed up before I entered back into my apartment. I couldn’t retrieve what wasn’t salvaged by my neighbors from those clothing items.

To live by this crazy idea of working nude to get that job, I now need to live by it. The thought crossed my head the second after accepting the job to reconsider the offer. As I was talking with my mom on the phone and after she showed up, the chance to back out and keep my clothes. Even from that moment to now, early Sunday evening. I can send a simple email declining the position and ask my parents for a loan to buy new clothes needed for more interviews.

Back to Saturday morning in my car heading to Carrie’s parent’s house, I was uneasy about showing up there nude. During our conversations during the week, I forgot to tell her I asked the employer if I could be naked, and they agreed. On the road, I asked her if she was home, and she said yes. Stepping out of the car, I saw her and her mother standing there with their mouths wide open in disbelief. Her mom was the first to ask me where my clothes were. Shutting the car door just smiled back and said, “Do not have any, a job that is not required.”

Shockingly I wasn’t embarrassed or uncomfortable standing before them two in the nude. I could tell that both of them were embarrassed for me by their expressions and wanted me to get into their house quickly so fewer people would see me. Inside they both bombarded me with questions about everything. Several times, Carrie would leave and walk back with different items of her clothes.

Carrie was concerned about my bare butt on the couch fabric, but her mom insisted I feel at home. Carrie said she was alright with me adopting the nude lifestyle. I knew that it was comfortable. When I asked her if she wanted to go with me to my parent’s house, she didn’t want to be the cloth sidekick. I did get a cold hug from her as I left. Carrie called me a few hours later and showed up at the house around dinner time.

Mom and sisters hugged, while my dad and the younger brother did not know where to look. In the discussions, with mostly my parents. We talked about the fantasy dreams I’ve been having about taking the plunge into this lifestyle. I am scared of being called out for not being a true nudist and only being nude for the thrill of it.

Mom asked me to get the mail in the mailbox and bring the trash can off the curb. Before I knew it, grumbling about not one of the other kids brought it in. It wasn’t till I was about to enter the house with the mail. I realized for the second time that morning I was doing things with no clothes. Diary, what is wrong with me? Like I do not miss wearing clothes or care who sees me nude.

Seeing the expression on their faces, I knew they were testing me on the question I asked about being naked for the wrong reasons. I plumped into the couch cushions feeling more relaxed and comfortable. Talking, mom grabbed my attention to the way I was sitting. That moment when I became embarrassed and started to close my legs.

Mom lightly touched my arm and said, “Sorry, stay as you were. To accept that you are now fully dressed in your bare skin. Every part of your body will be visible from now on.” Letting my body relax and lower my legs, I was aware of my dad having trouble even looking at my eyes. I know even public nudity has been more accepting over the years. Take some time for dad to get used to seeing me without any clothes.

Getting up with mom to the kitchen and then down to my sister’s room. Mom asked them if they wanted to eat lunch at home or out. We all can fix something for dinner. Looking down at my bare form sent cold shivers. Expectedly, they and my bugged eyes brother replied yes. The whole ride to the same dinner was several times growing up. Neither of my sisters wanted to rub against my skin in the middle seat.

Besides that, countless people looked at me with various emotional expressions. I didn’t feel uncomfortable about being there like that. I asked if I could have something to sit on, and my brother couldn’t stop laughing. We were about to leave, and the manager told my parents that I could have the towel I used on the seat. Replied with thanks as we all got up. My youngest sister asked me if I felt dressed in the parking lot.

Mom spoke for me by telling her that I do feel fully dressed in just my bare skin. I didn’t know what to say as we got into the vehicle. Expecting the parents to head home, when dad turned in the other direction. Not until we turned onto the freeway were we going to the fairgrounds, mom told us. Mom saw the discomfort on my face and not letting me off the hook for agreeing to work naked.

I had to speak up when dad pulled into a gravel lot where I was barefoot. Dad responded we know that I am barefoot and naked. He told me since I wanted to be a true nudist, I should live it dressed like the others. They support the decision to live and work in the nude. I grumbled and was a little angry while looking at my younger siblings.

I am living the fantasy I had before this Wednesday with no clothes to my name, which is my new life, and working Monday in the nude. Hate to admit it, but my parents are right about me wanting this to be nude. I wasn’t ready for this much exposure after only a few days of mostly hibernating in the apartment. Mom only got me to toss away my clothes yesterday. Now I am going to enter the state fair nude.

Diary, I made my bed, and now I have to sleep in it. Have to suck it up and accept that I am living my dream of full nudity 24/7. Fortunately, all my siblings helped me walk carefully over the gravel. My brother used his shoes to push through a path and didn’t step on sharp objects.

Relieved to be on the pavement, but I couldn’t get away from nasty comments from others who passed. Approaching the entrance were approached by an older lady and a guy who looked very concerned about my lack of clothing. We stood there listening to the lady explain to my parents that I was not dressed appropriately for the fairgrounds.

Starting a new job on Monday, dressed just as that lady called it unacceptable to be nude on the fairgrounds. The last thing I wanted was to get into some issue that would jeopardize my new job. Dad asked if he could speak with one of their supervisors calmly. Led to a building some distance from the gate we were about to enter. That lady asked my parents if I was one of those absolute nudists.

I have never heard of that term before that moment. After doing some research, it is someone who is like all those fantasies I have been having before accepting that job. Agree to be nude with nothing on their bodies, no jewelry, makeup, or advisories. There I was in the office building with several people standing around observing the conversation with my parents about not accepting my new lifestyle.

My sisters nudged me since I wasn’t listening and asked me to come before a gray-haired guy. He asked me if I was an absolute nudist and if I brought something to sit on. Sure of the term, but I replied yes and pointed to the small towel draped over my purse. That man told me he respects absolute lifestyle and the minimum coverage.

He asked me if I was ok with this sticker that says attire approved with the date. Are there any problems with the sticker glued to my skin? Walking out of that building into the fairgrounds with a free day pass with several books of commentary passes for about forty tickets each. My siblings went on more rides than me.

The issue I ran into from the second of leaving that building. Strangers are bold enough to ask to get a picture with them. My parents would be overprotective, and I am glad they were there with me. They deterred the majority of those that approached us for a picture. One of my parents would allow at least one female. Accept those pictures uploaded to social media of me being the nude one.

Head out to the gravel lot after tracking my bare feet throughout the fairgrounds. Walking on the sharp pebbles and rocks didn’t bother me. As soon as the doors closed, I began trying to pull that sticker stuck to my chest that had some extra glue. Back a corner, my sister took the liberty to yank it off with some glue left.

Dad told us management ultimately agreed to allow us, mostly me, into the fairgrounds as the law amendment passed through the state’s legislation last year to protect absolute nudists from discrimination. My parents knew of those changes in the law and discussed the justification for not letting me into the foreground naked with no shoes.

Back home and after the day of fun with my family. My feet were nasty black from all the walking on the dirty ground. I asked my sisters to hose off my feet with soap from inside. They got more than just my feet wet with the hose. It was fun running around the front yard getting sprayed. Inside, my mom asked me if I permitted a towel dry.

Taken aback by the question, I responded with only a patting down by the towel. Mom handed me a small kitchen towel to dry off with. We all fixed dinner and watched some sappy movies with my sisters. Some of the conversations were about my public nudity lifestyle and accepting the possibility of never seeing myself again with clothes. Last night all of us girls slept on the same king-size bed in my oldest sister’s room.

Both of them sleep in their pajamas with a blanket. I slept on the edge with nothing but a pillow. It took some time to fall asleep since one of my sisters insisted on sleeping with a fan facing toward the bed. In the morning, I woke up in an empty room needing to pee. With the bathroom door locked and since I was already naked. I pushed my way to the private backyard and squatted.

It was not until I was back inside that I saw my brother looking at me in shock. Mom told me to wash my hands as I was about to grab a slice of bacon, eggs, and toast. I spent the rest of the morning watching a movie and chatting before going to my apartment. Brave enough to walk into a grocery store near home in the nude for the first time. Besides those looks, no one questioned me about my nudity outside of saying it wasn’t for them.

To end it here since I need to get into the mind frame of my first day at work tomorrow.

**09 August, Monday**, Diary, this is just a dream, not going to work downtown in the high rise in the nude? This morning was any less stressful than finding the outfit I needed for the interview. Glancing at my empty wardrobe, I couldn’t dress if I wanted to. I still needed to check my entire body looked nice down to any hairs on my legs. Assume most will be looking at my bare breast more than anything else.

Ever since I took off my clothes at the interview, I was debating if I should shave the pubs. In a split decision, I decided to shave it. Looking at my hair and the rest, I got that cold feet feeling again to forget this job and go to some big box store and buy all new clothes. Things pushed me out of the door this morning with enough time to relax and get settled.

My time with my family all accepted my nude lifestyle as if I had never worn clothing. Even if I read that my new employer is providing me with something to sit on at work, I can not assume they will have it waiting when I arrive. So I grabbed a small hand towel on the way out.

On the drive was debating whether to use a lanyard or glue my name badge to my skin. My thoughts since I am nude and those breast strings rubbing the nipples could be annoying. I noticed during the interview that most of them had the name badge attached to their shirts/blouses.

While pulling into the parking garage, I received a text from Carrie apologizing for this weekend. What I got out of her text, she didn’t want to be the clothed friend. I did agree to see her after work at my apartment. I kidded her with the text that my apartment was nude only, and I didn’t get a response again till later in the morning. She asked if she could be an exception and remain dressed, and I replied yes.

Walking into the office tower lobby, I felt very underdressed amongst them. When I noticed three nudes, two ladies and a guy walked past me. Being underdressed improved being around all those well-dressed people. I glanced down at my feet to check if it was not too dirty from the walk into the lobby. I entered a ladies' room to wipe my feet and freshen up.

I had butterflies approaching the security desk naked and was relieved it was a woman. I told the lady I like a temporary pass for Tyrell Corporation. She asked me if I wanted adhesive placed on my skin or to use a lanyard. To stay out in the lobby any longer than possible, I told her to stick it to my chest above my right breast. It felt strange pressing the plastic to my skin as others looked on. Thoughts that lanyard straps would rub against my bare nipples could be frustrating.

Felt overly underdressed standing outside the elevator with all those dresses waiting. Not even shoes were considered clothing according to the degree of lifestyle restrictions I selected with the state. Surreal knowing that none of my new colleagues have seen me with clothes. Off the elevator, my new boss asked me how my weekend went.

One of the questions she asked while walking was whether my orientation was for the remainder of the week. If I still had the dress worn when I arrived for the interview. Without giving it much thought, I replied, “No, I am a nudist, and tossed the remainder of my clothes, including that dress.” We didn’t say anything more until brought into a smaller office.

I was introduced to everyone in the department and told some of their names. My new boss Nancy Wells told everyone that I am a dedicated nudist who doesn’t own any clothing from this point forward. I was about to leave the office with the boss when a short redhead got our attention. She said, “Need to ask why? In a few months, downright cold not to have any clothes.”

Looking at my boss, unsure how to respond, made me reconsider my decision. Another of my colleagues stood and let her dress fall to the ground, nude as me. She said, “Hyde, know you are aware, my sister is an absolute nudist who the new hire will likely be considering herself eventually.” The boss led me out to the hallway before I could hear the rest of the conversation.

Hearing that term again made me wonder if I am an absolute nudist now. Walk into the small office with several other new hires. I was about to sit on the towel I had in my purse. I was stopped and handed two seat covers with the emblems of two sporting teams. Before my boss left, she asked me about my reasonable accommodations besides no covering and exposure.

Let her know this nude thing is still new to me with the response to simply let her know or someone from the Human Resources Office. Taking a seat is the only nuddy in the room and possibly the company. The guy sitting next to me was very uncomfortable. I told myself I am an absolute nudist, and this is who I am. I knew that the guy was uncomfortable with my nudity.

Stuck with few options that wouldn’t draw attention to the situation, I chose to push my back up and not look at him. I was the fourth to stand up to introduce myself to everyone in the room. We all needed to walk to the front talking about ourselves. I went back and forth on addressing my nude lifestyle and told everyone.

Since removing the last item of cloth at the beginning of the interview, an absolute nudist. The nervous guy asked, “Are you dressed now?” I looked at the orientation coordinator, unsure how to answer that question. One of the human resources got up next to me and responded to the question. He said, “The lifestyle of an absolute nudist fully dressed. The difference between a nudist and an absolute nudist is that a nudist will still wear clothing outside designated areas.”

My new boss greeted me and brought me back to the office at the end of the first day of orientation. Knowing how to put it, I stopped thinking about my nudity. It helped dispute the obvious that everyone treated me dressed. Back in the office, I responded to Hyde’s question and was the only one unclothed. I said, “Those thoughts crossed my mind about the colder temperatures. Be difficult the first winter without anything. I am an absolute who needs to survive without anything on my body.”