**[Constantly Undressed As A Little Girl](http://www.experienceproject.com/stories/Enjoy-A-Sundress-That-Cant-Stay-On/1728171)**

I'm well acquainted with dresses and sun frocks which wouldn't stay on: I have very clear memories of being undressed in public all the way through childhood. My folks originally came from Eastern Europe (former Soviet Union) and saw nothing wrong with young children going nude in the warm weather. My sisters and I wore very little around the house (undies or less) and frequently played naked under the sprinklers. Of course, that was in the privacy of our own home; stripping down *outside* was a different story altogether (blush).  
  
I remember one occasion when I was around eleven or so. My Mom took me to a church picnic at Ridgewick Park, there were lots of kids running around the trees and fountains. I knew most of them from school and immediately took off to join in the fun, but Mom had other ideas.  
  
"That's your Sunday dress," she said, grabbing me by the hand and turning me around to face her, "I don't want you getting it stained!" She started undoing the buttons on the front, and I gasped in surprise, suddenly realizing what she had in mind.  
  
"Mommy!!" I squealed, blushing to my eyebrows, "I'm not a baby!" I glanced around, embarrassed, as she started to slide the frock down over my shoulders. The dress slipped to my feet, and few seconds later, I was standing in my vest and knickers in front of practically everyone I knew (I should add that there were a good many boys there that day, too).  
  
It virtually goes without saying that Mom ignored my protests, peeling my vest over my head, then removing my shoes and socks. In no time flat, I'd been stripped right down to my floral panties; groups of children were already staring at me and giggling to one another. Being a little plump like many girls my age, I was slightly self-conscious and begged Mommy to put my dress back on. She gave me a choice between playing with my friends or getting dressed and helping her set up the picnic. She also pointed out that a number of girls were already running about in their undies and didn't seem to mind at all. I gnawed my lip for a few seconds, wavering with indecision, then scampered off across the lawn in my cotton panties. At first, I was red-cheeked with embarrassment, but I soon noticed that other girls were shedding their clothes as well - it really was too hot to be wearing anything more than our underwear.  
  
After an hour or so, the inevitable happened: we started gravitating towards the fountain to cool off in the mist. A few of my friends suggested going for a splash, but none of us were willing to take the first step. We eventually settled the matter with a game of rock-scissors-paper, and two of us were "volunteered" to lead the way.  
  
Just as we were about to jump in, I heard my mother call out to me: "Kristina!!"  
  
I froze in mid-step, thinking I was in trouble and looked around. Mom and a few other ladies were heading over to see what we were doing. We sheepishly explained that we wanted to take a swim in the fountain, at which the grown-ups rolled their eyes at each other: *yes, exactly what we suspected.*  
  
"Not in those panties, you're not," Mom replied, and we all wailed in dismay, thinking that permission had been unconditionally denied. However we soon discovered this wasn't the case; once again, Mom had *other* ideas. Two guess what they were, and the first doesn't count.  
  
I remember we all shrieked as our knickers were taken down, knowing that literally*everything* we had would be on display - bottoms, tummy buttons, nippies, even our tiny little pee-pees - but *some* of us were secretly screaming with delight at the same time. Needless to say, it was terribly embarrassing ... for about the first thirty seconds! Then we were all frolicking, naked and innocent, through the sweet, chill fountainwater.  
  
I so miss my childhood :)