Return to the Nudist Camp

by Jerry Ratch

I know you probably don't want to hear any more of this nudist stuff about my family and all, but this Reamer guy was a red-faced German boozehound if there ever was one. He married my brother's ex-wife Beryl, after Harris left her to her cheap red jug wine and ran off with this even cheaper hick from Oregon, his swinger/nudist secretary, only to get married in a blowsy nudist wedding ceremony out in Hawaii. Anyway, Reamer threatened to kick my ass once, right in the middle of band practice. In hindsight I am convinced it was because my big brother was messing with this crush he had on Beryl, if you want to know the truth. He probably just about had a heart attack at the very thought of my brother even touching her. Well, I know for a fact that my brother did way more than just touch her when they were still in high school, because I walked right in on them once when they were doing it in our shared bedroom with bunk-beds.

Reamer had obviously always had a crush on Beryl ever since he was their high school band leader back at York High in Illinois. He'd been a “friend” of the family, as they say. And that friend swooped right in to whisk the bereft wine-sodden Beryl right off her feet after my brother left her. Some would say he had saved the day. Others would not have been that charitable.

So, there you have it. The start of another piece of the old family history. You should have seen the look on my father and mother's faces when Harris showed them the photos from that blowsy naked wedding in Hawaii, coming down a staircase without a stitch of clothing on. My brother's huge beer belly hanging right out there, not to mention everything else. And his new wife Francine's low-

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slung breasts hanging all the way down to her navel, which was about the depth of a shot glass. Well, there's just so much hick one nudist family can take, you know?