

MORNING STORIES TRANSCRIPT

In the Buff: Framingham, Mass., resident Erica Ferencik takes a short walk down a very long nude beach.

Tony Kahn:

Hi. This is Tony Kahn, the producer, the director of *Morning Stories* on WGBH in Boston and today's morning story comes from a very funny lady named Erica Ferencik who talks about a very unfunny situation, maybe: being on the rebound: *In the Buff*.

Erica Ferencik:

I'm not sure what I was doing when I agreed to go to a nude beach with my new beau. For one thing I'm shy stepping into a *shower* naked, much less onto pearly sands in front of crowds. For another, Dan was my yoga teacher. Besides, I just got divorced. Dan couldn't *wait* to rip his clothes off and sprint into the sea with a giant whooping sound.

[Sounds of seagulls]

Who *was* this guy, I thought, wrapped up tight in my one-piece, under my summer wrap, under my wide-brimmed straw hat, under the beach umbrella, under the nude-seeking sun? After a few body surfs, Dan galloped back to the blanket and shook his head like a dog. He flopped down on his back, bronzed gift to the heavens. I sighed. Entire naked families frolicked in the sand. A couple in their 80s sauntered by, wearing only matching straw hats, led over the dunes by a naked daschund. There was even a naked dowsing for naked treasures. And just to the left of us, a rollicking game of naked volleyball.

OK, I thought, let's just *do* this. I got to my feet, took one strap down, then the other. I stepped out of my suit and body-slammed face down on the blanket. Dan laughed and said, "Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" An older couple crested a dune, then made their way toward our blanket. There was something about the woman, a sort of side-to-side gait.

[Booming sound]

"Dan," I hissed, "I *know* these people!" "So why don't you say hello to them?" "Because I'm naked, OK? Because *they're* naked. Because they're my ex-in-laws!"

[Ominous music]

Arghh – ten feet away!

[Music intensifies]

Five –
[Drums boom]

Former in-law:
“Erica?”

Erica:
“Megan! Arthur!” I wanted to die. “Hi!” I waved stiffly from my face-down-on-the-blanket position. They turned to Dan who abandoned a vigorous sun-salutation, jumped to his feet and shook their hands.

Former in-law:
“And this is your new...”

Erica:
[Whispers] “Yoga teacher,” I joked.

Former in-law:
“Wonderful! We were looking for a few more bodies for the volleyball game. Erica, are you...”

Erica:
“No!” [laughs] “I’m pretty wiped. I’m just here to relax.”

But Dan was already on his feet, brushing the sand off . . . himself. I waited a moment, then slowly reached back for my suit and pulled it on. I wondered why I had said “yes” to this in the first place. I didn’t even *like* the beach. And when I thought about it, yoga kinda bored me too. Holy Cobra, so did Dan! I mean, please. Bumping and spiking in the buff? How do you keep your eye on the ball?

[Sounds of people playing volleyball]

Tony Kahn:
Morning Stories comes to you from WGBH-FM radio, Boston, and we podcast to you with a new morning story every Friday.

[End of recording]

Transcribed by Bev Sykes