

High School Dress Code



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BOOK
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Eight Illustrations

Briana Vermont



A Her TV™ Novel



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High School Dress Code

Part 1

By Briana Vermont

**Mount Pleasant Secondary School
Student Orientation Manual**

Page 1: Dress Code

Dress reflects the quality of the school. Student clothing should promote thoughtful and modest choices. Students shall dress and groom in a clean, neat and modest manner so as not to distract or interfere with the operation of the school.

When a student is attired in a manner which is likely to cause disruption or interference with the operation of the school, the principal or a vice principal shall take appropriate action, which may include suspension.

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The following dress and grooming code is not meant to be restrictive, but is intended to guide students and their parents/guardians in choosing clothing that is safe and appropriate to wear in school:

- It is expected that students will wear clothing (tops and bottoms) that cover all parts of any undergarment.
- Skirts and students' shorts must cover the full upper leg and fall no more than two inches above the crease at the back of the knee.
- Shoulder straps must be at least 2 inches wide.
- Necklines should not be revealing.
- Tops must cover to the point of the shoulder. No half-length, tank top, strapless, backless, cut-off, halter, or bare-midriff shirts/blouses shall be worn.
- No midriff blouses/shirts, halter tops, tube tops, see-through clothing, and/or low cut blouses and shirts. Tops must overlap/tuck into the bottom layer at all times. (No skin showing.)
- Students may not wear any apparel made from a spandex-type material.
- Midriffs must be covered at all times including when students are seated and/or raising their hands.
- No strapless dresses. No spaghetti straps.
- Cleavage is NOT allowed to be shown at anytime.
- Articles of clothing that are ripped or torn are not allowed.
- No body piercings with the exception of ear piercing for students.
- There will be no apparel worn which is so tight that it is distracting.
- No wording across seat of pants.
- No flip-flops, sandals, open-toed shoes or slippers are permitted.
- Clothing normally considered as pajamas is not acceptable as school attire.
- Socks or stockings are required and should be navy blue, khaki, neutral, black or white with no emblems, logos or decorations (no leggings).
- Earrings may be worn, in the ears. Body piercing rings, studs, etc. may not be worn on other body areas. Unauthorized visible piercings may not be maintained by spacers or covered with bandages or coverings. Teeth grills, ear gauges, and jewelry with sharp points will not be allowed. Any items worn that cause a distraction or safety hazard are not allowable.

- Attire that fails to adequately cover the individual's body will not be tolerated.
- Shirts must have appropriate coverage of undergarments. Undergarments must be completely covered at all times.
- No cleavage shall be visible. Low-cut blouses, tops, sweaters, etc. with plunging necklines are not allowed. Collarbones must not be exposed.
- Skirts must be worn at the natural waistline. Exposure of undergarments is unacceptable.
- The minimum length of any garment, regardless of what it is called, must be no shorter than mid-thigh.
- Cut-outs or holes of any kind may not be above the top of the knee.
- Slits in skirts cannot be higher than mid-thigh.
-

Consequences are at the discretion of staff members and may include disciplinary action by the principal.

Chapter One Friday

3:55

Julian Avery watched the clock. Running out the last few minutes of another Friday! So close, but how could the clock move so slowly? He shook his long brown hair back from his face, and stared at the clock.

3:56

Only one minute? How could that have only been a minute? That had to be more than a minute. Julian looked over to see what the teacher was doing. He was sitting behind his desk, eyes closed and mouth open. Julian wondered if they could all just get out the door without him noticing?

3:57

Julian looked over at his friend, Sid. He'd only met Sid this week, his first day at Mount Pleasant Secondary. Sid had shown him around, got him to his classes. Julian wasn't entirely sure they were friends yet, but he really didn't know anyone else. Sid seemed to be watching the clock as well, urging the second hand forward with his body language.

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3:58

Come on! Isn't there any way that...

"Attention, Students of Mount Pleasant Secondary School!" some girl's voice said over the PA system.

'Oh, please no!' Julian thought to himself. *'Not an announcement right before the bell. Please, don't let her go past 4:00!'*

"As you know, our school has a very restrictive dress code. And as you also very likely know, it is applied almost exclusively to the female student population. We think this is unfair and unnecessary! This sexualization of female students by school staff is grossly unfair, and just plain gross!

"That is why we are planning a protest! If we all show up for school in outfits that break the dress code, then they can't throw us all out! Monday is 'Break the Code' Day! Wear your shortest skirts, your barest tops! We all need to stand together and there is nothing..."

Throughout the entire announcement, pounding noises and muffled voices could be heard in the background. Suddenly, as if someone had managed to open a locked door, the voices became very clear.

"That's enough, young lady! Give me that!"

"Please, everyone remember!" continued the voice as sounds of struggling continued over the PA. The girl's voice started to get fainter, as if she was being dragged away from the microphone. "Monday! Break the Code! Boys too, please support us! Everyone, your shortest skirts, your..."

The bell rang, and students began to stand.

"Everyone, please remain. There is another announcement!"

Now some woman was speaking over the PA. Everyone groaned, and sat back at their desks, preparing for another stretch of mindless boredom.

"All students are to ignore the previous announcement," she continued. "This... 'event!' is NOT sanctioned by the school. No one is given permission to break the school dress code, and anyone who does will be dealt with summarily. The punishment for inappropriate dress is at the discretion of staff members, and may include suspension, or recommendation to the Principal for further action. Anyone, and everyone, dressed inappropriately will be dealt with accordingly! That is all."

That seemed to be the end of the announcements. Julian looked over at the teacher for any indication they could leave. It appeared the teacher wasn't even awake, so Julian stood and grabbed up his belongings. All the students were soon out in the hall, making their way to their lockers and the exits.

"Hey, Sid!" said Julian as he caught up to his friend at the lockers. "What did you think of that announcement? Cool idea, don't you think?"

Sid spun the combination for his locker and opened the door. "Cool? Nothing cool about it. That was just Mrs. Carmichael, the Vice Principal. She's always going on about rules."

"No, not her!" Julian said. "Before that. The girl!" Sid looked at Julian as if he had no idea. "The girl who said we should all break the dress code on Monday! Weren't you listening?"

Sid finished in his locker and slammed the door. He and Julian walked toward the exit and out onto the street as he replied, "I guess not. There's usually no point. Like, why should I care about the dress code? It's just for girls anyway. We can wear just about anything we want."

"Yeah, but that's the point!" Julian told him. "Wouldn't you like to see the girls here in some cuter outfits? The girls in this school all dress like my grandmother."

Sid laughed. "Yeah, that's true enough. So if they want to protest, let them protest. It's got nothing to do with me."

"But she said guys should join them!" Julian said. "She said guys should break the dress code too. Wear short skirts and whatever. I mean, what a laugh that would be!"

Sid looked skeptical. "I don't know. That would be pretty weird."

"No really, think about it! How could the school punish the girls, if the boys are dressed exactly the same? Sure, a lot of guys aren't going to do it, but a lot of them will!"

Sid and Julian arrived at the corner where they typically split up, Julian turning left toward his home and Sid continuing straight toward his.

"Okay, I guess we'll find out Monday," Sid said as he continued down the street.

"You'll see!" Julian called after him. "Think about it! It's going to be hilarious!"

* * *

"Julian? Is that you?" Julian's mother was in her bedroom as Julian entered the door of their apartment.

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“Yeah Mom. I’m home!” he called back as he took off his boots and dropped them in the hall.

Julian’s mother came out of her room, working at an earring that just didn’t want to close properly. She was wearing a tight blue pencil skirt with a white blouse. Her curly blonde hair bounced over her shoulders, reaching halfway down her back, and her makeup was done flawlessly.

“Good. I’m just on my way out to work. Dinner is in the microwave, under a cover. Heat it on medium for three minutes, stir and heat another minute, okay?”

Melissa Avery’s job was the reason they had moved to this city. She had worked a lot of jobs over the years, waitressing or bartending, at places she wasn’t always proud of. This was different, though. This time, she was manager in charge of female staff at a high-end gentlemen’s club, with a salary that was double what she had made in any of her previous jobs. This time, she could really make a future for herself and Julian.

“Sure Mom,” Julian replied.

“Oh Julian, please be careful of my shoes!” Melissa said as she picked up her blue pumps from where Julian had knocked them with his boots. She looked them over for scratches. “They damage easily, okay? Please, I’m serious. They’re so expensive!” Satisfied that they were not damaged, she put them on while standing in the narrow hallway.

“Okay, sorry,” Julian said as he moved past her into the apartment.

“Wait! Wait,” Melissa called him back. “I need a kiss, okay?”

Julian returned to the door, and dutifully hugged his mother as she kissed him on the forehead.

“Have you got homework to keep you busy tonight?” she asked without letting him go.

“Sure, yeah,” Julian told her.

“Okay. Homework first, play later. Don’t waste your whole night on games, please? Be good?”

“Sure, yeah,” Julian said as he squirmed from her grasp. “Have a nice night at work.”

“I will! Thanks Julian, I love you!”

“Love you too,” Julian said as he closed the apartment door behind her.

Julian tossed his backpack on the couch as he crossed through the apartment living room, on his way to the kitchen. There he set the microwave on high for two minutes and punched start. Two minutes later he was sitting on his bed, dinner in his lap and his laptop propped up with the pillows in front of him. He took a bite of what appeared to be leftover pot roast and corn, and started searching the internet.

It wasn't too difficult to find information on the student protest. His first stop was the school website, and it was posted in the current events page along with a link for more information! It seemed that the school's technical skills were about as antiquated as their morality. Someone had accessed the website, entered the event, and no one at the school even seemed to know. Julian followed the link, and found himself on FaceByte, a social website that plenty of kids used to discuss things outside parental controls. He quickly caught up on the conversation.

JenIsWild: OMG, can't blv u did that!

Grlgonwrong: ikr? carmichael blue her mind after

ironmanismypatronus: suspended?

Grlgonwrong: no, idk y not! detention 4 a wk

gimmecoffee: dont worry! after monday we'll set you free

Grlgonwrong: lol, tks gf!

imgoth: nothing they cn do when the whole school shows up

Julian finished his dinner and shoved the plate under his bed so he could concentrate on following the conversations. Multiple groups continued the discussion late into the night. It seemed everyone in the school was participating, and planning their outfits for Monday. This was going to be an amazing protest. The school was going to HAVE to listen to them now!

Chapter 2 Sunday Night

It was 11 pm before Julian knew it. He'd had a dozen conversations tonight about the 'Break the Code' event, and many more throughout the weekend. But now he returned once again to the original conversation to find out what people were saying there. He'd set up a name for himself on this site, calling himself CodeBreaker so he could talk to the others. Julian got caught up on the latest before joining the conversation.

fashionista: holy frack, #breakthecode is actually trending on tweetme!

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CodeBreaker: anyone know if guys r really dressing up 2morrow?

SoManyShoes: yes! of course, everyone has to dress up! lots of guys are talking about it

CodeBreaker: u sure? i want to, but don't want to be the only one, lolz
[Julian typed nervously]

GrumpyCat: ur a guy?!?! yes yes yes you have to! plz plz plz, u r so cool!

CodeBreaker: haha, i want to but any others?

SoManyShoes: lots of guys r in! you should worry if ur the only one NOT dressed up!

CodeBreaker: u think?

Grlgonwrong: hey, i only got detention friday! and no guy ever got in trbl 4 dress code. ur safe :)

GrumpyCat: any guy dressed like a girl will be a hero! <3 <3 <3 u so much!

gimmecoffee: kisses for all heroes! mmmmwwwwaaaa!

Julian heard the front door open and close. His mother must have arrived home from work. He quickly signed off:

CodeBreaker: gotta go!

SoManyShoes: promise first! ur in?

CodeBreaker: Okay. See you tomorrow. #breakthecode!

fashionista: yes! you rock! vive la revolution! Vive la femme!

Julian's mother knocked on his door, and stuck her head around the corner.

"Julian? Are you still playing video games?"

"No," Julian replied as he shut down the website and closed his laptop. "I'm just working on something for school tomorrow. I wanted to ask you, like, maybe you can help me."

Melissa looked surprised, and possibly a bit dismayed. "Sure, of course I'll help with your school work! It's been a while, but I bet I can remember quite a bit!"

“No, it’s not like that...” Julian told her hesitantly. “It’s just... I need to dress up for school tomorrow. I need to dress like a girl.”

“Oh, phew!” said his mother. “Thank goodness. I thought you wanted me to look at your math or something. Dressing like a girl is easy; I know all about that! Come to my room; we should be able to find you something to wear.”

Julian followed his mother to her bedroom, where she threw open her closet and looked at the various outfits, shoving the hangers left and right.

“I always loved school dress-up days. Except, I suppose you want to be a teenage girl. That lets out a lot of my wardrobe unfortunately. And I just threw out so many things because of the move. What I do have may not be suitable under your dress code....”

“But that’s the whole idea!” Julian said. “This is a protest, against the dress code. We’re supposed to wear things that aren’t allowed.”

Melissa stopped pushing through her clothes and looked at Julian. “Are you sure the school is allowing this? A protest against their own dress code? I don’t want you getting in trouble.”

“Everyone is doing it!” Julian told her, except this only made her look at him more suspiciously.

“You’ve just started at a new school. I don’t want you breaking the rules and getting in trouble so soon, Julian.”

“They announced it at school Friday! The Vice Principal spoke about it,” Julian half-lied. “It’s even on the school website calendar of events!” Okay, two half-lies must equal a total lie, don’t you think?

Except his mother bought it. “Well, okay then. But maybe we better look at this dress code, just to make sure we know what we’re doing.”

Julian went to his room, and found his copy of the school manual. Opening it to the first page, he showed his mother the dress code.

“Oh my, this should be easy!” Melissa said. “Hardly anything is allowed. I can see why the school wants to update it. It reads like they just made up a new rule every time they saw one more thing some ancient biddy didn’t like. So what did you have in mind?”

“I don’t know,” Julian said sheepishly. “Like, a short skirt or something, I guess.”

Julian’s mother looked to the back of her closet, and pulled out a short, flower-patterned skirt on a hanger. “Here, hold this up against yourself,” she told him. “Oh yes,

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that is perfect! Really cute. That is going to be darling. And what kind of top did you imagine?”

“I, I really don’t know,” Julian said as he turned a bright crimson color. Doing this with his mother was not how he had imagined it at all.

“They really seem to dislike seeing underwear,” his mother said. “They mention it at least three or four times. How about this lace top with spaghetti straps, and then your bra straps will show?”

“What? No!” Julian said. “I’m not wearing a bra!”

“Are you sure?” Melissa asked. “You’re going to need one to give you a little shape, if you really want to be a girl. Look, it says no cleavage! I have a bra that will make you look like Sophia Vergara!”

“I am not going to wear one of my mother’s bras!” Julian lashed out. “I’m not supposed to be a girl! I’m just supposed to be dressed like a girl!”

“Okay, okay,” said Melissa apologetically. “I’m sorry. I’m just not sure what the difference is. But if you don’t want to wear a bra, you don’t have to. That in itself is probably breaking at least one of these rules.”

Melissa continued to the back of her closet.

“Oh my, look at this!” she exclaimed, pulling out a hanger and displaying the tiny yellow blouse it held to Julian. “Crop tops always drive school administrators up the wall! I used to get kicked out of school all the time for wearing one just like this. And it’s so cute; it matches your skirt so nicely.”

Julian looked at the skirt and blouse together.

“Okay, thanks Mom. I guess this is what I’ll wear tomorrow.” He took the two items and headed back to his room.

“Do you want me to get you up early?” Melissa asked. “You may need help with your hair and makeup.”

“I already told you Mom!” he complained. “I’m not supposed to *be a girl*. I’m just going to wear girls’ clothes. No hair, no makeup, and no bra!”

“I’m sorry,” his mother said. “I just think you could look so nice. But, whatever you want.”

Julian hung up his new clothes in his closet, then closed his door to get ready for bed.

Chapter 3 Monday Morning

“Mom, I don’t understand this shirt!”

Julian came out of his bedroom, where he had been struggling with his new clothes for the last fifteen minutes. He had his skirt on and done up, but it was rather obvious he just didn’t have a clue about the blouse his mother had chosen for him.

Melissa smiled. “You’re trying to put it on backwards,” she explained. “It goes over your front, and ties in the back. Here, I’ll help you.”

This had to be the most embarrassing moment of Julian’s life. He couldn’t remember his mother ever having to help him get dressed since he was four years old.

“See? It’s easy. Slip it over your arms up to your shoulders, that’s a big boy! Now turn around so I can tie the ends behind your back. Here, we can make a nice tight bow, so pretty. There! Now turn around so I can see how nice you look.”

Julian turned around to show his outfit to his mother. Melissa gasped when she saw him, then smiled.

“You are just so adorable! Oh Julian, you look wonderful!”

Julian wasn’t so sure. “I don’t know. This shirt must be too small. I can’t even tuck it in.”

“That’s the way it’s supposed to look, silly!” his mother explained. “That’s why it’s called a crop top! It’s cropped so that your tummy shows. But don’t worry. It looks really cute on you, and very definitely breaks the school dress code! Now come here, turn around!”

Julian did as he was told and his mother began brushing his long hair.

“Mom! What are you doing?” Julian complained as he tried to struggle away from her.

His mother was unfazed and stopped his struggles as only a mother can.

“You’ve refused to wear makeup, and I can understand that, even though just a little would really make your eyes pop. And you’ve refused to shave your legs, or wear tights. That’s okay; your legs aren’t really hairy anyway, even though they would look so much nicer in pantyhose. But there is no way I am going to let you leave this house in that cute little outfit without even brushing this mess on top of your head!”

Julian knew when to give in. He stood, impatient but still, as his mother went around him, brushing out his long hair and arranging it over his forehead and shoulders.

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“There,” she said as she completed her ministrations. “You look so cute! Go take a look in the front hall mirror.”

Julian went to the front hall to look at himself, and was horrified. This was not what he had expected!

“This is too much, Mom!” he said. His mother was right. He really was cute. Staring back from the mirror was what might have been any other girl from school, with long hair and a cute outfit creating a girlish figure. Julian was no longer certain this was a good idea! “Maybe you have another shirt? This gap is way too girly!”

“Stop being silly!” his mother replied. “This is exactly what we talked about last night. You’re breaking the dress code in at least three or four ways! It’s perfect. You are going to have the most fun at dress-up day!”

“Please Mom!” he pleaded. “Please, some other shirt!”

“Stop this whining, Julian! You’re already going to be late. Besides, I really don’t have anything else. We went through everything in my closet last night. Now here, I found some adorable shoes I think you’ll like. They have a low heel so that...”

“No!” Julian cried out. “No way, I’m not wearing girl shoes! I’m wearing these.”

Julian sat down, and put on his old leather boots. His mother simply shook her head, realizing he was too stubborn to change his mind this time.

Julian tied his laces, then stood. He grabbed his backpack and threw it over one shoulder. Then he picked up his wallet, keys, and phone and shoved them into his...

“Where are the pockets?” he asked, slightly bewildered. “Where do I put my stuff?”

Melissa gave him a knowing look, then held up the purse she had been holding. “I knew you would figure it out eventually!” she laughed. “You’re going to be needing this.”

Julian looked at the monstrosity held before him. It was made from hot pink leather, with a shiny, metal, heart-shaped closure. When he did nothing, other than stand with his mouth open, Melissa opened the main compartment and indicated Julian should drop his items inside. After Julian had placed his wallet, keys, and phone in the purse, his mother dropped his brush in as well, then closed it and arranged the long strap over his shoulder.

Julian still didn’t seem capable of motion, so his mother opened the door. Taking Julian’s hand, she led him out into the hall.

“Bye-bye, sweetie!” she said, placing a kiss on his forehead. “You’re going to have so much fun today!”