

# 15 and Growing

(By: Kenny)

"No ma'am" I replied weakly as I stood in wait of punishment in our bathroom. My foster mom was eyeing me hard after having asked if I had any reasonable defense for my smart mouth. To my surprise, I was now very intimidated. This was a strange and unpleasant feeling of which up until some two months ago was foreign to say the least for this fifteen-year-old.

Having been an orphan of the state most of my life; discipline, and certainly punishment, had been missing until now. The result being of course that I had come by one of the worst attitudes imaginable. Yet that was quickly changing. She, Barbara, had been quick upon my arrival to set my path in a new direction.

This fifty-year-old woman was more than my match and within two days upon my arrival she and her hairbrush had established new laws and limits. My poor backside soon conveyed to my somewhat stubborn mind that there were some very new and unwelcome consequences to be considered before opening my big and arrogant mouth.

Until today, I had walked a pretty narrow path. This Sunday morning however I have forgotten my new place in life. Church had not been a part of my upbringing and at her suggestion for me to dress in preparation to attend I quickly popped off "I don't goddamn think so."

Standing in only my cotton briefs on the tiled bathroom floor, I watch in dread as her hand reaches in the lavatory and pulls up a well soaked and softened bar of soap.

"In this house mister, you will attend services.. and you will certainly refrain from any profanity. Come here!"

I slowly walked over next to her and the sink. The water must've been quite hot for I noticed the mirror was actually beginning to fog. Her left hand went to the back of my neck and she firmly pushed until I was bent over the sink.

"Open!"

I did and in an instant the gooey bar of soap was in my mouth. She quickly began rolling it over and over. The bar raked across my teeth, and coated my tongue. It was horrid to say the least as I had never underwent any such procedure before. None to gentle, Barbara worked the soap for some five minutes inside my poor mouth to the point when a white foam began to drool from my mouth back into the basin of water. I was just wondering if this was to continue until we were late for church when she pulled me straight up and spun me to face her. Now the soap drooled down my chin, chest and toward my navel.

Grabbing my chin she quickly jerked my lower jaw upward and my teeth bit into the very soft bar. "You keep it there and don't you dare drop it!" She then grabbed me by the shoulders and again spun me to face the mirror. The sight that met me was not a pretty one.

I couldn't believe this was me! I'm fifteen for crying out loud! But there I was; all red and teary eyed with a well-lathered and gooey pink bar protruding from my mouth. Barbara's reflection reappeared in my view of the mirror and she had in her hand a bright yellow plastic bath brush. I could only whimper and shake my head.

"When I get through with you young man, you'll be eager to pray for your salvation! Now ..bend over." Her hand again found the nape of my neck and she firmly pushed me to lean over the lavatory. My briefs were dropped to the floor around my ankles and then the bathroom began to echo with loud splatting as that brush repeatedly bounced off my backside.

Twenty... thirty... I'm not sure but Barbara paddled me soundly. I understand now why she had forced me to bite down on the soap. It was a wonder that I managed to keep it in. She laid the bath-brush beside me on the counter.

"Now... raise up."

I did so.

"I want you stand here for awhile and get a good look at what sassy and potty-mouthed boys get in this house. I'll be back in fifteen minutes and then we'll rinse. " She grabbed the bar of soap and rolled a few more times in my mouth and the upon leaving. "Don't you think of taking it out little man!"

It's only been about five minutes but it seems an hour. The horrid soap continues to froth inside. I've swallowed some and wonder if my foster parent will haul me to the hospital when the time comes. My bottom still radiates the heat she left there. I again stare into my woeful reflection of the mirror. I think fifteen is not so grown up after all. I wonder if I'll attend catholic or protestant services.