

All in a Days Work

(By: SoapyOne)

Tom was working on dryer in the laundry room. Replacing the belt that allowed the dryer to spin. After trying to get the belt to slide over the pulley arm, using a flat tip screw driver as leverage, Tom muttered to it, "Get on there you son of a bitch." As he said this the belt slipped over the pulley and seated itself in the belt groove. "Finally, what a pain." Tom again muttered to no one in particular.

"Would you like a glass of iced tea, babe?" Janet's question startled Tom and he hit his head on the dryer frame as he jerked to look up.

"Ouch! Son of a bi... err., gun, that hurt!" Tom snapped, catching himself just in time. "Uh, sure, I would love a glass of tea." Tom replied. Hoping that Janet had only just then walked into the laundry room.

"Let me take a look at your head." Janet said as she pushed his hand away and felt over his head and brushed his hair to the side to look at where he had hit it. "It isn't bleeding and it's a long way from the heart. You will be ok. I mean, it is not even red." she quipped.

"That is good to know." Tom remarked smartly as he got out from behind the dryer and replaced the access panel and screwed it on securely. He pulled himself off of the floor and turned on the dryer. The dryers drum started to turn. "There you go, good as new. All in a days work." Tom said as he smiled at Janet like a little boy trying to get his mother's approval for doing something good, even though it was expected.

"You get cleaned up and I will get your tea and bring it down to you." Janet said as she pointed to the bathroom across from the laundry room. Janet turned and left Tom to his business.

Tom put his tools in his toolbox and set it outside the laundry room. Then he headed across the hall and flipped the switch on the wall. The light was almost blinding as the bulb popped and went out. "Damned it anyways. What else is going to go wrong today?" Tom yelled, but not realizing how his deep voice carried throughout the house. "Janet, bring a light bulb with you when you come down. This one has burned out." he called to her.

"OK, honey, I will. Is a 60 watt bulb ok?" she called back to him.

"Yes, that will do just fine."

Janet walked around the corner and handed Tom the new light bulb. He had already untwisted the old bulb from its socket and tossed it into the trash receptacle under the sink.

"Thanks." Tom said as he took the bulb from Janet and screwed it in. The bulb lit the room and Tom jumped back a little as he had forgotten to flip the light switch back to the off position. "Shit! That startled me." he said grinning at Janet.

"Awe, did we forget the first rules of changing the little light bulbs?" She taunted him. "Always remember to turn off the little light switch before

changing the bulbs." she teased him.

He reached for the tea and Janet pulled it away from him. "Nuh-uh! You aren't touching my good glasses with your hands being that dirty. I told you to clean yourself up." she nodded at the sink.

Tom turned toward the sink and started running warm to hot water in it. Adjusting it several times until the temperature was just right. He scrubbed with the bar of Camay that was there, working the dirt into the soap as he tried to get his hands and arms clean.

"This soap isn't very good for cleaning dirt and grease, do we have anything else?" he asked her.

"Nope, not unless you want to use Cheer or Woolite." she answered.

"No, this is fine, I will just have to wash a little longer." he answered.

As Tom finally put the dirty bar of soap back into the soap dish and rinsed his arms and hands relatively clean, Janet stopped him. "You are not going to leave that bar of soap in the soap dish looking like that, are you?" she asked. "I don't want to turn my hands black when I go to wash them after using the bathroom."

"Ok, OK, don't have a cow!" he said as he picked the soap back up while turning on the water to rinse the soap off. "Who would have thought you would have to clean a bar of soap?" he muttered. "There, almost as good as new." he said, shoving the bar of soap into Janet's face for her to see.

"Sit! On the toilet!" Janet snapped as she grabbed the bar of Camay from Tom's slippery hand.

"What?" Tom stammered as he sat back down. "Wha..."

"I don't like your attitude mister and I don't appreciate your potty mouth." she chastised him. "We will see if this is as good as new!" she said as she ran the Camay under the water and worked up a lather after setting the glass of tea down.

She brought the Camay closer to Tom's face. She stuck the well lathered bar right in front of his eyes and said, "There, nice and clean, see all the lather?"

Tom shook his head yes.

"I can't hear you, Thomas!" Janet used his full name and he knew he was in trouble.

"Yes ma'am, I see thmmp" his voice stifled by the large bar of Camay that was shoved into his mouth.

Janet worked the bar of Camay across his teeth, over his tongue and gums. She didn't neglect the underside of his tongue or his cheeks either. Just when he started to gag a little she removed the soap and started rinsing it in the sink.

"God Damn that tasted awful!" Tom blurted. He had no sooner got the words out and found the large wet bar of Camay back in his mouth for round two.

"You want to be in here all day. Keep pushing your luck. Every time I hear a filthy word come out of your mouth, you will be right back in hear again. Do I make myself clear, little man?" she snarled at him.

Tom was taken aback, he had never really seen Janet this upset about something so trivial. He tried to shake his head yes, which only assisted Janet on caking more soap on his teeth.

"I can't hear you!" she said to him.

"Yeth M'm!" was all he could mutter.

"Good!" she said as she pulled the Camay from his mouth, "Now go and fetch me another bar of Camay from the closet, as you ruined this one with your teeth marks. When you get back, you can sit down and think about the filth that came out of your mouth."

After fetching a new bar of Camay and watching Janet unwrap it and set it in the soap dish, Tom sat there for another 5 minutes with suds dripping down his chin to his t-shirt. Wondering and contemplating where Janet's new demeanor came from.

"Now you can drink your tea!" she said to him. "This is the only rinsing you will be allowed. No spitting into the sink, tub or toilet. You are being punished mister and I don't want you to forget it for a while." She handed him his tea and he took a large drink.

Tom gave her a funny look as the taste touched his taste buds.

"What? You expected sweet tea after Camay? Huh!" she laughed and stood there as he finished his glass of iced tea, or was it?