

Caution While Driving

(By: SoapyOne)

Well, it happened again... Mary and I were going to a little shopping store on Saturday, around 3:30. When we arrived, the store was closed. The sign on the door said it closed at 3:00 on Saturdays... I was not happy... what idiots close their doors at 3:00 on Saturdays?

I work all week and don't get home until after 6:00, and they are closed on Sundays as well. This irritated me to no end. So, we decided to swing by Mary's brother's house and look at some work they did on his porch last weekend while I was out of town.

A couple of blocks before we reached his house, we came to a four way stop. A vehicle on the right got there before us. It was stopped and waiting to turn the same direction we were heading, as we rolled to a stop at the corner. I waived for the guy to go ahead, as he was to the right, and he was clearly there first.

He just sat there... No reason to get upset... Iowa is like that, no one is in a hurry, and just about everyone will let you go first at the stop signs... the man continued to sit there... Then he waived me to go on...

As I started to go, he started to pull out. Then he stopped again, and the colorful metaphors that just came spewing out of my mouth, mainly from the irritation of the store being closed, this idiot wanting to play smash-up-derby, and a few other stressful things the last few days, was unreal.

I called him a stupid Mother Fucking Jackass along with about a 1 minute tirade of my Army vocabulary. My wife didn't say anything at all about it until after we were done at her brother's house.

Once we got home, still sitting in her SUV, she told me I had a potty mouth. I apologized and started to get out of the vehicle. She grabbed the back of my Hoody (jacket) and pulled me back into the SUV.

She reached down to the console box below the radio and pulled out one of those 1 1/2 ounce bars of Irish Spring Sport bars of soap. She put it to my lips.

"Open you mouth!" she said.

I barely opened my lips.

"Wider!" she ordered.

I figured this wasn't going to be to bad, we were sitting in our driveway in view of anyone walking by, driving by or working on their lawns. So, I opened my mouth so

that she could have access, as ordered.

She stuck the bar in about a quarter of the way. I expected it to be rubbed roughly on my tongue, but to my surprise, she said the following...

"Bite down on it!"

I couldn't believe what she said. I looked up at her with a questioning look.

"Go ahead, bite down on it." she said.

I did as she said and sank my teeth into it.

"Harder, bite it off, Mr. Potty Mouth!" she chastised me. "You scared me when you started that yelling. It wasn't even that big a deal. He was just being polite. Now bite it off!"

I bit down harder and sawed my teeth a little to the sides to break the soap. The piece dropped apart from the rest of the bar.

"Now chew it up!" she ordered. "And I don't want to hear that language again."

I started to chew and as she showed me how much I had bitten off. I got out of the SUV when she did. As I headed to the door of our house, she said to spit the chewed soap into the yard.

I didn't have to be told twice.

Then she took me around the outside of the house looking at the fruit plants they had planted. Strawberries and tomatoes. I continued to spit, as I had soap pieces wedged between my teeth.

She did eventually let me rinse, after about 10 to 15 minutes. I don't really know how long...