

From the Diary of Judy Seers

By jericoholic42

From the Diary of Judy Seers, 9th-Grade Teacher.

It was a little over a year ago the first time I had to do it... I say "had" to do it, but I suppose I didn't really "have" to, it just seemed like a convenient solution to the problem at hand.

I didn't know I would like it so...

Wait, let me go back further...

Nearly two years ago the school district I teach for passed a new rule. A zero tolerance rule on swearing. Should a student swear within the earshot of anyone on the faculty, it was an automatic three days suspension, no questions asked. At least, that was supposed to be the rule. Leave it to me, Judy Seers, to take what once was simple and make it complicated when the time came to do my duty as a 9th-grade art teacher.

One day, a little over a year ago, a boy swore in my class. Not one of those thuggish boys, though, that I had always gladly sent on their way home without so much as a blink. A nice boy. A boy named Jason, who, to my knowledge had never done a thing wrong in the several months that I'd been teaching him. He'd never had detention. Never chewed gum in class. Never turned in incomplete homework. He'd never done anything wrong until one day, in my class, he said plain as day, "So the guy says, 'You're fucked now, bitch!'" Everyone at his table laughed at what turned about to be the punchline to a very funny joke. Everyone not at his table stared at him for a second and then turned to stare at me. They'd all heard it too, and wondered how I would react to it. It killed me. There was no way out of this. If I let him slip, I'd have to do the same for everyone else, lest he be branded as a teacher's pet for the next three years. If I didn't, he'd be sent home for three days over a stupid joke. That didn't strike me as fair, so I quickly searched my brain for a third option. I thought of one, but quickly dismissed it as stupid. Slowly, the thought kept creeping back into my head, and every time I pushed it back out, it sounded a little more reasonable.

Until finally I decided it was in fact, a good idea.

I offered him an alternative that I'd heard my friends talk about as a little girl, but never experienced myself. In exchange for my not reporting him to the Principal, he would agree to have his mouth washed out with soap. After a moment of hesitation, he agreed. I decided, though, to spare him further humiliation by using the teachers' private bathroom across the hall.

I took Jason to the bathroom and locked the door behind, unsure of even what I was going to do exactly. I'd never had to deal with this sort of thing before. I supposed that when the time came I would just... know what to do. I positioned Jason in front of the sink and turned the water on. A sad, crusty, little bar of soap sat on the edge of the sink. I wouldn't have even used that on my own hands, let alone this boy's mouth, so I opened the cabinet to

see what else I could find. To my luck, inside the cabinet sat a brand new bar of Ivory soap. I unwrapped it as he watched nervously. In retrospect, I think I was almost as nervous as him. I still wasn't sure how this worked. I told him to relax, that the whole thing wouldn't be so bad and would be over before he knew it. I ran the soap under the stream of water, making sure to get it completely wet. When I was done, I stood there next to him, watching him eye the bar of soap carefully in the mirror's reflection. For a moment I nearly chickened out entirely. Feeling sorry for him, I told him to close his mouth, then began to rub the soap across his tightly shut lips.

I'm not sure what happened after that. A sense of duty? A feeling that I needed to appropriately punish the boy, no matter how much I liked him? Curiosity? Whatever the case, I had a change of heart and told Jason to stick his tongue out. He looked up at me, and I repeated the statement, "Stick your tongue out, Jason."

Slowly, reluctantly, he stuck out his tongue. And slowly, almost reluctantly, I put the bar of soap on it. He made a face as I gently coated his tongue with Ivory. I rubbed up and down, up and down, each time going a little further into his open mouth until finally I pushed the bar in as far as it would go and told him to close his lips around it. He did, and I stood there, watching him, with the sudden feeling of a little kid with a new toy.

How many ways were there to do this? How far could I go? For that matter, how many other chances would I ever get to find out? I thought for a moment and then opened the cabinet door again. As I'd imagined, there was a small blue washrag inside. I ran it under the water, wetting it entirely while Jason continued to make a "yuk" face in the mirror. Once I was done, I took the soap out of his mouth, which he was more than willing to go along with. Dripping washrag in one hand, Ivory soap in the other, I brought the two together and began rubbing. Once satisfied that the rag was sufficiently soapy, I set the soap down and looked into Jason's wide, protesting eyes.

Suddenly I felt very justified in my actions. It was really very simple. He has sworn, and by the rules, should be on his way home now. But he'd made a trade. This for that. He deserved this. I sweetly asked him to open his mouth and he stared at me, dumb faced.

I asked once more, and this time his lips parted ever so slightly, ever so slowly. Not quite fast enough for me I said, "Ok.. If this is the way I have to do it," placed my thumb and fingers on both sides of his face, and squeezed lightly. That did the trick and his mouth opened. With my other hand, I put the washrag in his his mouth and then began to wash it like you would wash anything else. I used my two first fingers to direct the soapy rag, making sure to cover as much ground as possible. I got his tongue first, picking up where I'd left off with the bar. After I was satisfied that his tongue was thoroughly clean, I went to the insides of his cheeks, rubbing one and then the other. I got the roof of his mouth, which I think must have tickled because he squirmed a bit for the first time, and then asked him to lift up his tongue before lightly scrubbing underneath it. Finally, I made sure to get all his teeth and his gums.

I let him rinse and spit once, and brought him back to class. Everyone stared at him as he went back to his table, where he sat for the rest of the class period, saying nothing.

For the next several hours, I wondered if I'd done the right thing. I doubted he would tell anyone, out of fear of ending up suspended anyway, and I doubted that any of the other kids would say anything, out of fear that I would never do it again. I assumed this for two reasons...

1. This was a "get out of suspension free" card, now available to anyone else who might let a bad word slip.

2. Kids can be cruel, and no doubt enjoyed the knowledge that one of their own had been subjected to such a punishment.

I had forgotten about the incident entirely until that night while I was taking a shower. As I washed myself off I suddenly looked at the soap in my hand and remembered. Curiosity overcame me. What was it like? What did soap taste like?

Exactly what had I put Jason through?

With this in mind, I slowly opened my own mouth, stuck out my own tongue, and raised my own bar of Ivory soap. At first, when soap lightly touched tongue, I tasted nothing. But that only lasted a second. A sickly sweet perfume-y taste/smell struck my senses. It wasn't horrible... But it was far from pleasant. I began to rub the soap along my own tongue as I'd done Jason's only hours before. The taste was overwhelming, but I didn't want to stop. Something inside me wanted to experience the entire thing, just as he had. For that, though, I'd need a washrag. I put the soap further in my mouth and held it there as I tip-toed, dripping, from the shower to the cabinet over my sink. I looked at myself in the mirror as I grabbed a little pink washcloth from the cabinet, soap sticking out of my mouth, and let out a tiny laugh. I made my way across the wet floor back to the shower where I took out the soap and, trembling with eagerness, began to lather the small cloth with it. I was excited now, in a way I'd only known with my last boyfriend. I started to play with myself as I put the washcloth in my mouth and began to clean. Just as with Jason, I got every nook and cranny my fingers could find. Finally, as I gave the inside of my mouth one last general wipe-around, I came, holding onto, ironically enough, the soap dish for support.

It was the most exhilarating experience of my life.

After that, I felt like a whole new world had been opened up for me. I went out and bought several different kinds of soap to experiment with. I kept them in one of my desk drawers, and all of my students knew it. Word had passed quickly, at least among the students and thankfully not the staff, that if you swore in Ms. Seers' class you'd go home with the cleanest mouth you'd ever had in your life.

Chances for me to have any fun at school were few and far between, so I made the most of them. After a couple of other offenders, I started making a game out of it. I'd offer the offending student, boy or girl, a choice or something. My favorite, for example, was the liquid or solid choice, meaning they could pick either..

A) A mouth washing with my finger and a small amount of liquid soap.

Or

B) A thorough mouth washing with a washrag and a bar of soap.

There's hardly anything these kids will ever have to do, I think, that will be harder than having to pick one of these options and then tell me, specifically, which one they want. It's amazingly difficult for a 9th-grader to look you in the eye and say "Ms. Seers, you can wash my mouth out with the liquid soap."

Sometimes, just for fun, I'll make them pick what kind, as well. "Which tastes worse, the Dove, or the Ivory?" As if I were supposed to know. (I do, but they don't know that.)

I do have my own set of rules that I live by. I never, ever, make it a "sexual" thing with the kids. That stays at home. I never, ever, make them do anything that I won't do myself when I go home that night. I don't make them ingest soap, nor do I myself. And most importantly..

It's always of their own free choice. I have had kids choose the suspension over the soap. Some because they don't give a damn, others, because they've heard tales of the bathroom from past offenders. I guess, in the end, that's what lets me sleep guilt-free at night. They don't have to choose the soap. But if they do, I'm not about to let them off light and pass up a chance to have a little fun in the process.

So tell me, which would you choose?

Truly yours,

Judy Seers.