

The Hard Lesson

Lisa suggested that you guys might like this one...it's one of her favorites. Disclaimer: if you are offended by the content of this story you are definitely lost, and most likely on the wrong message board. LOL

The hard lesson
by Ivoryguy2002

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It was Saturday morning which meant that Dad just left for the club to shoot eighteen holes , My sister Jenny went to the mall to hang with her giggling friends, And Mom went To her Women's meeting at the church. What does this mean to me? The same thing It means to all fourteen year old boys, A moment alone to enjoy some Quality TV (The three stooges, Wrestling, Cartoons what have you.) without having to fight for the remote.

Like I said on Saturday mornings life is sweet. Don't get me wrong, I love my family, but sometimes they can really get on your nerves. Jenny is just Ten and a half months older than me, And a freshman cheerleader at our school .Dad works as an artist for one of those fancy writing magazines that people buy, set on their coffee table but never read. Mom's job is the hardest... She deals with us on a daily basis.

After two hours or so of having the house to myself I hear a car door shut. Mom was home. As the front door closed I Yelled, "Hi Mom, How was group?"

"Very interesting," The pastors wife spoke on the importance of communicating in a godly way. It gave me things to think about around here." she said.

I had stopped listening after "very interesting" because to me It wasn't. I was much more interested in seeing Moe Hit Curley with A pie. "that's cool..." I said as almost an involuntary response. She could have said she was leaving to run the Iditarod in Alaska and my response would have been the same.

"Tommy," She called from the kitchen, "will you take out the garbage for me?"

"It's Jenny's turn!"

"She's not here, Could you do it?" mom pleaded.

"Jeez mom, I'm watching TV! Jenny will be back soon. Besides That lazy little jerk always gets out of her chores."

"Don't Call your sister A jerk , It's not nice! Get in here and take out this trash."

"I can't The trash is still at The mall with her friends!" I said As I made my way to the Kitchen.

As I Pulled the bag out of the can Mom swatted my on the ass and said, "Be nice!"

Man I hate taking out the trash. As I walked to the garage with the garbage I ran into dad as he was pulling up. "How was golf pop?" I asked.

I might as well asked how his root canal went.

"Rotten." He sputtered, I couldn't have Golfed my age today If I were Strom Thurmond." with that he entered the house and collapsed in his recliner and turned on the golf match. So much for my stooge-a-thon.

"Hi hun, how did you play today?" mom innocently asked.

"Awful. I looked like a monkey fucking a football out there, Even that jackass Gilmore beat me!" dad answered.

Mom just gave him a look that could have frozen fire. She felt though that she should just let him cool down. "Can I get you some lemonade dear?" she asked as if he had said nothing at all.

"Sure that will be great, Thanks." Dad was already starting to mellow.

"Hi I'm home!" Jenny called as she entered the house. "Whats for dinner?"

"What's it to ya', miss piggy, Afraid you'll starve? I shot back at her, still a little upset about having to do her chores.

"Shut up you little twerp or I'll slug you" she snapped back.

"I'd like to see you try I'll pound you before you get in one punch."

"Jerk!"(She always had the best comebacks)

"Fat ass!" I yelled back, (ok so my comebacks aren't the most original either).

"Enough!" Mom finally yelled. "I have had enough of the people in this house saying mean things and vulgar language. We are God's children and I expect us to act that way. The next person in this house to say something mean, vulgar or hurtful will get their mouths washed out with soap until bubbles come out their ears!"

"Even Dad?" I asked.

"Anyone!" she said. "No exceptions. This is your only warning the next person to disrespect someone can expect to end up with their mouth being scrubbed for at least ten minutes."

She sounded serious. We all sort of looked at each other and back at her and did not say a

word.

Later that evening we sat around the dinner table finishing up our dessert when Jenny asked to be excused. She and her friends were going to see the new Brad Pitt movie.

"Sure honey," mom said,

Jenny scampered up to her room to change. It's amazing how different we were tonight. It's easy to be nice when the alternative is a mouth full of soap. Both Jenny and I have been on the receiving end of one of mom's soapings more than once.

When Jenny came down she had on low waisted bell bottoms and a short shirt that together showed about an inch of her belly. Mom took one look at her and frowned.

"You're not going out dressed like that young lady" mom said, "go back to your room and change"

"But mom" Jenny whined "this is the fashion these days".

"Well I don't like it." Mom sneered.

"It's not nearly as bad as what I see a lot of kids wear" Dad piped in.

"Well I think it makes her look like a whore." mom snapped, Annoyed dad's disagreement with her.

With that tears immediately welled up in Jenny's eyes. Mom had gone too far and she knew it. Jenny ran to her room and slammed the door.

The three of us sat in silence and just looked at her. Finally Dad said, "You better go up and apologize that was a mean thing you said to her.

"How can I make it up to her?" Mom asked. You could tell already that she felt guilty about what she said.

"Simple" Dad replied, "remember what you said this afternoon?"

Mom remembered, the look she got on her face as she realized the implications of what she had said. When she said anyone no exceptions, She never thought she would be on the receiving end.

Jenny was laying on her bed, crying when a faint knock came on her door. Slowly it opened and her mom walked in. "Jenny honey," mom whispered, "I'm sorry about what I said. It was rude and uncalled for.

Jenny looked at her mom and smiled, I know you're sorry. I'll change if you really want me

to".

"No you don't have to, You look pretty. But You can do One thing for me though."

"Sure Mom. What?" Jenny asked.

With that mom pulled a bar of Ivory soap out from behind her back. "Seeing how you were the one I hurt I felt you should do the honors."

Jenny couldn't believe her ears. Was mom actually asking her to wash her mouth out with soap? "Ok mom I Guess rules are rules" she said with a bit of a grin. It had only been a month or so since Jenny last got her mouth washed out for using the "F" word. She was looking forward to turning the tables a bit.

The two of them walked down the hall to the bathroom mom sat down on the edge of the tub as Jenny unwrapped the Ivory. She turned on the faucet and ran the soap under the warm water. After she worked up a rich bubbly lather she turned to her mom who was pale knowing what awaited her.

"Open Up" Jenny said.

Her mother reluctantly complied, and the soap was shoved into her mouth. Jenny was diligent about making sure every inch of her mouth was covered in soap. It built up on her teeth with every thrust in and out and side to side. After five minutes she pulled out the soap much to mom's relief.

"Thought that would never be over" mom said although her speech was slurred from the copious amount of soap that was in her mouth.

"It isn't. You said ten minutes, Remember?" there was a look of horror on her face as she saw Jenny lather up the soap once more. When she reinserted it lather flowed out of her mouth and onto her shirt. Jenny scrubbed for another six or seven minutes until her arm got tired and when she was through she told her mom she can spit twice and no rinsing.

Jenny came back to where we were sitting in the kitchen and told us all about it. Mom came down stairs her mouth still foaming from the soap that was stuck to her teeth. The doorbell rang and Jenny opened it up. Her friends walked in and saw her mom. Jenny said goodbye gave mom a hug and a kiss on the cheek and left for the movies.

On their way out her friends asked about her mom. Jenny just smiled and said, "You'd never believe it if I told you..."

The End

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