

Johnny Gets His Mouth Washed Out With Soap

The following is the first part of a series of stories that I plan to write. They've been in my head long enough, so I finally decided to put the intro story into writing today. This series will revolve around a certain character who I have idyllically named "Johnny," and his interesting experiences with mouthsoaping over the course of his life. The entries will be sort of like journal entries or memories from various times in his life. All of these stories are somewhat autobiographical of me, mixed with certain fantasies I've had as well. Some will be more based on real life, others more based on fantasy. Anyway, here's part 1, the intro story...

Part 1: Johnny gets his mouth washed out with soap...

It was a warm Friday afternoon in the summer when young Johnny was five years old, and his mother—a paragon of all womanly virtues, the perfect wife, and the perfect mom—was cleaning up the house as she often did on Friday afternoons. She had recently put a batch of her homemade cookies in the oven and Johnny could smell them baking. Presently, his mother was cleaning the sliding glass door that led out to the porch in the back of the house.

What set this day apart from other such Friday afternoons was how it marked a sort of milestone in the young boy, Johnny's, growing up. Like a lot of boys his age, Johnny was filled with curiosity about the workings of the world, and the rules of society around him. Particularly, Johnny pondered why he was not supposed to use certain words. His mother had always (as far as he could remember) instructed him that certain words were 'bad,' or 'dirty.' Johnny did not exactly understand this, but had always taken his mother's word for it. Except for today...his curiosity demanded that he question this principle of his mother's.

Standing next to his mother as she worked, Johnny boldly asked his mother, "Mommy, what would you do if I told you to go to hell?"—his tone rose with emphasis on the last words, almost to a yell. His mother's face grew firm and she coolly replied to her son,

"I would wash your mouth out with a bar of soap."

Johnny had heard of this before, and he knew it was not supposed to be pleasant, but did not yet understand exactly why. But then suddenly, he realized he was about to find out. Upon finishing her declaration of authority, his mother reached for his wrist and was now dragging him down the hall to the bathroom! Johnny's feet stumbled as she pulled him along, more than hesitant about the coming experience. He didn't know what to expect but it couldn't be good.

Once mother and son had reached the bathroom, Johnny saw his mother turn on the water faucet and grab the barely used bar of Ivory soap from the soap dish sitting by the sink basin. "No, Mommy, please, I didn't mean it, and I won't say it again..." Johnny pleaded helplessly. But his mother gave no response—neither aloud, nor in her

countenance. She was perfectly resolute as she worked up a good lather with the bar of Ivory soap—the letters I-v-o-r-y still visible on the soap bar. It reminded Johnny of when his mother had taught him to do a good job of washing his hands, and he wished that was all she was going to wash this time..

Right about then his mother turned off the faucet and with one hand raised the bar of soap to her son's mouth. "Open your mouth young man, open it wide," she commanded. Seeing he had no choice, Johnny complied. Then and there, the boy's life changed forever as his mother shoved the frothy bar of Ivory into his mouth. He grimaced and couldn't help but whine as bar scraped across his teeth as he watched his mother sternly force the bar into his mouth. It tasted horrible! It barely even fit into his mouth. "This is what happens to boys who say bad words Johnny," his mother lectured as she rubbed the soap in and out of his mouth, "they get their mouths washed out with nasty tasting soap! It really doesn't taste very good does it?" she asked him. Johnny shook his head no very quickly. "Sit there with that bar of soap in your mouth and think about what you said wrong," his mother instructed him, "when I get back, I'll take it out of your mouth." And about a minute and a half later, she did return and removed the bar of soap from her son's mouth. "Go ahead and rinse since it's your first time, son," she said to him, "and don't cuss any more so I won't have to do this to you again...if I do have to do it again, it will be worse, I promise," his mother warned him as she set the foaming bar of Ivory back into the soap dish and exited the bathroom.

As Johnny, rinsed the Ivory from his mouth, he realized the futility of training to rinse out the taste. His curiosity had at least earned him one answer to the question of you should not use 'bad' words—because when you do, you get your MOUTH WASHED OUT WITH SOAP!