

The Long Wait

Staring out the window of my bedroom I don't know what is worse, getting punished, or knowing you are going to and waiting for it to happen. You see I'm not a bad girl as a matter of fact I'm usually the perfect daughter. My grades are excellent, I always call when I'm going to be late, I don't smoke or drink like a lot of the kids at school. I'm the kind of kid every parent wishes for. Unfortunately that makes my parents all the more shocked when I misbehave. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me start at the beginning.

It being a Saturday morning I slept in, which for me means about nine O'clock. I got up and took my shower and brushed my hair. I love my hair it's kind of a strawberry blonde and falls about halfway down my back. My eyes are green just like my mom's. I was just about finish when my little sister banged on the door to use the bathroom.

"Use the one downstairs." I answered. "I'm using this one"

"But the seat is always cold downstairs" she whined" I want to use this one"

"How's it feel to want?" I queried, not really caring if I got an answer. Saturday morning in the bathroom is my peace and quiet time, and Kelly was disturbing it.

That's when she started to bang on the door non-stop until finally I couldn't take it any longer. I flung open the door and said "FINE USE THE FUCKING BATHROOM, YOU LITTLE BITCH!" She just stood froze like a deer in the headlights her eyes wide as she looked at me and then looked down the hall at my mom. Yes my mom was about five feet away from me and none too impressed with my command of the English language.

"JESSICA LYNN O'BRIAN! I can't believe what I just heard coming out of your mouth! You should be ashamed of yourself. You are lucky I'm late for my meeting, but I assure you we will deal with this when I get home!" mom said as the words were still ringing in my ears.

To be honest I was just as surprised as she was I rarely cussed at all and when I did it certainly was not around the house. But there it was echoing in my head. The "F" word. And to make matters worse I followed it up with calling my sister a bitch.

"You go to your room and when I get back I'll come for you, and don't even think about going anywhere today." mom warned.

"Yes ma'am," I said as I slunk down the hallway to my bedroom where I contemplated what would happen to me. The last time I ever cussed in front of my parents left a lasting impression on me I was nine years old and I was playing in the living room when one of the shoes for my Barbie doll fell down the heat vent.

"Dammit!" is the word I said.

My next memory is of my mom dragging me off to the sink in the kitchen. I wondered what she was doing when she picked up a bar of soap and started working it into a lather. All confusion ended when she held the bar of soap to my lips and ordered me to open my mouth. I clamped my mouth shut for all it was worth, but my mom persisted. She grabbed the back of my head and pressed hard with the soap against my teeth. Slowly I felt my mouth opening against my will. The soap made it past my front teeth slipping all at once to the back of my mouth, my teeth digging into it as she pulled it back and forth and side to side. This seemed to last forever although I'm sure It only took a minute or two. She scrubbed my mouth getting soap in every place imaginable, all the while telling me that this is how dirty mouths are cleaned. When she finally finished I reached for the Fawcett to rinse out my mouth. She slapped my hand away and sent me to my room.

Now seven years later I sit in my room waiting for my mother to come back and dole out my punishment. Hopefully I'll just be grounded. I'm too old to be spanked or worse yet to have my mouth washed out with soap. Aren't I? As I stared out the window looking the direction my mom would come home from I realized, I would soon find out. Turning in the driveway was a silver Audi that made my heart jump into my throat. As i saw it disappear into the garage I ran over to my bed and laid down hoping that she had forgotten all about it.

It seemed like forever it took my mom to enter the house but soon I heard the sound of footsteps from outside my door. The doorknob turned and soon my mom was looking at me. Strangely she said nothing for a while she just stared at me then she said "Follow me."

I got up from my bed and followed her out of my room my heart skipped a beat when I saw her head to the bathroom. "Mom," I asked timidly, "what are you going to do?"

"I heard some very dirty words coming out of your mouth this morning. It appears we're going to have to clean it."

"But mom!" I cried "I'm sixteen I'm too old for you to soap my mouth."

"Well if that is true," she reasoned "you must be old enough to do it yourself"

"MOM!!!I can't wash my own mouth out! I won't." I blustered

"Either you do it or I will either way you are not leaving this room without soap in your mouth. You choose".

A shiver went down my spine. I didn't want her to wash my mouth out with soap and I certainly didn't want to do it myself. But I finally decided that If it had to be done at least if I did it I could control it. I reached out my hand and she handed me a bar of Ivory soap still in the wrapper. I unwrapped It slowly as if it would jump out of the package and into my mouth. I turned on the water and started lathering the bar. I was torn between lathering the bar more thus delaying the soaping or just getting it over with.

Mom noticed me taking a while and said "Jesse start washing." I looked back at her with my best puppy dog Eyes. "WASH!" she said sternly.

After a couple of false starts I put the bar of soap in my mouth. The taste was awful just as I remembered it. I started rubbing it lightly around my mouth, my mom watching arms folded.

"Harder and faster" she said. "If I don't think you've done it right I'll wash your mouth out when you are done."

With that warning ringing in my ears I picked up the pace and pressed harder as I scrubbed. I couldn't believe I was washing my own mouth out with soap, but it was happening and the soap was building up on my teeth. A beard of lather was dribbling down my chin and onto my shirt. I looked at my watch It had been seven minutes since I started. My mouth was full of the awful tasting lather. Took the bar out of my mouth and asked If I could stop. Mom just shook her head no. It wasn't until the end of fifteen minutes that my mom finally told me to stop. I spit out the large chunks of soap that had been collected on my teeth but when I went to rinse once again my mom put a halt to it.

"I won't have a daughter of mine talk like a street tramp. Now I want you to go to your room and think about why you have soap in your mouth. And remember that taste. Because even if you're fifty, if you ever talk like that again you'll wash your mouth out with soap every night for a week. Do you understand me?"

"Yeth maam" I said as the soap still stuck on my teeth made it hard to talk. I went to my room and when my dad came home he came up to talk with me.

"Jesse darling," he spoke softly "your mom told me what happened today. I know you're angry and think were too hard on you but someday you will thank us. We just want you to grow up to be a respectable woman. We love you and that is why we must correct you when you make bad choices. "I smiled and gave him a big hug. We walked hand in hand down to the living room where mom was doing her cross-stitch.

"Mom, I'm sorry I cussed this morning I don't know why I did it but I know I won't do it again."

"I know you won't dear," she said. I went back to my room and went to bed. The next day dad took me out for Ice cream. I enjoyed it even though it still tasted a little like Ivory soap. It was a taste and a lesson that lasts a long time.

The End

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