

Mary Ann's First Soaping

I was about 5 years old and we had a shed that was being taken down and my dad poured some paint into the old, unused septic tank. He was not into ecology at the time.

Mom said "DON'T EAT ANY SNOW NEAR THE OLD TANK"

"OK MOM" Soooooo being the darling that I was (and still am) I went right over to the area, but not to the exact area, just near it, and ate some snow!

Well, mom saw me and that was it, called the doctor and told him I had eaten paint! (I was not that stupid, but just teasing)!

Well, dear old DOC must have been into punishment, because he told her to put a bar of Ivory soap into a quart pitcher and make a soapy liquid and make me drink it! OHHHHHHH she did that and I had to sit next to the sink and drink it.

One of the worst parts was to have my brother stand and watch and smirk at me!

For years I could not stand the smell of Ivory soap.

As a teen , both my parents had died and I had to live with my aunt and she kept a bar of Ivory in the kitchen and bathroom! OHH I died, each time someone used it. Now I realize why! I did not hate it, I loved it!

"Scrubbed269"