

Simon's First Soaping

My first time was at the hands of my mother. I was eight and had just come home from school. It was winter time and my boots were all covered with snow. As I walked into the house I slipped and lost balance on the linolium floor. I caught my self but dropped my books. my school papers went everywhere.

Aaaaaaaw FUCK! came popping out of my mouth before I even thought what I had said. My mom appeared from around the corner and asked

"What did you say?" I just stood frozen. A few days earlier mom had threatened to wash my mouth out with soap for saying damn but I had no Idea how bad this was going to be. I was terrified.

She said go to the bathroom and get me a bar of soap, You're Getting your mouth washed out! Being stupid I did as I was told I'd seen my mother mad before and didn't want to get in more trouble. When I got to the bathroom I opened the cabinet and there was orange Dial soap or Safeguard. I smelled both figuring that the one that smelled better would taste better. I chose Dial.

As I made the long walk back to the kitchen my mom already started running the water. I handed her the soap and she unwrapped it and lathered it up. As she held it in front of my face she told me to open my mouth I held my mouth closed and nodded my head no. She swatted me hard on my ass and when I said ow! she shoved the soap into my mouth and started scrubbing back and forth. After a few minutes of her soaping my mouth and lecturing me on the evils of profanity she took the soap out and sent me to the corner without letting me rinse.

I didn't want to swallow the soap but I knew I'd get into trouble if spit on her carpet so every so often it was unavoidable. I sat there for an hour or so as my brothers laughed at me. When she let me out of the corner I rinsed and rinsed but couldn't lose the taste of that soap. It was with me for days. If mom could see me now.

"Simon "