

The Problem With Poopieheads

(By: Unknown)

What do you do when your child insists on using foul language? Yes, suddenly my two angels have decided that their mouths are from the gutter. Ok, so they aren't dropping F-bombs or C-bombs, but you can only be told that you're a "poopiehead" so often. "Poopiehead" in itself is kinda funny, so we let it slide, until dinner one night. The refusal to eat ones vegetables ended with "I'm not gonna! Poopiehead!". Sassing + "Poopiehead" = not so funny to Mommy and Daddy. I stood up, armed with the knowledge of years worth of watching TV Dad's, and replied, "You use THAT word in THAT tone again and I'll wash your mouth out with soap".

That should show them. I sat back down then thought back to my youth, and the first time I cursed in front of my Dad. I was maybe seven or eight and was helping my Dad with routine maintenance on the boat. I don't quite remember if we were washing it or had the engine in the all too small garbage can, but I distinctly remember dropping "something". "F*CK!", I said aloud. I immediately went numb. "There is no way he'll let me live through this" I thought to myself and winced waiting for a smack or something even more painful. There was nothing. He looked at me with that big grin my Dad sometimes shows, and then looked around and said "We're having guy time. When it's just you and I, anything can be said. The moment your Mom is around, that kind of language will get you a spanking". On every fishing or hunting trip afterwards, those same words were said - and it was true, for the most part. I did refer to my Mom as "that b*tch" once. Once. It didn't matter that my parents were separated at the time, I learned very quickly that "you shall honor your father and MOTHER" is not exempt during guy time. From then on, I didn't take advantage of it as much as I should have. For some reason the fear of "correction" outweighed the "freedom of _expression". I never once received soap and I don't think I ever used the word "poopiehead" until recently.

Dinner was finished without further incident. Danger Girl decides before bedtime to wade the shallow waters of vulgarity and test Dad. "You're a big poopiehead". Madly agrees. A bonfire of "poopieheads" is shouted and giggled. GASP, oh my ears!! They did not just say that! I pick them up and off we go to the bathroom. I search for a new bar of soap. They begin to cry, in broken harmony. I am told sob stories of how eating soap will kill them and how incredibly yucky it will be. My only thought it, "DUH, yucky is the point". I find the long lost bar of Ivory Soap. I unwrap it and the crying gets louder. I can no longer hear the sound of the paper ripping as the bar is unwrapped. I notice that the bar is substantially larger than either of their mouthal openings, and that's saying something. I run downstairs and "saw" the bar into nice neat sections. OK, I attempt the nice neat sections but discover the equation "a kitchen knife + Ivory Soap = Ivory Soap chunkettes". Now, I have several choking hazards in my hand, and one smaller than original size bar of soap. The choking hazards might work, but then I'll get yelled at by mom. The choking hazards go reluctantly to the trash.

I head back to the room of screaming toddlers. I lay out the rules. Open mouth. Hold

Soap in mouth for three seconds. Drink water. The crying stops and concentration begins. Each waits their turn. Soap is inserted to mouth. Teeth bite down on soap. Numbers are counted on fingers. Soap is spit out. Water is rinsed and then spit into the sink. The sniffing subsides and laughter begins. Danger Girl has that look of "wow, that was kinda fun". Later that evening, Danger Girl crosses the line again. There is no crying. She sprints to the bathroom and hands me the soap. The hold in mouth time was increased to five seconds. She finishes and tries to spit bubbles. I mention that only works in cartoons and that next time we will count to ten, and a wet, soap laden washcloth will be added. The yucky factor is visibly understood.

This is a lot more fun than guy time.