

## The Baseball Game

I was recently at a little league baseball game. The umpire was repeatedly making bad calls against the team I was rooting for.

Everytime he made a bad call I would voice my anger occasionally letting a few expletives slip out of my mouth. I was warned by some of the parents there to "Stop saying those words, I don't want my children to hear them."

After one particularly bad call that cost the team a run I exploded. I said just about every word you could think of. Security came and gave me two choices I could either let them punish me or they would eject me from the field and I would be banned forever.

I figured "How were they going to punish me clean or something?" I was almost right. They had me sign a paper that said I would submit to their demands. After the game they brought me into the concession stand along with the parents who had witnessed my behavior and their children.

They said "You have disgusting language and the only way we believe it will be cleaned up is to do something to you that your mother should have done ages ago. We are going to wash your mouth out with soap. We also want these children here to know that this is what happens to people who talk the way you did so they don't get any ideas from you and follow your example. So we are going to make an example out of you instead."

I didn't know what to say or do. I signed the paper and didn't want to get banned from the park and I'm sure it couldn't be that bad. They sat me in a chair by the sink. The security personnel said that each mother would have a chance to wash out my mouth. There was a pretty large number of them that stuck around so this was going to be worse than I thought.

The first mother grabbed a sponge and the green Palmolive Oxy that was sitting next to the sink. She put a lot of it on the sponge and told me to open wide. I open a little bit so she couldn't shove the whole thing in my mouth and she decided to scrub all around my mouth pushing more and more into it until she could fit the whole sponge in.

Some of the kids and parents piped in "make sure you get every spot", "scrub it good", and "oh you missed a spot there." She scrubbed until my whole mouth was foaming excessively and said who's next and handed off the sponge.

The next mother said "I don't think he really gets the full effect with the sponge." She grabbed the rubber gloves that were nearby and poured the soap onto the fingertips of the gloves and rubbed her fingers together to get a thick lather. Then she told me to stick out my tongue.

I reluctantly did as I was told and she proceeded to lather my tongue with her fingers, getting every inch. Then she probed all the other surfaces of my mouth getting a lot of lather into each one, and said she was done.

The next mother to go chose the dish mop. She ran it under the hot water and then squeezed a lot of soap onto it. She squeezed the mop part multiple times to make it lather and proceeded to push in and out and in and out of my mouth like she was plunging it. She even used it like a toothbrush to scrub my tongue, teeth and gums. After what seemed like forever she said she was done.

The next mother said she didn't feel like I had really had it bad yet. I'd like to see her on the receiving end of this. She took the bottle and parted my lips and put the bottle in like a baby bottle. She squeezed a little bit of the soap in and then a little more until I had a large amount in my mouth then grabbed a cup and removed the bottle. She filled the cup with some hot water and handed it to me. She said to fully clean my mouth I had to gargle with the hot water with the soap in my mouth until my mouth was overflowing with bubbles and then I could spit.

I drank the water and gargled with it until I could see the bubbles billowing out of my mouth and then I spit it out.

The next and last mother said she thinks I had enough of the Palmolive. I thought I was off the hook, but she continued "I happen to carry something in my purse for just this occasion though." She pulled a box out of her purse and opened it up. It was a bar of Camay soap, my jaw dropped like a rock. She said I want him to get a nice taste of this pink Camay soap so someone get him as much water as he needs to rinse his mouth out.

I rinsed for forever but it didn't do much good. I did manage to get all of the lather out of my mouth at least. She lathered up the bar in the sink and rubbed it together in her hands. She then told me to open up. I resisted thinking this has begun to be unfair. She asked someone to plug my nose and one of the other mother's did so. When I couldn't hold my breath any longer I opened my mouth. In went the Camay she twisted all around scraping in into my teeth.

Believe it or not this by far the worst tasting of all the soaps and with the parts of it lodged in my teeth I would taste it longer. She scrubbed my tongue with the Camay the way someone would wash their hands rubbing it everywhere she could. When she felt I was sufficiently scrubbed she removed the soap. Someone said, hold on we need to document this. She grabbed a camera and said relather the soap and insert it back into his mouth. She did this and then the mother took a picture.

She said "We will hang this up in the park so people know what happens if they choose to use foul language in front of the children and so Anthony here will always

remember this." And she was right, I will never forget it.