

The Ticket

(By: soapyone)

The Traffic Stop:

I was heading home from the store and tried to make a yellow light. I hit the gas and made it under it just as it turned red. At least I made it through the intersection. When all of a sudden I saw flashing red and blue lights in my rearview mirror. "Damn" I said. I looked at the speedometer and I was only doing about 37 miles per hour. So I hit the brakes and pulled over. I hoped that they would go right on pass me. I had no such luck.

I reached over and pulled my insurance card and registration out of the glove box, as I glanced into the mirror to see if I recognized the officer. They were looking down probably at their computer, or getting their ticket pad. So I didn't get to see the officers face. I raised myself up a little and pulled my wallet out of my back pocket. I opened it and pulled out my driver's license. At least my car and my license were legal. I waited as the police officer approached my car.

"License, registration and proof of insurance please?" I heard the voice of a female officer. I looked through the window and handed them to her. She had on dark sunglasses and her hair was tight against her head, under her cap.

"What can I do for you officer?" I asked trying to sound like an unknowing citizen.

"You ran a red light back there, and you were speeding, sir!" was her reply. She looked at the license and the registration. She handed me back the proof of insurance and then looked into my car. "Doing some shopping, sir?" she asked.

"Yes Ma'am. My wife asked me to pick up some items at the store. And I was just on my way home. I didn't mean to run the red light. It was yellow and nothing was coming." I tried to explain.

"Do you know what the speed limit is on this road, sir?" She asked tipping her head up and looking at a speed limit sign just in front of the car to the right.

"No Ma'am, I would guess about 35." I looked to the sign and it 'SPEED LIMIT 30'. "Oh, it's only 30? I didn't realize that, Ma'am." She smiled as the word Ma'am passed through my lips. "I guess you have me. I was doing 35 in a 30, Ma'am." I said.

"Excuse me, how fast were you going?" she asked as she pointed to my back seat and said, "You seemed to have lost some of your groceries on the seat."

"What?, Oh, thank you." I said as I turned around and reached back to pick up the bags that fell over. "Damn kids!" I said, referring to the kids who loaded the car at the store.

"Excuse me sir? What was that?" she asked.

"Oh, not you. The kids that loaded my groceries at the store. They stacked the bags heavy and they fell over when I hit the brakes, Ma'am." I continued to pick up the groceries and place them back into the bags.

"I see. I'll be right back." She said as she headed back to her patrol car.

I watched in the rearview mirror as she radioed in my tags. She was taking an unusually long time in her car. I figured she was writing me up a ticket. I saw her reach up and check the microphone on her shoulder as she approached my car. "Sir, would you mind if I have a look in your vehicle?" she asked.

"Why that wouldn't be a problem Ma'am. I don't have anything to hide." I said. "Would you like me to step out of my car or something?" I asked her.

"That would be fine sir, please step out of the car and walk back to my patrol car. Get into the back seat and wait for me to finish looking through here. We had a report that someone was messing around the vehicles in the parking lot of the grocery store you just left. I only want to have a look for your own safety." She finished as she opened the door. I noticed that she was about five foot seven, and weight only about 110 pounds, guessing, of course.

She watched as I climbed into her patrol car and shut the door. She then started to check my car out. She took the keys and opened the trunk. She closed it, as the trunk was clean and empty. She then checked the glove compartment and under the front seats. She then checked the bags of groceries that I had just purchased. She closed the doors on my car, and walked back to her patrol car. She had something in her hand. She reached up with her right hand and spoke something that I couldn't quite make out into her microphone again. She opened the door on to the patrol car and looked at me. She shook her head and asked me. "How fast were you going, sir?"

"35, I was only going 35, honest." I answered knowing that I was going 37 or 38 miles an hour.

"My radar says differently. You have one more chance to come clean." She said.

"Uh, Oh, yes Ma'am, I was doing about 38 miles an hour in a 30 mile an hour zone. I'm sorry. Give me the ticket and let's get this over with." I said, wanting to get home.

"You have a remarkable driving record sir, I would hate to ruin that record. But, I also can't just let you go, after you broke the law, and then lied to me about it. Your auto checks out clean, but I still need to do something about the reason I pulled you over?" she said.

"Is that thing on?" I asked pointing to her microphone. "That, the mic, is it on?" I asked again.

"It might be!" she said, "It might not be, take your chances."

"Ma'am, this is going to sound strange, but, I'm sorry I lied and that I was speeding. Please let me go. I'll never do it again." I said.

"You are only sorry that you got caught. Right?" she demanded.

"Right, I'm only sorry that I got caught, Ma'am." I lied again. Knowing she was going to write me a ticket.

"How would you like to avoid a ticket tonight, mister!" I noticed a slight change in her attitude toward me. It was mister instead of sir. Would you like to keep your record clean?" she asked.

"Yes Ma'am, thank you. What do I need to do?" I asked.

"Agree to what I decide as a punishment, and you won't get a ticket. Do you agree?" she asked.

"What do you want to do to me, as a punishment?" I was puzzled.

"Agree or ticket! Your choice!" she said.

I thought for a minute. Looking at this lady in uniform. What did she have in mind. Well, I didn't want a ticket, so, "Agreed! Whatever you decide as a punishment for me. I will accept, officer!"

She then brought her hand into open sight. I saw a box of Pink Dove that I had purchased for the bath. "Lean over here and place your hands behind your back!" she order. I did as she said. She handcuffed my wrists with the speed of well-disciplined practice. "You will never lie to me again, mister. You will respect this uniform and what it stands for. You will not use foul language in the presence of a female officer!" she said as she took the Pink Dove out of its box and dropped the box on the patrol car floorboard. "Open your mouth, mister. I'll clean that filthy mouth out for you!" she said as she pushed the bar of Pink Dove against my tightly closed lips.

"You had better open your mouth, and I mean now!" she said. I did as she ordered. I opened my mouth and she pushed the Pink Dove into my mouth. She wiped it over my tongue and across my teeth. "You are going to be lucky if you don't end up eating this whole thing." She said. "You have a dirty mouth. I'll bet you even cussed when I pulled you over, didn't you?" she asked as she continued to rub the bar of soap around my teeth and tried to force it around my cheeks.

"Uh-huh!" I replied as I tried to shake my head yes. She seemed resigned to finish with the thorough soaping that she was giving me. "To answer your question, Mister, I do have my microphone on, and every officer in town now knows what to do to you if you get pulled over. This will be your punishment. And, with the three-strikes rule, on the third strike, you get to eat the entire bar of soap. You will keep a bar of soap in your glove box from now, on. If you get pulled over by one of us small town police officers, you will hand them your license, registration, proof of insurance and a bar of soap. They will know what to do with it. You had best pray that it isn't me, because I use a two-strike rule. Which means, from the second strike on, you will not enjoy the soaping you will get." She said, as she pushed the bar back into my mouth and had me dig my teeth into it.

She pushed my head forward and released the handcuffs. "I want you to keep that bar of soap in your mouth until you enter your house. I will follow you home to ensure that you keep both hands on the wheel, and the soap in your mouth. Turn around and show me the soap in your mouth as you enter your house. I want to see it! Understood?" she asked.

I nodded yes and headed for my car. Soap in mouth and part of the bar sticking out. I got into my car and drove home. With my mouth scrubbed completely and a bar of Pink Dove starting to get mushy in my mouth. As I drove home, I kept looking in my rearview mirror, and true to her words, she was right behind me. I never did even get her name. I was so embarrassed as I walked into the house. I almost forget to turn around as she honked her horn. I turned and she waved goodbye, as she was able to see the bar of soap in my mouth.

I walked in the house, and my wife's stopped dead in her tracks. She looked at me with amazement on her face, busted out laughing and said, "I can't wait to hear this one!"

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