

THE TOILET-MOUTH

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The kind of words boys use today, can drive a MAN to drink! The language from their toilet-mouths can really make you sick. The disrespect, the "hells" and "damns," the nasty slurs that stink. Is there a way to clean things up? I'll tell you what I think.

My father was a strict stern man, the type of the old school. To see I kept a civil tongue, he used old-fashioned tools. My buddies wondered why the worst word from my mouth was "fool" or "heck" or "darn"—then they found out about my father's rule!

Think how I must have felt that day, when "shit!" escaped my lips, just as my dad walked by the door, then stopped, hands on his hips. His eyes were hard. His face was dark. His words came low and clipped: "All right, you little toilet-mouth! You know it gives me fits

to hear you use a word like that. You're going to pay the price. I don't care you've got buddies here, they just might find it nice to see how you, my fine young man, can be turned in a trice to nothing but a squalling boy!" My friends, as cowed as mice,

Looked from my dad to me and back, unsure of what to do. But I knew what was up for me— too soon, on public view, my naked rump would bounce and buck across my father's knee!

Nor would that be the only thing my buds would get to see!

My dad stomped off, but soon returned his hairbrush in his hand. My buds were stunned to speechlessness. I blushed to beat the band! Now everyone at school would know, they'd, smirking, understand that when I used a dirty word I got my bottom tanned!

Dad grabbed me by the arm. I felt his fingers at my fly. I knew then that there was no hope, and I began to cry. Before my friends' astonished eyes, my dad yanked! With a sigh, my pants and briefs descended from my fanny to my thighs.

I stood there, blubbing. Then my dad put me across his lap. My bottom spread there in the air He landed a light rap just to be sure all witnessing had no need for a map to know what was in store for me. And then came that first WHAP!

Dad's hairbrush smacked down, hard and true, across my helpless buns and then again, again, again, the sound like blazing guns! My legs began to slice the air as if I could have run from there across my father's knee. It wasn't any fun

To find myself before five friends my backside squirming wild bare as the pert posterior of some small, bratty child My shame was utter and complete and onto that was piled, what I saw on my buddies' lips, for, watching me, they smiled!

Through tear-filled eyes, I saw that they were grinning at the sight of me across my daddy's lap one massive arm clenched tight around my waist, the other blurred --he spanked with all his might my hapless, naked, pulsing rear that glowed as if alight!

O how I wailed and begged that day! Before my buddies' eyes, my daddy spanked, and spanked, and spanked, I cried and cried and cried. My boyish bottom blushed and flared—

parboiled, flambeed, and fried! And I knew worse was yet to come when dad was satisfied

my fanny was the proper shade a toilet-mouth should wear. And that my friends were standing `round? He frankly didn't care. I knew the rules. I should have thought he'd find it simply fair that if I cussed he'd blaze my hide no matter who was there.

O, how I struggled frantically, My bottom was on fire! I was so shamed I blubbered like some sissy, little crier. To capture my embarrassment would try Will Shakespeare's mind, as dad's brush buffed my wagging globes to a deep, wine-red shine.

At last, that hairbrush drumbeat stopped though I, there o'er dads lap continued my loud aria of a well-punished brat. My buddies' grins were broad and wide as the old Cheshire cat's.

But if they thought my dad was through they'd soon be cured of that!

"You little toilet-mouth!" dad roared, "You know what happens now." He yanked me to my feet and then, the hairbrush landed—POW! He took me by the ear and, whacking, led me—OW! OW! OW!— straight down the hall into the bath. The time had come for "chow."

What would that be? you'd likely ask, as my buds surely did. The answer to that question would be only shortly hid. Once there, my dad turned on the tap. I snuffled like a kid as I watched as the basin filled How would I ever rid

my buds' minds of what they had seen and what they'd now observe the teasing I'd be subject to would be something uncurbed and constant every day at school They'd swat my rear and smirk and laugh, they'd jeer loud and with verve how they'd seen my bare bottom spanked at my age—how absurd!

They'd crowded at the door by then, I stood there, trousers down, my underpants at ankles too, before my father's frown. The sink was filled with water now. My dad could go to town

and demonstrate that "soap" was, too, a verb, not just a noun.

He reached beneath the basin and retrieved a bar of Zest. That blue cake in his hand, I knew, unique among the rest of soaps, had a strong, stinging taste, and so he liked it best

when washing out a toilet mouth. He pinched my nose, and pressed!

My lips popped open, and my tongue was waving in the air. With his free hand, dad wet the soap in the warm water there, and then he dragged it o'er my cheeks and chin, so soft and fair, before he shoved it in my mouth and washed it, unimpaired.

He pumped the Zest in, out, and in to clean that dirty hole from which that "shit" had once escaped for him, as black as coal and smelly as a turd it was, and I would pay the toll for not abiding by the rules. My face went in the bowl.

"Now rinse!" my father bellowed out. I did as I was told. Then back into my mouth the cake was plugged, now slimy wet and cold. My teeth, my tongue, my lips and gums, were foaming with that bold blue lather that burned down my throat as down my neck it rolled.

My face was now a mess of suds, of snot and tears and drool, there isn't any question that I looked a perfect fool. I was so shamed I blubbered, sniffled, whined and snuffed and puled--

a smart-mouthed boy who'd misbehaved and so been thoroughly schooled

in just what happens when he dares defy his daddy's law. And then things went from bad to worse. The soap there `tween my jaws, I heard one of my watching friends let out a loud "Haw-Haw!" and all began to laugh at me the Zest stuffed in my maw.

They held their bellies, slapped their thighs, before that shaming show of me, my bottom bare and red; my mouth, not eating crow but stuffed with soap. Oh, how they shook with mirth from head to toe. And I knew things weren't over yet! My heart was filled with woe

as dad let down the toilet seat, and sat down on that lid, then pulled me `cross his knee again. His soapy hand then slid across my ravished, smoking rear and out my mouth, unbid,

there came the muffled, Zesty sob of one well-punished kid.

The spectacle that followed then was one my friends would say was, no doubt, more embarrassing than mere words can replay. My boyish bottom bucking wild there in the air, a-splay,

my dad's hard hand smack-smacking down as I squirmed, kicked, and bayed!

The soap still gripped between my teeth, its spume, amidst my bawls, sent spattering across the floor and glistening on the walls. Dad's callused palm flew high and then struck down, its potent fall resounding with my childish shrieks and echoing down the hall.

My fanny roiled and rolled and yawed, my buns no longer pink, but redder than a cherry, and it's even worse to think that as I humped there up and down between my cheeks, there winked my rosebud, like some panic light that blinks and blinks and blinks!

The soap between my lips was placed to pull them side to side the cake's ends stretched my face into a leering grimace, wide as those you see at circuses. I looked a total clown!

Up-ended and bare-bottomed there My buddies gathered round.

I kicked so hard, my pants, at last, slipped off beyond my shoes, and soon my underpants as well flew off my ankles, too. A frantic lap-dance then ensued My dad just spanked me harder!
to teach the lesson that a boy sure better mind his father.

When dad had finally spanked enough, he yanked me off his knee, and gave me a good shaking there for all my friends to see. "Get your rear to the living room--the corner, there you'll be for the next hour, toilet mouth! That suits you to a tea!"

And off I went, soap in my mouth, just as my daddy said (I sure don't have to tell you both my face and rumpus red!). I held my flaming bottom—O! I wished that I were dead!—and skittered off to find that spot where I should lay my head.

Dad then turned to my laughing friends and said, "I hope you've learned that in this house, a toilet mouth means that a boy gets turned across his father's lap and that his bottom then gets burned before his mouth is filled with soap to show him what he's earned!"

My buddies tried their very best to hide their gleaming grins and filed out through the living room where I paid for my sins now pants off with my nose to wall. One said: "Just wait for gym tomorrow!" and giggled gleefully his hand touched to his chin.

Some other time I'll tell you what transpired the next day when I went to the shower room. But now I want to say: If you've got some smart toilet-mouth there at your house, then pay attention to my father's mode of keeping tongues at bay.

Sit your boy down, and have him read this verse that I've prepared. I hope it makes his eyes bulge wide, I hope he's good and scared, of just how hard you plan to spank his sassy bottom bared and how he'll know the taste of soap exactly as I've shared!

That when foul words escape his lips you will, without a thought, set fire to his squirming tail precisely what he's sought And then his mouth you'll fill with suds, as any father ought,
when dealing with a toilet-mouth who, to his shame, gets caught!