

Adrianna M  
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### **Hair Advice**

Wings. When one thinks of wings, generally they think of those of the chicken variety that you get at KFC in a bucket, or the kind that the town's playground bully would pluck off the flies just to upset the sundress-clad girls, or even the cheap sparkly translucent ones you get at the dollar store when you're five and all you really want to be is a fairy, knowing full well that they're going to end up in a twisted wire and mesh mess by the end of the week. No this is another kind of wings... the worst kind.

It was in grade six. Being that age is hard to dress up, you're too young for makeup but too old for hair ribbons and Sunday shoes. So when you have to *'look nice'* the only thing you really have to worry about is your hair, and for my grade six school pictures I failed that.

Now I don't know if its just my hair's inability to be nice to me, or just the universe getting back at me for some unknown wrong-doing I did to some poor soul with some sort of karma vengeance to entrap me in. Well, whoever I budged in front of on the way to the lunchroom definitely got what they sought after.

I wore my second favourite shirt, the one that was the duplicate of my favourite one but in a different color; my mom had a philosophy that buying clothes in bulk would save her a lot of trouble. I don't know if I forgot if it was picture day, but looking back at my hair, I almost hope that was the case. I had my hair in a ponytail but the wisps of hair above my ears were too short to be pulled back and too long to go unnoticed. One might say that it looked like my head was about to take flight.

It might not seem that bad, just a simple, harmless ponytail. It's like having a simple, harmless pterodactyl; it's when the wings come out that you have to run. Or in my case, beg for retakes.

Anyone can tell you to dress appropriately for school pictures. Wearing a clean shirt is common sense, but for the sake of my eleven year old self, seeing the photos for the first time, immediately asking about retakes; my thirty-two year old potential self looking at the picture asking myself what I was thinking (with potentially colourful language), and for the sake of yourself: if you suffer from wing syndrome, use hair clips.

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