

Hair you can see from space

Facebook has forced me to go through all of my boxes (and boxes) of old photos. This has been so fun, humbling and well, at times, truly frightening.

Looking at these photos, it became clear to me that one requirement I had in high school, in order for you to be my friend, was you had to have hair you could see from space.

Case in point:



(Good Friends: Pinkie, Kristy and Carol. They were a solid testament to what '80s big hair was all about.)



(Heather, she loved paisley.)

I choose a slightly different hair expression. I went with not so much height, but with the blonde streak in the front. Not quite as bold a choice, but equally tragic.



(Me, going to prom, Marina High School, 1985.)

Sometimes I feel sorry for the teenagers today. Their style seems so tame, so mature. The Abercrombie and Fitch-look will never produce shrieks of horror 20 years from now.

They will say things like, "Look how young I looked." Instead of the more acceptable, "Why did my mom let me leave the house like that?!!!"