

It Sounds So Simple

Today I attempted the impossible. What did I endeavor to do? Something that sounds so simple, so carefree, you would think anyone could achieve it. But, it eludes even the most stylish and clever women—I tried to recreate the hairstyle I had when I walked out of the salon two days ago.

I know you are thinking, “All girls know you can NEVER reproduce the hair style you get in the salon. No matter how easy your stylists says it is going to be.”

Call me naive, but I washed my hair, plugged in my blow-dryer and straightening iron and got to it. I had studied Diane (my hairstylist and friend of 20 years) as she coiffured my hair with the dryer. “See how straight it is getting,” she taunted. “Look I don’t even need to use the iron,” she mocked.

I fired up my dryer. Armed with her advise, “It has to get bigger first, then get flat,” I pulled and swiped until my head was hot and red. Uhmph! “I look like Orphan Annie,” I think after my hair is dry as a bone.

Never one to let the health of my follicles stop me from achieving the style I desire, I pull out the straightening iron. I straighten and straighten, until I can’t lift my arm any longer.

I lay down my iron; take a step back, look at myself in the mirror and think, “Product! I need more product.”

All this nonsense goes on for an hour—an hour! Did I achieve the same look?— No. Am I surprised?—No. Did I still look pretty? I’m not going to answer that question.