

hairdultery

I try to avoid being a guilt-ridden person by avoiding doing the type of things that will instill a sense of latent guilt...*like cheating on my hairdresser.*

I didn't mean for it to happen, I swear. I mean, it actually hasn't *happened* yet...I mean, I only made an *appointment*; it's not really cheating until you go *all the way* and let them plunge their scissors into your wild mane.

I know it's wrong. There's a reason why I have stuck with the same hairdresser(s) for the past year...a) they are my friends and b) they do a damn good job. My hair is like a bipolar teenager - it needs discipline, love, structure. It needs a caring set of hands. And, truth be told, I already have those in Steph and Lowry.

But, alas, temptation has struck. I stepped into the Origins store the other day and the salesgirl rushed over to try some new treatment on my hands. I let her, because I had time to kill and a free hand massage never hurt anyone. It was good, it was fine...but *her hair*...it was magical, full of perfect ringlets falling gently against her cheekbones. I didn't want the gooey crap she was slathering on my paws...I wanted her hair.

Me: So....thanks. My hands, uh, feel good...

Perky Salesgirl: GREAT! LET'S GET YOU A BASKET SO YOU CAN CRAM IT FULL OF OVERPRICED LOTIONS RIGHT NOW!!!

Me: Uh, sure. So, anyway....what products do you use on your hair?

PS: Oh! (*looks to her left and then to her right and adopts a hushed tone*) Well...I actually use products from the salon I go to....a salon for *women with curly hair*..

Me: (*HOLY SHIT! Did she just say "a salon for women with curly hair"? I AM A WOMAN WITH CURLY HAIR!!!*) Um...WOW. I want to go there. Right now.

PS: (*still speaking in a barely audible voice; visibly nervous*) Ummmm....ooooookay. I'll write down the information....tell them I sent you. It's like a cult over there...they don't let anybody in....

A curly-haired cult? Finally, a place I belong!!!

I rushed over to the address she provided. The door was marked with only a swirl of paint - a curl. The secret symbol.

I asked the doorman how I should enter the sacred chamber of curly locks, and he showed me to a side hallway...which lead to a frosted door....which led to another curved hallway...which led down two flights of steps...and then....the antechamber. *Filled with women with curly hair.*

Oh my god. It was a like a Sci-Fi flick; like *Amazon Women Of Curlvania* or something. Redheads. Brunettes. Blondes. Some with highlights. Some with short curls. Some with long curls. And all curls in between. I was saved. I ran up to the counter.

Me: I have curly hair. I was sent here. (*Yes, I said that. Exactly that. Do you think I make this shit up?*)

Desk Lady With Undiscernable Accent But Perfect Curls: Yesssss...

Me: I want an appointment! PLEASE!!!

DLWUABPC: (*eyeing me with suspicion*) You were sent here? Hmm...by who? Oh, okay.....zen we will get you an appointment in ze calendar....

She handed me my little grey appointment card and I headed back into the sunshine, suddenly a much happier person. I had found my people, the ones who understood my genetic disposition for frizz. I was saved.

It was when I got home that I started feeling guilty. *I am cheating on Steph. She will never speak to me again when she finds out that I made an appointment with another stylist. She loves my hair curly. She cut it curly. She knows curls, too. Uhhhh....shit.*

I considered canceling the appointment. I considered 'fessing up to Steph when I saw her at brunch today. But I did neither. Instead, I kept that goddamned hair appointment and the curl masters are going to do brilliant things to my hair and it's gonna look really nice and shiny and stuff and *you can't stop me.*

--*Shawnté Salabert, 2006*