



Remember when...? – Curly hair

Description

I was born with thin straight hair, but i always envied those with nice curls. When going at the hairdresser with my mom (you read last weekâ??s story, didnâ??t you?), i was dreaming of having long curly hair. Until i started school, at four an a half, i always had short hair because my great-grandmother used to say that cutting hair on full moon would make them thicker so i think my hair was cut short every full moon (ok maybe not every one). That never worked but mom always tried until then.

Long and straight

When i started school, my mom allowed me to let my hair grow (i guess she figured that the full moon trick didnâ??t work). But of course, they grew very very straight. No curl at all. No rosette even.

Just like mom

Although my mom had fairly straight hair, she could put curlers on, and beat those straight hair. So, why not me too? So, occasionally, she would put curlers in my hair. But when she removed them, whatever curls that were taking shape, quickly disappeared. I guess my hair was rebel!

How about a perm?

I cannot remember how old i was when my mom asked the hairdresser to curl my hair but i seem to remember she asked that i get a perm as a birthday present (i might have been 5 years old or so). With what i know now, i doubt it was really a perm since it is not usually done on kidsâ?? hair, but to me, i was getting a perm, while my mom was getting her hair done. Can you guess how long it lasted? About as long as it took to get back home. Sad.

But it is Christmas!

We always had Christmas at my grandparents, and the whole family was to gather there. I wanted to look good so I WANTED curly hair, but since it would only last a couple of hours at the most, what could we do? Well, my mom opted for the only solution she could think of: go to grandma with the curlers on. Yes, I would get there, with that ton of curlers in my hair and wait until the first other relatives arrived to go in the bathroom with my mom and get them out. At least, I had curly hair to greet them! But of course, by the end of the day, there was nothing left and I still had the straight hair I always had.

How about you? Do you have any hair-raising stories? How about the ever-popular "trim your own hair" when you were kids? Oh yes, I see you smiling. Did you cut your hair or your brother's? Tell us in the comment. Whether you share it or not, write down your story somewhere. It will make you smile later when you re-read it.

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