

Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow

You are welcome to visit our school any time you want.

Just don't mention hair, all right?

It started innocently enough. The two hairdressing tables, complete with mirrors and all the paraphernalia required to teach hairstyling, had been set up in the back of the sewing room. Bonnie was ecstatic.

"We're going to have so much fun!" she said.

Bonnie had found the equipment on sale, and we'd purchased it. The plan was to find someone who could teach the skills, and some of our students would get some hands-on training in hairstyling and cosmetology.

The problem was that we hadn't yet found anyone qualified to teach it.

So Bonnie volunteered. That was our first mistake.

"Come on in, Darren, and I'll give you a haircut. Let me get some practice."

"Practice? You're going to practice on *my* hair??"

"Oh, it's easy. It's just hair. How hard can it be?" Bonnie was determined to get good at it. Maybe she figured she'd save us all some money.

Somehow Darren was convinced to sit in the chair.

"Would you like a wash? A rinse? Maybe a little colour on the tips?"

Bonnie was really getting into it.

"Uh, no ... just a cut." Darren still wasn't happy about this. "And just take a *little* bit off, OK?"

She started the clippers. They were loud. She wielded them like a power saw. "Look, they work! This will be so much fun!"

Darren cringed. "Just a little ... "

Bonnie swooped in with the clippers. She ran them up one side of his head to the top.

"Oops! No, that can't be right. I must have the wrong attachment ..."

If there's one thing you don't want to hear when somebody is cutting your hair, it's 'oops'.

Darren leapt out of the chair. He got close to the mirror and had a good look.

"Bonnie! The left half of my head is bald!"

"I know. But I can fix it. Sit down and I'll do the other half. You can go for the 'almost bald' look. It worked for Bill. You've seen what he had done this summer!"

"But Bill was half bald to start with! Nobody even noticed! I'm the Principal ... I can't go walking around looking like a bowling ball!" He stormed out.

"Wait! You can't leave it like that ..." But Darren was gone.

That might have been the end of it. But Bonnie was a little dejected. Her first foray into haircutting hadn't gone the way she'd planned it.

She left without locking the door.

Later that day we began to see some strange hairstyles around the school. Four of the grade seven girls were sporting Mohawks. By lunchtime, almost all of the grade eleven boys were bald. And two of the grade ten girls ... well, their hair had never looked like that before. Even on 'Bad Hair' day.

Apparently two of the grade ten boys had discovered the hair cutting equipment and were offering their services for free.

We could have handled that. But at last recess, all the grade two girls came into the room instead of going out for recess. By then the boys had discovered the hair dye products.

Apparently pink is a popular hair colour with grade two girls this year. We didn't know that.

At the end of the day, the bus drivers didn't blink an eye when hordes of weirdly shaven teenagers trooped onto their buses. And all the little girls with pink hair didn't bother them a bit.

We figured we had about twenty minutes until the first kids started arriving home.

We turned the phones off and got out of there fast.