

The Bandera PROPHEET

October 21, 2021

Gone Country
A Hair-Raising Tale

By Mikie Baker
The Bandera Prophet

“There once was a little girl
who had a curl
right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
she was very good,
but when she was bad
she was horrid.”

I was born with very, very thick curly hair. In fact, there was so much of it, right after I was born, the nurse pulled it up into a ponytail on the top of my head. I'm pretty sure I must have looked like the Flintstones Bamm-Bamm. I was fine with the whole thick curly hair thing as I grew but then again, you don't know what you don't know.

When I was in grade school, Dearly Demented Mom used to take me to the “Salon School” to get a cheap haircut by someone who was just learning the fine art of cutting hair. If I heard it once, I heard it a hundred times every time I went there. DDM would sit me down in front of a stylist and I'd hear these words out of her mouth, “Delores, get over here and look at this little girl's hair! I swear I've never seen this much hair in all my life!” Then I would be certain I was going to get another bad haircut.

When ponytails were no longer the thing for a preteen, I cut off all my hair. This developed into a very bad case of the frizzes as my long,

heavy hair curled up into the very first white girl afro. Junior high was pretty ugly.

By high school, the fashion was bangs and straight hair that ended in a slight flip at the shoulders. Well I knew the bangs wouldn't work, so I went for "straight" hair, meaning I slept on orange juice cans every night just to straighten my hair out. When that quit working, I made DDM "straighten" my hair by using the first half of a perm kit. I'm pretty sure those perm chemicals are why I act like this now.

Anyway, glory be, I grew up and no longer had to do what every other woman did and embraced my curly hair! There were many benefits – my neck quit hurting because I didn't have to sleep on a produce stand of oranges, it was extremely easy to take care of natural curls and I felt pretty perky.

Life went on in grand fashion for years with me changing my hairstyle now and again. Straight haired women envied me and older women showing their bald spot marveled at my mane. My hair life was good. Until the day I decided to give up hair dye and embrace the gray. It started out slowly, but I noticed a horrifying thing. The curl in the middle of my forehead started going straight. My confidence waned and I began to feel less horrid. At least the curls had always been my excuse. Now, with every cut, my curls disappear. I'm left with what is basically straight, thick hair with some very nice body. I wish the rest of my body was so nice.

What curse is this? First gravity wins the fight with your tatas, at some point your knees look like they've fallen too, (trust me – go look in the mirror, I'll wait) and now my old gray lady hair has gone straight? I'm thinking of going back to the "Salon School" and get an entire permanent. Better yet, I need to accept this curse. Maybe it's time to finally go straight and quit being horrid.