

Taming the Beast

It's a feat to try and tame the wild beast that is my hair on washing day. You see the girls with the gorgeous flowing, shiny hair, but oh boy is that all lies. You wrestle with the enormous beast for half an hour, making sure it's completely drenched. You smother the thick mass with shampoo and conditioner and scrub it clean, making sure it leaves no traces on your scalp or anywhere in the bird's nest atop your head.

Then, the days of having wet and tangled hair after your weekly hair wash because blow drying it would be like World War Three, a massive explosion of hair and thousands of little tiny hair soldiers, lying dead, disregarded on the bathroom floor. And then, the longest and most painful part of the grooming process, straightening.

When you have been 'blessed' with naturally curly and frizzy hair, styling it is a necessity. As you section out your hair and apply heat protectant spray and slowly but carefully pull the steaming hot hair straightener through the unruly mess that is your natural hair, burning it to a crisp, the sizzle is music to my ears.

As your hair gets straighter, you begin to heat up. The heat from the straightener that is frying your hair reaches your head and flows to the rest of your body. After the hour that it takes to fully flatten and tame the monster that was your messy hair, you are dripping with sweat. You look down at the bathroom floor with a twinge of sadness at the many strands of hair that once graced your head, but will now be swept away into the bin, lost to the world.

You look into the mirror and see your shiny, silky and straight hair, looking closer you see the grease starting to form at the roots and reach for the dry shampoo, your new weapon for the rest of the week, protecting your precious hair from the greasy horrors of the outside world. Your eyes drift down to your face and clothes, drenched with sweat. You have just finished working on your weekly masterpiece and decide it's time for another shower.