

## **My 6th-8th grade Hairstyle**

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<http://kalinbooks.com/2011/my-6th-8th-grade-hairstyle/>

Here's another true story that actually happened to me.

In sixth grade I entered a period where I cared about my hair. I styled it every morning into the silly style that I'm sure you've seen from the sixties, with the part on the left and the right side combed up to form a wall at the front of the head. My hair was hard, and for some reason, after the gel dried, my hair felt wonderful to the touch, and I'd sit around and just feel my hair. As a result, people thought I was obsessed with it, and insisted that I was constantly checking it to make sure it wasn't messed up, when in truth it wasn't so much about what it looked like, I just liked to feel it.

My hair quickly became a big topic around school, and every day people would ask me about it, make fun of me and try to mess it up. A few people, however, supposedly liked it. When I entered seventh grade, I started thinking twice about styling it every day, so I made a deal with myself and the rest of the school. I decided that if a single day went by where no one at school mentioned or purposefully messed up my hair, I would simply quit the hairstyle. (I got the idea from an episode of Head of the Class.) To my dismay, my hair was such a topic, that at least one person would mention it each and every day. I paid close attention, and every day someone would say something to me, usually within the first half hour of school. I went the entire seventh grade putting gel in my hair every day, and every single day had comments about it.

So in eighth grade, I figured I'd made myself a deal and I couldn't go back on it, so I kept styling my hair and people kept discussing it daily. I started telling people about my deal, and the reaction was always the same: "How do you expect me to go an entire day without talking about your hair?"

But one day, it finally did happen. An entire day without a single mention of my hair, and I felt a massive sense of relief. So after that I just let my hair fro out and stopped touching it. I continued paying attention, though, and every day for the rest of the year people asked me about it, and the same people who'd make fun of me and tell me I was making a fool out of myself for styling my hair, were now asking me to go back to the old hairstyle.

It always amazed me that people who'd been on the planet for thirteen years, being the future of America and the world, while there's nuclear weapons and threats of war, and all sorts of issues that effect the rest of the human race, we would have nothing better to talk about than Kalin's hair.