Bad Hair Day
by Jordan Ohm

Soo, I had a bad hair day. No, I mean a really bad hair day. Let’s just say it was one of those days where if your hair looks like that it should be a federal crime with definite prison time if you out in public. But Mom said there was some importance in attending the dreaded word well known to kids my age: school. So I was forced to be a felon. Now, before I get ahead of myself I should say it all started with the routine morning bathroom tour: I turned on the lights, walking with my eyes half closed waiting for my pupils to adjust to the brightness—but as I walked by the mirror, I nearly screamed at the sight of the half-squinting monster in the reflection.

Don’t get me wrong, this monster and I have been acquaintances one, twice, fifty times before, but that morning it seemed as though the creature in the mirror had met the flu, mono, bronchitis and broken up with her boyfriend all at the same time. My only hope was to slip into the shower, but after this act of desperation failed to tame the beast through its water and half bottle of conditioner, I tried to make nice and brush it out. Thanks to the brushing however, it then looked like it had suffered from severe electric shock. I mean, it was hair Albert Einstein would get green with envy for. I then had no choice: knowing a pony tail was the cure for all hair disasters, I threw it up in a hair band and, to prevent the fuzzy look similar to that of a peach from appearing in my silhouette, I utilized the eighth wonder of the world- hairspray- and molded my head into the resemblance of a stiff and shiny helmet. I mean this act was a public service really. Now late for school and fighting the doomed feeling of an obvious bad day, I ran to my car and drove up to Argonaut High School, unknowing that my hair had developed a plan of its own. Somehow either in the dash to the car or during my sing-a-long session to Taylor Swift, my hair had maneuvered a way out of the hair band. By the time I had noticed, I was already at school and with the bell ringing, I frantically searched for the rubber band, my last hope, and, blaming karma and my seemingly increasing bad luck, my search came up empty. Dodging everyone I knew—Kind of an oxymoron, seeing we live in Amador County—and while hoping none of my teachers or administrators had any standing heart conditions, I sprinted to my locker. While searching for anything to hold my stiff, frizzy, and now-loose hair, I was spotted. I occasionally talked to the girl who occupied the locker next to me, and unfortunately this morning was one of these occasions. After an obvious double-take, she asked, “Yikes! What happened to you?!?” “I hate my hair,” I told her, “I really hate my hair. The ultimate bad hair day in progress.” Trying not to smile, she said, “You know- it’s all about the attitude they say. You can choose your attitude even about this.” I stared at her with a blank expression at the same time I was doing an inward eye-roll at Little Miss Sunshine standing in front of me. “Ever hear the story of this one old lady?” she asked. Again, I rolled my eyes and sighed, definitely not in the mood for “words of wisdom”. “No,” I muttered. “I dunno the exact words,” she continued despite my obvious reluctance, “but there was this woman who was nearly bald, with an exception of three hairs on her head. One morning she looked in the mirror and said ‘Great! I think I’m gonna braid my hair today.’ And she did and she had a great day. The next day she looked in the mirror and noticed she only had two hairs left. ‘Great!’ she said, ‘I think I’ll part my hair down the middle today!’ And she did and she had a great day. The next morning she looked in the mirror and noticed she only had one hair left. ‘Great!’ she said, ‘I think I’ll wear my hair in a pony tail today.’ And she did and she had a great day. And the morning after that she noticed she had no hair left at all. ‘Great!’ she said, ‘I don’t have to fix my hair today!’”

I opened my mouth to say something witty, but before I could, the girl turned around and started walking to class late—thanks to me and my hair. Pondering the old lady’s story, I headed towards class. Walking down the hallway I spotted a breast cancer awareness poster my school fundraised for and on it was a beautiful chemo-affected bald woman smiling widely at me. There was this beautiful woman with no hair at all, smiling—having chosen her attitude. Without realizing I had been standing there staring and smiling back at her for a good half-minute, I quickly looked around making sure no one noticed my creeper status for smiling like a goober at a poster. After one last glance at the woman I turned on my heel and headed towards class pulling my frizzy, hair-sprayed, and still-loose hair, but smiling, I too had chosen my attitude.

There are so many adjectives that describe what we feel: happy, mad, embarrassed, sad, nervous, depressed, and an uncountable amount. Of these adjectives or attitudes, I can safely say happiness is the one most striven for.
However, happiness will never come to those who don’t appreciate what they already have. Be grateful for what you have, for there are people who lack what you obtain, such as the woman on the awareness poster or the three-haired old lady. You have a choice to look in the mirror and see the creatures within you like I did on my bad hair day morning. Or, you can look in the mirror and see all of the wonderful things about you like the old woman with 3-2-1-0 hairs making the best out of every situation. You have this choice to choose your attitude about yourself. Be proud of who you are because how others see you is not important, but it is how you see yourself that means everything. Attitude is a decision. Choose the right one.