

50 strands of grey...

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It happens every time I go to the hairdresser. After sitting in the chair, she spins me around, surveys dry, split and graying tresses then asks,

“So what are we going to do today?”

This is where I get nervous. Not at my hairdresser. She’s a pro. It’s just that I never know the right answer. It sounds so boring to say, “Keep it the same as last time” and unrealistic to show her a picture of Jennifer Anniston and say, “Make me look like this”. Instead, we begin an exchange I’m positive makes her want to hold my head a little longer under the water as she’s washing my hair.

“I’d like a cut that makes me look 20 pounds lighter, 10 years younger and requires no maintenance.”

“I left my wand at home, Becky. How did you like the color last time?”

“Loved it, but it didn’t last long enough. Look at all of this gray.”

“I see it but it’s been four months since your last appointment. What kind of shampoo have you been using? Are you washing it every other day like we talked about last time?”

She already knows the answer to those questions. Kind of like when I ask my husband if he thinks I’m prettier than Beyoncé.

“Don’t you have a color that will last at least six months and can withstand daily washings with dish detergent? Not that I use dish detergent. I mean, I have in a pinch but not all the time.”

I can tell she’s exhausted with me.

“No I am 99% positive there is nothing like that on the market. If you will stop washing it every day and use the correct shampoo, your color will last longer.”

“What about something that will stop all of this gray?” I can tell my time is limited in her chair today so before she fires me, we collectively decide that a few extra highlights and a bit of razoring around my face will do the trick.

After my blow out, I think about how my hair will never look this good again until my next appointment. I also think of alternate names for the term ‘Blow out’.

She always pulls off the perfect look with very little (i.e.-realistic) direction from me. Before leaving, I promise to use the expensive sulfate-free hair products, only wash my hair every other day and return in 6-8 weeks so I don’t monopolize her chair for half a day. She gives me a hopeful smile but I can tell she knows better.

“I’ll block off five hours four months from now. See ya then!”

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