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Spring Fashion

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Rich: Spring Fashion

Spring Fashion, Color Photograph _ Karlynn Rich

Designer _ Rahaf Damira

The Haircut _ Bee Bishop

I couldn't remember the last time I got a haircut but I knew it hadn't ever been like this. The salon was in a strip mall, in between a bakery and a bar and across from a gas station, so the inside smelled of coffee and beer except when the door opened and the burning smell of gasoline wormed its way inside. Gentle guitar strums and rowdy drunken cries of the neighbors were just barely audible over the radio playing in the corner.

The hairdresser wrapped the cape around me and snapped the closures together.

"So what are we doing with your hair today, honey?" she asked.

I stare back at my reflection. It's hard to know where to look. I can't stare at her because that might make her uncomfortable and she might get nervous and accidentally cut the top of my ear off. Or maybe staring will make her angry and she'll want to fight me and I'm not much of a fighter so I'd lose immediately and then she'll purposely cut the top of my ear off. So I can't look at her because one way or another she will cut the top of my ear off.

But I can't look down. That might mess up the haircut and then I'll have to walk around with an uneven haircut—probably for the rest of my life—and then people will point and laugh at me and I won't ever be able to leave the house again. Which also means I can't look up, or left, or right. So if I don't look straight ahead at all times then my hair will be ruined forever.

An ad came over the radio, and I quickly realized that I hadn't answered the hairdresser's question. If my dad were here, he'd scold me.

"Answer the damn question. It's not that hard," he'd say. Then he'd go back to playing solitaire on his phone. He wouldn't even look up, he'd just say it. Maybe he'd forget that he drove