

Your hair up, or you're gone.

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The last time I checked in was quite a while ago. I had three jobs, one full time, one a hobby, and the third as a sort of 'complete the image' of a hard worker. I quit the last one since it cost me more money to get to (and because my co-workers were jerks), and got a few more hours at Doc's.

And then the I decided that I was tired of putting my hair up into ponytails at my jobs, because my hair started to feel the strain and began falling out. It was dreadful, but the instant my hair became shoulder-length, I wasn't required to wear my hair up, and my headaches went away, and my hair got thick again really quickly.

But then Jerry's wife began to show her true side to me. She was completely obsessed with uniformity, needing absolutely everything to look exactly the same. All the other workers had extremely long hair that they bundled back, but had most of the foremost hair falling into their eyes and dangling way past their chins and looking chaotic; but at least it was up, right? My hair was now chin-length, orderly, and cut neatly and out of the way. And then I started getting warnings from the wife that I needed to put my hair up. At this point it was too short to put back at all. Figuring that the wife didn't know that my hair was no longer breaking the health code for touching the collar, I cut it even shorter, to just under my ear. That did nothing; she kept attacking me, and so I started wearing accessories to pull my hair back from my face, just as headbands, and bobby pins. Finally it got to the point where it was "put your hair into a ponytail, or leave." And so I did - leave, I mean. I got repeat phone calls from Jerry himself, and various other people begging me to find a way to put my hair into a ponytail to make the wife happy. But it never worked out, and I apologized, and went to Doc and begged for more hours.

But I'll never make 40 hours a week at Doc's, and I'm only paid \$9.25 an hour. I have to somehow make up almost \$600 a month in tips (I spend \$500 alone a month on taxi fare.) if I want to stay alive. It's brutal, but I'm hoping for the best.

Agh... Work time.