Different Hairs

Kathryn’s hair is as thick as the trunk of an oak tree. It never listens to her and her hair ties. It has lots of volume and puff, and it is definitely wavy enough. Although she has so much hair, she also has a huge heart. She cares for everyone around her and is just like her hair. She sometimes never listens and she has to run the show. My father’s hair is as hard as an icicle on a snowy day. No way will that thing melt or will it soften. Piled with gel times 100 and hairspray to top that off, while his hair is parted down the side. When he steps into the car, you know he is there because you can smell the aroma of hairspray. He takes almost 25 minutes to get ready, but it feels like hours. My hair is slightly thinner than Kathryn’s, but much more obedient. I can put it in to an up-do or just keep it down with me freaking out. My hair is thick but long, it’s also wavy. But my mom’s hair, oh my mom’s hair. It is a salt and pepper color with silky soft hair. It smells like her shampoo and leaves that scent wherever she goes. If you find her pillow, you know it is hers because of her scent. It is straight with her beautiful bangs. Her hair is not even close to thick. It reminds you of a rose garden on a cool autumn morning- ahhh, so peaceful. Just if you get close to it, you know that it is my mom.