



Aftermath of a BAD HAIRCUT

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Haircuts are tricky. They can either make you look like you walked straight out of the cover of Vogue's latest issue or give you a minor heart attack every time you accidentally turn your phone's front camera on. In this article, let's focus on the phases one usually goes through after a haircut doesn't go as planned.

As soon as your hairdresser is done with the snipping, they will proceed to cover up any mistakes they made and make your hair look somewhat presentable with the help of a curler and a hair dryer. Once your hair has been, in their words, 'set' and your self-admiration has soared to a peak, you will go on to post your obligatory post-haircut selfie on every social media and eagerly wait for your friends to compliment your new hairstyle.

The people who comment on your photo can be categorised into three groups. The first group of people will flood the comments section with heart emoticons, applauding your decision of getting this particular haircut. They may even ask which salon you got it from and you can never really tell if they are just looking out for themselves.

The second group of people are going to question if you actually got a haircut, because apparently, you look the same as you did the last time they saw you, which was five years ago. Don't bother trying to convince them that you did get a haircut; you'll fail miserably.

This leaves us with the third group of people who tend to have multiple seizures every time they hear the word 'haircut,' even if it's just a two inch trim. They'll condemn you for the violation of something as sacred as your hair so

much at one point, you will wonder if it's actually your hair they are talking about or their own.

Your post haircut euphoria will allow you to brush off their snide remarks but this feeling will last as long as you don't wash your hair, which is when your hairdresser's hatred towards you will slowly start revealing itself. You will dread the sight of your own reflection and come to the realization that this is definitely not the haircut you asked for. In fact, you despise it! You will swear an oath to never leave your room again and make a desperate attempt to cover your eyes with the bangs you never wanted so that you yourself are spared from the trauma of seeing your own face.

However, your time in hiding will soon come to an end and you'll step into your next phase, which is when you will pretend you couldn't possibly be any more satisfied with your haircut, even though you are still not in good terms with your reflection. You will flaunt it to every person you come across so aggressively it will force them to agree with you and boost your confidence. You will put on a brave face and act like all the unwanted attention you are getting does not bother you because their opinions do not matter.

Then one fine morning, you'll realise that they really don't. You will genuinely acquire a certain satisfaction with your haircut or you will get used to it and it won't bother you anymore. This will be your last phase after a bad haircut. Until you get another one.

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FICTIONAL MEN

WE NEED TO STOP OBSESSING OVER

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When it comes to men, women are often charged with countless false accusations, ranging from our irrational demands to fickleness and hypersensitivity. What they completely overlook is the fact we are not the lesser being, swayed constantly by our emotions; there are these men created between pages decades ago that often drive us to make fools of ourselves. Allow me to explain.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a woman who has laid her eyes on *Pride and Prejudice* must be smitten, beyond all reason and logic, with the handsome Mr Darcy. Fast-forward to the 21st century: You meet a gorgeous man at a party who has the audacity to comment that you are "tolerable... but not handsome enough to tempt" him. It can be argued that it was a passing comment made to conceal his budding feelings for a young country girl but even as he starts to be attracted to Elizabeth, Austen said and I quote "he looked at her only to criticise". Now that I can think of the Elizabeth-Fitzwilliam duo, it seems like their love stemmed from Elizabeth's success in feeding Darcy's "critical eye" with "more than one failure of perfect symmetry in her form". Can you honourably say that you would have giddily given your heart to a man who behaved thus? I doubt he would have found a Caroline Bingley or an Elizabeth Bennett to dote on him had he existed today.

Tall, dark, and handsome, Heathcliff is the epitome of an obsessive, impulsive, and possessive lover that we all should be wary of. The sense of mystery this man oozes with his dark gypsy past is somewhat attractive, yes, but what is so intoxi-

cating about a man who does not fall in love but is driven by an all-consuming passion, seeking to possess Cathy's mind, body, and soul escapes me. I understand his unwavering love can be enthralling but that man is terrifying. That is no ordinary desire, ladies; troubled characters with dark pasts are not boyfriend material - fictional or otherwise. Nah-uh.

To that catalogue of bad boys, let's now add Mr Rochester. Intriguing brooding anger and passion aside, the man you are dreaming of locks his wife up in an attic and keeps her a secret from everyone, including Jane, the woman he has feelings for. Call me cold and heartless and devoid of imagination but no man dressed up as a gypsy fortune-teller, feeding me news of false engagement just to see my reaction is going to go to sweep me off my feet. He has skeletons named trouble everywhere in his house; closets, I'm sure, would be wise to avoid. Is he really the man you want to spend the rest of your life with? The rest of your imaginary life with? I'm sure the fictional world of men has more to offer.

We all have that one friend who falls for the wrong guy. We also have those bookworm friends who fall for supposedly chivalric heroes but whatever it is that was wrong with men in the 1800s in England, these menfolk would not have real women flocked around them like moth to a flame in this day and age. Imagine Austen and the Bronte sisters finally becoming friends over watching us obsess over their crazy men from heaven...

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