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Bob Hated going to the Hairdressers

by Tina Blower

Bob hated going to the hairdressers at the best of times. He could never understand why the lighting in those places made him look so old and haggard. It wasn't himself he was thinking about on this occasion though. His brother's son had just been diagnosed with chronic lymphocytic leukemia, a rare form of childhood cancer and Bob was doing everything he could to raise money to start a charity. His work as a school teacher meant that he had sent home many schoolchildren who had turned up with what he called 'unnatural' hair colours, namely pink, blue and green. They were all supporting him now as he offered to dye his hair blue in order to kick-start the necessary funds. There were hundreds of people in the school who were willing to sponsor him to make a fool out of himself or get their own back if they had been the ones sent home.

He sat in the chair as the hairdresser coated his greying hair with thick blue dye. Small talk had all but dried up. The usual questions had been asked and answered; 'doing anything at the weekend?' 'going anywhere nice on holiday this year?'. He didn't like uncomfortable silences and so he decided to ask the hairdresser what his favourite pastime was. It turned out that he was obsessed with the horses and would spend a lot of his free time going to races. Along the way he had met many people in the know who would give him tips. 'Maybe I could give you a tip to help you with your charity?' said the hairdresser. Bob was not a betting man but a free tip was a free tip. 'Easy Rider is tipped to win this afternoon' said the hairdresser.

Bob was not a fan of horses but had a Harley Davidson at home which he took to Matlock at the weekends to show off to other enthusiasts. 'Easy Rider', therefore, struck enough of a chord with him to make him leave the hairdresser, (very self-conscious of his newly vivid blue locks), and place a bet at the local bookies. The odds were very high on the horse that the hairdresser had recommended. This should have made him more cautious but he became driven by a feeling that, as a life-long non-gambler he should have acquired a good amount of beginners luck. He placed the savings he had put away for a holiday onto the horse and dizzily walked away.

He went home and sat by the radio almost jumping out of his skin. He felt as if he was in someone else's body as they announced the winner of the race. 'Easy Rider' had done it which meant that not only would they get a holiday this year, (he hadn't told his wife yet), he also had enough to set up his brother's charity. Not long after, a letter came in the post. It was on embossed and very fancy paper. Bob opened it and learned that he and his wife were invited to a garden party in honour of the charity that he had started for such a rare disease. This was absolutely the icing on the cake until Bob realised that he would have to meet the Queen....with unnecessarily dyed blue hair. He wondered if she would send him home.