

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

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In the dark silence of our little room, my brother and I sat waiting quietly. We had been put to bed much too early because we were both very wound up. Neither of us were old enough to go to school then, so it seemed unfair to put us to bed before it got completely dark outside. We waited until we were sure that our parents were busily talking in the kitchen downstairs, then, I climbed out of the bottom bunk of our bunkbed. I crept over to the door, and after looking down the hallway, I tiptoed to the top of the stairs. I listened very carefully, as my parent's shadows bounced on the wall to my left. Yes, they were in for a long night's discussion.

Now that the coast was clear, I ran back to our room and climbed up the ladder to my brother's bed. There he sat with his scissors in one hand, and a sheet in the other. He wrapped the sheet around me and tucked the corners into the neck of my pink floral nightgown. My hair was the longest it had ever been then. He sat behind me and began cutting one side until it was about shoulder length. He must have liked working on one side at a time, because he continued cutting that side until it was as short as his. I watched as my hair fell to the bed beneath me, wondering what I would look like without my long hair.

As we sat their playing this new little game, I began to realize how important my hair was to me. Ever since I could remember, relatives and friends had told me that I had such beautiful long hair. Suddenly, I told my brother to stop. I turned to face him to get his reaction, and he just sat there with his mouth wide open. I began to cry, and he, realizing the trouble we were in, ran to the kitchen, being careful not to be seen by our parents, who were now in the dining room.

After finding the dishwashing liquid, he ran back to our room. When he joined me on the top bunk, he began trying to stick my hair back to my head with this sticky liquid. My parents, hearing the whole commotion, came running upstairs

and were totally shocked by what they saw. My father seemed to have fire in his eyes. He had always loved my long hair. My mother, however, looked like she was holding back laughter. I must have been a ridiculous sight with one side of my hair as short as can be, with green sticky dishwashing liquid dripping onto everything, and the other side almost long enough to sit on.

After receiving a terrible spanking, I vowed never to cut my hair again. To this day, I still feel guilty whenever I get my hair cut.