

I like the title
of your paper.

I Am Knot My Hair

You could
expand this

I remember dazing at this woman's hair as I stood behind her in the African beauty shop.

moment
more, it

Her long, bronze dreadlocks laid neatly in rows as they hung down the middle of her back.

Seems
very important
to your
paper.

Dreadlocks are a natural hairstyle in which the hair is twisted to look matted or ropelike. As a

child I always admired natural hairstyles such as: dreadlocks, twists, afros, etc. I am a natural

person who likes natural beauty and I believe hair weaves mask natural beauty. I never would

have guessed it would have been such a challenge for me to grow dreadlocks of my own though.

I grew up with a professional father who believed women looked better with extensions or

straight hair roots in lieu of nappy, kinky, curly roots. My mother is a hair stylist so I figured she

would understand my passion for how I desired to change my hair so much however, she only

stressed how I should not change the way my hair appeared (long and straight) along with my

father. My father played an active role in my life but I lived with my mother so his opinion did

not matter if I did finally decide to go against the grain by choosing to grow dreadlocks. I can

remember begging my mom to allow me to grow my natural hair out so I could grow dreadlocks

when I was only about ten years old. Constantly, she would reiterate ^{that} I could when I turned

eighteen years old because I would be a grown woman and could do whatever I wanted to then.

She remained adamant about her decision. I was so upset because I wanted my dreadlocks as

soon as possible.

I woke up one morning and decided I had had enough of wearing my hair the way

everyone else wanted me to and decided I would cut it off once and for all. Late one night in July

2007, I told my mother that I could not wait until I was eighteen and pleaded for her to cut my

hair. She glared at me and told me if I was serious about the whole "dreads thing" I would go in

the bathroom and do it myself. I looked her directly in the eyes and said, "Okay, I'll show you

just how serious I am.” I took the stainless steel scissors and went into the bathroom and did what I had wanted to ^{do} for years. My hair was already sectioned into two-strand twists so it made it easier for me to cut. I took a deep breath as the words from India Arie’s song “I Am Not My Hair” floated in my mind: “Does the way I wear my hair make me a better person? Does the way I wear my hair make me a better friend?” After answering those questions in my head I based my decision accordingly...and started cutting. I felt like an Olympic runner who had crossed the finish line .2 seconds before her opponent and was overwhelmed with my accomplishment. About ten minutes later I came out of the bathroom holding eleven inches of dark brown and red hi-lighted, twisted hair in my hands. My sisters, brother, and mother looked at my now short, spiked hair in awe with dropped jaws. I asked my mother for a zip-loc bag and calmly laid the hair in the bag then handed it over to her. She asked me why I was giving her the bag, still wide-eyed. I explained that since she wanted the hair so bad that she could have it because I did not want it anymore. My mother was speechless with my attitude but knew I was telling the truth. Although, I *only* cut my hair that night it felt as if I released years of depression by making a decision to do what I had always dreamed of doing.

Luckily, I cut my hair during the summer so I had time to adjust to my new look before school started. When it was time for me to go back to school I asked my mother if she would start my dreadlocks for me but she refused and forced me to pay someone else to do my hair because she despised dreadlocks so. She had always wanted me to run for *Homecoming Queen* and she asked how I would wear my hair across the football field if I was elected into the top three candidates. As if “short” hair was not presentable. ~~When I did get elected into the top three candidates for *Homecoming Queen* my mother sewed extensions on my hair because she refused to allow me to walk across the field with stubby dreadlocks. After I won *Homecoming Queen* I~~

You should explore this moment also, how did you feel walking across the field with extensions in your hair, instead of your dreadlocks.

wanted to ask my mother if my fellow student body voted for me because they admired my hair.

Later, my mother realized how serious I was about how much the way I wore my own hair meant to me and had no other choice but to accept my decision. She even started to maintain my dreadlocks for me because I proved to her that cutting my hair was not just a phase I was going through but instead something I had wanted to do for a long time. My mother eventually grew to like my dreadlocks as well and made positive compliments about the way I looked with them. Sometimes you have to go against the grain in order to prove a point.

Constantly, I was criticized about the decision to cut my hair. My aunt, Donna, would always tell me to comb my dreadlocks out and have my mother sew extensions on top of my head. Every time Donna saw me she would explain to me that my dreadlocks looked nasty, were not lady-like, and that I would look more professional if I permed my hair. I was hurt by her remarks because she made comments about my hair to me as if I did not have feelings. The teenagers at Wildwood High would only exasperate the situation. They would ask me the same questions almost EVERYDAY when I returned to school with my new look. Why did you cut your hair? Are you gay now? What did your mom say when you cut your hair? I was upset because I never question someone else's desires. Also, the answers to these questions had absolutely nothing to do with any of them. I was already on the basketball team so I guess cutting my hair made me a lesbian now too. Sometimes I am stunned by people's stereotypical potential. I would get so agitated because I never cared how anyone else wore their hair so why did EVERYBODY care about the way I desired to wear mine. My teammates would always tell me that I had long hair (for a black girl) and how they could have never made a decision to do such a thing. I thought to myself, "That is exactly why I am different from a lot of people

because I am not afraid of change and I am not afraid to do something that may contradict someone's opinion about me."

Often, I questioned why my parents disapproved of how I wanted to wear my hair. I found it interesting and ironic that this particular *disagreement* was the only thing they seemed to ever *agree* with each other on. My older sister has dreads and she chose the wrong path in life so I assumed that was where my father's stereotype stemmed from when I told him I wanted to grow dreadlocks. Ironically, my father has three daughters and two granddaughters and all of my sisters and myself have dreadlocks and so does one of my nieces. It must irk him for four out of five of the most important women in his life have a hairstyle he despises. My mother knew I wanted to further my career after high school and she believed it would be easier for me to get a job if dreads were not a first impression. I understood her motive but I did not believe it was true. Before I built up enough courage to make my transformation I sat my mom down to explain to her how there are different ways to wear dreadlocks. I promised her I would maintain my dreadlocks and that they would look presentable at all times. She even made me wait until I got hired for a job to start my dreadlocks. This happens to be the only circumstance where I sort of agreed with my mother because I worked in a pre-dominantly white, retirement community and in order to work in front of the restaurant you had to look and act proper with straight hair at all times. A few months later when I started my dreadlocks my manager would always ask me if I could comb them out if I wanted too or is it that the way I wanted to keep my hair. My customers would stare at me as if I was an alien from a different planet or something.

I can remember when I went shopping for my prom dress and my mother asked me how I was going to wear my hair. I explained to her that I was going to wear my dreadlocks (which I had now dyed a bronze-color) to prom. We visited a beauty shop and she bought me this ten inch

How did this make you feel?

long wig to wear over my dreads for prom. I took my father a prom picture of me and as he admired the long, jet black, straight hair in the picture he asked me if I liked the way I looked with my dreads instead of the straight hair. I laughed out loud and said I do not like my dreads, I LOVE my dreads! I was smiling in that picture but I was anything but happy. When I came to college I would tell girls how I used to have long hair and they would explain how they could never have did something so drastic to their hair. When they tell me that I feel bold and different and I appreciate their remarks because I hate being like everybody else: ponytails, quick weaves, and braids. How many girls do you see on this college campus with dreadlocks? Although, my decision to grow dreadlocks was not because I did not want to be like everybody else, it was simply because I love natural hairstyles. Believe it or not, growing my dreadlocks has taught me how to be more patient and tolerant with people. Due to all the negative point of views I have experienced because of my dreadlocks. If you ask anybody who has dreads they will tell you that it is not an easy task.

Both of these sentences can be made into one thought

Comments

- I like the way you ~~described~~ were more descriptive in this draft. You made it easy for the reader to read your story
- There are still a few more moments where you can explore and be a little more detailed.
- I think you can end your paper a bit stronger. But overall its an interesting paper.