

I took my seat next to Mary Lou who was wearing an orange striped scarf around her ponytail. Sister Bartholomew (better known as Sister Barfalottoyou) was glaring at me. Then I remembered her “final warning” to me on Friday. She said if I hadn’t cut my bangs by Monday, “I’d be sorry.”

She thought my bangs were too close to my eyes. Thanks to Dippity-do hair gel, and the pink hair tape, I had been pulling off a very mod hairdo that I thought looked quite British. As soon as everyone took their seats, she called me up to the lab table which had a large mirror attached to it so the class could watch her occasional experiments.

“Just look at yourself,” she screamed. She grabbed hold of my bangs and jerked my head back and forth. The DNA model teetered on the corner of the table as I looked at my class in the mirror. Most of them had their hands over their mouths to keep from laughing.

“What did I tell you on Friday, missy?”

“Lots of things, Sister. Mostly I remember that you said cilia are the little hairs that wave in our cells.”

“Yes, I did say that, you sassy girl, and I also told you to get rid of this not so little hair that’s hanging in your eyes, did I not?”

“Yes, Sister, you did.”

“And how MANY times did I tell you that last week?” She jerked my head back even harder.

“I’m not sure, Sister.”

By this time Sister Barfalottoyou was so red I thought her face might explode. She pulled me backward by the bangs all the way over to her desk. The entire class burst out laughing and so did I, even though I was sure she was going for her scissors. Instead, she removed the six inch

metal clip from her clipboard, yanked my bangs completely back, and inserted the clip to keep the hair off of my forehead. She turned me toward the class and then pushed me toward my chair.

“Take your seat and don’t take that out of your hair until you go home this afternoon. Either you cut that hair tonight or I’ll do it for you tomorrow.”

I took my seat and instead of feeling embarrassed, I felt strangely comical. I could almost see my dad shaking his head and rolling his cigar around in the corner of his mouth. When I looked around at my classmates, it looked like they’d all been crying, they’d laughed so hard. I’m pretty sure nobody learned anything about DNA for the rest of the hour.