



I never thought I'd see the day.

Truly. I thought we had something special. A bond. A connection.

A mutual understanding. But no. Apparently... I was wrong.

This Saturday is prom. PROM. The event. The night. The moment every high schooler builds their entire personality around for approximately three months. Dresses? Planned. Shoes? Secured. Emotional breakdowns? Already scheduled. And hair? Oh, hair was supposed to be flawless. Because I had a plan. A vision.

A DREAM.

And at the center of that dream was Mrs. Wilson. Yes, that Mrs. Wilson. Hairdresser extraordinaire. Scissor-wielding magician. The woman I trusted. The woman I believed in. The woman I—dare I say—thought believed in me.

But alas.

When I approached her, full of hope, glowing with prom spirit, ready to secure my iconic blowout moment... she hit me with the unthinkable:

“My daughter has a game.”

I'm sorry. A game? A GAME???

You're telling me—after everything we've been through—that a sports event is taking priority over MY HAIR on PROM NIGHT???

I stood there. Stunned. Silent. Processing the betrayal in real time like I was in the emotional climax of a movie that would definitely win at least three Oscars. Does she not understand what's at stake here??? This is not just hair. This is not just a blowout. This is my reputation. My legacy. The difference between “wow” and “oh... that's... nice.”

I thought I was her favorite. I really did. I thought I had earned that chair, that round brush, that perfectly timed flick at the ends.

But clearly... I've been living a lie.

Because if I were truly her favorite, would I be cast aside so easily? Replaced... by a daughter???

I mean, sure. Love your family. Support your kid. Be a good parent. But at what cost???

AT. WHAT. COST.

Now I'm left to pick up the pieces. To wander this world, unsure of my future, questioning everything I once knew. Will my hair survive? Will I survive? Will I be forced to do it myself and end up looking like I stuck my finger in an electrical outlet? Only time will tell.

So this Saturday, as I step into prom, just know: behind the dress, behind the smile, behind whatever hair situation I manage to pull together...

...is a story of heartbreak. Of betrayal.

Of a hairdresser who simply didn't understand the gravity of prom night. Mrs. Wilson, if you're reading this... I hope the game was worth it.

Because I will never emotionally recover from this.
(...unless my hair turns out okay. Then maybe we can talk.)

Ember Dutcher signing off...