

## Dev 110 Sample Essay : Personal Narrative

### The Blues: A Lesson Learned



I consider myself a good beautician. I have a loyal following and make a good living. Most of the time, my days are fairly routine in the shop. However, I, like every beautician have the inner fear of ruining someone's hair. This feeling became a reality when my patron's hair turned blue.

It started out as a typical Friday evening in Baker's Beauty Boutique. I was setting up my station (working booth) with all the necessary equipment. Glancing at Jo, a regular customer, as she came into the shop, I noticed she had a bottle of color (white) shampoo in her hand. As she sat down at my station, she asked if I would mind using her shampoo. I obligingly agreed.

After wetting her hair, I poured some of the shampoo into my hand and onto Jo's hair. Suddenly, I noticed my hand had turned blue and so had Jo's hair. Frantically, I worked to get the blue out of her hair. After the third shampoo, I said as calmly as I could, "Jo, your hair is blue." Of course she thought I was joking, until I handed her a mirror. I can still hear her scream, "Good god, it is blue!"

Faced with the problem of getting the blue out of Jo's hair, I began experimenting with different types of shampoos. I began to panic when I shampooed her hair for the sixth time and the blue still hadn't begun to fade. Finally, I decided to use a Born Blonde toner. Sometimes a toner has enough strength to strip the hair two shades lighter. I applied the toner and left it on Jo's hair for forty minutes, which is fifteen minutes longer than normal. As I washed the toner out, I could see that the blue had lifted and there was just a faint blue tinge that remained. Generally, a white weekly rinse will turn the hair a blue shade before it dries. I prayed this would happen now. Jo's hair had absorbed so much water it took two hours to dry. When I took the rollers out of her hair, I was shocked and pleased because her hair was the prettiest shade of white I'd ever seen. I sure was relieved. Jokingly, I told Jo, "At least we know how to achieve a lovely shade of blue."

We were certainly fortunate with the results we achieved. Jo could have had to walk around town with blue hair. I learned a valuable lesson: Never to use any products that patrons bring into the shop.

## Lumps, Bumps, and Bulges



For my fortieth birthday, my husband gave me a membership to a health spa. Until then, I had never realized what a sadistic sense of humor that man had! To a forty-year-old woman, a mother of eight, an exercise class can be a very traumatic experience.

I cannot begin to describe the pain that shot through my entire body after the first class. My back ached, my arms felt like lead weights, and I found myself gasping for air. I wasn't sure I could go through with it, but I had to go through with it. After all, it was a "gift."

By the end of the first month, I could see a noticeable improvement. At least I no longer cringed every time I looked at myself in that leotard. I was overjoyed with my progress until a new member joined the class. She was a woman with whom I had gone to school. She was also the owner of a perfect 36-26-36 figure! Although I have never found out why she was in that class, I have always suspected that she was "planted" --probably by my husband -- just to make me try harder. It worked! I worked harder than I have ever worked in my life.

Finally, after three months, I had lost two inches from my waistline. I was really feeling pleased with myself until one evening last week. My daughter had just finished reading an article on cellulite. As she rippled the skin on my upper arm, she said, "Gee, Mom, you're lucky. You don't have cellulite." I was delighted until she continued, "Yours is plain old flab!"

Am I wasting my time? Perhaps. I'm sure I'll never be Mrs. America, but I'll continue the classes. Traumatic or not, I love the whirlpool that follows!

\* Note: This writer chose not to focus on one class. If she had done so, how could the essay have been improved? As it is written, do you think there is enough support for the main idea: " an exercise class can be a very traumatic experience"? Why or why not?