

4.

It wasn't my choice.

My dad *had this thing* about my sister's hair being long and my hair being short.

They had a Dorothy Hamill haircut on me -
a bowl, super short, buzzed in the back. They thought it looked cute.

I never realized it was a thing until I was 10.

I said it is my hair, so it's my choice and I want my hair to be longer.

It was kind of a thing, it was a moment, for sure.

So I grew my hair as long as I could.

Maybe, my first rebellious moment was rooted in that moment. I was 10 years old.

He wasn't so much against it once I made that choice.

It was just interesting to realize it - this controlling thing over *hair*. It was *his thing*.

My dad passed when I was in high school.

Both my sister and I always wanted to dye our hair. She did it first, then I did it. It was less of a thing when we were older.

You can change yourself very quickly that way.

I never really feel myself unless my hair is pink.

I hated pink when I was little, I rebelled against them putting me in pink, maybe because it was assumed.

It's my fucking choice. Don't tell me what color I like. Which is a part of my personality from when I was little. It was like, please don't tell her what not to do, she's just going to do it.

It's been pink since college. I have tried blue, orange, purple. Nothing has ever stayed as well. It was just made to be pink!

I just feel myself.

I'll be 90 and pink.