

Diary Entries to My Bald Head

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On Monday, January 13th I shaved my head in solidarity with my close friend who was having a high-risk brain surgery the very next morning. For some context, I had a beautiful, luxurious middle-aged woman bob for almost the entirety of my life, so this was a big change for me. The following diary entries were collected as I embarked on this triumphant journey.

1.13.25

Dear Diary,

Oh, it's gone. Like, gone. Once known as the fun, funny, beautiful, talented, accomplished, dazzling, engaging, wonderful, wait where was I going with this? Oh right, this stunning red-headed person has lost a core part of their persona. I keep going back and forth from feeling so fucking powerful to remembering I need to tell my mom. It's fine she won't notice if I don't see her for... 3 years???

Instead of throwing my hair in the trash, I left it outside of my apartment so mama birds could make nests out of it :)

1.13.25 (45 minutes later)

Dear Diary,

You see now that I'm thinking about it, it's winter, and there are no birds... Oh well, I'm sure it's gonna be fine. One man's trash is another bird's treasure right guys?

1.15.25

Dear Diary,

NOT FINE NOT FINE IT'S NOT FINE! There's a team of officers outside, and they're LOOKING AT MY HAIR. Jesus fucking Christ dude this is bad. Are they gonna do an investigation? Are

they gonna find me? Am I gonna get arrested? I won't last a minute in prison! Oh fuck they just took some with... okay maybe I'm overreacting. Maybe they just like the color and want to match? Yeah! Yeah, that's it!

1.17.25

Dear Diary,

Shocker! They weren't looking for a color match. 2 officers came to my door and asked about it, evidence of bag in hand and all. I tried to explain that it was for the birds and apparently other people "felt unsafe in their homes" because they "thought someone was murdered." Yeah, whatever guys. You know what's murdered? The baby birds with no nest! Yeah!

Anyway, I'm off the hook I just have to go outside and clean it. But little do they know spring is right around the corner, and I might just keep it handy.

1.18.25

Dear Diary,

I FUCKING TOLD YOU. I went outside to clean my hair up, right, and there was a swarm of crows fighting over MY hair! HA! That's right officer, MY hair! One girl's trash IS another crow's treasure!

In other news, the fight got so bad animal control had to be called and now my apartment is wrapped in caution tape and it looks like Alfred Hitchcock's "The Birds" outside but hey, that's a win in my book.

1.20.25

Dear Diary,

Looking back been through a lot of shit and learned a lot. Do I regret it? Why the fuck would you ask me that? Don't ask me that. It really was worth supporting one of my sweetest friends, but honestly man, I'll just send a card next time.