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Post No. 16

### A WET AND WINDY DAY

The day before yesterday, my mother called me first thing in the morning and asked if I would like to go out to lunch with her. Of course, I was very pleased to accept her invitation. I had not realised that it was going to be such a wet and windy day!



My mother believes that there is no excuse not to look your very best at all times, and she often reminds me that she does not like messy hair. She is always telling me to make sure I have brushed my hair neatly before going out.

I definitely did not want to spend our lunch talking about my messy hair, so I took care to brush my hair into a very neat hairstyle before I set out to meet my mother. Before I stepped out of my front door, I checked my reflection carefully in the hall mirror, just to make sure my hair was still tidy. Every hair was perfectly in place. I looked like a very well-groomed hamster, and I thought that my mother would be very proud of the way I looked.



Just as I stepped out of the front door, I felt a very strong gust of wind. It whipped through my hair, and I just knew that my hair was no longer neat and tidy. I rushed back inside and checked my reflection in the hall mirror. Sure enough, my hair was windblown and messy, as if I had never brushed it at all. I quickly brushed it and rushed out of the door again.



My hair was not quite so perfect as it had been before, but I did not want to be late for lunch with my mother.

Just as I stepped out of the front door, it started raining. It was my bad luck that it was the sort of heavy rain that makes your hair look as if you have just stepped out of the shower. I rushed back inside and checked my reflection in the hall mirror. My hair was soaking wet and plastered down, as if I had just stepped out of the shower. I did not have much time left to get to the restaurant, so I decided that I would just

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brush my hair back off my face as neatly as I could. My hair was nowhere near as perfect as it had been before, but I rushed out of the door again.



Just as I stepped out of the front door, along came another strong gust of wind that whipped through my soaking wet hair. I felt very cold, but that was the least of my worries. I rushed back inside and checked my reflection in the hall mirror. My hair was still soaking wet, but now it was standing up in all directions! I stared at myself and thought about what to do. I did not think that there would be enough time to dry my hair and make it to lunch on time. Anyway, if I brushed my hair back down, the wind would just whip through it again and mess it up, wet or dry. It was then that I

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had an idea.

Leo had given me a jar of hair gel last Christmas. I thought that perhaps I could stick my hair in position using the hair gel. I combed some hair gel through my hair. It felt a bit sticky. I did not like the sticky feeling, but I did manage to comb my hair back down.



I hoped that the hair gel would hold my hair in place. I was already running a bit late for lunch with my mother, so I rushed out of the door again.

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Just as I stepped out of the front door, along came another downpour of heavy rain, followed by a strong gust of wind. I could feel a sticky stream of hair gel trickling down my face. I reached up and felt my hair. It was sticking up in sticky spikes. I could feel the hair gel dripping off the spikes.



I could not face my mother like this. Anyway, I was still feeling very cold. Even though I knew that I was going to be late for lunch with my mother, I rushed back inside and had a hot shower. I washed my hair and quickly towelled it dry. I had completely run out of time, so I did not bother brushing my hair.



I just ran out of the door and headed for the restaurant, hoping that my mother would not notice how late I was.

I rushed into the restaurant and saw my mother waiting for me. I said, "I'm so sorry I am late! You have no idea what problems I have been having."

My mother stood up and held her arms out to me for a hug. After we hugged, my mother stepped back and said, "Now, let me look at you!" I could see that she was staring at my hair.



She said, "Really, Harrison, you should spend more time on your appearance. Your hair is looking very messy. Maybe you could use some hair gel to help with styling your hair."

"But, but, but..." I stammered.

Before I could explain why my hair was looking so messy, my mother said, "Now, Harrison, you know that I believe that there is no excuse not to look your very best





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at all times."

I thought about explaining to my mother that I had spent more time on my hair that day than on any other day in my entire life. I thought about telling her that at least my hair was clean. I thought about telling her about the wind and the rain. I thought about telling her about the hair gel. I thought about saying that the hair gel combined with the wind and rain had made my hair sticky and messy instead of just messy. I thought about saying that I was late for lunch because I had wasted a lot of time trying to make my hair look especially nice for her.

I decided that it was not worth upsetting my mother even more than she had already been upset by my hair, so instead I asked if I could treat her to a chocolate ice cream for dessert. My mother likes chocolate ice cream as much as I do. She was so pleased about having chocolate ice cream, she forgot all about my messy hair. She said to me, "I am so lucky to have such a thoughtful and generous son!"

The moral of this blog post is that even if you try your best to look your best, it is possible that sometimes you will still look messy. If you do find yourself looking messy, you should remember that people might notice that you are messy, but if you are kind and generous, they will soon forget about it.

I must dash now: I have an appointment with the hairdresser this afternoon. Can you guess who made the appointment for me?

Bye for now!

Harrison Hamster I  
10th December 2011