

## “Hair Artist”

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Passion drives the soul, it is what keeps us going and moving forward each and every day. My mother carried me for nine months, as I heard the snipping of locks, the swishing and swaying of a brush, and the smell of chemicals dying a woman's hair. My mother became a hairstylist at the age of sixteen; she was passionate, young, artistic, and motivated. My childhood years consisted of being in a salon, gazing at the before and after effect at my mother's hands. Everyday in the salon I saw my mother's determination and strength. She once told me with gleaming eyes, “ You see that, that right there is my work of art and when that woman walks down the street she's going to have Pam written all over her!” This enthusiasm is one of the many reasons why I am going to be a hair stylist. My mother has influenced every aspect of my life, and my future that is nearing next fall.

My first year of high school was scary and unreal just like every other freshman walking the halls of their new environment. My peers quickly realized that appearance had a lot of meaning to me. Before the bell rung and the students rushed to class, I was sitting there with my eye shadow kit, lip-gloss, and mascara on the desk primping and making my perfections. My friends and classmates teased as they still do and said “Bianca put the brush away, the hairspray, and the cover-up already.” As we laughed and joked they don't truly know that I yearned to pull it all back out, try a new hairstyle, new look. I see my self and others as a blank canvas just waiting to be painted on with lashes,

hair, curls, die, blush, and bronzer, everything you could think of. I don't see myself as becoming a hair stylist but a hair artist.

With hard work and commitment and years of experience my mother slowly but surely worked her way up the corporate ladder. She has bounced back and forth from company to company earning her way to the top. Now a Recruiter my mother is content with her job, providing other artists their place in this industry. Family and friends visit our home to get their hair done. As my mother snips away, dyes, and styles the long locks I see her energy rise and her love for hair flow through her fingertips. I hear her talk about ever since she was young that this was her dream, to do hair. I want to become a hairstylist but I don't want to settle and blend in with the crowd. My vision is to go to business school and open my own salon so that I could provide others my creativity.

Too many people in this world settle for a job that just pays with a fat check. Today with their briefcase and tired faces they truly aren't pleased with their life, there is no passion, love, or devotion in their lives because their nine to five is draining the life out of them. I have a long road ahead of me filled with beauty and business engraved in my heart. This will not be just another job but a long life commitment, with inspiration from my mother.