

One or 21, they are coming out

Written by Deb Egenberger

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Waiting in the drive-thru lane at the bank the other day, I caught a glimpse of something shiny in the rear-view mirror.

There was a shimmer coming from what I had assumed was a piece of debris that must have floated through the open sunroof and landed in my hair.

With my sunglasses on I couldn't quite tell what was making the reflection so I dropped my glasses to the end of my nose and took a closer look.

GASP!

A gray hair!

It wasn't just an average gray hair either. It was one of those wiggly, squiggly gray hairs that stands up on the top of your head and—with a mind of its own—waves to everyone who looks at you.

Without a second thought, I did what every woman fighting middle age would have done ... I yanked it out right then and there.

It wasn't my first gray hair and it certainly wasn't alone up there. It just happened to be the only one I've plucked publicly.

I didn't really think much of pulling it out until I heard the woman in the car ahead of me inform

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the bank teller that she was keeping all of hers because she's "earned every one of them."

I'd been caught "gray-handed."

I'm pretty sure I've paid the price for my gray hairs too but that doesn't mean I care to keep them.

I've got a thick head of hair. I think I'll continue yanking the stray grays until I'd be better served by a \$20 box of Nice 'n Easy.

And I don't want to hear that pulling one will bring two more.

I refuse to believe there's any truth to that old wives' tale.