

Descriptive essay critique essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Descriptive Essay As my sister's wedding drew near, given that I was her maid of honor, it became apparent to me that it was my job to take all of the ladies in the wedding party to the salon on the day of the wedding. This was fine with me, except that I hadn't worn makeup or done my hair for years. After much convincing from the bride, I decided to get my makeup done with them, and regretted that decision every second after it was made. The day approached all too soon. I was blown back by the smell of burnt hair and nail polish immediately upon opening the door for the wedding party.

Trying to keep a happy face for my sister, I put holes through my tongue with my teeth so as not to gasp or gag in disgust. For all of the other females, this assault on the nostrils seemed enjoyable, as if they had all found they're natural environment. Every face I saw look back at me when I peered through the haze was burnt to a crisp, similar to the color of pumpkin pie, and layered in a spectral mask. As I led the party back to our reserved section, we passed women of all ages sitting with glee as their hair was ripped from their head, being scorched with no mercy, and their faces were plastered with unnatural chemicals.

I was astounded at how happy and childlike these women looked while their heads were being tortured; had they no idea? I tried to hide away after getting all of my ladies settled, but they would have none of it. My heart started pounding as a pack of rabid hyenas, cackling and foaming at the mouth with excitement, dragged me by my wrists to the hard as rock chair that I was sure had a layer of styling goo and makeup crust on it. I feared that would never release me from its grasp again. Instantly after my

obviously not-cushioned-enough butt hit the chair, a whole new group of jackals was hovering in my face, plotting its demise.

Although I'm sure to other people it looked gentle, as far as I could tell they spent the next few minutes slamming bottles and cards into the side of my face to match my "foundation". Going through every unnecessary option first, they eventually broke into laughter at my apparently as-colorless-as-it-gets face. The crowd dissipated and I was left with just one, the most intimidating one in my opinion. She grabbed the previously voted on bottle, and shook it so hard her hand was just a blur and I feared she would hit her temple and knock herself out.

Or maybe I was just hoping that would be the case... Violently thrashing some of the liquid into her hand, she analyzed my face once again, putting me into an even worse state of discomfort. She grabbed a little white sponge that too most would probably look and feel velvety and gentle, but to me was tempestuous and coarse. As she smeared the scratchy substance on my face, I had to resist the urge to bat her hand away and rub off what she had done. After rubbing it into every corner of my face, that I never knew was so big, she moved on to an absurdly sharp pencil and aimed for my eyeball.

The mischievous fiend snatched up my eyelids and held them in place, without as much as a warning to blink first. I struggle to keep them still as she chiseled away at the little bit of skin I had there to protect my precious ogles. After finishing the bottom she moved to the top, getting so close to my eye that I was sure to see a line right through the middle when she was done. Next was the mascara. At this point I was so defeated that I saw no

point in arguing that I didn't want it, more than anything else. I had no desire to look like a raccoon, or resist the urge to rub my eyes all night.

Once she felt like she had jabbed the stick into the tube enough times, she again grabbed my already abused eyelids and initiated another cruel punishment upon them. What could have been the calming strokes of the brush still seemed cruel and unnecessary. She stepped back and gave a prideful exhale. While still looking at me, she started to fumble through lipsticks behind her when I decided that my face had been through too much to have yet another random color added. " Don't bother! " I snapped out, more harshly than intended. I settled my nerves enough to not show how much I hated this stranger. It will come off by the time I get there anyways, I think you did enough. " Without giving her enough a chance to argue, I got up and rushed to my mother's side to cower like a fool. She looked me over, clearly wondering if anything had actually been done. I gave her a look to show that it had and she better not ask. " Well dear," she said, " I guess you're just a natural beauty and that was a waste of time. " And with that I decided that there is no need to ever walk into a salon or makeup department again, and that my mother is much better at giving advice after the fact.