

Hair dresser

[Environment](#), [Air](#)



Yesterday, the woman got a \$50 coupon from one of her friend, and she use this coupon to a fancy Manhattan salon, with her coupon in hand, and the sun was shone happily, she sat in a purple chair, surrounded by glistening mirrors . As stylists fussed and buzzed around their well-heeled clients, and she saw the stylist walking toward her with a greeted smile.

After the woman had settle down and he asked her what it was the hair that she wanted, she showed him coupled passages of hair styles she had ripped from magzines, and he seedmed to appreciate her pendant for trying new things. he was warren beatty in shampoo, holding his hair dryer with that certain movie-star swagger. And because of stylist appearance so the woman put her trust on the stylist hand, and fallin sleep.

About thirty minutes passed, by the end of the qpointment, then the woman opened her eyes and looked into the mirro, she was astonished that the stylist had ruined her hair, and it looked totally bad, the woman then screamed" My hair! You ruined my hair! " The stylist looked scared and the stylist said" I'm so sorry, I apologize for all my mistakes, I accidently took a wrong bottle of dye and ruined your hair, and I could help you to dye your hair again if you want. "" yes! yes! The woman yelled out. Everyone was laugh at her, and the sun ouside the hair salon shone more happily.