

## The Ponytail

When I was a computer specialist at the Boys' and Girls' Club I met some interesting people. One was a ten-year-old girl named Gabriella and the other was a traveling art specialist named Howard Bernstein. We called him Howie.

Gabriella was one of my favorites. She was a well-behaved little girl, and she never gave me any trouble. Also, she was bright and talented.

Howard was one of those "off the wall" artists. He was a bit of a rebel, and the kids loved him! Howie was cool. One of the things that made him cool was his silver white ponytail. I thought it was cool too.

I had never let my hair grow long, but I felt a need to get it out of my system. Besides that, I wanted to be cool like Howie! So, for the next few months I let my hair grow to about eight or ten inches long.

My ponytail gained little attention and what attention it did get from the kids was, "Hey Dennis, what's that thing hanging from the back of your head?"

My hair is thin and my ponytail was pathetic. Eventually I got 'long hair' out of my system and had it cut off.

The next day I was sitting next to the entrance when Gabriella walked in. It was summertime and her thongs made a flip-flop noise. She stared at me for a few moments and then said, "Oooh, You cut off your ponytail just when I was beginning to like it!" Saying that, she flip-flopped away.

The lesson? Never think that people don't notice, and don't be surprised by what people like about you.