

# The Chronicle of Social Misdemeanors

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## Gang Activity Feared in Wave of Random Mulletings

**Watertown, MA**—A recent trip to the beauty parlor turned into a nightmare for three local women. All three, currently in hiding in a safe house until their mullets grow out, agreed to speak with a *Chronicle* reporter as long as they could remain anonymous.

"My family thinks I'm in rehab," said Ellen Steinholtz (don't forget to substitute a fake name), a 32-year-old mother of four and part-time reference librarian, "I think it's best. The last thing that I remember is the stylist saying that she was going to give me an easy-care, bi-level pixie cut."

"Oh my God!" said a tearful Kerry Allen (don't forget to substitute a fake name), a 24-year-old CPA, "Mine told me that she was giving me an easy-care, bi-level shag!"

"I blame myself," said Sandy Nordberg (don't forget to substitute a fake name), a 45-year-old religious education teacher, who bitterly drew on her cigarette as she dealt another hand of gin rummy to the other two women. "She said it was an easy-care, bi-level bob. Isn't a bob supposed to be all one length? I realized that later. *All one length.*"

While all three women admit that their new hairstyles are "easy-care," their mullets may have left lasting scars.

"I was in a hurry," recalled Allen, "I got out on the street and felt a little teensy tickling at the back of my neck, like she missed a few hairs. Then, this little girl walks by and yells, 'Mommy! That lady looks like a rooster!' Instantly, I just knew what was on top of my head, it burned like fire, and I ran for cover."

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"I think there is a new hairdresser gang or something, and this is a hazing ritual," said Steinholtz, as the two other women nodded in agreement, "all I know is that I have daughters that I need to protect. Can you imagine what would happen to them if they showed up at soccer camp with junior mullets?"

A phone call placed to the salon found no one willing to confirm or deny the existence of a mulleting gang. With giggling and the clinking of glasses clearly audible in the background, a receptionist, who refused to give her name or age, offered to book an appointment for the reporter.

"I think mullets are out," she said, "but I can fit you in any day this week. Also, it is wicked smart to tip your stylist often, and more than one dollar." When asked if that was a threat of future gang activity, the receptionist said, "If you bring your Shaw's card, you can get a discount" and terminated the call. ■

In our next issue:  
*Coworker's Blush is Suspected to Signal A Really Dirty Mind*

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