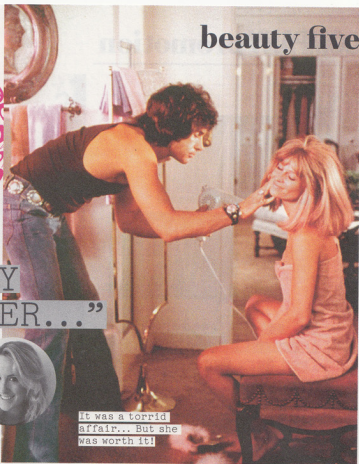




# "I ♥ MY HAIRDRESSER..."

... more than my boyfriend!  
Grace Timothy tells us about the most important relationship in her life



It was a torrid affair... But she was worth it!

66 I feel that rare buzz of excitement as he unleashes my ponytail. I bite my lower lip as he runs his fingers through my hair.

Sighing, he looks at me and says, "When did you last wash it?" Not the ideal start to a sexy tryst, but it's OK - I'm actually at the hairdressers. And it's not my heart I'm placing in this man's hands, it's something just as precious. My hair.

You see, I've had fewer hairdressers than I've had boyfriends. Which - I hasten to add - has less to do with me being a turbo-slut, and more to do with being fiercely loyal to a good hairdresser. I was quick to justify a sneaky snog with my boyfriend's mate at uni, but the very idea of getting a cheeky blow-dry from the new hairdresser in town - well, that would be cheating. In fact, on the odd occasion when I've succumbed to the temptation of a quickie at the salon up the road, I've lied through my teeth - sweating, cheeks bright red - when asked, "Has someone else cut this, Grace?", exclaiming in mock horror, "OHMYGOD, I'd NEVER do that! You're the only one." One ex-hairdresser of mine even had a five-year plan for my barnet, while my boyfriend at the time gagged every time I suggested plans for the

following week. We lasted six years, until he suggested a perm. Sick bastard.

Equally, I'm a bit of a doormat when I like a hairdresser. I very rarely admit I hate a new 'do - just spend hours in the privacy of my own home with a tub of Häagen-Dazs. When one hairdresser turned my hair bright orange the day before my sister's wedding, and then cried, I gave her a hug and said, "It's not you, it's me."

And I've DEFINITELY faked it with a hairdresser - "best I've ever had" - then gone and finished myself off with a box of Nice'n Easy.

**"I'm no turbo-slut. And I'm always fiercely loyal to a good haridresser"**

But when you find The One, there's nothing like it. You barely even need to say what you want, it's like they just know. You'll forgive them the odd indiscretion, even calling out another girl's name. That said, we all have our limits. When I moved, I mourned my local hairdresser more than my friends, but I had to be realistic. I mean, long-distance relationships don't work, do they?