

# Mama, I cut my hair: A preschooler's stealthy haircut

Today I was vacuuming the living room—an event so rare it would probably have deserved its own blog—when I heard our younger son come up behind me.



“Mama,” he yelled over the roar of the vacuum. “I cut my hair!”

I turned around and looked at his jagged bangs.

“What?” I said. “You’re not supposed to cut your own hair!”

He hesitated. “Well, you said we needed haircuts.”

There was no arguing that point. Now he needed one more than ever.

We went to the bathroom, where he showed me the scissors he had found.



I was actually shocked to find that he had cut his hair directly over the wastebasket.



I tried to trim his hair to straighten it and realized I was just making it worse. So I gave up. We talked about why we have barbers cut our hair and not doing things without asking—not a new conversation for anyone with a 5-year-old who doesn’t understand why he can’t get his motorcycle license tomorrow.

Although I was worried about his using scissors behind my back, I wasn’t that upset about the haircut. He’s 5. He’s not pursuing a modeling career. And hair grows back.



Now that I've read this piece on children who cut their own hair, I have no idea whether I reacted well. I think we'll put the scissors out of his reach.

As for me, I've learned my lesson. I'm never vacuuming the living room again.