

Scissors, Straighteners, and Smiles

By GreyPichu

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Emma is the biggest fan when it comes to hair. braiding, curling, and something she's determined to learn, cutting. So what'll happen when Emma tries to get lessons from the schools beloved club of boys with fantastic grooming skills, Scissors Project?

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It's always the same routine. Entirely rinse hair in the sink, comb thoroughly and part on the usual side, add product, scrunch and then occasionally scrunch while it's still wet, add other products such as a frizz-control or a mousse bottle, and put a clip on each side. Unless straightening hair, this is it.

Emma loved hair. She was blessed with hair that was naturally curly, although she didn't think of it as a blessing. She would straighten her hair sometimes, but the curly-look was definitely easier for her. And since her hair was just barely past her shoulders, she preferred braiding and straightening or curling with an iron her friends' hair instead of her own.

Although Emma loved these things, she couldn't cut hair. But she was determined to learn. *'I just need someone to teach me.'*

Emma was examining her own hair in the mirror as she was lost in her thoughts. Then a knock on the bathroom door snapped her out of it. "Darling, I really need to get ready for work. How about shortening your hour-long school prep for once?" Emma was very close to her mom, as well as her dad. They were a really happy family.

"I do not take an hour- usually!" she replied, only to be followed by her mom barging in. Maybe she should start using the door's lock.

Only moments later was she leaping down the stairs, taking it two steps at a time. This was just mornings for her. She was a really energetic person, no doubt about it.

"Good morning." her father said as she made her way into the kitchen. "Bouncing off the walls as usual, I see. And you haven't even had any coffee yet. So how many days has it been now?"

"Five, so I guess I made it through the first week of sophomore year, believe it or not." Emma was right, this was the second Monday of the school year, and the year had just begun a week before. She had been attending the same school the year before so she already had a few friends.

After grabbing a small bag of dry cereal and her coffee in a mug, she headed for the bus stop. She'd often finish breakfast before she got on the bus, but sometimes she'd sneak it on and finish it there. When getting to the bus stop, she was greeted by her two friends, Samantha and Kiri. Samantha had been a close friend of hers since elementary school, and she had met Kiri in middle school. Samantha was almost as enthusiastic as Emma, while Kiri was normally a sleepy, out-of-it girl, but she really did care about her friends. Also, she was an extraordinary beautician. Though Emma had asked her countless times to teach her how to cut hair, she always refused. But Emma understood, believing it would be a lot of work.

"I really love your top, Emma. Where did you get it from?" Samantha asked. She wanted to be a clothing designer, and adored clothes even more than Emma. And Emma also really liked clothes. "Thanks, and I think I got it at Target actually." Emma loved saving money, and she would always look for sales racks

wherever she shopped.

Kiri yawned loudly. "I'm exhausted, and it's only been a week. High school sucks." The two other girls laughed together as the bus approached them.

Just minutes later, they found themselves walking towards the front doors of Edwards High School, one of the largest public schools in town. When Kiri left to find her other friends, Samantha got really excited. "Oh my gosh, I just remembered something that I was going to tell you on Friday." That was the first time Emma heard about The Scissors Project. It was a group of three boys with talent in the beauty industry. They were more popular amongst the upper classmen, so Emma hadn't seen any of their "Projects" before, where they took one of the girls in their school and made her look great. That's why girls were so crazy about them.

"Wow, wouldn't that be amazing to get our hair cut by them?" Samantha asked. Emma agreed. "That would be something else, but I'm sure they wouldn't spend their time on us. Although, something even cooler would be if they taught me how to cut hair. Wow, that'd be something else."

That's when Emma struck her brilliant idea.