

Collin Alward

Having my hair colored purple and pink and a bunch of weird designs all around the back of my head may have seemed like a joke but it actually meant a lot to me to be apart of this iconic GBSD tradition.

It was that time of the year again, last February, when we swimmers undertook the yearly tradition of “Crazy Cuts,” where a senior cuts a freshman’s hair for our big Saginaw Valley League Championship.

As I walked into the hair cutting party, it was a bit intimidating to say the least. As I turned the corner into the room, I heard the sound of electric clippers buzzing loudly, saw unique hair colors and bleach all over the place, and my teammate’s heads looked so different from what I remembered them being. From brunette to purple, blonde to green, red-headed to pink, you name it and it had been done.

As I sat in the chair to get my hair cut, I thought of how it may be nerve-racking, but tried to embrace the moment and think positive, because when will I ever be able to walk around with this crazy of a haircut again? Never.

At the beginning of freshman year, it one hundred percent was not fun for me because I was at this new place and wasn’t really involved with anything school related or social related. I would go home, do my homework, go to sleep, and the next day repeat. It became so repetitive I started to become unhappy, and so finding the swim team, that niche in high school, was a big deal for me. From the bus rides to the meets, to the ultimate parties where music would be blasted through speakers so loud the neighbors could hear, to the long awaited freshman crazy cuts, being



apart of the team was a great thing in my life.

Doing Crazy Cuts was also a good learning experience I can carry with me into my future. I was nervous to do it just because I tend to sometimes stay in my shell, but putting myself out there and getting out of my shell helped me to take this risk.

The haircut was risky, because I never knew how anyone was going to react. Would they stare? Ask questions? Be rude? I asked myself that throughout the day. But walking in after school to finding all my friends looking the same as me, heads shaved and that little bit of hair colored crazy, I knew it was the right thing to do.

