

## KICK START

by Lee MacDougall

I could tell something was going on because my sister had washed her hair and put it up in the cans. Debbie had always had great hair. It was blonde and shiny, like one of the Breck girls in my mother's magazines. She wore it just-past-shoulder length, parted in the middle, like most teenaged girls in 1966. To get the big loose curls she wanted for special occasions, she had read about using empty orange juice cans as curlers. *Remove both ends and clean very well.* She got her best results when she washed her hair, canned it, then let it dry like that overnight. I have no idea how she could sleep on the cans, but she did. She had also read that you had to make sacrifices for beauty.

The occasion was the arrival of Phil Dorenson. He wasn't her "boyfriend", but he was obviously interested. He and a friend had driven his 250 Yamaha motorcycle all the way to Toronto, and were now on their way back to his parents' place in South Porcupine. But they were stopping at our place on the way.

I was eight; my brother was twelve. We were only interested in the motorcycle. We knew that every kid on our street would be hoping for a ride on that bike.

They were supposed to arrive in the afternoon. It would be too late for lunch, but my mother said she would give them a snack if they were hungry. Debbie spent a lot of time changing her clothes, and cleaning our apartment. When she took the cans out, her hair was beautiful. The curls were big and bouncing, just like the girls in the pageants on television. She played the Beatles song "Got To Get You Into My Life" over and over while she waited.

*I was alone, I took a ride*