Terry, the Diamond-Eyed Barber

by Anthony Van Hart

Taylor hated chain barber-shops.

He hated how they were always named “Super” this or “Great” that when the final product was always fifteen bucks and a tip short of super or great.

He thought the service sucked, that the shitty Phil Collins station that played at every one of them was worse than terrible, and he absolutely fucking hated how the magazines were always so mangled that the words were illegible.

“And how the fuck did this get wet?” he would always ask himself.

But he never said anything.

No matter how bad his hair turned out or how avocado shaped one of those miscreants could make his head look, he would remain silent.

He would instead listen to other pissed off patrons complain about the slow service or the terrible upbringing of one of the scissors wielding and supposed high school drop outs. But he never said a word.

He just didn't care enough to complain or get worked up over the fact that someone that hated their job wasn't enthusiastic about performing that job 9 hours a day.

It was that or the fact that he always wore a hat to cover the ugliness.

Or it could have been that he remembered the tragedy of Terry the diamond eyed barber.

He wrote a story about it when he was a kid.

He called it:

GREAT SLITS

There's a man on my block.

A man that cuts hair.

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You could call him a barber.

Well, he cuts hair.

He cuts hair and slices jugulars.

And he slices jugulars because of the awful haircuts he gives.

Yeah, that's right.

You can watch him cut hair. He takes his time and makes the cuts as precise as possible.

His shears in his right hand and a magnifying glass in his left-

he fucks up every time.

Small details.

Ones that you would barely notice if you were standing a short distance away but...

The magnifying glass, well, it magnifies these fuck ups and enrages the scissors wielder.

"All set. Hey, this one's on me. Let me walk you out the back way so no one notices…"

As soon as they step outside-

Jugular/sliced

Blood/dripping

Breath/taken

Body/dumpstered.

He's not a murderer.

He's a perfectionist.

A perfectionist in need of a new chair.