

Everyone was raving about the new shampoo. Even if the shampoo itself was like any other shampoo, it was new, and that was exciting. With enough money, they can pay famous people to say anything about it, how it's a piece of revolutionary, generational-defining hair-care, but in the end, it's nothing more than scrap. It sold out instantly, even with the exorbitant price tag. It was new, and that was exciting!

There's a studio with bright fluorescent lights, the type that makes you look better than a human. They brought me in to do a photoshoot, advertising this shampoo.

"We're gonna compile your footage with a bunch of other celebrities, so if you could just say the line, that would be perfect". The director sat in his foldable chair, wearing a beanie that covered his hair, rose-tinted glasses that looked even worse than they sound, and that grey cashmere sweater every director in the past 10 years has worn.

"Shhhhhh, let the hair do the talking. Silent Shampoo, the bottle for you". The commercial, in the end, was better than the shampoo. I probably would've bought it had I not known how useless it was. The public really believed that the shampoo stood for something. It was integral to being a good citizen and caring about your looks. The initial wave was enamored by the allure of it. The hair-care industry wasn't in the best of places, so they liked having a new shampoo that felt exciting for once. It got to a point where the future waves were practically coerced into buying it by the fanaticism of the previous wave. It got so bad that even I had to use it.

The shampoo came in a very elaborate container. A red velvet ribbon that broke when it was untied, followed by striped red, black, and white wrapping paper that crumpled in a very neat way, and finally, the glass box that had just the right amount of friction when you opened it to shatter so aggressively. The shampoo bottle itself was a mirror. A reflective sheen to avoid the "truth" of what was inside. Everyone was too enamored with themselves that they never bothered to look at what they were putting in their heads. Plus, everyone was using it, so it had to be good for you, right?

Even I was surprised when I finally noticed that everyone had gone bald. I don't even really know when it started, but those who used the shampoo slowly had shorter and shorter hair. In the end, we ostracized those who still had hair. Anyone who had hair was an enemy. We killed them in the street and let their blood run down the road like water from the shower. Our blood turned a welcome black, and oozed out of our pores till any bodily hair or eyelashes was erased from our being like pale mannequins. Finally, our hair was perfect. The shampoo saved us. Of course it did!