

# THE INVASION OF THE BARE HEADED

*Fondly dedicated to our hair-deficient TOPS teachers from us students. We are not your friends either.*

*--Anonymous*

A thousand stars lit the night sky over camp Pinecrest. A chilly wind breezed through the dark forest. Without warning, a sharp light pierced through the solid darkness. It was the light reflecting off a bald man's head. The Hussey's head. Five men, heavily armed with baseball bats, marched towards the last standing cabin. They were led by their leader Hussey. The Hussey.

There were four other people void of hair on their heads: there was Monk the Triangulator, Wallace the Navigator, vanBammel the Hulk and McMaster the Administrator. All were lead by Hussey, the portable lighthouse. Besides this eye dazzling spectacle, the forest was very calm and quiet.

"ALL RIGHT!" Thundered the Hussey. The sound of his mighty voice echoed in the hills and valleys. The incomparable force of the sound waves knocked down all four of the crewmembers. Impressed by the effect, Hussey waited for everyone to regain consciousness.

"My grandmother taught me a valuable lesson," continued the Hussey. "During all the rainy days on her rocking chair, she taught me the art of bonding. She told me how to bond things together with duct tape and glue. Our mission now is to bond all of these people together."

The four looked nervously at each other and nodded.

Meanwhile, Young Grasshopper inside his cabin was pacing around nervously. The night air had a sinister smell to it. He knew that something was wrong. He surveyed his fellow colleagues in the cabin. One was idly clipping his nails. Another was trying to put Windows on his laptop. Someone else was busy reading about gerbils. A group of people was busily engaged in a game of magic cards and chess. There was definitely something wrong.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Young Grasshopper cautiously approached the door. He opened it.

That was a mistake.

Dazzling light filled the cabin stunning everyone inside. The nail clipping stopped. The laptop froze. The Great Book of Gerbils turned to ashes with the magic cards and the chess pieces crumbled. At last, everyone regained consciousness.

“Who are you?” Demanded Young Grasshopper, shading his eyes.

“The first thing I want you to know is that I am not your friend,” came a deep rumbling voice. The Hussey’s voice.

Young Grasshopper nodded. Big, bad, bald men armed with baseball bats did not look friendly.

“Wow, what a shiny head!” Gaped one of the students.

“Not even my great grandfather’s bowling ball is that reflective!” Awed another.

“Who did the wonderful shine job?” Gawked a boy.

“I wouldn’t! Not even for a nickel!” Giggled someone else.

“TWO cents!” Exclaimed a colleague.

“And who are the rest?” Queried Young Grasshopper. “Reveal yourselves!”

“I am Monk the Triangulator,” said another bald man. “The square of the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle is the sum of the square of the remaining two sides.”

“I am Wallace the Navigator,” said another bald man. “We are now standing on the Canadian Shield. Huge glaciers pushed most of the topsoil south during the Cenozoic Era.”

“I am vanBammel the Hulk” said another bald man. “I can eat three chickens and drink 2 liters of coke in one meal.”

“I am McMaster the Administrator,” said another bald man. “I am the administrator of the TOPS program and I know all of you but you might not know me.”

Everyone in the cabin was bonded with duct tape and glue. There was a shocking silence and very intense light.

Young grasshopper had a pair of shades on, but his eyes still hurt. Too much head polish on too many bald men was not good. He did not care about right or wrong triangles.

Neither did he care about the ground that he was standing on, or how much these bald men can eat. But how much these bald men know is scary. Young Grasshopper could tell that these bald men were not his friends.

He cared about one thing. He had to get rid of these bald men and quick. From the bottom of his pockets, he dug out a hairbrush.

“You must have hair to use this brush. None of you have hair. Therefore, none of you have use for this brush,” said Young Grasshopper.

This fact was so inevitably and undeniably true. The look of shock and horror took over five bald faces. The bright light flickered and went out. The Hussey’s light.

A strong wind breathed into the cabin. Without the bright light, the bald men were defenseless. All five were swept out. Young Grasshopper surveyed the cabin and all the duct tape and glue was gone and everyone returned to their original activities.

The nails were clipped. The laptop finally had Windows on it. The Big Book of Gerbils was finished. The game of magic cards ended and the queen found its mate.

From the distance, Young Grasshopper heard what he thought to be an improvised version of The Beatles song, “*Yesterday*”:

Yesterday, all the baldness seemed so far away  
Now it looks as though it’s here to stay  
Oh, I believe in yesterday

Suddenly, I’m not half the man I used to be  
There’s a shadow hanging over me  
Oh, yesterday came suddenly

Why hair had to go I don’t know  
It wouldn’t stay  
I did something wrong  
Now I long for yesterday

Yesterday, baldness was an easy thing to keep away  
Now I need a place to hide away  
Oh, I believe in yesterday