

Hair heroine

We've endured more layers than a trifle and invested in a vast collection of hats to hide hair mishaps. Abu Dhabi Week bravely tests out a hair salon promising no more tears

Ask any female and they'll tell you just how important it is to find a good hairdresser. We're loyal when we find a good one, and we'll cry for hours if it all goes terribly wrong.

Unfortunately, I've fallen into the latter category in recent months. From the hairdresser who uttered the fatal words "trust me, I'm a hairdresser" before reaching for a razor, to the hairdresser-come-butcher who simply wouldn't listen as I sobbed "please don't put layers in my fringe ..." Seemingly oblivious to the fact that girls with hair misadventures will talk with friends, these hairdressers have been viciously crossed off my 'try' list.

But then after an evening trying to conceal my latest hair-horror, a friend of mine saunters in with a perfect hairdo. It turns out she'd visited Hair Works, a tiny little hairdressers above Spinney's in Khalidiya. And she wasn't the first to agree that the salon does really a rather good job.

So the next day I book myself in and am welcomed by Katie, the manager. She's sporting an admirable hairstyle (always a good sign) and she sits me down with a sympathetic look at my hair.

For the first time in ages, I'm actually asked what I want to have done. I explain the woes of my too-many layers and say I want to grow my hair but keep it manageable. Katie seems to be able to spot my hair-traits a mile off (fine hair but lots of it, plus a bang-in-the-middle centre parting) and suggests a couple of tricks to sort it all out.

I'm already feeling calmer as I head off for a hair wash. I'm not shoved back into the basin to suffer the all-too-familiar neck ache; and despite the small, slightly dated look of the salon, the service suggests completely professional.

An hour later I'm no longer peeking out beneath my once jagged over layered fringe, my split ends are none-existent, and my new style is sleek and subtle exactly what I asked for.

I almost hug Katie goodbye and am texting every female friend I know within minutes of leaving, just to praise her scissoring.

Professional, attentive and just plain good, I've now found my hairdressers to be loyal too, and have a funny feeling they may need to increase their seating – there'll be plenty more females running there for a hair rescue.

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