

# BALDING NDA AGREEMENT

## DISCLOSURE FORM FOR DATING A BALDING GUY

*Filed under: Romance, Regret, and Receding Realities*

Dear Suitor,

Before we engage in any sort of romantic relationship—be it casual, serious, or sharing toothbrushes because I've never had cavity—I'm legally, emotionally, and spiritually obligated to disclose the following:

At the time of this filing, I technically have hair. Enough of it. Maybe not enough for full coverage, but enough that strangers don't hand me hats. However, my hair has made it abundantly clear, through subtle betrayal, silent shedding, and a recent thinning near the temples, that it's giving up on me.

This is your warning. You are not required to be into bald guys. But if you're with me, prepare to be into one. He is coming. Slowly. Confidently. Like Larry David. (Except I'm not nearly as funny. About as well dressed though.)

If you choose to proceed, please be aware of the following:

- I will not wear a fedora, but I can rock a ball cap.
- I might shave it all off. I might rock a buzz. I might suddenly own a robe and start channeling Voldemort. Also yes, I like Harry Potter.
- We might need to take a trip together to Turkey.
- You'll have to apply sunscreen to my dome.
- I may start to resemble Jeff Bezos, Vin Diesel, or Gollum. You do not get to choose which.

Optional checkboxes if your still reading this:

- ☐ I'm actually kinda into bald guys
- ☐ But your balding is not even noticeable
- ☐ Even if you went fully bald I wouldn't care, you little cutie bear

By signing below, you acknowledge the risk, reward, and follicular impermanence of this arrangement. You also agree not to dramatically ghost me the moment the bald spot becomes visible in a bathroom mirror.

**Signature:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Counter Signature:** *Bald Brad (Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow™)*

