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Opening extract from **Mary's Hair**

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This book has dyslexia friendly features

Contents

Chapter I	l
Chapter 2	5
Chapter 3	17
Chapter 4	24
Chapter 5	31
Chapter 6	37
Chapter 7	51
Chapter 8	66



Chapter I



I hate my hair. Mammy says you mustn't hate anything, but I can't help it. I hate my hair!

Just look at it! It's all bits. Brown bits, black bits, curly bits and straight bits.

It looks like a big bush growing on top of my head. It would be no surprise if I woke up one spring morning to find a family of swallows nesting in my bushy hair.



It's not fair. Other girls have lovely blonde hair. The kind you can put into pigtails.

I tried to put my horrid hair into pigtails once. The elastic bobbles snapped in the middle of playtime. My hair popped out, more bushy than ever. My best friend Imelda said it was like my head had exploded.

Daddy says that if you don't like something, then you should do something about it, not just whine at your parents when they're trying to have a cup of tea.

So, one day, I decided to do just that.

I made up my mind to cut my hair until
it looked the way I wanted it to.

Just like those girls in the magazines.