

My Curls



Every morning, Joy looks in the glass and says, 'Hello, curls. What are we doing today?' Her curls never say a thing back, but they always have a plan. A **handful** of clips, a good brush, and whoosh. Joy is bold and ready, **hopeful** for the day.





In summer, Joy's curls go up. Way, way up. They block out the hot sun. A long shadow spreads all around her. Joy sips her cool drink in the shade, **blissful**. Rex sits right beside her in his tiny sunglasses, looking happy. 'Glad to help, Rex,' Joy tells him.

In fall, Joy runs. Her curls fly out behind her like a wave full of flowers and leaves. They fill the path from end to end. Rex races to keep up, leaping over the leaves in his way. He runs on, **breathless** but **joyful**. But no one outruns Joy's curls.





In winter, Joy does not need a scarf. She wraps her curls around her face and walks right into the snow. Snug and safe. Not one bit of cold gets past all those curls. Rex shivers beside her in the cold. 'Sorry, Rex,' Joy whispers. 'These curls are just for one of us.' Rex looks **woeful**.

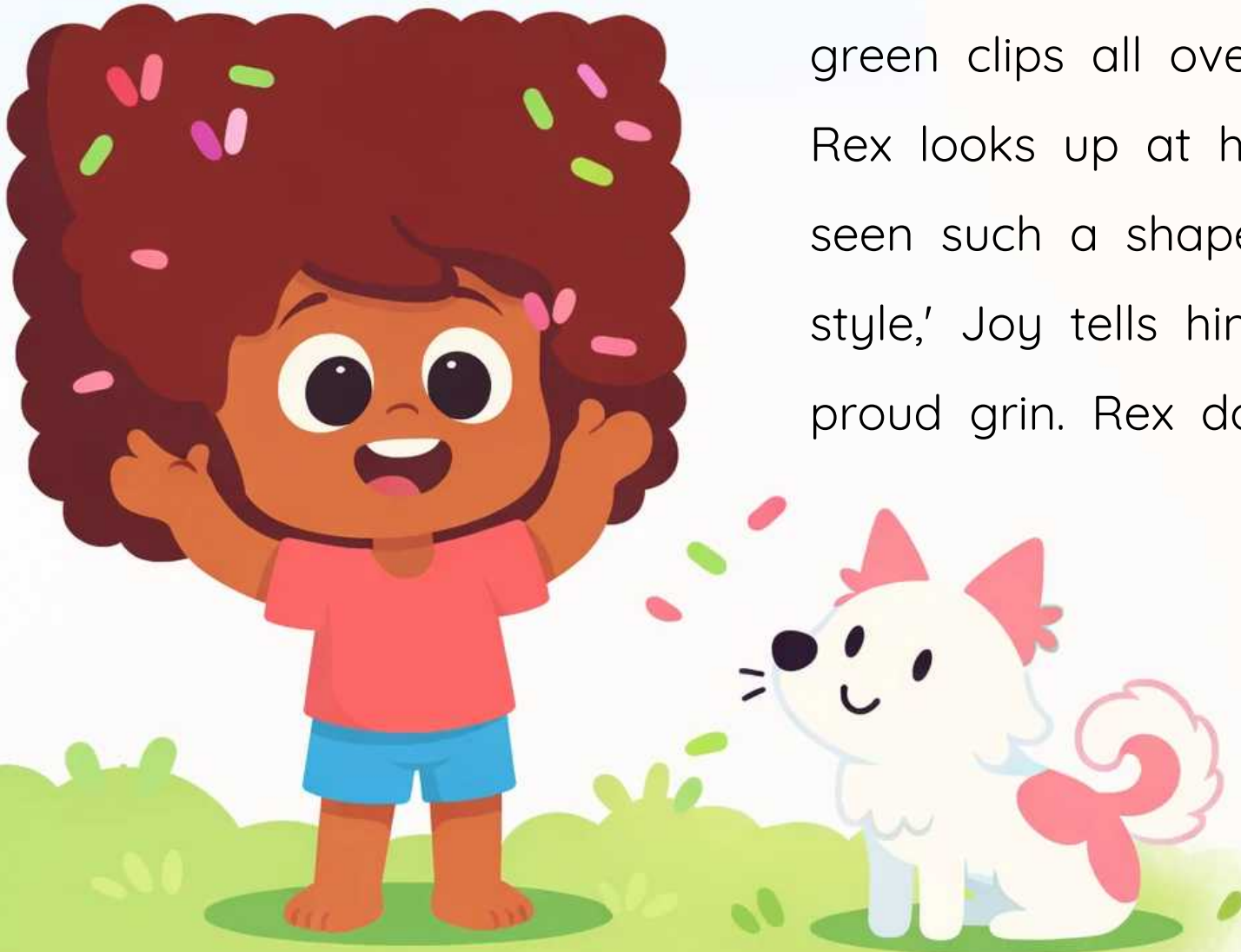
Then one day, Joy cuts her curls. All of them. Short. Short curls are less hard to brush. But less hard is not always better. Rex peeks at Joy, **clueless**. Where did all the curls go? Now Joy must wait a full year for them to grow back.



When her curls grow back at last, Joy lies down in the grass and lets them spread out all around her like a blanket. She closes her eyes. Tiny bugs walk up her arms to say hello. Rex curls up beside her. 'We're back,' Joy whispers. It feels **peaceful**. It feels **restful**. It feels right.



This time, Joy goes big. On dress-up day, Joy shapes her curls into a perfect four-side shape. What a shape! Pink and green clips all over the place. **Flawless!** Rex looks up at her as if he has never seen such a shape before. 'It's called style,' Joy tells him. She gives him a proud grin. Rex does not look thrilled.



Joy's curls are a toolbox too. When Joy draws, she tucks every pen and crayon right into her curls. Need blue? Grab it from the left. Need yellow? Check the back. So **useful**. Then Rex pokes his head out from deep inside Joy's curls. He has been hiding in there all this time! Joy did not even see him go in.





Mum sometimes says Joy's curls look like a bird's nest. So Joy thinks. What if it is one? Bluebirds could make a home right on her head. Rex could sit up there too, tongue out, **playful** and happy. Mum does not say no. She just walks away very slowly.

On windy days, Joy's curls fly out behind her like a big, bold flag. They sweep back and fill up the open sky. People stop. People watch. Joy and Rex lean into the wind, side by side, step by step. They feel **powerful** and free, like they own the street from end to end. And honestly? They do.



At bedtime, Joy sits down and brushes out every last tangle. She adds headbands, pins, and bows, one by one: pink, blue, yellow, red, and green. Joy is **thankful** for each and every bow. Rex creeps in behind Joy's curls, peeking out with those big **hopeful** eyes. He wants one too. Joy giggles and slips a bow on him. Rex looks proud and pleased. What a **joyful** bedtime!



Will Joy ever cut her curls short again?

No way. Long curls make every day feel like a birthday. Flowers tuck into Joy's curls like they grew there on purpose. **Joyful** from the roots to the tips.

Every morning, Joy grins at her curls and says, 'Hello, curls. What are we doing today?' Her curls seem to have a plan.





My Curls

Joy's curls always have a plan, whether blocking the summer sun, flying behind her on autumn runs, or wrapping her warm through winter snow. But when she cuts them all off short, Joy learns easier isn't always better, and waits a whole year for them to grow back bigger and bolder than ever. What will Joy's curls do next? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 102: -less, -ful), this book practises words like 'hopeful', 'breathless', 'joyful', 'peaceful', 'thankful'.

Phonics Focus: -less, -ful

blissful, breathless, clueless, flawless, handful, hopeful, joyful, peaceful, playful, powerful, restful, thankful, useful, woeful

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