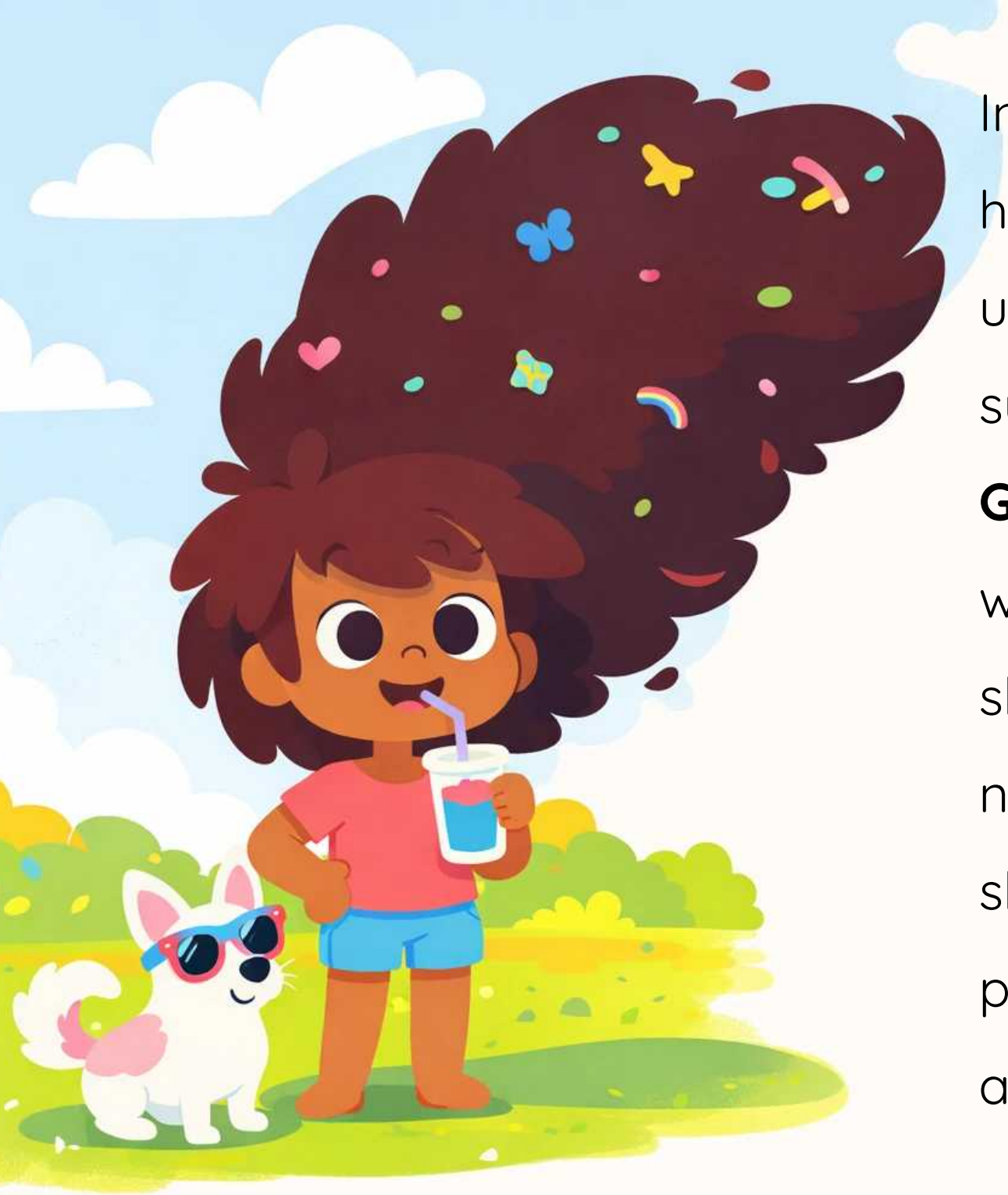
My Hair Has A Plan

Each day, **Grace** stands at her mirror with a big grin on her **face.**

'Hi, hair,' she says. 'What is the plan today?'

Her hair has no **voice,** but it always has a plan. A few clips, a good brush, and whoosh, she is set for the day.



In the summer, Grace's hair goes up. Way, way up high. It blocks out the sun like a **huge** umbrella. **Grace** sips a cold drink with bits of **ice** in the shade, while Rex pants next to her in his tiny shades. 'Such a lucky pup,' **Grace** tells him with a wink.

In the fall, **Grace** runs and runs. Her hair flies behind her like a big wave full of pink flowers and leaves. It fills the path from **edge** to **edge.**

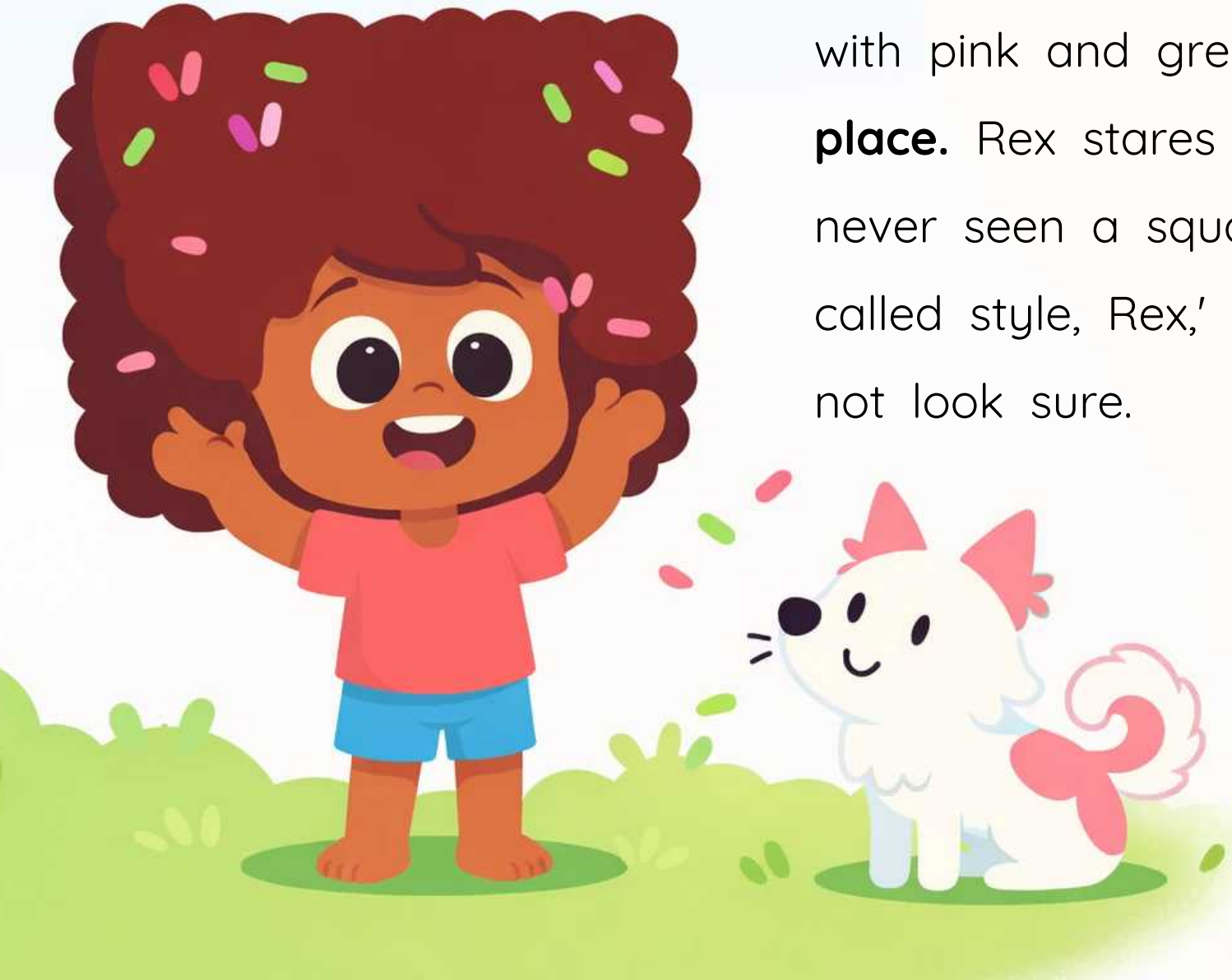
Rex **races** to keep up, leaping over rocks and sticks. But no dog can outrun that hair.

In the winter, **Grace** needs no scarf at all. She wraps her hair right around her **face** and walks into the cold, soft snow. She is cosy, not cold at all. Rex shivers next to her with a cold pink nose. 'Sorry, Rex,' she says softly, 'but there is hair for just one of us.'

Then one day, **Grace decides** on a big **change.** She cuts it all off, short. She thinks short hair will be simple, and it is, but simple is not always best. Rex keeps looking up at her as if to say, 'Where did it go?' **Grace** waits a long year, from one birthday to the next, for her hair to grow back.

When it grows back, **Grace** lies down in the grass and lets her hair spread out around her like a soft blanket. She shuts her eyes in **peace.** Tiny bugs walk up her arms, saying hi. Rex curls up next to her, **gentle** and snug. 'We are back,' **Grace** says with a smile on her **face.**

This time, **Grace** has the **chance** to go big. On dress-up day in class, she shapes her hair into a perfect square, with pink and green clips all over the **place.** Rex stares up as if he has never seen a square in his life. 'It is called style, Rex,' **Grace** says. He does not look sure.



Grace's hair is a tool box too. When she draws on her paper, she pokes every **pencil** and crayon right into her thick curls. Need blue? Grab it from the left side. Need yellow? Check the back. Then Rex pokes his head out from deep inside her hair. He has been hiding in there all this time, and **Grace** did not even **notice** him.

Sometimes, Grace's mum says her hair looks just like a **strange** bird's nest. So **Grace** thinks, what if it really is a nest? In her daydream, tiny bluebirds make a **nice** home up on her head, and Rex perches up there too, as happy as can be. A walking birdhouse with feathers and chirps! Mum does not say no to the plan. She just walks away very, very slowly.

On windy days, Grace's hair flies straight out behind her like a **giant** flag in the breeze. Kids on the street stop and stare with big, wide eyes. **Grace** and Rex lean right into the wind, side by side, like they own the **place.** And they really do.

At bedtime, Grace's mum sits her down and **gently** brushes out each tangle in her hair. She adds headbands, pins, and bright bows with **lace,** humming a tune.

Rex creeps in from behind the curls, peeking out with those big brown eyes. He wants a bow too. Mum always gives him a tiny one.

Will **Grace** ever cut her hair short again? No way. Long hair makes every day feel like her birthday. And Rex? He sticks close, sniffs the flowers tucked in her curls, and wags his tail. The flowers look like they grew there on purpose. **Grace** smiles a **huge** smile. Even the garden wants to copy her.

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My Hair Has A Plan

Each morning, Grace stands at the mirror and asks her hair what the plan is today. Her hair never answers, but from towering summer heights to a wave of autumn leaves, it always has one, with her dog Rex racing to keep pace beside her. Then one day, Grace decides to cut it all off, short. Will she ever let it grow long again? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 117: Signal Vowels (c /s/, g /j/)), this book practises words like 'face', 'grace', 'huge', 'change', and 'notice'.

Phonics Focus: Signal Vowels (c /s/, g /j/)

chance, change, decides, edge, face, gentle, gently, giant, grace, huge, ice, lace, nice, notice, peace, pencil, place, races, strange, voice, wage

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